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No. 15701

HANDY-BOOK
OF
LITERARY CURIOSITIES.

BY
WILLIAM S. WALSH,
AUTHOR OF "FAUST: THE POEM AND THE LEGEND,"
"PARADOXES OF A PHILISTINE," ETC.

WITHDRAWN



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PREFACE.

PRIMARILY the aim of this Handy-book is to entertain. If it succeeds in instructing as well, there is no harm done. But a sugar coating of grateful gust has been quite as much an object with the compiler as the tonic which it may envelop.

It is obvious that in so large a field as is afforded by the curiosities of literature the embarrassment has been mainly that of riches. No single volume nor a dozen volumes of this size could exhaust the material. Nevertheless, if the compiler has been even approximately successful, if his gleanings from the rich harvest-field have been fairly judicious, a gain in interest and even in value has been achieved by consulting the limitations of space.

At one time he had thought of disarming a certain kind of criticism by calling this "A Dictionary of Things Not Worth Knowing," the bulk of the matter herein contained being either in substance or in detail that which is deemed below the dignity of encyclopædias, dictionaries, or literary manuals. However, we are gradually coming to learn that there is no great and no small in the achievements of the human intelligence; that what has ever interested men in the past must preserve an interest for the student of human nature at all times; that the literary trifling which pleased the keenest wits at particular periods of mental development has a distinct historical value in the retrospect, that the blunders of great minds are worth preserving as successive steps towards the altar of Knowledge; that in proverbs is embodied the wisdom of many as well as the wit of one, and that the vagaries of slang are dignified by the fact that slang may become the scholarly language of the future, just as the slang of the past is nearly the richest and most idiomatic portion of the current speech of to-day. Even the tracing of literary analogies, which is held in some disrepute by those who see in it merely a low detective cunning, a joy in convicting nobler minds of larceny and of discrediting the gifts of Nature's bounty,—even this, is an exercise which, reverently conducted, is full of instruction and profit as well as curious interest. To learn that there is nothing new under the sun is to take to heart the lesson that the right direction of human achievement is to co-ordinate and harmonize the *disjecta*

membra of the old and ever young, and thus arrive at the sum and essence—the very heart of things. He is the poet, the creator, the mighty man, who does this, just as he is the great sculptor who liberates from the marble the image of all conceivable beauty that already resides therein. And, to run the analogy to the ground, one might trace the history of that block of marble up to its native quarry with nothing of invidious reflection on the sculptor.

A certain proportion of the articles, long and short, which are here collected appeared in various periodicals,—in *Lippincott's Magazine* and the *American Notes and Queries* of Philadelphia, in the *Illustrated American* and *Belford's Magazine* of New York. This fact is mentioned not only as an acknowledgment of courteous permission to reproduce them, but also as affording an opportunity to remark that, in the last year or so, some of these articles have been pretty freely levied upon by makers of literary manuals, whose apparent priority of publication might confuse the unwary as to which was the follower and which the leader. The point is not worth insisting upon, however, for, in a less flagrant way, most of us compilers are indebted to our predecessors. As to myself (let us drop all awkward locutions), I honestly acknowledge that I have found great assistance in such books of reference as Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," Bent's "Famous Short Sayings," and Norton's "Political Americanisms," also in such collections of bibelots and curios as Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," Bombaugh's "Gleanings for the Curious," and Wm. T. Dobson's and Davenport Adams's various compilations. More than this, I have consulted the English *Notes and Queries* with predatory aim, and have carried on a war of conquest amid the files of old periodicals. Where credit was possible, it has been given; but where (as does happen occasionally) a particular article is almost a cento made up from a dozen different authorities, it is well-nigh impossible properly to apportion the credit. This general confession, therefore, must suffice.

In conclusion, I must record my indebtedness to Mr. Stephen Pfeil, who contributed the articles on "Epigrams," "Impromptus," and "Quodlibets," as well as a number of the shorter articles embodying political Americanisms, etc. And a special debt of gratitude is due to Mr. Joseph McCreery, the scholarly proof-reader in the establishment of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Co., whose corrections and suggestions went far beyond the limits of mere proof-reading.

WM. S. WALSH.

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HANDY-BOOK

OF

LITERARY CURIOSITIES.

A, the first letter of the alphabet in all languages which, like English, derive their alphabets directly or indirectly from the Phœnician. It corresponds to the aleph of the Phœnician and old Hebrew and the alpha of the Greek. Aleph means an ox, and the character is derived from the Egyptian hieratic symbol, in which the Phœnicians undoubtedly saw a rude resemblance to the horned head of an ox. As a symbol A denotes the first of an actual or possible series: thus, in music it is the name of the first note of the relative minor scale, the *la* of Italian, French, and Spanish musicians; and in the mnemonic words of logic it stands for the universal affirmative proposition,—*e.g.*, all men are mortal; while I stands for the particular affirmative (some men are mortal), E for the universal negative (no men are mortal), and O for the particular negative (some men are not mortal). It is sometimes contended that these symbols were of Greek origin; but the weight of authority makes them date from the thirteenth century, and it is not unlikely that they may have been taken from the Latin Affirmo, I affirm, and nEgO, I deny. In the Greek form, *a*, alpha, this use of the letter as the first of a series is even more common. Thus, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord" (*Rev.* i. 8). "The *a* acid is converted by heat into the *β* acid" (*Watt's Fournes's Chemistry*). The letter A standing by itself, especially as a word, was formerly spelt in oral recitations A per se *a*,—that is, A standing by itself makes the word *a*, and this oral phrase committed to writing was gradually corrupted to A per C, Apersey, Apersie, and frequently used as a synonyme for first, chief, most excellent,—*e.g.*, "The floure and A per se of Troie and Grece" (HENRYSON: *Testament of Cresseide*, 1475).

A1, popular slang, meaning first-rate, excellent, is borrowed from the ratings used in Lloyd's Register of Shipping. The higher classes of vessels are styled A, and the figure 1 following the class letter shows that the equipment is complete and efficient. Hence "I am A 1" means "I'm all right," and to say of another that "he or she is A 1" is to pay one of the highest compliments in the slang repertoire. Thus, Shirley Brooks in "The Guardian Knot" makes one of his characters say, "She is A 1; in fact, the aye-wunnest girl I ever saw." Curiously enough, the French have a similar commendatory expression, "He is marked with an A" ("C'est un homme marqué à l'A"), the money coined in Paris being formerly stamped with an A.

A outrance (not *à l'outrance*), a French expression, meaning much the same as the English phrase "to the bitter end," originally applied to a contest between two antagonists who were each determined to conquer or to die, but now more often used in the sense of "to excess," "to the utmost extent," and applied to any custom, habit, or fashion which is carried to an extravagant excess.

Ab ovo (literally, "from the egg," hence, from the beginning), an old Roman phrase, generally with allusion to the custom of beginning a meal with eggs, in this case forming the first part of the phrase *ab ovo usque ad mala*, from the egg to the apples, *i.e.*, from beginning to end; but sometimes the allusion is to the poet mentioned by Horace ("Ars Poetica," 147) who began the history of the Trojan war with the story of the egg from which Helen was fabled to have been born. Horace contrasts him unfavorably with Homer, who plunged at once into the midst of things, or *in medias res*.

Abacot, a spurious word which by a remarkable series of blunders has gained a foothold in the dictionaries. It is usually defined as "a cap of state, wrought up into the shape of two crowns, worn formerly by English kings." Neither word nor thing has any real existence. In Hall's "Chronicles" the word *bicocket* (Old Fr. *bicoquet*, a sort of peaked cap or head-dress) happened to be misprinted *abococet*. Other writers copied the error. Then Holinshed improved the new word to *abococke*, and Abraham Fleming to *abacot*, and so it spun merrily along, a sort of rolling stone of philology, shaping itself by continual attrition into something as different in sense as in sound from its first original, until Spelman landed the prize in his "Glossarium," giving it the definition quoted above. So through Bailey, Ash, and Todd it has been handed down to our time,—a standing exemplar of the solidarity of dictionaries, and of the ponderous indolence with which philologists repeat without examining the errors of their predecessors. Nay, the error has been amusingly accentuated by calling in the aid of a sister art that has provided a rough wood-cut of the mythical abacot, which in its turn has been servilely reproduced.

Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit, a potent Latin phrase which loses all its virility in any possible English rendition (*e.g.*, He has fled, retreated, escaped, broken forth). It was used by Cicero at the beginning of his second oration against Catiline to express by the piling up of synonymous words the abrupt manner of the conspirator's escape from Rome.

Abolitionist, in American politics, specifically a member of the anti-slavery party, which dates from 1829, when a handful of enthusiasts rallied around the stalwart figure of William Lloyd Garrison in a fierce crusade against slave-owners as criminals. In 1831, Garrison founded the first Abolitionist paper, *The Liberator*. In 1832 the New England Anti-Slavery Society was formed in Boston, and in 1833 the growth of abolition sentiment led to the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia, with Beriah Green as its president and John G. Whittier as one of the secretaries. In 1840 the Abolitionists divided into two wings, one favoring abolition through constitutional amendment, the other, with Wendell Phillips as its chief spokesman, denouncing the constitution as a bulwark of slavery. Anti-slavery sentiment grew faster than the party which claimed to be its exponent. Before the war no large number of citizens, even in the North, were avowed Abolitionists, though after the war a majority of Northerners proudly insisted that they had always been Abolitionists. And in truth they could point back to the fact that Abolitionist was a term of contempt which the Democrats usually applied to all Republicans, and which the men of the South applied indiscriminately to all Northerners who were not Democrats. The word itself, even, in connection

with slave-emancipation, was not a new one. In England and all her colonies it had been familiarly applied to the anti-slavery agitators led by Wilberforce, and had been accepted by them. Thus, T. Clarkson says, "Many looked upon the Abolitionists as monsters" ("Slave Trade," ii. 212, 1790). In America also the term had been in use to denote the opponents of slavery who began an intermittent protest even before the Revolution; but as a party name it belongs distinctively to the movement of which Garrison was the first apostle.

Abacadabra, a cabalistic word used in incantations, and supposed to possess mystic powers of healing, especially when written in this triangular shape :

```

A B R A C A D A B R A
  A B R A C A D A B R
    A B R A C A D A B
      A B R A C A D A
        A B R A C A D
          A B R A C A
            A B R A C
              A B R A
                A B R
                  A B
                    A

```

The paper on which this was written was to be folded so as to conceal the writing, stitched with white thread, and worn around the neck. It was a sovereign remedy for fever and ague. Possibly the virtue lay in the syllables *Abra*, which are twice repeated, and which are composed of the first letters of the Hebrew words signifying Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—*Ab*, *Ben*, *Rauch* *Acadosh*. The earliest known occurrence of the word is in a poem of the second century, "*Præcepta de Medicina*," by Q. Serenus Sammonicus. It is now often used in the general sense of a spell, or pretended conjuring, jargon, or gibberish.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder. This line occurs in Thomas Haynes Bayly's song "*Isle of Beauty*." There is proverbial authority for this as well as for the contrary statement that absence kills love. But written literature is usually on Bayly's side. Charles Hopkins in his lines "*To C. C.*" says,—

I find that absence still increases love.

Howel in his "*Familiar Letters*" (i. 1, No. 6) asserts, "Distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it." Frederick W Thomas, in a short poem, "*Absence Conquers Love*," boldly traverses the titular statement :

'Tis said that absence conquers love,
But, oh, believe it not !
I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

Desdemona, in *Othello*, i. 2, says, "I dote upon his very absence." Charles Lamb, in his "*Dissertation on Roast Pig*," punningly suggests a method by which the absent may keep their memory green : "Presents, I often say, endear absents." Bussy-Rabutin shows how both statements may be reconciled :

L'absence est à l'amour ce qu'est au feu le vent :
Il éteint le petit, il allume le grand.

La Rochefoucauld says, "Friends agree best at a distance ;" but this was a popular proverb before his day, and a similar moral is presented in the French adages, "To preserve friendship, a wall must be put between," and "A little

absence does much good ;" the German, "Love your neighbor, but do not pull down the hedge;" the Spanish, "Go to your brother's house, but not every day;" and the Scotch, "They are aye gude that are far awa." But proverbs would not be proverbs if they did not contradict one another. The last quoted is directly traversed by the French, "The absent are always in the wrong," and "Absent, none without fault; present, none without excuse." And every language furnishes examples to support this: *e.g.*, the Greek, "Friends living far away are no friends;" the Latin, "He that is absent will not be the heir;" the Spanish, "Absence is love's foe: far from the eyes, far from the heart," and "The dead and the absent have no friends."

Absolute Wisdom. A sobriquet given to Sir Matthew Wood, a staunch supporter of Queen Caroline in 1821, who, having been reproached for giving foolish advice to that unhappy queen, diffidently admitted that his conduct might not be "absolute wisdom," and was unmercifully chaffed in consequence by the wags of the period. He was made a baronet by Queen Victoria shortly after her accession, in acknowledgment, it was said, for pecuniary aid given to her father, the Duke of Kent, when greatly embarrassed.

Accident of an accident, a phrase first used by Lord Thurlow. During a debate on Lord Sandwich's administration of Greenwich Hospital, the Duke of Grafton taunted Thurlow, then Lord Chancellor, on his humble origin. Thurlow rose from the woolsack, and, advancing towards the duke, declared he was amazed at his grace's speech. "The noble duke," he cried, in a burst of oratorical scorn, "cannot look before him, behind him, and on either side of him without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these as to being *the accident of an accident?*"

Across lots, in colloquial American, a short cut, as of one who leaves the public highway to find a nearer way across private property. The phrase has acquired especial prominence through Brigham Young's historic threat, "We'll send them [the Gentiles] to hell across lots."

Acrostic (Gr. ἀκροστιχίς; ἀκρο, prefix, and στίχος, row, order, line), a once favorite form of literary legerdemain. In its simplest and most usual form it consists of a copy of verses whose initial letters taken in order spell a word, a proper name, or a sentence. The following specimen is by Charles Lamb:

Go, little poem, and present
Respectful terms of compliment,
A Gentle Lady bids thee speak:
Courteous is *She*, though *Thou* be weak.
Evoke from Heav'n, as thick as Manna,
Joy after joy on GRACE JOANNA.
On Farnham's glebe and pasture land
A blessing pray. Long, long may stand,
Not touch'd by time, the Rectory blithe.
No grudging churl dispute his tithe.
At Easter be the offerings due
With cheerful spirit paid. Each pew
In decent order fill'd. No noise
Loud intervene to drown the voice,
Learning or wisdom, of the Teacher.
Impressive be the Sacred Preacher,
And strict his notes on Holy Page.
May young and old from age to age
Salute and still point out the "Good Man's Parsonage."

Here the initial letters form the name Grace Joanna Williams. But many fantastic variations have been introduced. Sometimes the initials read

upward instead of downward; sometimes the final instead of the first letters, and sometimes both the final and the first letters, form an acrostic. The latter is known as a double acrostic, or, more technically, a telestich. An ingenious improvement requires that the double acrostic shall be formed of two words of the same letters, yet of opposite meanings, *e.g.* :

U-nite and untie are the same—so say yo-U;
N-ot in wedlock, I ween, has the unity bee-N;
I-n the drama of marriage, each wandering gou-T
T-o a new face would fly—all except you and I,
E-ach seeking to alter the *spell* in their scen-E.

Here is a bit of monastic verse of curious ingenuity. Not only do the first and the final letters, but the middle initials also, form the word *Iesus*. In technical words, the lines are at once acrostic, mesostic, and telestic. Nor is that all. The observant reader will discern that in the centre of the verse is a cross formed of the word *Iesus*, or *Iesus*, read perpendicularly and horizontally :

Inter cuncta micans	I	gniti sidera cœli
Expellit tenebras	E	toto Phœbus ut orbE
Sic cæcas removet	J E S U S	caliginis umbraS
Vivificansque simul	V	ero præcordia motU
Solem justitiæ	S	ese probat esse beatiS

Poe has devised a peculiarly complicated form in his

VALENTINE.

For her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes,
Brightly expressive as the twins of Leda,
Shall find her own sweet name, that nestling lies
Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.
Search narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure
Divine—a talisman—an amulet
That must be worn at heart. Search well the measure—
The words—the syllables! Do not forget
The triviallest point, or you may lose your labor!
And yet there is in this no Gordian knot
Which one might not undo without a sabre,
If one could merely comprehend the plot.
Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering
Eyes scintillating soul, there lie perdue
Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing
Of poets, by poets—as the name is a poet's too.
Its letters, although naturally lying
Like the knight Pinto—Mendez Ferdinando—
Still form a synonym for Truth.—Cease trying!
You will not read the riddle, though you do the best you can do.

To translate the address, read the first letter of the first line in connection with the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, the fourth of the fourth, and so on to the last line. The name *Frances Sargent Osgood* will then be formed.

Although acrostics are now relegated to the nursery, they were anciently looked upon with high reverence. A rude form of acrostic may even be found in the Scriptures,—*e.g.*, in twelve of the psalms, hence called the abecedarian psalms,—the most notable being Psalm cxix. This is composed of twenty-two divisions or stanzas, corresponding to the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Each stanza consists of eight couplets. The first line of each couplet in the first division begins with aleph, *a*, the first line of each couplet in the second division with beth, *b*, and so on to the end. This peculiarity is not retained in the translation, but is indicated by the initial letter prefixed to each division. The Greeks also cultivated the acrostic, as may be seen in the specimens that survive in the Greek Anthology, and so did their intellectual successors, the Latins. Cicero, in his “*De Divinatione*,” tells us

that "the verses of the Sibyls are distinguished by that arrangement which the Greeks call acrostic; where from the first letters of each verse in order words are formed which express some particular meaning; as is the case with some of Ennius's verses." In the year 326, Publius Porphyrius composed a poem, still extant, in praise of Constantine, the lines of which are acrostics. The early French poets, from the time of Francis I. to that of Louis XIV., were fond of this trifling. But it was carried to its most wasteful and ridiculous excess by the Elizabethan poets. Sir John Davies has a series of no less than twenty-six poems under the general heading of "Hymns to Astræa," every one of which is an acrostic on the words Elisabetha Regina. Here is a single specimen :

Earth now is green and heaven is blue;
Lively spring which makes all new,
Lolly spring doth enter.
Sweet young sunbeams do subdue
Angry aged winter.
Blasts are mild and seas are calm,
Every meadow flows with balm,
The earth wears all her riches,
Harmonious birds sing such a psalm
As ear and heart bewitches.

Reserve (sweet spring) this nymph of ours,
Eternal garlands of thy flowers,
Green garlands never wasting;
In her shall last our state's fair spring,
Now and forever flourishing,
As long as heaven is lasting.

After the Elizabethan age, acrostics soon sank into disrepute. Dryden scornfully bids the hero of his "Macflecknoe"

Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in acrostic land.

And Addison gives the acrostic a high place among his examples of false wit.

A fashion that is not quite extinct was introduced by the jewellers of the last century, who placed precious stones in such an order that the initials of their names formed the name of the recipient of the gift. Thus, the Princess of Wales, on her marriage, presented her groom with a ring set with the following gems :

Beryl,
Emerald,
Ruby,
Turquoise,
Iris,
Emerald.

The initials, it will be seen, form the word Bertie, the name by which she prefers to call her spouse.

Rachel, the French actress, when at the height of her popularity, received from her admirers a diadem with the following stones, whose name-initials not only spell her own name, but present the name-initials of her most famous characters :

Ruby,
Amethyst,
Carnelian,
Hematite,
Emerald,
Lapis-Lazuli,

Roxana.
Amenaide.
Camille.
Hermione.
Emilie.
Laodice.

One development of the acrostic that is specially vital and electric consists in reading the initial letters of the words of a sentence as a single word, or, conversely, in flashing in a single word the initials of a whole unuttered sentence. Thus, when the Italians outside of the Piedmontese states did not dare as yet openly to shout for Victor Emmanuel and Italian unity, they managed the thing neatly and thrillingly by the short cry of *Viva Verdi!* Why the popular composer had suddenly become so *very* popular that all Italy should in season and out of season be shouting his name did not at first appear, except to those who knew that Verdi, letter for letter, stood for Vittorio Emanuele Ré d'Italia. Now, this at least was an acrostic with a soul in it. Similarly the word Nihil was by the Anti-Bonapartists made to typify the Napoleon dynasty of kings in the following strangely prophetic acrostic:

N-apoleon, the Emperor,
J-oseph, King of Spain,
H-ieronymus [Jerome], King of Westphalia,
I-oachim, King of Naples,
L-ouis, King of Holland.

Another acrostic whose augury was justified by future events, in a pleasanter manner, however, than was anticipated, is mentioned by Bacon. "The trivial prophecy," he says, "which I heard when I was a child, and Queen Elizabeth in the flower of her years, was,—

When Hempe is spun,
England s done;

whereby it was generally conceived that after the sovereigns had reigned, which had the letters of that word HEMPE (which were Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, Elizabeth), England should come to utter confusion; which, thanks be to God, is verified in the change of the name, for that the king's style is now no more of England, but of Britain." The most noteworthy of this species of acrostic, however, is the Greek word *ἰχθῦς*, *fish*,—formed from the initials of the sentence, *Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτὴρ*, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour,—which was used as a veiled symbol for Christ. The figure of a fish is frequently found carved on the monuments of the Roman catacombs to mark without revealing the burial-place of a Christian.

Act of Parliament, an English slang term for small beer, now almost obsolete. The allusion is to the fact that publicans were by act of Parliament forced to supply billeted soldiers, gratis, with five pints of small beer daily.

There is a story current among the Chelsea veterans that the Duke of Wellington saw a soldier warming his weak regulation beer. The duke said, "Damn the belly that won't warm Act of Parliament!" The soldier replied, "Damn the Act of Parliament! it won't warm the belly."—BARRERE AND LELAND: *Dictionary of Slang*.

Action, action, action! In his "Lives of the Ten Orators," Plutarch tells how Demosthenes when asked what made the perfect orator responded, "Action!" And the second thing? "Action!" And the third thing? "Action!" The saying has often been imitated. The Marshal de Trivulce, to the query of Louis XI. as to what he needed to make war, promptly replied, "Three things: money, more money, always money" ("Trois choses: de l'argent, encore de l'argent, et toujours de l'argent"). Fifty years later the Imperialist General von Schussendi said precisely the same thing: "Sind dreierlei Dinge nötig: Geld, Geld, Geld." Danton rang another change upon the phrase in August, 1792, in a speech made before the National Assembly at the very moment when a discharge of cannon announced that the Reign of Terror had been inaugurated and the slaughter of royalist prisoners had begun. "The cannon which you hear," he cried to his dismayed auditors, "is not the signal

of alarm: it is the *pas de charge* upon our enemies. To conquer them, to crush them, what is necessary? Boldness, more boldness, and always boldness, and France is saved" ("De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace, et la France est sauvée"). Had Danton read Spenser as well as Plutarch? In the "Faerie Queene" (iii. 11, 54) are the following lines:

And as she lookt about she did behold
How over that same dore was likewise writ
Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere Be bold.

St.-Just, who succeeded Danton in the Reign of Terror, put a similar sentiment in less epigrammatic form when he exclaimed in the Convention, "Dare! that is the whole secret of revolutions." Gambetta, however, marked the difference between the present republic and its predecessor by the following paraphrase: "Work, more work, and always work!" ("Du travail, encore du travail, et toujours du travail!")—Speech at banquet to General Hoche, June 24, 1872. See also AGITATE, AGITATE, AGITATE.

Actions speak louder than words. An old saw, found in one form or another in all languages. Thus, the French say, "From saying to doing is a long stretch," and "Great boasters, small doers;" the Italians, "Deeds are male, words are female" ("Fatti maschi, parole femine"); the Danes, "Big words seldom go with big deeds;" the Spaniards, "Words will not do for my aunt, for she does not trust even deeds," and "A long tongue betokens a short hand;" while our own proverb is varied by the alternatives, "Words show the wit of a man, but actions his meaning;" "Saying and not doing is cheap;" and the Scotch, "Saying gangs cheap." In another sense the saw may be taken as an answer to the question of the relative value to the world of the man of thought and the man of action; a question which Walton states thus in his "Angler," Part I. ch. i.: "In ancient times a debate hath risen, . . . whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action." He instances on the one hand the opinion of "many cloisteral men of great learning and devotion," who prefer contemplation before action, because they hold that "God enjoys himself only by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like," and on the other, the opinions of men of equal "authority and credit" who say that "action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of human society; and for these and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation." But he decides that the question remains yet unresolved. In the present day the weight of authority is undoubtedly on the side of action, even the authority represented by the men of thought. Kingsley's fine line,

Do noble things, not dream them all day long,

finds an echo in Emerson, "An action is the perfection and publication of thought" (*Nature*); in Lowell, "Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action" (*Rousseau and the Sentimentalists*); in Beecher, "Action is the right outlet of emotion" (*Proverbs from Plymouth Pulpit*); in Jules Simon, "In the eyes of God there is not a prayer which is worth a good action;" and in numerous sayings of Goethe and Carlyle. The other side of the question may be summed up in Owen Meredith's phrase, "Thought alone is immortal" (*Lucile*), and is prettily and poetically presented in Kerner's stanzas, "Two Graves,"—the first grave being that of a warrior, who sleeps forgotten and unrecorded, the second that of a poet, whose songs still float in the breezes above him. And this in turn recalls the famous saying of Themistocles, who being asked whether the historian were not greater than the hero, because without the historian the hero would be forgotten, Yankee-like turned on his questioner

with another question: "Which would you rather be, one of the combatants in the public games, or the herald who announces them?"

Ad eundem (L., "to the same degree"), an English and American university phrase. A graduate of one university is permitted to enjoy the same degree at another, and is said to be admitted *ad eundem* (*gradum* understood) at the sister university. A coach that used to run between Oxford and Cambridge was facetiously known to the undergraduates at both universities as the *ad eundem* coach.

Adam. There is an old English proverbial expression,—

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

The couplet is memorable in English history. In Wat Tyler's insurrection during the reign of Richard II., John Ball addressed the mob on Blackheath from this text. Evidently it was a familiar proverb then. In English literature its earliest recorded appearance is in a poem by Richard Rolle de Ham-pole (Early English Text Society Reprints, No. 26, p. 79):

When Adam delfe and Eve spane,
So spire if thou may spede,
Where was then the pride of man
That now merres his meed?

The couplet is also known in Germany. Tradition asserts that it was written up in a conspicuous place in the city of Nuremberg both in Latin and in German:

Quo nobilis tum quispiam loco fuit
Cum fœderat Adam et Eva fila duceret?

Wo was da der Edelmänn
Da Adam hacket und Eva spann?
SPENK: *Operis Hera'dici*, p. 150.
(Frankfort, 1680.)

Another tradition affirms that when Maximilian, presumably the first of the name, was prosecuting researches into his own pedigree, a wag posted up on the doors of the palace this couplet, which is identical with the English:

Da Adam hacket und Eva spann,
Wer war damals der Edelmänn?

Maximilian promptly retorted,—

Ich bin ein Mann wie ein ander Mann,
Allein dass mir Gott der Ehren gan.
"I am a man like any other man,
Only that God hath given honor to me."

Ray, in his collection of proverbs, adds a second couplet which contains an answer to the first,—*i.e.*

Upstart [upstarted] a churl and gathered good,
And thence did spring our gentle blood.

This seems to be an after-thought of comparatively recent birth.

Adam, the old. The unregenerate part of man's nature, in allusion to the doctrine of original sin. This phrase is used in the English Book of Common Prayer,—“Grant that the old Adam in these persons may be so buried, that the new man may be raised up in them” (*Baptism of those of Riper Years*). Shakespeare says of Henry V.,—

Consideration like an angel came
And whipped the offending Adam out of him.
King Henry V., 1. 1.

Adam's ale or wine, a humorous colloquialism for water, as being Adam's only beverage at the teetotal period when he flourished, occurs as far back as Prynne's "Sovereign Power of Parliament," ii. 32: "They have been shut up in prisons and dungeons, allowed only a poore pittance of Adam's ale, and scarce a penny bread a day to support their lives."

Adam's arms, a spade. "There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: They hold up Adam's profession. He was the first that ever bore arms" (*Hamlet*, Act v., Sc. 1). The term is recognized in heraldry and also in the popular vocabulary. The sign of a spade is much affected in England by market-gardeners.

Adder, Deaf as an, a proverb common to most modern languages, and arising from the passage in Psalm lviii. 4, where the wicked are compared to "the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear: which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely." This is an allusion to the superstition, prevalent in the East from time immemorial, that some serpents defy all the powers of the charmer, pressing one ear into the dust, while they stop the other with the tail. Zoologically, this is an absurdity, as serpents have no external ears. Shakespeare refers to the superstition in Sonnet cxii.:

In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.

Addition, Division, and Silence. In 1872, William H. Kemble, then State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, was alleged to have written a letter of instruction for G. O. Evans to T. J. Coffey, of Washington, in which these words occur: "He understands addition, division, and silence." The *New York Sun*, which first made the allegation public (March 15, 1872), interpreted the words as meaning that Evans joined all the arts of the lobbyist to the kind of honor that is proverbially practised even by thieves. Kemble brought a libel suit against the *Sun*, and, though he asked only six cents damages, the jury failed to agree.

Admiral of the Blue and **Admiral of the Red** are properly naval terms, the former being applied to an admiral of the third class, who holds the rear in an engagement, the latter to one of the second class, who holds the centre. In English slang an Admiral of the Blue is a public-house keeper, in allusion to the blue apron which is, or was, his usual insignia, while Admiral of the Red is a term applied to such of his customers as have developed a cheery, rubicund complexion, especially on the end of the nose. Admiral of the Red, White, and Blue is a term similarly applied to beadles, hall-porters, and other functionaries when sporting the gorgeous liveries of their office.

Adullam, Cave of. John Bright, in the course of a speech directed against Mr. Horsman and other Liberals who disapproved of the Reform Bill introduced by Earl Russell's administration in 1866,—a bill that contemplated a sweeping reduction of the elective franchise,—said, "The right honorable gentleman is the first of the new party who has retired into what may be called his political cave of Adullam." The reference was to the discontented and distressed who gathered around David in the cave of Adullam (*I. Samuel*, xxii. 1, 2). The retort was obvious, and was instantly made by Lord Elcho, who replied that the band in the cave was hourly increasing, and would succeed in delivering the House from the tyranny of Saul (Mr. Gladstone) and his armor-bearer (Mr. Bright). Adullamite is now an accepted term for a member of any small clique which tries to obstruct the party with which they habitually associate, and has some affiliation with the American "mugwump."

Adversity. The poets and the philosophers are fond of cheerful moralizings on the advantages of adversity. First and foremost, Shakespeare's lines spring to the mind :

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.
As You Like It, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Carlyle admits that "adversity is sometimes hard upon a man, but," he adds, "for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity" (*Heroes and Hero-Worship: The Hero as Man of Letters*). Hazlitt had already said the same thing in his "Sketches and Essays." "Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is a greater" (*On the Conversation of Lords*). And the arch-plagiarist Disraeli, in "Endymion," ch. lxi., gives us the aphorism, "There is no education like adversity." "Prosperity," says Bacon, "is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New;" and he quotes approvingly from Seneca a high speech after the manner of the Stoics: "The good things that belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired" (*Essays: Of Adversity*). Aristotle found in education "an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity" (DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Lives of Famous Philosophers*). Butler, in "Hudibras," finds a reason for contentment in adversity which is as wise as it is witty:

I am not now in Fortune's power:
He that is down can fall no lower.
Part I., Canto 3.

Longfellow finds a refuge in patience and hope:

Let us be patient: these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

Resignation.

And Beaumont and Fletcher bid us assume that sorrow is not and it will not be:

Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so:
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves,
In anything that's manly, than to make
Ill fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.

Honest Man's Fortune, Act i., Sc. 1.

Advertising, Quaint and Curious. The origin of advertising dates back to the birth of the commercial spirit, when human beings began to feel the necessity for some means of communicating their wants and the business they had on hand. The ancient and mediæval criers (called *pracones* in Rome) who, besides their public duties, announced the time, the place, and the conditions of sales, the hawkers who cried their own goods, the *libelli* of the Romans (announcing the sales of estates, and giving public notice of things lost or found, of absconding debtors, etc.), and the hand-bill or poster, which, after the invention of printing, gradually superseded the town or private crier, —these are the various steps in the evolution of the modern advertisement.

The first printed English newspaper, the *Certain Newes of this Present Week*, issued in London in 1642, contained nothing but news. Not until ten years later, in the *Mercurius Politicus* for January, 1652, do we meet with a well-authenticated advertisement. This relates to a panegyric poem on Cromwell's return from Ireland, and runs as follows: "Irenodia Gratulatoria, an Heroick Poem; being a congratulatory panegyrick for my Lord General's

late return, summing up his successes in an exquisite manner. To be sold by John Holden, in the New Exchange, London. Printed by Tho. Newcourt, 1652."

But almost a century previous, on the continent of Europe, newspapers and newspaper advertisements had been foreshadowed in small news pamphlets printed at irregular intervals in Vienna and other parts of Germany. The oldest newspaper paragraph approaching the modern advertisement that has yet been resuscitated was found in one of these early news-books, preserved in the British Museum. The book is dated 1591, without any indication as to the place of issue. The advertisement is half in prose and half in verse, and, like its English successor which we have just quoted, is the puff of a new publication.

As newspapers grew apace, the art of advertising developed with them. In May, 1657, one Newcombe issued a weekly newspaper, *The Public Advertiser*, which consisted almost wholly of advertisements of a miscellaneous character. Simultaneously other papers increased the number and the variety of their advertisements. Announcements of books still held a prominent position; quack doctors began to discover the value of puffery; tradesmen praised their wares; coffee-houses extolled the virtues of those strange new drinks, "cophee" itself, chocolate, and that "excellent and by all Physicians approved, China drink, called by the Chineans tcha, by other nations tay, alias tee." But the major part of the advertisements related to fairs and cock-fights, burglaries and highway robberies, the departure of coaches and stages, and to what would now be classed together under the heading of "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen." The number of runaway apprentices, servants, and negro boys is especially noticeable in the advertising literature of the seventeenth century. And how shall we account for the extraordinary homeliness of the rogues and rascals of that period? Hardly a criminal or a runaway but is described as "ugly as sin." They have ill-favored countenances, smutty complexions, black, rotten teeth, flat wry noses, a hang-dog expression; they are purblind, or deaf, or given to slubber in their speech. Our modern tough must be a beauty in comparison with these earlier wrong-doers. By the eighteenth century, advertising had become recognized as a means of communication, not only for the conveniences of trade, but for political purposes, for love-making, for fortune-hunting, for swindling, and for all the other needs and desires of a large community. By the commencement of the present century matters were very nearly as we find them now. The *London Times* and the *Morning Post*, started modestly enough in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, were beginning to make themselves felt as powers in the land. As they grew and developed, they depended more and more upon the revenues from their advertising columns. Meanwhile, the benefits of advertising were becoming more and more appreciated by tradesmen and the general public.

American newspapers profited by the example of their British predecessors. The first newspaper that succeeded in establishing itself in North America was the *Boston News Letter*. In its initial number, dated Monday, April 24, 1704, it issued a bid for advertising in this ungrammatical form: "All persons who have any houses, lands, tenements, farms, ships, vessels, goods, wares, or merchandise, etc., to be sold or let, or servants run away, or goods stole or lost, may have the same inserted at the reasonable rate of twelve pence to five shillings, and not to exceed." The first American daily journal, the *Independent Gazette* of New York, in its second year, 1788, contained as many as thirty-four advertisements in a single issue. From that time on the growth of advertising in America has been even more stupendous than in England.

It is interesting to compare the advertising of the past with that of the

present. The mind that is accustomed to read between the lines can trace, in their various changes and developments, similar changes and developments in habits, customs, and methods of thinking; can estimate the vast augmentation in business and in industrial resources, and the mighty evolution of public and private enterprise. Let us go back through the columns of the newspaper press for the last two centuries or so, gleaning those curious and eccentric advertisements which illustrate in the most amusing fashion the temper of their respective periods and the mutations wrought by time.

The class of advertisements now known as personals made an early appearance in newspaper literature.

But there are a candor, a simplicity, and a *naïveté* in the earlier specimens which are less apparent in their successors of the present day. There is an opulence of phrase also which would indicate equal opulence of pocket, were personals charged for at the ruinous rates now current.

Leaving out the question of expense, a jilted suitor of to-day would hardly be likely to vent his spleen in the fashion adopted by the Londoner who inserted this notice in the *General Advertiser*:

Whereas, on Sunday, April 12, 1750, there was seen in Cheapside, between the hours of four and five in the afternoon, a young gentleman, dressed in a light-colored coat, with a blue waistcoat, trimmed with silver lace, along with a young lady in mourning, going toward St. Martin's, near Aldersgate. This is, therefore, to acquaint the said gentleman (as a friend) to be as expeditious as possible in the affair, lest otherwise he should unhappily meet with the same disappointment, at last, by another stepping in in the mean time, as a young gentleman has been lately served by the aforesaid young lady, who, after a courtship of these four months past, and with her approbation, and in the most public manner possible, and with the utmost honor as could possibly become a gentleman. Take this, sir, only as a friendly hint.

Nor would the modern head of a family deem that it comported with his dignity to express hilarity at the disappearance of his wife in the public fashion adopted by this advertiser in the Essex (Mass.) *Gazette* of September 17, 1771:

RAN AWAY from Josiah Woodbury, Cooper, his House Plague for 7 long years, Masury Old Moll, alias Trial of Vengeance. He that lost will never seek her; he that shall keep her, I will give two Bushels of Beans. I forewarn all Persons in Town and Country from trusting said Trial of Vengeance. I have hove all the old Shoes I can find for Joy; and all my neighbors rejoice with me. A good Riddance of bad Ware. Amen.

JOSIAH WOODBURY.

Miss Fisher inserts the following paragraph in the *Public Advertiser* of March 30, 1759:

To err is a blemish entailed upon mortality; indiscretions seldom or never escape from censure, the more heavy as the character is more remarkable; and doubled, nay, trebled by the world if the progress of that character is marked by success; then malice shoots against it all her stings, the snakes of envy are let loose; to the humane and generous heart then must the injured appeal, and certain relief will be found in impartial honor. Miss Fisher is forced to sue to that jurisdiction to protect her from the baseness of little scribblers and scurvy malevolence; she has been abused in public papers, exposed in print-shops, and to wind up the whole, some wretches, mean, wretched, and venal, would impose upon the public by daring to publish her Memoirs. She hopes to prevent the success of their endeavors by thus publicly declaring that nothing of that sort has the slightest foundation in truth.

C. FISHER.

The above might seem to the hasty thinker curiously characteristic of time and place. Yet history repeats itself, as it always must. There is atavism even in advertisements. Characteristics that seem to belong to a past age will recur in the present. Surely the Miss Fisher of the last century finds her legitimate successor, her modern double, in the Ellen Rose of Stamford, Connecticut, who in 1890 inserted the following advertisement in all the newspapers of her native town:

TO MY SCANDALIZING FRIENDS.—I hope you do not call yourselves Christians, for you are a disgrace to the Church. You know nothing about me. I don't care for your lying tongues; I wonder that they don't fall out of your mouths. You act like fence cats and flying serpents.

You have been very busy about me for the last nine years with your meddling; please tell me what you have to do with me. You dare not come to my face with your lies; you keep like a snake in the grass. See if you can keep it up for nine years longer. I know that I can stand it, but I should think that you would get tired of playing snake all the time. If you do not like my opinion of you, prove yourselves something different, you scandalizing imps!

MISS ELLEN ROSE.

Matrimonial advertisements are now often roughly grouped under the head of "Personals" by newspaper managers who lack the nicer perceptive qualities. In truth, they form a department by themselves. They have a literature of their own. In recent years they have even developed journalistic organs of their own.

An engaging feature of these would-be husbands and wives has ever been their freedom from bashfulness or *mauvaise honte* in the proclamation of their own charms. They are almost always handsome, or beautiful, or distinguished-looking, sweet-tempered and accomplished, well born, well mannered, and well educated. They are often wealthy, or, at least, in possession of a comfortable income. One wonders how it is they have escaped Hymen so long, and still more why they are obliged to seek alien means of courting him.

John Houghton, who in 1682 started a weekly entitled *A Collection for the Improvement of Husbandry and Trade*, which proved one of the chief promoters of early advertising, was the father of matrimonial announcements. In his issue of July 19, 1695, he inserted two advertisements of wishful bridegrooms. But the public was suspicious of the innovation, and a few weeks later the editor found it necessary to explain that the "proposals for matches" were genuine, promising, moreover, to manage all necessary negotiations "with the utmost secrecie and prudence." After that he seems to have found custom. Imitators followed, and in 1775 a marriage bureau was even started in London, but it came to grief through an *exposé* of its very questionable methods in the *Town and Country Magazine* of the next year. Nevertheless, matrimonial advertisements waxed apace. A very curious one appeared in *Bell's Weekly Messenger* of May 28, 1797:

Matthew Dawson, in Bothwell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm Church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, whenever that may happen, and to return to Bothwell to dine. Mr. Reid gives a turkey to be roasted; Ed Clemenson gives a fat lamb to be roasted; William Elliot gives a hen to be roasted; Joseph Gibson gives a fat calf to be roasted. And in order that all this roast meat may be well basted, do you see, Mary Pearson, Betty Hodgson, Mary Bushley, Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe, and Betty Porthouse, give each of them a pound of butter. The advertiser will provide everything else for so festive an occasion. And he hereby gives notice to all young women desirous of changing their condition that he is at present disengaged; and advises them to consider that although there be luck in leisure, yet in this case delays are dangerous; for, with him, it is determined it shall be first come first served.

So come along, lasses who wish to be married;

Max Dawson is vexed that so long he has tarried.

In December, 1890, the New York *Herald* printed this last wild appeal of a seeker after the ideal:

Humph, what mad folly! I can't find her thus: *expertus loquor*. Yet with the dying year this final effort. Dear tribe of unorthographical writers on untidy paper, spare for once him, who, not being an elderly gentleman of means, neither could suit you if he would, nor would it be could. A tired Athenian seeking something new, Epicurean in the true, not base sense, far travelled, much but ill read, incorrigible truth-teller; Ithaca bores, the puffing sail delights me. Caprice? Thou my complement, many-mooded as the sea or Clarimonde, dainty, high-bred, restful, joyous, delight to mind, pleasure to eye, child of earth, born of spirit, liberated from primeval curse, and in assurance of daily truffles without toil free to be thyself, where art thou? Alas, in Spain only, I fear, *où sent mes châteaux*.

THEOPHILE, Herald Office.

Far more sensible was the following advertiser in the London *Times*:

A young gentleman on the point of being married, is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from such a step. Address, etc.

Even the "Wants" column has its amusing features. Here is a very creditable specimen from the London *Times* of the year 1850:

DO YOU WANT A SERVANT? Necessity prompts the question. The advertiser OFFERS his SERVICES to any lady or gentleman, company, or others, in want of a truly faithful, confidential servant in any capacity, not menial, where a practical knowledge of human nature in various parts of the world would be available. Could undertake any affair, of small or great importance, where talent, inviolable secrecy, or good address would be necessary. Has moved in the best and worst societies, without being contaminated by either; has never been a servant; begs to recommend himself as one who knows his place; is moral, temperate, middle-aged; no objection to any part of the world. Could advise any capitalist wishing to increase his income and have the control of his own money. Could act as secretary or valet to any lady or gentleman. Can give advice, or hold his tongue, sing, dance, play, fence, box, preach a sermon, tell a story, be grave or gay, ridiculous or sublime, or do anything, from the curling of a peruke to the storming of a citadel—but never to excel his master. Address, etc.

Does the reader note the nice condescension of this paragon in engaging never to excel his master? He will keep his multiform accomplishments in check, so as not to overshadow his employer.

Here are a few more "Wants" from various portions of the globe that tell their own story and tell it joyously and well:

From the Clevedon (Eng.) *Mercury*:

Wanted—A really plain but experienced and efficient governess for three girls, eldest 16, Music, French, and German required. Brilliancy of conversation, fascination of manner, and symmetry of form objected to, as the father is much at home and there are grown-up sons. Address Mater, Post-Office, Clevedon.

From the Edinburgh *Scotsman*:

Servant—Wanted, by a family living in an Edinburgh flat, a general servant, who will kindly superintend her mistress in cooking and washing, nursing the baby, etc. She will have every Sunday and two nights out in each week, and the use of the drawing-room for the reception of her friends. Address A. F., *Scotsman* Office.

From the Paris *Figaro*:

Wanted—A professor to come twice a week to the house of a noble family in order to reform the pronunciation of a parrot.

The ingenuous reader may have imagined that prize-fighting and boxing were the especial privileges of the stronger half of humanity. A glance at the advertising columns of the eighteenth-century papers will convince him of his mistake. The following is by no means a solitary instance. It appeared in the *Daily Post* of July 17, 1728, in the form of a challenge and answer:

Whereas I, Ann Field, of Stoke-Newington, ass-driver, well known for my abilities in boxing in my own defence wherever it happened in my way, having been affronted by Mrs. Stokes, styled the European Championess, do fairly invite her to a trial of the best skill in boxing, for ten pounds, fair rise and fall; and question not but to give her such proofs of my judgment that shall oblige her to acknowledge me Championess of the Stage, to the entire satisfaction of all my friends.

I, Elizabeth Stokes, of the city of London, have not fought in this way since I fought the famous boxing woman of Billingsgate twenty-nine minutes, and gained a complete victory (which is six years ago); but as the famous Stoke-Newington ass-woman dares me to fight her for the ten pounds, I do assure her I will not fail meeting her for the said sum, and doubt not that the blows which I shall present her with will be more difficult for her to digest than she ever gave her asses.

But it seems to have been discovered that even these degraded creatures had not lost all the characteristics of their sex. Some challenges provide that each woman shall hold half a crown in each hand, "the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle." Evidently the feminine temptation to use the nails instead of the fists had to be provided against.

The *Newcastle Courant* of January 4, 1770, contained this notice, which could not have failed to excite curiosity :

This is to acquaint the public, that on Monday the first instant, being the Lodge (or monthly meeting) Night of the Free and Accepted Masons of the 22d Regiment held at the *Crown*, near Newgate (Newcastle), Mrs. Bell, the landlady of the house, broke open a door (with a poker) that had not been open for some time past ; by which means she got into an adjacent room, made two holes through the wall, and, by that stratagem, discovered the secrets of Freemasonry ; and she, knowing herself to be the first woman in the world that ever found out the secret, is willing to make it known to all her sex. So any lady who is desirous of learning the secrets of Freemasonry, by applying to that well-learned woman (Mrs. Bell, that lived fifteen years in and about Newgate) may be instructed in the secrets of Masonry.

Our advertising ancestors frequently broke into verse. Here is a fair sample from the Salem (Mass.) *Register* of September 6, 1801, in which poetry and prose, remonstrance and business, are quaintly intermixed :

The following lines were written in the shop of the subscriber by a son of St. Crispin, viewing with contempt the tyrannical and oppressive disposition of a man who has threatened vengeance on his neighbor's business because the article he deals in is SHOES :

Salem, 9th Mo. 6th, 1801.

Oh Shame ! that Man a Dog should imitate,
And only live, his fellow Man to hate.
An envious Dog once in a manger lay,
And starved himself to keep an Ox from hay.
Altho' thereof he could not eat,
Yet if the Ox was starved to him 'twas sweet
His neighbor's comfort thus for to annoy,
Altho' thereby he did his own destroy.
O Man, such actions from the page chase,
And from thy breast malicious envy chase.

Twenty per cent. was struck off at one clip, from those kind of shoes which are mostly worn. It is fifteen months since the Shoe War commenced.

J. MANSFIELD, 3rd.

But it is tradesmen, quacks, theatrical managers, etc., people, in short, who wish to attract the public attention to their own pecuniary profit,—it is this portion of the race who have developed advertising, especially in the latter half of the present century, into an art that taxes all the creative faculties of the human mind. Their forerunners of past ages trusted merely to the resources of a gorgeous vocabulary. They used up all the laudatory adjectives in the language, and there was an end on 't. Their successors of to-day know better. They understand such appeals are made only to the eye and are immediately forgotten. It is necessary to arrest attention, to startle, to pique curiosity, to do something odd, bizarre, *outré*, extravagant,—to be sensational above everything. Such methods set people to wondering, thinking, and talking. The earliest appeals of this sort were made in the comparatively conventional direction of literature and art. Wit, poetry, and wood-engraving were called into play. At first it was very poor wit, poor poetry, poor wood-engraving. When the novelty wore off it ceased to attract attention. Then advertisers began to turn themselves into Mæcenases. They patronized the skilful pen and the cunning pencil. The world would be astonished if it knew how many men now famous have written puffs for tradesmen. And two men, one in England and another in America, have won fame for themselves in the exclusive service of the advertiser. The first was George Robins, the English auctioneer, whose advertisements of estates for sale were, half a century ago, conned and studied with as much gusto as the latest poem or romance. His description of that terrestrial paradise whose only drawback was "the litter of the rose-leaves and the noise of the nightingales" has become a classic. The second is Mr. Powers, formerly of Wanamaker's Bazaar, in Philadelphia. He had a facility of phrase, a virile simplicity of style, a directness and an ingenuous candor, that indicated literary abilities

of a high order. When he wrote them, Wanamaker's advertisements won a national reputation. Many people turned to them first when they took up the morning papers, sure of finding something fresh and interesting even if they had no desire to purchase.

As to art, Cruikshank was the first well-known man to lend his pencil to the advertiser. His capital sketch, made for a blacking-establishment, of the cat seeing herself reflected and spitting at the boot, is still in use after half a century's service. A London soap-firm recently purchased the right of reproducing one of John Rogers's most famous little groups. And you have but to turn to the pages of any modern periodical to recognize what excellent work, mostly unsigned and unacknowledged, but betraying the well-known characteristics of eminent artists, is done for advertising purposes. Famous works of art, also, have been pressed into the same service in an indirect way. Hotels and bar-rooms attract custom by hanging on their walls the authentic works of great masters, old and new. Cigarette-dealers and others reproduce uncopyrighted masterpieces in miniature form, and give them away with their wares.

But as the spirit of journalism has invaded literature and art, so it has invaded the advertising business. The sensational methods of editors and reporters have been aped by the advertisers in near-by columns. Who does not remember the thrilling "reading notices," once so popular, which, after holding you breathless with the account of an accident, a love-story, a tale of adventure, finally landed you into a box of pills or a bottle of castor oil? Then there was the enigmatical notice, not yet extinct, which arrested attention and kept you in wondering suspense, until such time as the advertiser deemed ripe to spring the explanation,—the notice which cried, "In the name of the Prophet," and waited until you had pricked up your ears before it added, "Figs." An early example of this occurred in London some thirty years ago. One morning the good people woke up to find the interrogation "Who's Blank?" staring them everywhere in the face,—in the newspapers, on the walls and hoardings of the town, even on the pavements. As day after day passed, the reiterated query set everybody to thinking. "Who indeed is Blank?" So everybody asked, but nobody knew. Presently the words "Fire! Fire! Thieves! Thieves!" following the query, deepened the mystery. At last the secret was out when the enterprising owner of a newly-patented safe added his name to the announcement.

The mysterious statement, in large letters, "724 MORE," which simultaneously invaded the American press all over the country, carried wonder and even uneasiness to many an American household. One can imagine the whole family puzzling their brains over it for days. Finally, one morning, Young Hopeful bursts out breathlessly, "Pop! I know what 724 More is!" "What is it?" cries every one, expectantly. "Pancakes!" And then it comes out that 724 more pancakes can be made out of Puff's Baking Powder than out of any other.

Tricks of the type are a lower form of art, and have now lost much of their efficacy. It is only the uninventive mind that seeks to attract attention by italics, capitals, exclamation marks, and the use of strange and uncouth letters. Even the familiar trick of setting up announcements in diagonal form, or of inverting the letters, palls upon a sated public. There is still great virtue, however, in large capitals and the force of iteration. If day in and day out the public have the name of any article pressed conspicuously upon their attention, that name is unconsciously fixed in the mind like a household word. And the effect is more certain if the name appears in some unlooked-for spot and in an unfamiliar environment. The knowledge of these facts has led advertisers to drop their lines in other places besides the daily papers.

And so it came around that bill-posters stuck up flaring advertisements on walls, on fences, on bill-boards, that the interiors of cars and omnibuses were decorated with signs, that pavements were stencilled with trade notices, that peripatetic artists swarmed over the country painting the names of quack medicines on the palings of fences, the sides of houses and barns, on rocks, trees, and river-banks.

Bill-posting was first used in connection with the drama. The very name indicates this. As far back as 1579, John Northbrooke, in his treatise against theatrical performances, says, "They use to set up their bills upon posts, some certain days before, to admonish people to make resort to their theatres." Later, notices of houses to rent, of sales, auction, etc., were posted. Then followed all manner of advertisements. But not until twoscore years ago was bill-posting systematized into a business. Anciently the best bill-poster was the mighty man of brass and muscle, who, knowing nothing of law or license, tore down his rival's placard and set up his own in its stead. Sometimes the rival would show fight. Sometimes the owner of the property would object to its desecration, and serve an injunction on the bill-poster. Undaunted, however, the latter would lease out his contract to another man, who would stick up his bills before the court could issue a new injunction. At last the system of leasing space sprang up. The owner leased his space to the bill-sticker, who could enforce the right as against his rival. This system dates from 1876. It has led to the establishment of large firms, many of whom control space throughout the entire Union, and can, at a moment's bidding, proclaim the merits of a soap or a patent medicine throughout the land.

Worst of all, the bill-poster has amalgamated with the peripatetic artist of the brush. When the latter first sprang into being, he was a distinct individuality and a most offensive one. Nothing in nature was too sacred for him,—indeed, the more sacred, the greater the advertisement. The most magnificent scenery was profaned. The sign-painter often had to stand up to his neck in water, or climb apparently inaccessible peaks, to reach the most striking locality for his "ad." He was hooted by the newspapers, and shot at by enraged worshippers of the beautiful. But no danger, no difficulty, daunted him.

The most remarkable of these early pioneers was the owner of a certain Plantation Bitters. He devised an enigmatic inscription, "S. T 1860. X.," which shortly appeared in every newspaper and on every available fence, rock, tree, bill-board, or barn throughout the country, on wagons, railroad-cars, ships, and steamers. One day all the exposed rocks in the Niagara rapids bloomed out with the mystic sign. Forest-trees along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad were hewn down to afford the passengers a glimpse of the same announcement emblazoned in letters four hundred feet high on the mountain-side. Then the manufacturer's agents went abroad. Cheops' pyramid was not too sacred for him, nor the place on Mount Ararat where the Ark is said to have landed. He even announced that he would discover the North Pole for the express purpose of decorating it with the cabalistic words. And what did the words mean? Many puzzled their heads over them in vain. Not until the proprietor had retired with a fortune did he reveal the secret. "S. T 1860. X." meant, "Started trade in 1860 with \$10."

But we have not yet exhausted all the arts of the advertiser. Something should be said about the sad-eyed sandwich-man, braced between two bill-boards and set adrift in the crowded streets; something also of the various perambulatory advertisements which have been gradually evolved from this simple germ: of the negro gentleman exquisitely arrayed, save only for a huge standing collar, on which is printed the name of the firm that employs him; of the army of tall men, all over six feet six inches in height, whom a

manufacturer of rubber goods clad in long rubber coats, bearing his name and trade-mark, and then cast out on the highways and by-ways of the metropolis; of the countless numbers of men and boys bedecked in fantastic costumes and placed in the streets to distribute circulars.

A quarter of a century ago, a London manager invented a new advertising scheme which has been the fruitful parent of many similar devices. A drama called "The Dead Heart" was being played at his theatre. He ordered ten hundred thousand hearts to be printed in red, inscribed with the words Dead Heart, and had them posted everywhere, upon the pavements, upon the walls, upon the trees in the parks, upon the seats, and even upon the backs of revellers who were returning home in a convivial but oblivious mood. Twenty years later, one of his imitators devised a still more startling scheme. He was manager of the melodrama "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab." Hiring a number of hansoms, he placed in each the dummy figure of a man in a dress suit, with blood-bespattered shirt, and had them driven through the principal streets. He succeeded even better than he had expected. The ghastly spectacle became the talk of all London. The newspapers denounced it as an atrocity. It was said that nervous people had fainted, that children had screamed, and that ladies had gone off in hysterics. Finally, the authorities gave the lucky manager an additional "ad." by ordering the hansoms back to the stables under pain of arrest.

Over in Vienna, a theatrical manager advertised for five thousand cats. The strange announcement attracted general attention. At the appointed day and hour the entrance to the theatre was blocked by a vast crowd of men, women, and children with bags, baskets, or coat-pockets stuffed with cats. The manager bought them all, fixed labels around their necks announcing the first performance of a grand pantomime in the following week, then turned them loose, and let them scamper off in all directions. Of course the manager did not depend merely on the labels. He knew that the novelty of the scheme would set press and public to talking, and he was right in his calculations.

A story has recently gone the rounds of the press which is quite good enough to be true. A poor clergyman wishing to buy hymn-books for his congregation at the lowest possible price, a London firm offered to supply him gratuitously with a line of books containing certain advertisements. The minister complied, thinking to himself that, when the books arrived, the advertisements could be removed, but, to his joy and surprise, he found no interleaved advertisements. On the first Sunday after the new books had been distributed, the congregation found themselves singing,—

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Beecham's Pills are just the thing;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for man and one for child."

Advice. An axiom of proverbial as well as of written philosophy is summed up in this phrase of Hazlitt's: "Our friends are generally ready to do everything for us except the very thing we wish them to do. There is one thing in particular they are always disposed to give us, and which we are as unwilling to take, namely, advice." (*Characteristics*, No. 88.) Johnson offers an excellent reason both for the willingness on one side and the unwillingness on the other: "Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of superiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is most necessary or most judicious." (*Rambler*, No. 87.) If this be true, then it evidently follows, to quote his own words again from a letter to Mrs. Piozzi, "The advice that is wanted is generally unwelcome, and that which is not wanted is generally impertinent." Horace Smith, therefore, suggests quite the right attitude towards

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advice, and especially good advice: "Good advice is one of those injuries which a good man ought, if possible, to forgive, but at all events to forget at once." (*The Tin Trumpet: Advice.*) The ingenuous few that occasionally seem to seek advice really want something else: "We ask advice, but we mean approbation." (COLTON: *Lacon.*) Yet Benjamin Franklin has so little worldly wisdom as to say in his "Poor Richard's Almanac," "They that will not be counselled will not be helped." To be sure, he adds almost in the same breath, "We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct,"—a thought, by the way, which he stole from La Rochefoucauld: "We give advice, but we cannot give the wisdom to profit by it." Saadi, in the "Gulistân," makes a sage remark when he says, "He who gives advice to a self-conceited man stands himself in need of counsel from another." (ch. viii., *Rules for Conduct in Life.*) But he fails to recognize that all men in this sense are self-conceited. Yet, on the other hand, if Bailey be right, self-conceit should incline them to hearken: "The worst men often give the best advice." (*Festus, sc. A Village Feast.*) In the face of all this human unwillingness, however, Alphonso the Wise of Castile was bold enough to say, "Had I been present at the Creation, I would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe."

A. E. I. O. U. These five vowels were stamped by Frederick III. of Germany upon coins and medals, and inscribed upon public buildings. They had originally been used at the coronation of his predecessor, Albert II., then standing for Albertus Electus Imperator Optimus Vivat. At his own coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1440, Frederick retained the initials, with this altered meaning, Archidux Electus Imperator Optime Vivat. It became a favorite pastime for learned and ingenious men to fit new readings to the motto. Frederick himself, in a manuscript referred to by the librarian of Leopold I., quoted a flattering German version, Aller Ehren Ist Oesterreich Voll, ("Austria is crowned with all honor,") but it is recorded that he had to remove an equally unflattering inscription in the Burg, Aller Erst Ist Oesterreich Verdorben.

Rasch, organist of the Schottencloster, discovered no less than two hundred possible readings, which he gave to the world about 1580. Three of these are especially famous: Austria Erit In Orbe Ultima, "Austria will be the last in the world," and Austriæ Est Imperare Orbi Universo, and Alles Erdreich Ist Oesterreich Unterthan, the last being a free translation into German of the Latin of the second. The initial ingenuity of both is retained in the English equivalent: Austria's Empire Is Over all Universal.

Affinity. A term made famous by American Free-Lovers, meaning a person of the opposite sex who is in such perfect harmony, mentally, spiritually, and physically, with one's self, that a higher law—a law above all mere human codes and conventions, and, therefore, above the seventh commandment, which was numbered among human ordinances—urged these twain to become one flesh. A complete life or destiny could be fulfilled, not by a single individual, but by a couple. Each must have its affinity. The greater duty of life was to discover this *alter ego*. It will be seen that this necessitated numerous experiments on the way. The Free-Lovers were largely influenced by Goethe's "Elective Affinities," in which human beings are likened to chemical substances that repel or attract one another by eternal laws. Only Goethe hesitates to say explicitly that this chemical force thrust upon man by the demoniac powers releases him from personal responsibility. The Free-Lovers not only explicitly stated this, not only asserted that man was excusable, but went further, and taught that it was his sacred duty to break through the traditional code and satisfy his higher self. The sect became prominent in 1850, and

established several communities, the most famous being at Oneida, New York. They were a constant target for the humorists. Artemus Ward has an excellent bit of fooling on the community at Berlin Heights, Ohio. He describes how he set up his great moral show in the neighborhood, and how the Free-Lovers came flocking round the doors, among them "a perfectly orful-lookin' female," whose "gownd was skanderlusly short and her trowsis was shameful to behold."

The exsentric female clutched me frantically by the arm and hollerd :

"You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scarcely," I sed, endeverin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed :

"You air my Affinerty!"

"What upon arth is that?" I shouted.

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I dostent!"

"Listen, man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female: "for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He *has* cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty. O 'tis too mutch, too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I ansered, "I think it is a darn site too mutch!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin' her hands like a female play-actor.

"Not a yearn!" I bellered at the top of my voice, throwin' her away from me.—*Artemus Ward, His Book: Among the Free-Lovers.*

Agathocles' Pot. Agathocles, the celebrated tyrant of Syracuse, was originally a potter: in his greatness he always affected extreme humility, having an earthen pot placed beside him at table to remind him of his origin.

A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature, a piece of impertinent correspondency, a death's-head at your banquet, Agathocles' pot, a Mordecai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door, a lion in your path, the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.—*Lamb's Elia: Poor Relations.*

Agitate, agitate, agitate! This advice, which seems a reminiscence of Demosthenes's "Action, action, action!" (*q. v.*), was given to the Irish people by the Marquis of Anglesea when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under the Duke of Wellington. O'Connell caught up the phrase and followed the advice it inculcated. Hence he was known as "the Irish Agitator." But Parnell deemed that a better watchword was "Organize, organize, organize!"

Agnostic (Gr. *ἀ* privative, and *γινωσκός*, *knowing, known, knowable*). One who believes that the finite mind can comprehend only the finite world, and that God and the infinite and the causes that underlie appearances are necessarily unknown and unknowable. According to a letter from R. H. Hutton, quoted in the New English Dictionary, *sub voce*, the word was "suggested by Prof. Huxley at a party held previous to the formation of the now defunct Metaphysical Society, at Mr. James Knowles's house on Clapham Common, one evening in 1869, in my hearing. He took it from St. Paul's mention of the altar to 'the Unknown God.'"

Since this letter appeared in print, Prof. Huxley has himself given us the history of the word, in the *Nineteenth Century* for February, 1889. "When I reached intellectual maturity and began to ask myself whether I was an atheist, a theist, or a pantheist, a materialist or an idealist, a Christian or a free-thinker, I found that the more I learned and reflected, the less ready was the answer, until at last I came to the conclusion that I had neither art nor part with any of these denominations except the last. The one thing in which most of these good people agreed was the one thing in which I differed from them. They were quite sure they had attained a certain 'gnosis,' had more or less successfully solved the problem of existence; while I was quite sure I had not, and had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. . . . This was my situation when I had the good fortune to find a

place among the members of that remarkable confraternity of antagonists, long since deceased, but of green and pious memory, the *Metaphysical Society*. Every variety of philosophical and theological opinion was represented there, and expressed itself with entire openness; most of my colleagues were *ists* of one sort or another; and, however kind and friendly they might be, I, the man without a rag of a label to cover himself with, could not fail to have some of the uneasy feelings which must have beset the historical fox when, after leaving the trap in which his tail remained, he presented himself to his normally elongated companions. So I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of 'agnostic.' It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the 'Gnostic' of Church history who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant, and I took the earliest opportunity of parading it at our society, to show that I, too, had a tail like the other foxes. To my great satisfaction, the term took; and when the *Spectator* had stood godfather to it, any suspicion in the minds of respectable people that a knowledge of its parentage might have awakened was, of course, completely lulled." (Reprinted in *Christianity and Agnosticism: a Controversy*. New York, 1889.)

Agony. To pile on the agony, originally an Americanism, is now a common locution on both sides of the Atlantic, meaning to use harrowing details for the purpose of intensifying a narrative or a statement. So far back as 1857, Charlotte Brontë writes in a letter, "What climax there is does not come on till near the conclusion; and even then I doubt whether the regular novel-reader will consider the 'agony piled sufficiently high' (as the Americans say) or the colors dashed on to the canvas with the proper amount of daring." (GASKELL: *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, ch. xxv.)

Agony Column. The name familiarly given to the second column of the first page of the London *Times*, containing advertisements similar to those which in American papers are grouped under the head of Personals. But they often exhibit a frantic exuberance of capitals, exclamation-marks, and interjections, and make lurid exhibitions of private and personal matters which are well-nigh unknown to the advertising columns of cis-Atlantic journals. Sometimes they are written in cipher, or some mutually-agreed-on arrangement of words, and many a line that reads like the purest gibberish carries sorrow or gladness to the eye that reads the secret. Yet even ciphers have been found dangerous. There are everywhere certain ingenious busy-bodies (*i.e.*, bodies who have nothing to busy themselves with) that make a study of this column, and, finding a key to the cipher in which a clandestine correspondence is carried on, insert a marplot advertisement,—sometimes for the mere fun of the thing, sometimes to stop an intrigue that is nearly ripe for execution. The agony column itself is evidence of this. For you often find the real agents in a correspondence notifying each other that such and such an advertisement was not inserted by authority. (See CIPHER.)

A large number of the advertisements relate to prodigal sons and truant husbands. Now, you and I have never run away and hid from our families; probably no one in our set of acquaintances ever has. Yet the fact remains that there is a certain percentage of the human race to whom the temptation to run away is irresistible. By a more or less happy dispensation, they seem to be blessed with relatives of exceptional clemency, who, instead of leaving them alone like Bopeep's sheep, implore them through the *Times* and other papers to come home to a steaming banquet of veal. They frequently wind up by promising the fugitive that everything will be arranged to his satisfaction,—which surely ought to prove a tempting bait, for to have everything arranged to one's satisfaction is a condition rarely realized. Of course the promise is

vague. It is therefore encouraging to run across an advertisement that deals with particulars and not with glittering generalities,—e.g., as when on October 2, 1851, a fugitive who is spoken of as “The Minstrel Boy” (probably in a fine vein of sarcasm, for among the items of personal description appears “no ear for music”) is thus addressed: “Pray return to your disconsolate friends. All will be forgiven, and Charlie will give up the front room.”

Another favorite way of luring the victim back is to threaten that all sorts of calamities will visit the family he has left behind. Thus, P. P. P. is implored for mercy’s sake to write again: “If not, your wretched father will be a maniac, and your poor unhappy mother will die broken-hearted.” Here is a still more pathetic appeal, ludicrous, however, in the very midst of its pathos: “To A . . . If humanity has not entirely flown from your breast, return, oh, return, ere it is too late, to the heart-broken, distracted wife you have forsaken,—ere the expression of those soft eyes that won you be lost in the bewildered stare of insanity,—ere they may gaze even on you and know you not; write, tell her, oh! tell her where you are, that she may follow you—her own, her all—and die. See her once more.” Here is an example that shifts with strange abruptness from entreaty to threats: “I entreat you to keep to your word, or it may be fatal. Laws were made to bind the villains of society.” The neat laconicism of the following has even more merit:

PHILIP. Would PHILIP like to hear of his MOTHER’S DEATH?

A sad little history is summed up in the following advertisements, the last two being, of course, an answer to the first:

July 15, 18, 22, and 25, 1850.

THE ONE-WINGED DOVE must die unless the CRANE returns to be a shield against her enemies.

November 23, 1850.

SOMERSET, S. B. THE MATE of the DOVE must take wing forever unless a material change takes place. J. B.

November 26, 1850.

THE MATE of the DOVE bids a final FAREWELL. ADIEU to the British Isles, although such a resolution cannot be accomplished without poignant grief. W

Undoubtedly there is a romance also behind these three advertisements, which followed one another at considerable intervals; but the reader will have to build one up to suit himself:

March 24, 1849.

NO DOORMAT TO-NIGHT.

March 28, 1850.

DOORMAT and BEANS TO-NIGHT.

May 28, 1851.

DOORMAT TO-NIGHT.

Was this a love-message? Was DOORMAT the agreed-upon symbol for a grim Paterfamilias, a jealous husband? Did the mice, anxious for play, acquaint each other in this fashion that the cat was or was not away? And what connection did DOORMAT have with BEANS? Idle, idle questions! As well ask “what songs the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women.”

A curious advertisement, that tells its own story, appears on May 21, 1838. The advertiser, who gives his real name and address, states that some years previous he had saved the life of an English nobleman by rescuing him from drowning, but that he withdrew himself, “not to receive the unbounded thanks and generous reward of an English gentleman.” Now, however, he intimates that a correspondence with the family might be pleasing to them and a source

of happiness to himself. Of course this ingenious gentleman wanted love and money,—that is to say, he wanted money pressed on him with many expressions of gratitude. Very likely he deserved it. Certainly his way of asking for it was very pretty. What could be more happy than the hint about the generous reward?

But the most extraordinary series of advertisements that ever appeared in any paper, a series extending over a period of fifteen years and hinting at all sorts of mystery, romance, crime, and even madness, was contributed mainly by a gentleman whose real name, E. J. Wilson, is occasionally signed, while more frequently he masquerades under the initials E. W. or E. J. W., or under pseudonyms that would be baffling but for the unerring evidence of style. That he was a man who had suffered a good deal, and that his sorrows had unhinged his reason, is apparent enough, for the advertisements are couched in precisely the language which seems impressive to people of deranged minds. Moreover, he has an insane belief in his own virtues, importance, and abilities. "I claim to rank with Cobden, Bright, and Rowland Hill," he says in one place, and elsewhere he asserts that he is the author of "the decimal system at Her Majesty's Customs which pours pure gold every day into the coffers of the nation." How far, therefore, his sorrows are the result of hallucination it is not possible to say. Nor is it possible to make a perfectly consistent and coherent whole out of the staccato story of his wrongs as revealed in these advertisements. But the main outlines seem to be that he was a man of fortune with an important position in the British Customs Office, that he married a Hebrew lady, that his family and friends quarrelled with him, apparently over some smuggling scheme of which he disapproved and in whose spoils he refused to participate, that his wife and his infant daughter were spirited away from him (he seems to hint that the wife eloped with a lover, but this she indignantly denies), and that he spent a large portion of his life, and lost fortune, place, and position, in the effort to regain the daughter. So much being premised, a few selections here and there from the voluminous communications of Mr. Wilson and the rare answers of his wife may be found interesting,—may pique curiosity, at least, if not satisfy it.

Here is almost the first of the series:

HONEST, HONEST ALEXIS! What a strange coincidence! Remove the last syllable, and there was once a great man, one of the self-constituted sacred race, known by that cognomen, whom I—for which, of course, I shall never be forgiven—transformed—as I intend to serve many more—into a city spectre. Honest, honest Alexis! May that never be your fate. Candour would then indeed be wronged. E. W.

To this frantic expostulation Alexis (very naturally) answers, "What are you alluding to? SEND YOUR ADDRESS. Do it immediately. I was much disappointed at not receiving it on Saturday, and have been in the greatest agony ever since. You are freely forgiven; extend your mercy to Alexis." E. W. seems to have preferred continuing the correspondence through the columns of the *Times*. On March 19 he explains that he was alluding to "the customs," and adds, "You will only deceive the superficial fools of the nation."

Alexis evidently gets very wroth, and four days later inserts the following:

E. W., author of anonymous correspondence, look at home. Conscience does not accuse me of even attempting to deceive. You have, however, been playing the game of deception several years, until, judging from your exasperated feeling, you are at last tired that your bait has not taken. Have you a conscience? This is doubted by some, whilst others think you have, but that it dwells far beneath its usual seat. Alexis bids you farewell.

Alexis is evidently the wife. Apparently she flees to Norway or Sweden, for a month or two later we find an impassioned appeal "to the pearl of the great eastern sea, the blue-eyed maid of Israel, who keeps watch near the

impassable gate of dreary Scandinavia : You cost one great man his place, and will also cost a great many more their place." Does Mr. Wilson refer to himself as the great man? Not unlikely. In January his wife, who now appears to be in Hammersmith, England, conjures him to call on her. "A wilful error," she says, "is maintained against justice and truth to oppose my right. Why not come immediately?" But, instead of going, E. J. W. simply inserts the word SILENCE! in the Agony column for January 15, which leads to the following interchange of mysteries :

January 18, 1853.

SILENCE, where?

January 19, 1853.

WHERE? Has my vision been fulfilled, or does vice prevail? That is the question. E. J. W.

Same date, lower down.

SILENCE, WHERE? Why! "Silence in the Metropolis!" Silence on the railway is good, but "Silence in the Metropolis" is excessively better!

Possibly there is a veiled allusion here to his address. For on the 21st, E. J. W., apparently in answer to some communication by letter, inserts the word "INCORRUPTIBLE" with his initials. And on the 25th he celebrates his own incorruptibility in song :

DIOGENES HIS LANTERN NEEDS NO MORE,
An honest man is found, the search is o'er.

Incorruptible E. J. W.

More nonsense of a similar kind follows. Then, on February 8, the wife appears once more to be heard from : "G— Arthur and E. J. W. are inexcusable in absenting themselves from the two indescribables. Do not leave under a wilful delusion. . . All communication is intercepted in England and abroad, and our reputations calumniated to render us homeless and friendless. Deceit prevails." The plot has now thickened, and conjecture can make only the vaguest surmises. Nothing more appears until March 24, when E. J. W. says, "FLY BY NIGHT has got the ANCHOR. Corruption wins, and England's lost." On March 30 the tables appear to be turned : "ACHILLES has GOT the LEVER. Corruption sinks, and virtue swims. E. J. W." Again more nonsense follows, then an interval of silence. At last E. J. W. cries out, *Je veux voir ma fille* : a little later (June 27, 1854), "I'll not touch the money. It's stolen property;" and exactly a year later, "I tell you again I'll not touch the money. But where's my child?" It would almost seem that he was finally persuaded to reconsider his determination, whatever it was, for on September 29, 1855, he writes,—

PITY—yes. The future of a buried heart and conscience! It is more than unfeeling to seize the unhappy hour of a weak and erring heart to influence it to violate its whole nature, abandon the tenderest ties, and make it forever bankrupt of every true and proper feeling. Remorse, and one day you will feel it.

On November 1, 1855, he breaks out,—

By that bitter cup you have given, and I drank to the dregs; . . . by promises made to those now no more, I will see you. Be true to yourself and to me. Oh, M'y, M'y! I would save you the pangs of error,—God forbid of crime,—and though the passion, jealousy, hate, and madness you have excited be scorned and denied, when the serpent you foster is wearied,—yea, even then, here is your haven, when all forsake.

Once more she insists,—

You are deceived. Those now no more were deceived. I foster none, but am true to ties of happier days. Open to me a communication and a public investigation. Mary.

There is now a silence of many months. Then in July, 1857, advertisements again break out, hinting at some mysterious money transactions under the headings, "NICHT EINE MILLION," "GENUG FÜR ALLES," etc. They seem to have resulted in E. J. W. receiving back his daughter. But he retained

her only a short time, though he had signed away his fortune for her. Here is the most lucid of many notices relating to this double loss :

To B. C. Z. You don't know their antecedents (*rouge et noir*). I have never seen any of my money from the day I nobly signed it away ; and I did not see my child for five years, and yet I respected the laws of humanity ; and you see the return—I have lost my daughter a second time.

He never saw her again, apparently, though he managed to establish a correspondence with her in French through the Agony column. Then this breaks off and another silence ensues, which is sufficiently explained by this notice, dated October 12, 1865 :

THE HEART OF STONE. Fifteen years of gloomiest depression, and long, sad hours of pain and sorrow, have made me what I am ; but the idol of our mutual affection having now passed into a better life, "Heart of Stone" will relent if "Martyr," with meekness and submission befitting her self-adopted title, consents to the condition stated in a former communication to Mr. Pollaky, Private Inquiry Office, 13, Paddington Green ; until then no meeting can or shall take place.

On October 18, "Martyr" signifies her acquiescence in the conditions, with certain reservations, apparently pecuniary. With all his old-time nobility of nature, Heart of Stone replies,—

After so many years of lacerating agony, what are riches to me ? and now that our idol is no more, I do not press further your acceptance of clause 5. Let our meeting take place on the approaching anniversary of an event so indelibly impressed on the memory of us both ; and may the solemnity of our reconciliation at the hour of our reunion not be profaned by the faintest suspicion of parsimony. I will communicate to Mr. Pollaky the exact time and place of meeting.

And so the curtain falls on the couple. Whether they made mutual and satisfactory explanations, whether they were happy ever after, we have no means of discovering.

Agreeing to differ. This now familiar phrase dates back to Sidney's "Arcadia," Book I. : "Between these two persons [Dametas and Miso], who never agreed in any humor but in disagreeing, is issued forth Mistress Mopsa, a fit woman to partake of both their perfections." Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," has the *ipsissima verba* "agreed to differ." The more antithetic phrase "agreeing to disagree" is now more common.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree.

WILL CARLETON : *Farm Ballads : Betsey and I are Out.*

Albé, a nickname which Shelley and his companions applied to Byron. It is a contraction of Albanese or Albaneser, and is an allusion to the noble lord's fondness for that people, which he carried to so great an extent as to become their *blood-brother* by adoption. This fact is made plain by the alternative form Albaneser appearing in a letter from Shelley to his wife, written from Venice, August 23, 1818. Yet critics who are fond of mares' nests have spent a deal of ingenious conjecture on the term. Mr. Forman suggests that Albé was formed from the initials L. B. = Lord Byron. Another would make it an abbreviation of Albemarle Street, whence the poems of Byron were issued. And a third, with a subtlety of roundabout surmise that is worthy of all praise, finds an explanation in a romance by Mme. Cottin, entitled "Claire d'Albe," which Shelley admired so much that he encouraged his first wife to translate it into English. Now, if Byron's Claire was ever dubbed Claire d'Albe, Byron himself might become Albe !

Albion Perfide (F., "Perfidious Albion"). This phrase is generally attributed to Napoleon. But though he undoubtedly used it, the idea long antedated him. Thus, in Perlin's "Description des Royaumes d'Angleterre et d'Ecosse" (1558) : "One may say of the English that in war they are not strong,

and in peace they are not faithful. As the Spaniard says, *Angleterre bonne terre mala gente*" (England, good country, bad people). On the other hand, Misson, in his "Travels" (1719), says, "I cannot imagine what could occasion the notion I have frequently observed in France that the English were treacherous. It is certainly great injustice to reckon treachery among the vices familiar to the English." The following lines are said to have been composed by Philip of Valois on the occasion of Edward III.'s invasion of France :

Angelus est Anglus cui nunquam fidere fas est :

Dum ubi dicet ave, sicut ab hoste cave.

Grozæus ex Gaguino, in *Hist. Franc.*

Aldine, a name given to the books that issued from the press of Aldus Manutius (Latinized form of Aldo Manuzio) and his family in Venice. These, from their historic interest in the annals of printing and their intrinsic excellence, have always been held in high repute by book-lovers,—especially the publications of Aldus himself. A generous love of classic literature was Aldus's main motive when, in 1490, he founded the great house which, after revolutionizing the art of printing and book-making, went out of existence in 1597. The Aldine publications consist of *editiones principes* of ancient classics and corrected texts of the more modern Italians, with grammars, philologies, and other works of erudition. They are even now reckoned with manuscripts among the critical apparatus of scholars. Aldus, or rather his engraver, Francesco of Bologna, invented what they called cursive types (*i.e.*, italics), which were first used in the edition of Virgil published in 1501, a volume memorable, also, as the first octavo ever issued. Printing now became one of the fine arts. The success of the Aldine editions led to piratical counterfeits in Lyons and Florence, which even imitated the dolphin twined round an anchor, which was the Aldine trade-mark, and the alternative mottoes, "*Festina lente*" or "*Sudavit et alsit*." Aldus himself complained bitterly of these pirates: "The paper of these books is second-rate, and even smells badly." They remain to this day a puzzle and a despair to amateur book-collectors, but an expert can tell the genuine not only by the superior quality of the paper used, but by the fact that the consonants are attached to the vowels as in writing, while in the counterfeits they stand apart.

Alexanders at five sous a day. This is a phrase which Voltaire applied to soldiers. Is it the origin of the popular American locution for the shadow or imitator of a great original: A little Washington (or Blaine, or Cleveland, or what not) for a cent? Certainly in France it has given rise to a similar expression. For example, Emile Faguet ("*Dix-huitième Siècle*," 1890, p. 193) says, "Voltaire n'a pas été artiste pour un obole" ("Voltaire was not an artist for a cent"), or, in other words, was not at all an artist.

Alexander the Corrector, a title assumed by Alexander Cruden (1701–1770), the compiler of the famous Concordance of the Bible, who had been employed in various printing-offices as corrector of the press, but who used it in the higher sense of one divinely appointed to correct the morals of the nation, with especial regard to swearing and the neglect of Sabbatical observances. He petitioned Parliament for a formal appointment as a corrector for the reformation of the people, and, being confined for a brief period in an insane asylum, published an account of his detention in "The Adventures of Alexander the Corrector." (See a review in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxiv. 50.)

Alexandra limp. One of the absurdest fads of toadying imitation. Princess Alexandra walks with a slight limp. Immediately after her marriage with the Prince of Wales (in 1860), an epidemic of lameness broke out among the petticoated hangers-on of royalty, which soon spread through all the female world of England, until it was happily laughed out of existence.

Alive and kicking, a common saying, meaning very much alive. The allusion is to a child in the womb after quickening.

All-fired, in English and American slang, inordinate, violent, immoderate. Not unlikely it is a euphemistic corruption of "hell-fired."

"I know I be so all-fired jealous I can't bear to hear o' her talking, let alone writing, to you."—T. HUGHES: *Tom Brown at Oxford*.

All fours, To go or run on, a familiar expression, meaning to go on smoothly, successfully. Coke quotes it as an ancient saying: "But no simile holds on everything, according to the ancient saying, *Nullum simile quatuor pedibus currit*." The saying is still a common form of comparison with lawyers to imply that two things exactly agree.

Alliteration. The repetition of some letter or sound at the beginning of two or more words in close or immediate succession, as,—

Apt alliteration's artful aid,—

a line by Churchill, which illustrates while it characterizes. In the hands of a master, alliteration becomes a legitimate source of metric effect; in those of a bungler, it is a vexation to the spirit. The mere literary trifler finds in it a medium for more or less astonishing yet entirely valueless *tours de force*. Alliteration is the parent of modern rhyme. In Icelandic and Gothic poetry it was reduced to a system which soon passed into our literature and became the metrical basis of early English poetry. Here is an example from *Piers Plowman*:

By Saint Paul, quoth Perkin,
Ye profer me fayre,
That I shall swynke and swete
And sowe for us bothe
And other labors do for thy love
Al my lyfe tyme,
In covenant that thou keep
Holy Kyrke and myselfe
Fro wasters and fro wycked men
That this world destroyeth, etc.

There is here an agreeable repetition of the same initial at the most emphatic pauses of the verse. As a rule, three such letters were allowed in every couplet,—two in the first member of the distich, the other in a prominent part of the second. Thus the attention was arrested and the structure of the verse indicated by a dominant letter which ruled like the key-note of a chant. With the modern as with the classical poets, alliteration is only brought in as an occasional ornament,—not as a structural part of the verse. Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Tennyson, are especially happy in their use of it. But these great artists are careful to place their alliterative words at some distance, making them answer to one another at the beginning and end of a period, or so arranging them that they mark the metre and become the key-words of the line: thus,

Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the air?
is fine, but the music would be ruined by a very slight transposition:

Heard ye the hurtling arrow in the air?

In the former case the ear is satisfied by a repetition of the *h* sound which it had just begun to lose; in the latter it is annoyed by the too quick succession of another aspirant.

Generally the repeated letter is found at the beginning of words, though it may occur in the second or final syllable, but in either case that syllable must be the accented part of the word, e.g.:

That hushed in grim repose expects his evening prey.—Gray.

Here, culled almost at random from the masters of metre, are some specimens of successful alliteration :

They cheerly chaunt, and rhymes at random flung.—*Spenser*.

The churlish chiding of the winter's wind.—*Shakespeare*.

In maiden meditation, fancy free.—*Shakespeare*.

God never made his work for man to mend.—*Dryden*.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free.—*Coleridge*.

The rapture of repose.—*Byron*.

No gift beyond that bitter boon, our birth.—*Byron*.

The fervent underlip, and that above,
Lifted with laughter or abashed with love,
Thine amorous girdle, full of thee and fair,
And leavings of the lilies in thine hair.—*Swinburne*.

Dip down upon the Northern shore,
O sweet new year, delaying long,
Thou dost expectant Nature wrong,
Delaying long—delay no more.—*Tennyson*.

In the example from Swinburne, the sounds of *f*, *l*, and *ab*, and in that from Tennyson, the sounds of *d*, *n*, and *l*, are interlinked with wondrous harmonic result.

But harmony is not the only guerdon won by alliteration. The value of dissonance in heightening an effect, in giving force to a figure, in making the sound an echo of the sense, has often been proved. In Pope's famous line,—

Up the high hill he heaved the huge round stone,

the continuous halts called for by the repetition of the aspirate produce a very effective idea of long-drawn effort. Almost as good is Young's

But the black blast blows hard.

The following, from Alfred Austin's "Season," is less known, but is well worth quoting :

Be dumb, ye dawdlers, whilst his spells confound
The gathered—scattered—symphonies of sound ;
Cymbals barbaric clang, cowed flutes complain,
As the sharp, cruel clarion cleaves the strain ;
To drum, deaf-bowelled, drowning sob and wail,
Seared viols shriek, that pity may prevail,
Till with tumultuous purpose swift and strong
Sweeps the harmonious hurricane of song.

It is not only in serious writing, however, that alliteration has been found effective. In mock-heroic verse, in burlesque, and even in humorous prose, it frequently points a jest and sharpens an epigram. In Pope's line,—

Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux,

at once the resemblance and the contrasts are accentuated by the recurrent *p*'s and *b*'s. Sydney Smith's humor was greatly assisted by his clever use of this artifice. He thus ridicules Perceval's scheme to prevent the introduction of medicines into France during a pestilence : "At what period was this great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed ? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride and the plasters of France first engendered ? Without castor oil they might for some months, to be sure, have carried on the war, but can they do without bark ? Depend upon it, the absence of the *materia medica* will soon bring them to their senses, and the cry of *Baurbon* and *Bolus* burst forth from the Baltic to the Mediterranean." And elsewhere he likens the poorer clergy to Lazarus, "doctored by dogs, and comforted with crumbs." Curran describes a politician as one who, "buoyant by putrefaction, rises as he rots." The antithesis and alliteration of the last four words

have a tremendous effect. Voltaire's farewell to Holland is a classic: "Adieu, canaux, canards, canaille." Very good, too, is the following from Mortimer Collins, characterizing a bishop in "The Princess Clarice" as one "who had the respect of rectors, the veneration of vicars, the admiration of archdeacons, and the cringing courtesy of curates." Grattan, denouncing the British monarchy, said, "Their only means of government are the guinea and the gallows." One of Lord Salisbury's happiest phrases was, "The dreary drip of dilatory declamation." Byron's lines also will recur to the memory:

Beware, lest blundering Brougham destroy the sale,
Turn beefs to bannocks, cauliflower to kail.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

The following epigram upon Bishop Pretyman (afterwards known as Bishop Tomline) has merit:

Prim Preacher, Prince of Priests and Prince's Priest,
Pembroke's pale pride in Pitt's præcordia placed,
Thy merits shall all future ages scan,
And Prince be lost in Parson Pretyman.

That the ear finds a natural comfort in this species of assonance is evidenced by the fact that many of our compound words are formed on this principle. There is no other ground for saying milkmaid in lieu of milk-girl, or butcher-boy in lieu of butcher-man. Fancy-free, hot-headed, browbeaten, heavy-handed, and the like, might also be instanced. Nay, the alliterative tendency is continued in our proverbs, which derive therefrom much of their pith and point: as, Where there is a will there is a way, Money makes the mare to go, Many a mickle makes a muckle, Love me little, love me long, etc. The same trick is observable in the proverbial literature of other countries.

But alliteration becomes a defect when excessively and injudiciously employed. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was allowed to run riot. Trapp's Commentary on the Bible offers the following gems: "As empty stomachs can hardly sleep, so neither can graceless persons, till gorged and glutted with sweetmeats of sin, with murdering morsels of mischief," and "Such a hoof is grown over some men's hearts as neither ministry, nor miracle, nor mercy can possibly mollify."

About this time, too, books were sent out into the world burdened with such curious alliterative titles as "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sins," and "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion." But, indeed, even Dr. Johnson published a pamphlet under the title of "Taxation no Tyranny,"—"a jingling alliteration," says Macaulay, "which he ought to have despised."

It is in ridicule of this alliterative affectation that Shakespeare in "Love's Labor's Lost" makes Holofernes say,—

I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility:
The playful princess pierced and pricked a pretty, pleasing pricklet.

Of parody of this sort, however, the most astonishing example may be found in a certain poetical skit, anonymous and unacknowledged, yet none the less the undoubted handiwork of Swinburne, and therefore all the more notable, because the author parodied is Swinburne himself!

NEPHELIDIA.

From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through a notable nimbus of nebulous noonshine,

Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-flower that flickers with fear of the flies as they float, Are the looks of our lovers that lustrously lean from a marvel of mystic, miraculous moonshine?

These that we feel in the blood of our blushes that thicken and threaten with throbs through the throat?

Thicken and thrill as a theatre thronged at appeal of an actor's appalled agitation, Fainter with fear of the fires of the future than pale with the promise of pride in the past;

Flushed with the furnishing fulness of fever that reddens with radiance of rather recreation,
Gaunt as the ghastliest of glimpses that gleam through the gloom of the gloaming when
ghosts go aghast?

Nay, for the nick of the tick of the time is a tremulous touch on the temples of terror,
Strained as the sinews yet strenuous with strife of the dead who is dumb as the dust-heaps
of death;

Surely no soul is it, sweet as the spasm of erotic, emotional, exquisite error,
Bathed in the balms of beatified bliss, beatific itself by beatitude's breath.

Surely no spirit or sense of a soul that was soft to the spirit and soul of our senses
Sweetens the stress of suspiring suspicion that sobs in the semblance and sound of a sigh;
Only this oracle opens Olympian in mystical moods and triangular tenses,—

"Life is the lust of a lamp for the light that is dark till the dawn of the day when we die."
Mild is the mirk and monotonous music of memory, melodiously mute as it may be,

While the hope in the heart of a hero is bruised by the breach of men's rapiers, resigned to
the rod;

Made meek as a mother whose bosom-beats bound with the bliss-bringing bulk of a balm-
breathing baby,

As they grope through the graveyard of creeds under skies glowing green at a groan for the
grimness of God.

Blank is the book of his bounty beholden of old, and its binding is blacker than blue:

Out of blue into black is the scheme of the skies, and their dew is the wine of the blood-
shed of things;

Till the darkling desire of delight shall be free as a fawn that is freed from the fangs that
pursue her,

Till the heart-beats of hell shall be hushed by a hymn from the hunt that has harried the
kennel of kings.

And this brings us to all that class of triflers who have used alliteration,
not as an ornament, but as an exercise of more or less misplaced ingenuity.
Latin literature probably affords the very earliest instance in this line of
Ennius:

O Tite, tute Tati tibi tanta tiranne tulisti.

In more modern times we are told of a monk named Hugbald who wrote an
"Ecloga de Calvis," every word beginning with *c*, and of a certain "Publium
Porcium, poetam," who so signed a Latin poem of one hundred lines,—to be
found in the *Nugæ Venates*,—every word of which begins with a *p*. Here is
a single couplet:

Propterea properans Proconsul, poplite prono,
Precipitem Plebem, pro patrum pace proposcit.

We even hear of a more prodigious effort, extending to one thousand lines,
each word beginning with *c*, the "Christus Crucifixus" of Christianus Pierius:
Consilebratulæ, cunctorum, carmine, certum, etc.

The famous English couplet on Cardinal Wolsey has somewhat more than
this mere verbal dexterity to recommend it:

Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred,
How high his honor holds his haughty head!

Here the very uncouthness in the persistent recurrence of similar sounds
gives the effect of cumulative scorn and contempt. No such allowance, how-
ever, can be made for the eccentric traveller Lithgow, who wrote a poem in
which every word begins with a *g*. Here are the first two lines:

Glance glorious Geneve, gospel-guiding gem,
Great God govern good Geneve's ghostly game.

A curious little volume called "Songs of Singularity, by the London Hermit,"
published quite recently, contains the following *tour de force*:

A SERENADE

In M flat. Sung by Major Marmaduke Muttinhead to Mademoiselle Madeline Mendosa
Marriott.

My Madeline! my Madeline!
Mark my melodious midnight moans,
Much may my melting music mean,
My modulated monotonous.

My mandolin's mild minstrelsy,
 My mental music magazine,
 My mouth, my mind, my memory,
 Must mingling murmur "Madeline."

Muster 'mid midnight masquerade,
 Mark Moorish maidens, matrons' mien,
 'Mongst Murcia's most majestic maids,
 Match me my matchless Madeline.

Mankind's malevolence may make
 Much melancholy music mine;
 Many my motives may mistake,
 My modest merits much malign.

My Madeline's most mirthful mood
 Much mollifies my mind's machine;
 My mournfulness's magnitude
 Melts—makes me merry, Madeline!

Match-making ma's may machinate,
 Manœuvring misses me misween;
 Mere money may make many mate;
 My magic motto's "Madeline."

Melt, most mellifluous melody,
 'Midst Murcia's misty mounts marine,
 Meet me by moonlight—marry me,
 Madonna mia!—Madeline.

A famous example of alliterative poetry is the following, in which the initial letters of the lines are those of the alphabet in proper sequence, forming a sort of acrostic. It is positively claimed for Alaric A. Watts by his son. There are other claimants, however:

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

"Ardentem aspicio atque arrectis auribus asto."—*Virgil*.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
 Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
 Cossack commanders cannonading come,
 Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
 Every endeavor engineers essay
 For fame, for fortune, forming furious fray;
 Gaunt gunners grapple, giving gashes good;
 Heaves high his head, heroic hardihood;
 Ibrahim, Islam, Ismail, imps in ill,
 Jostle John, Jarovlitz, Jem, Joe, Jack, Jill,
 Kick kindling Kutosoff, kings' kinsmen kill,
 Labor low levels loftiest, longest lines;
 Men marched 'mid moles, 'mid mounds, 'mid murd'rous mines.
 Now nightfall's near, now needful nature nods,
 Opposed, opposing, overcoming odds.
 Poor peasants, partly purchased, partly pressed,
 Quite quaking, Quarter! quarter! quickly quest.
 Reason returns, recalls redundant rage,
 Saves sinking soldiers, softens seigniors sage.
 Truce, Turkey, truce! truce, treach'rous Tartar train!
 Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
 Vanish, vile vengeance! vanish, victory vain!
 Wisdom walls war—walls warring words. What were
 Xerxes, Xantippe, Ximenes, Xavier?
 Yet Yassy's youth, ye yield your youthful yest,
 Zealously, Zarius, zealously zeal's zest.

The above has been often imitated. Here, taken almost at random, are a few specimens that almost equal their great prototype:

BRISEIS.

Achilles, angered, anxious, and aggrieved,
 Beheld Briseis, beauteous but bereaved,
 Conducted captive, cautiously conveyed,
 Dreading departure, desolate, dismayed,
 Escorting envoys earnestly entreat
 From frightened fair forbearance, free from fret;
 Giving glad gratulations gayly given,
 How, heralding her happiness, high Heaven
 Immutably involves in its intent
 Joys jocund, juvenescent joys, Jove-sent,
 King's knabbing knights, kidnapping klepted kid.
 Love-lorn, lamenting, lady, lingering, lead,
 Meeting Mycenæ's monarch mournfully
 Near nodding navies numerously nigh.
 "O opulent o'eruler, owned, obeyed,
 Propitious prove," Pelides' princess prayed.
 "Quench quarrellings, quit quaking quarry's quest,
 Receive rich ransom, ravishment resist."
 Supremely selfish, stubborn sovereign sought
 To tyrannize that timid trembler's thought,
 Until Ulysses, undismayed, uncowed,
 Vindictive vengeance vehemently vowed.
 Whereat worn warrior, wild with wonderment,
 'Xhibiting 'xtremity's 'xtent,
 Yields yearningly ye yokemate youthful yet,
 Zeus-fearing, Zeus-obeying, Zeus-beset.
 Again Achilles, armed against attack,
 Beheld Briseis blushingly brought back.

ADDRESS TO THE AURORA.—An Alliterative Poem.

(Lines written on shipboard in mid-ocean.)

Awake, Aurora! and across all airs
 By brilliant blazon banish boreal bears.
 Crossing cold Canope's celestial crown,
 Deep darts descending dive delusive down.
 Entranced each eve Europa's every eye
 Firm fixed forever fastens faithfully,
 Greets golden guerdon gloriously grand;
 How holy Heaven holds high his hollow hand!
 Ignoble ignorance, inapt indeed,
 Jeers jestingly just Jupiter's jereed:
 Knavish Kamschatkans, knightly Kurdsmen know,
 Long Labrador's light lustre looming low;
 Midst myriad multitudes majestic might,
 No nature nobler numbers Neptune's night,
 Opal of Oxus or old Ophir's ores.
 Pale pyrrhic pyres prismatic purple pours,—
 Quiescent quivering, quickly, quaintly, queer,
 Rich, rosy, regal rays resplendent rear;
 Strange shooting streamers streaking starry skies
 Trail their triumphant tresses—trembling ties.
 Unseen, unhonored Ursa, underneath,
 Veiled, vanquished—vainly vying—vanisheth:
 Wild Woden, warning, watchful—whispers wan
 Xanthitic Xeres, Xerxes, Xenophon,
 Yet yielding yesternight yule's yell yawns
 Zenith's zebraic zigzag, Zodiac zones.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT CELEBRATION.

Americans arrayed and armed attend;
 Beside battalions bold, bright beauties blend
 Chiefs, clergy, citizens conglomerate,—
 Detesting despots,—daring deeds debate;
 Each eye emblazoned ensigns entertain,—
 Flourishing from far,—fan freedom's flame.
 Guards greeting guards grown gray,—guest greeting guest.

High-minded heroes hither homeward haste.
 Ingenuous juniors join in jubilee,
 Kith kenning kin,—kind knowing kindred key.
 Lo, lengthened lines lend Liberty liege love,
 Mixed masses, marshalled, Monument-ward move.
 Note noble navies near,—no novel notion,—
 Oft our oppressors overawed old ocean;
 Presumptuous princes, pristine patriots paled,
 Queens' quarrel questing quotas quondam quailed.
 Rebellion roused, revolting ramparts rose.
 Stout spirits, smiting servile soldiers, strove.
 These thrilling themes, to thousands truly told,
 Usurpers' unjust usages unfold.
 Victorious vassals, vauntings vainly veiled,
 Where, whilesince, Webster warlike Warren wailed.
 'Xcuse 'xpletives 'xtra-queer 'xpressed,
 Yielding Yankee yeomen zest.

Alma Mater (L., "fostering mother"), originally the title given by the Romans to Ceres, Cybele, and other goddesses, but in modern use applied by students to the college or seminary in which they have been educated. The student in his turn is frequently called an adopted son.

There is something in the affection of our Alma Mater which changes the nature of her adopted sons; and let them come from wherever they may, she soon alters them and makes it evident that they belong to the same brood.—*Harvard Register*, p. 377.

Almighty Dollar, an Americanism for mammon, the love of gold, seems to have been first used by so classic a writer as Washington Irving: "The Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotee in these peculiar villages." (*Wolfert's Roost: A Creole Village*.) Yet, after all, as Farmer points out, this is merely an old friend with a new face, for Ben Jonson used the term in its modern sense when speaking of money:

Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,
 And almost every vice, Almighty gold.
Epistle to Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland.

Alone. Never less alone than when alone. Cicero originated this apt and striking paradox in his "De Officiis," lib. iii. ch. i.: "Nunquam se minus otiosum esse, quam quum otiosus, nec minus solum, quam quum solus esset." ("He is never less at leisure than when at leisure, nor less alone than when he is alone.") Gibbon in his "Memoirs," vol. i., page 117, has borrowed the expression: "I was never less alone than when by myself." And Rogers has versified it in "Human Life:—"

Then never less alone than when alone.

Byron has slightly varied the phrase in "Childe Harold," stanza 90:

In solitude, when we are least alone.

Epictetus ("Discourses," ch. xiv.) may have had Cicero's words in mind when he wrote, "When you have shut your doors, and darkened your room, remember never to say that you are alone; but God is within, and your genius is within,—and what need have they of light to see what you are doing?"

Alphabetic Diversions. The twenty-six letters of the alphabet may be transposed 620,448,401,733,239,439,369,000 times. This should be good news to all that class of people known as authors, whose business and profit it is to transpose these letters with more or less brilliant and remunerative result. For all the inhabitants of the globe could not in a thousand million of years write out all the possible transpositions of the twenty-six letters, even supposing that each wrote forty pages daily, each page containing forty different transpositions of the letters. Of course the transpositions possible to author-

ship—necessarily limited by the laws of grammar, rhetoric, and occasional common sense—are not so inexhaustible. Nevertheless, it is quite safe to say that so long as language endures it will always be possible for the man of genius to say an original thing. Yet it is strange to note how long it took the human race to discover that a score or so of orthoëpic symbols would suffice for all the needs of written speech. Nor was the discovery a sudden one, the independent inspiration of any race or period. It was the result of evolution taking place in accordance with fixed laws. All the known graphic systems originated in a picture-writing as rude as that of the American Indian or the African Bushman, and progressed by a slow and painful transition through the conventionalized hieroglyphs representing an idea or a word to the syllabary which denoted the phonetic value of syllables or portions of words, and thence to the final perfection of the alphabet, denoting the elementary sounds into which all words and syllables could in the last analysis be reduced. And from the clearest and simplest of these early alphabets, which minimized the necessary symbols to the smallest possible quota, all modern systems of writing,—the Northern Runes, the Roman alphabet, which has now finally superseded its parent Greek, the square Hebrew of the Jews, the elaborate Sanscrit, the Neskhî alphabet,—vehicle of the thoughts of Turk and Persian, as well as of all the vast Arabic-speaking world,—all these have slowly diverged, in accordance with the necessities of various classes of languages. Utterly diverse as all these alphabets are in their latest form, scientific paleography has succeeded in bridging over the enormous intervals which separate them from one another, in explaining the transitions that time and space have effected, and in showing that they are all but the manifold developments of a single germ.

And what was that germ? Greek myth credited the invention of the alphabet to Cadmus the Phœnician. The myth has a certain substratum of truth. Cadmus may never have lived. Certainly neither he nor any other Phœnician “invented” the alphabet. It is not, indeed, an invention which would occur spontaneously to the mind even of the most creative genius. And the Phœnicians, though clever intermediaries, were not creative geniuses. Nevertheless, they did give the alphabet to the world. Its very name may be cited in evidence, referring us, as it does, to *alpha* and *beta*, the names of the first two letters of the Greek alphabet, and these in turn to the Phœnician *aleph* and *beth* (still the names of the first two letters in Hebrew), which signify “ox” and “house.” We may, therefore, assume that the Phœnicians saw some likeness between the letters so named by them and the pictures of an ox and a house, and thence we are easily led to the conclusion that they borrowed the symbols from some foreign system of writing which was still pictorial at the time of the borrowing, or else had once been so. Now, the most highly civilized nation with whom the Phœnicians came in contact was the Egyptian. It was by a system of selection, therefore, among Egyptian symbols that they developed the broad generalization of an alphabet. No doubt the elegant scholars of the Nile, cabined and confined within the traditions of ancient learning and the prejudices of early habit, looked down with scorn upon this species of short-hand, deeming it all well enough for ignorant merchants, but clearly unfit for educated people. Still, the Phœnicians calmly pursued their way, using the borrowed alphabet in all their mercantile transactions, and carrying it as an instrument of intercourse to all the nations among whom they dealt. In the end, the universities were swept away, the hieroglyphic scribes were out of employment, and mankind was taught to write its language in the A B C of the Phœnician trader, while the hieroglyphic and syllabic writings sank into such black oblivion that it took the life-work of several generations of scholars to recover them.

It was a wise though a lazy cleric whom Luther mentions in his "Table-Talk,"—the monk who, instead of reciting his breviary, used to run over the alphabet and then say, "O my God, take this alphabet, and put it together how you will." For in the diverse combinations of which those twenty-four symbols are capable lies all that the human heart and intellect have ever conceived or ever can conceive of truth and beauty and reverence,—all possible schemes of philosophy, all possible masterpieces of prose or poetry, all law and science and order and religion. In these, and these alone, lie all the records of the past and all the possibilities of the future. An alphabet, one would say, is too sacred a thing to be treated other than reverently. Yet there have always been triflers, even in this Holy of Holies. Some miscreants have taken the utmost imaginable pains to avoid a particular letter, and have composed poems, essays, and treatises without once raising the unmeaning taboo. Others have made inordinate use of some letter and insisted that it should form the initial of every word. The first called their Procrustean method lipogrammatizing; the latter, alliteration. Each is treated under its proper caption. Others, again, have found still other methods of conjuring with the alphabet,—a cunning sleight of hand played upon those magic symbols which may be made to work miracles at the beck of the true thaumaturgist.

Some ingenious trifter has discovered that there is one verse in the Bible which contains all the letters in the alphabet: "And I, even I, Artaxerxes the king, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of heaven, shall require of you, it shall be done speedily." (*Ezra* vii. 21.) Of course it will be seen that J is left out; but then J and I were originally the same letter. It will further be seen that the letters are duplicated and reduplicated. Prof. De Morgan, who in his lucid moments was a great mathematician, used to find an insane pleasure in relieving his severer studies by composing ingenious puzzles. He set himself to improve on Ezra. He would produce a sentence which would use all the twenty-six letters and use each only once. Here, however, his wits failed him. After many fruitless attempts, he decided on a compromise. He would not only admit the license of using *i* for *j*, but the further license of looking on *u* and *v* as the same letter. The result came out as follows:

I quartz pyx who fling muck beds.

The professor acknowledges that he did not at first grasp the full meaning and beauty of this sentence. He long thought that no human being could say it under any circumstances. "At last I happened to be reading a religious writer, as he thought himself, who threw aspersions on his opponents thick and threefold. Heyday! came into my head, this fellow flings muck beds; he must be a quartz pyx. And then I remembered that a pyx is a sacred vessel, and quartz is a hard stone, as hard as the heart of a religious foe-cursor. So that the line is the motto of a ferocious sectarian who turns his religious vessels into mud-holders, for the benefit of those who will not see what he sees." Thus heartened, he published his sentence in *Notes and Queries*, and boldly threw down the gauntlet to all and sundry to do better if they could. The gauntlet was taken up by a number of correspondents. These were the best of the results arrived at:

Quiz my whigs export fund.
Dumpy quiz, whirl back fogs next.
Get nymph; quiz sad brows; fix luck.

The professor magnanimously awards the palm to the last one. "It is good advice," he explains, "to a young man, very well expressed under the circumstances. In more sober English, it would be, 'Marry; be cheerful;

watch your business.'” It is doubtful, however, whether the young man would understand it without the accompanying gloss.

Since that time many other people have tried their hands at the same kind of trifling. But the combined intellect of the world has produced nothing better than this :

Quiz, Jack ; thy frowns vex.—G. D. PLUMB.

Now, at all events, this makes sense. But the arbitrary lugging in of a proper name made up for the occasion spoils its symmetry, and the reduplication of the letter *u* throws it entirely out of court. Here is an effort still more intelligible in itself :

John T. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite small size.

Here the name is a very common one, and consequently less offensive to the finer instincts. But the continuous reduplication of letters relegates it to the class of which the Biblical specimen already quoted remains the best because unconscious exponent.

Another scholar has discovered that there are only two words in the English language which contain all the vowels in their order. They are “abstemious” and “facetious.” The following words each have them in irregular order : authoritative, disadvantageous, encouraging, efficacious, instantaneous, importunate, mendacious, nefarious, objectionable, precarious, pertinacious, sacrilegious, simultaneous, tenacious, unintentional, unequivocal, undiscoverable, vexations.

We all know that “A was an Archer who shot at a frog,” and have had our early thirst for knowledge stimulated by the descriptive verses of which this is the first line, and the accompanying pictures that showed an archer in the earlier stages of intoxication transfixing a cheerful—nay, an hilarious—frog, followed by Butchers and Cows of so alarming an aspect that we have never been able to look at the letters B and C without conjuring up the horrors that disturbed our adolescent imaginations. These juvenile alphabets have lent themselves to numerous parodies. In that ponderous bit of semi-facetiousness, “The Doctor,”—a book that always reminds one of a light-hearted megatherium,—Southey essays his hand at what may possibly be the earliest example. Speaking of periodical literature, he declares that the Golden Age of Magazines has passed away :

“In those days A was an Antiquary, and wrote articles upon Altars and Abbeys and Architecture. B made a blunder, which C corrected. D demonstrated that E was in error, and that F was wrong in philology, and neither Philosopher nor Physician, though he affected to be both. G was a Genealogist : H was an Herald who helped him. I was an inquisitive Inquirer, who found reason for suspecting J to be a Jesuit. M was a Mathematician. N noted the weather. O observed the stars. P was a Poet who piddled in pastorals, and prayed Mr. Urban to print them. Q came in the corner of the page with his query. R arrogated to himself the right of reprehending every one who differed from him. S sighed and sued in song. T told an old tale, and when he was wrong U used to set him right. V was a Virtuoso. W warred against Warburton. X excelled in algebra. Y yearned for immortality in rhyme ; and Z in his zeal was always in a puzzle.”

Probably the best, most consistent, and most coherent of these alphabets is by that true genius, C. S. Calverley :

A is an Angel of blushing eighteen ;
 B is the Ball where the Angel was seen ;
 C is her Chaperon, who cheated at cards ;
 D is the Deuxtamps with Frank of the Guards ;
 E is her Eye, killing slowly but surely ;
 F is the Fan whence it peeped so demurely ;

G is the Glove of superlative kid ;
 H is the Hand which it spitefully hid ;
 I is the Ice which the fair one demanded ;
 J is the Juvenile that dainty who handed ;
 K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art ;
 L is the Lace which composed the chief part ;
 M is the old Maid who watched the chits dance ;
 N is the Nose she turned up at each glance ;
 O is the Olga (just then in its prime) ;
 P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time ;
 Q is a Quadrille put instead of the Lancers ;
 R the Remonstrances made by the dancers ;
 S is the Supper where all went in pairs ;
 T is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs ;
 U is the Uncle who "thought we'd be goin' ;"
 V is the Voice which his niece replied "No" in ;
 W is the Waiter, who sat up till eight ;
 X is his exit, not rigidly straight ;
 Y is the Yawning fit caused by the Ball ;
 Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.

In one of the early numbers of *Notes and Queries*, a contributor signing himself "Eighty-One" published a single-rhymed alphabet, and threw out a challenge to the English-speaking world to produce another equally good. Here is "Eighty-One's" effort :

A was an Army to settle disputes ;
 B was a Bull, not the mildest of brutes ;
 C was a Cheque, duly drawn upon Coutts ,
 D was King David, with harps and with lutes ;
 E was an Emperor, hailed with salutes ;
 F was a Funeral, followed by mutes ;
 G was a Gallant in Wellington boots ;
 H was a Hermit, and lived upon roots ;
 I was Justinian his Institutes ;
 K was a Keeper, who commonly shoots ;
 L was a Lemon, the sourest of fruits ;
 M was a Ministry—say Lord Bute's ;
 N was Nicholson, famous on flutes ;
 O was an Owl, that hisses and hoots ;
 P was a Pond, full of leeches and newts ;
 Q was a Quaker in white-brown suits ;
 R was a Reason, which Paley refutes ;
 S was a Sergeant with twenty recruits ;
 T was Ten Tories of doubtful reputes ;
 U was Uncommonly bad cheroots ;
 V Vicious motives, which malice imputes ;
 X an Ex-king driven out by emeutes ;
 Y is a Yawn ; then, the last rhyme that suits,
 Z is the Zuyder Zee, dwelt in by coots.

The challenge was taken up by a number of readers, insomuch that the office was flooded (evidently the paper circulates among people of unbounded leisure), and only a small proportion of the answers could be published. As good as any was the following by Mortimer Collins :

A is my Amy, so slender of waist ;
 B's little Bet, who my button replaced ;
 C is good Charlotte, good maker of paste ;
 D is Diana, the forest who traced ;
 E is plump Ellen, by Edward embraced ;
 F is poor Fanny, by freckles defaced ;
 G is Griselda, unfairly disgraced ;
 H is the Helen who Ilion effaced ;
 I is fair Ida, that princess strait-laced ;
 J is the Judy Punch finds to his taste ;
 K, Katy darling, by fond lovers chased ;
 L is Laurette, in coquetry encased ;
 M is pale Margaret, saintly and chaste ;

N is gay Norah, o'er hills who has raced ;
 O is sweet Olive, a girl olive-faced ;
 P 's pretty Patty, so daintily paced ;
 Q some fair Querist, in blue stockings placed ;
 R is frail Rose, from her true stem displaced ;
 S is brisk Sal, who a chicken can baste ;
 T is Theresa, at love who grimaced ;
 U is pure Una, that maid undebased ;
 V is Victoria, an empire who graced ;
 W is Winitred, time who will waste ;
 X is Xantippe, for scolding well braced ;
 Y 's Mrs. Yelverton : ending in haste,
 Z is Zenobia, in panoply cased.

Alps. Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise. The concluding line of a famous simile in Pope's "Essay on Criticism," II., l. 32, which aims to illustrate the growing labors of science and learning. Dr. Johnson has praised this simile as the most apt, the most proper, the most sublime of any in the English language. "The comparison," he says, "of a student's progress in the sciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps is perhaps the best that English poetry can show. It has no useless parts, yet affords a striking picture by itself ; it makes the foregoing position better understood, and enables it to take faster hold on the attention ; it assists the apprehension and elevates the fancy." But Warton points out that the simile and consequently the panegyric belong to Drummond :

All as a pilgrim who the Alps doth pass,
 * * * * *
 When he some heaps of hills hath overwent,
 Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,
 Till, mounting some tall mountain, he doth find
 More heights before him than he left behind.

Whether Pope's or Drummond's, the "Essay" was hardly published before we find the *Spectator* making use of it : "We are complaining of the shortness of life, and are yet perpetually hurrying over the parts of it, to arrive at certain imaginary points of rest. Our case is like that of a traveller upon the Alps, who should fancy that the top of the next hill must end his journey, because it terminates his prospect ; but he no sooner arrives at it than he sees new ground and other hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before." No doubt the simile had passed through many more hands before it finally reached Rousseau, who, in the fourth book of "Émile," likens successful conquerors to "those inexperienced travellers who, finding themselves for the first time in the Alps, imagine that they can clear them with every mountain, and, when they have reached the summit, are discouraged to see higher mountains in front of them." Few could hope to vie with Jean Jacques in turning an affiliated idea to honor and advantage. Among these few Sir Walter Scott cannot be numbered. In his "Life of Napoleon" he compares the great Emperor to "the adventurous climber on the Alps, to whom the surmounting the most dangerous precipices and ascending to the most towering peaks only shows yet dizzier heights and higher points of elevation." What with indifferent English, and the notion misapplied, really the poet of the Pelicans is not materially worse :

Ocean breaking from his black supineness
 Drowned in his own stupendous uproar all
 The voices of the storm beside : meanwhile,
 A war of mountains raged upon his surface ;
 Mountains each other swallowing, and again
 New Alps and Andes, from unfathomed valleys
 Upstarting, joined the battle.

Quite in another spirit is the use made by Sir John Herschel of the same comparison :

No man can rise from ignorance to anything deserving to be called a complete grasp of any considerable branch of science, without receiving and discarding in succession many crude and incomplete notions, which, so far from injuring the truth in its ultimate reception, act as positive aids to its attainment by acquainting him with the symptoms of an insecure footing in his progress. To reach from the plain the loftiest summits of an Alpine country, many inferior eminences have to be scaled and relinquished; but the labor is not lost. The region is unfolded in its closer recesses, and the grand panorama, which opens from aloft, is all the better understood and the more enjoyed for the very misconception in detail which it rectifies and explains.

Altruism, from the Latin *alter*, "another," formed on the same basis as egotism from *ego*, to indicate unselfishness, benevolence,—in short, the very opposite of egotism. The altruist rejoices in his neighbor's welfare, and finds his highest joy in advancing it; the egotist strives only for himself. The word was first employed by Comte, and has been welcomed by modern agnostics as offering the basis for a new code of morality, a new impetus to right action. Mr. Frederic Harrison, the leader of the English Positivists, even looks upon it as an admirable substitute for the Christian hope of personal immortality. Man will be immortal not in himself but in his actions, and the consciousness of this posthumous activity, this living incorporation with the glorious future of his race, "can give a patience and happiness equal to that of any martyr of theology." Once make this idea the basis of philosophy, the standard of right and wrong, and the centre of religion, and the conversion of the masses "will prove, perhaps, an easier task than that of teaching Greeks and Romans, Syrians and Moors, to look forward to a life of careless psalmody in an immaterial heaven." George Eliot's finest poem—indeed, her only bit of verse that is truly poetry, and not merely fine thought thrown into metrical form, her lines beginning, "Oh, may I join the choir invisible"—gives magnificent voice to this feeling. Here are the concluding lines :

May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

Of course the idea readily lends itself to satire and caricature. In a review of this very poem (*Atlantic*, xxxiv. 102), Mr. Howells neatly enough characterizes it as "the idea that we are to realize our inborn longing for immortality in the blessed perpetuity of man on earth; the supreme effort of that craze which, having abolished God, asks a man to console himself when he shall be extinct with the reflection that somebody else is living on towards the annihilation which he has reached." The whole of W. H. Mallock's "New Paul and Virginia, or Positivism on an Island," is an admirable bit of fooling, with this doctrine of altruism as one of its chief targets. Here is an illustrative example, where the castaways—Virginia, the curate, and the agnostic professor—are sitting at lunch on the island :

"Yes, my dear curate," said the professor, "what I am enjoying is the champagne that you drink, and what you are enjoying is the champagne that I drink. This is altruism; this is benevolence; this is the sublime outcome of enlightened modern thought. The pleasures of the table in themselves are low and beastly ones; but if we each of us are only glad because the others are enjoying them, they become holy and glorious beyond description."

"They do," cried the curate, rapturously, "indeed they do. I will drink another bottle for your sake. It is sublime!" he said, as he tossed off three glasses. "It is significant!" he said, as he finished three more. "Tell me, my dear, do I look significant?" he added, as he turned to Virginia, and suddenly tried to crown the general bliss by kissing her.

A familiar jest unconsciously embodies the same element of parody, "So

glad," "So glad you're glad," "So glad you're glad I'm glad," and so on *ad infinitum*. But, indeed, no verbal burlesque can exceed the burlesque in action which is afforded by the sad fate of the Altruist Society of St. Louis, thus recorded by the New York *Nation*, April 10, 1890:

Those to whom experiments for a remodelling of society appeal must be saddened by the last phase in the history of the Altruist Community of St. Louis. "We find it necessary," says Mr. Alcander Longley, its late president, in the columns of its organ, the *Altruist*, "to announce to our readers that the Altruist Community is dissolved by mutual consent of all the members. The reasons for the dissolution are some of them as follows. Since Mr. Smith withdrew, late last fall, there have been but two male members of the community, George E. Ward and myself, and our natures and our methods of doing things are so different that there has been more or less discord at different times since, and not at any time real harmony." One of the causes of disagreement was Mr. Ward's ambition to be "appointed or elected as one of the editors and managers of the *Altruist*," which Mr. Longley had decided views about controlling himself, "saying that he would not own and manage a paper with Mr. Ward or any one else." This led to the calling of a special meeting to elect a president in Mr. Longley's place, and the success of Mr. George E. Ward and two Mrs. Wards, who formed a majority of the community. Meanwhile, Mr. Longley admits, "I have, during our dissensions, said some very uncomplimentary and disrespectful things to Mr. Ward, for which I have told him I am sorry. Among them was, I charged him with being an anarchist and with bullying his wife to get her to vote as he desired in the community, and with having acted fraudulently in keeping the record of the community as secretary, and in the election of himself as president, all of which I hereby retract and apologize for." Mr. Longley and the remaining members of the pentagonal community, except Miss Travis, withdrew when Mr. Ward's journalistic aspirations were about to be gratified.

Ambiguities. Words are slippery things. They frequently refuse to do their master's bidding, to express the meaning that was in his mind. Oceans of blood have been spilled over the interpretation of disputed passages in the Bible. Oceans of ink have been spilled over similar attempts to get at the inner truth of some of Shakespeare's mystic phrases. There is no more piquant subject of conjecture than to think what would happen if Shakespeare were recalled from his grave and set to reading that excellent Variorum Edition of his works which contains all the glosses of all the commentators. Perhaps he would forget his own meaning. That has often happened to authors. We all remember the story of how certain reverent pupils came to Jacob Boehme on his death-bed, begging that before he died he would explain to them a certain difficult passage in his work. "My dear children," said the mystic, after puzzling his head to no purpose, "when I wrote this I understood its meaning, and no doubt the omniscient God did. He may still remember it, but I have forgotten." And he died with the secret unrevealed. Klopstock's student admirers were more worldly wise, yet they too were equally doomed to disappointment. They appealed to him, not on his death-bed, but in his hale and vigorous maturity. At Göttingen they had found one of his stanzas unintelligible, and they begged for more light. Klopstock read the stanza, then slowly reread it, while all stared agape. Finally the oracle spoke: "I cannot recollect what I meant when I wrote it, but I do remember it was one of the finest things I ever wrote, and you cannot do better than to devote your lives to the discovery of its meaning." Cardinal Newman, in his old age, frankly acknowledged that he could not remember what he meant when he penned those famous lines in his hymn "Lead, Kindly Light,"—

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

At a large reception in London a Mrs. Malaprop in pantaloons edged his way up to Robert Browning and incontinently asked him to explain then and there a difficult passage in one of his poems. "Upon my word, I don't know what it means," said the poet, laughing, as he closed the volume thrust into his hands. "I advise you to ask the Browning Society: they'll tell you all about it."

Hawthorne wrote to Fields on April 13, 1854, apropos of a new edition of his "Mosses from an Old Manse," "When I wrote those dreamy sketches, I little thought that I should preface an edition for the press amidst the bustling life of a Liverpool consulate. Upon my honor, I am not quite sure that I entirely comprehend my own meaning in some of these blasted allegories; but I remember that I always had a meaning, or at least thought I had." When Chamier asked Goldsmith if he meant tardiness of locomotion by the word "slow" in the first line of the "Traveller,"—

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,—

Goldsmith inconsiderately replied, "Yes." Johnson immediately cried out, "No, sir, you do not mean tardiness of locomotion: you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude."

If such be the experience of the great masters of language and literature, why should we wonder that the smaller men, who have command of a smaller vocabulary, and only an imperfect appreciation of the laws of rhetoric or even of grammar, should often find difficulty in rendering themselves intelligible? That blunder known as neglect of the antecedent may lead to the absurdest misapprehension. Here is a choice example, selected from the proceedings of the New York Common Council, May 12, 1869: "*Resolved*, That the Comptroller be and is hereby directed to draw a warrant in favor of David Sherrad for the sum of \$350, to be in full compensation for loss sustained by reason of his horse stepping into a hole in the pavement in South Street, at the foot of Pine Street, on the 17th of February, 1869, from the effects of which he died." Here are many astonishing statements. That David should have died from the effects of his horse stepping into a hole is a notable fact in itself. That he could be compensated for his own death by the paltry sum of three hundred and fifty dollars passes belief. Indeed, the very absurdity of the passage is its own safeguard. We know what the writer meant, because what he said is so evidently nonsense. Advertisers are frequent sinners in this respect. Here is a sample which appeared in the London *Times* in February, 1862: "Pianoforte, Cottage, 7 Octaves—the property of a Lady leaving England in remarkably elegant walnut case on carved supports. The tone is superb and eminently adapted for any one requiring a first-class instrument." The *Saturday Review* pounced upon this gem of English and commented upon it as follows: "We have heard of Arion riding on a dolphin, and of the Wise Men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl; we have heard of Helle on her ram, and of Europa on her bull; but we never before heard of a lady designing to cross the English Channel in a remarkably elegant walnut case with carved supports. Indeed, we might go so far as to ask whether the carved supports are those of the walnut case or of the lady herself. In either case, they would seem equally ill adapted to struggle with the winds and the billows."

This excellent lady finds a fit parallel in the advertiser who wanted "a young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion," the Texan who applied for "a boss hand over 5000 sheep that can speak Spanish fluently," the boarding-house-keeper who announced that she had "a cottage containing eight rooms and an acre of land," the maiden or widow lady, matrimonially inclined, who advertised for a husband "with a Roman nose having strong religious tendencies" (did she wish those tendencies to be Roman also?), or the horse-owner who signified his willingness to sell cheap "a splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger or would carry a lady with a switch tail." A lady so favored by nature should certainly make the acquaintance of the owner of a certain mail phaeton announced for sale as "the property of a gentleman with a movable head as good as new." The latter may have been some relation to the boy who produced a fiddle of which his proud

father asserted that "he had made it out of his own head and had wood enough left for another," or of the London match-peddler who used to cry, "Buy a penny-worth of matches from a poor old man made of foreign wood."

There was something gruesome in the furrier's announcement that he was prepared to "make up capes, circulars, etc., for ladies out of their own skins." But he was more than equalled by the proprietor of a bone-mill who assured the public that "parties sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with fidelity and despatch." And what shall we say to the druggist's printed request that "the gentleman who left his stomach for analysis will please call and get it together with the result"?

A horrid suspicion of cannibalism hangs about the advertisement of a St. Louis man: "Wanted a good girl to cook, one who will make a good roast or broil and will stew well." Almost as barbarous is a farmer near Fulton, New York, who posted this notice in his field: "If any man's or woman's cows or oxen gits in these oats, his or her head will be cut off, as the case may be."

We are moved to gentle and kindly mirth when under the head of Wanted we read that "a respectable young woman wants washing." But we have grown quite used to such journalistic English as "octagonal men's cassimere pantaloons," or "woollen children's mitts," or "terra-cotta ladies' gloves," so much so that we scarcely pause to smile at the odd images they ought to raise in the mind that is grammatically constituted. So also with advertisements for such articles as "a keyless ladies' watch," "a green lady's parasol," or "a brown silk gentleman's umbrella." And in hastily running your eye over the papers you rarely pause to give its due meed of surprise to the appetite of a lady who wants "to take a gentleman for breakfast and dinner," the benevolence of a boarding-house-keeper who advertises that "single gentlemen are furnished with pleasant rooms, also one or two gentlemen with wives," or the audacity of a merchant who, in a free country, openly gives notice, "Wanted, a woman to sell on commission." But, indeed, anything is possible in an age where the sign "Families supplied by the quart or gallon" meets you at every turn.

A quaint story is told of a member of the Savage Club in London. Standing on the steps of the club-house, he was accosted by a stranger: "Does a gentleman belong to your club with one eye named Walker?" "I don't know," was the reply. "What is the name of the other eye?"

The *St. James Gazette* chronicles the fact that a blind man who perambulates the streets of Windsor playing sacred music on an accordion bears upon his breast a placard reading, "Blind from inflammation. Assisted by Her Majesty the Queen." He had once attracted the compassionate attention of the queen, who had given him a small donation. It is said that the public baths in Paris originally bore the sign, "Bains à fond de bois pour dames à quatre sous." This was objected to because, strictly construed, it would mean "wooden-bottomed baths for fourpenny ladies." So the sign was changed to "Bains à quatre sous pour dames à fond de bois." But the hypercritics hilariously contended that this was even worse. And this reminds us of the advertisement of a school, which appeared in the London *Times* in March, 1838, and which promised that boys would, for twenty-five guineas, receive various benefits, and be "fundamentally instructed." This was in the days of Dotheboys Hall. There was an ominous sound about the adverb, and it is not to be wondered at that about this time several advertisements appeared in the Agony column for "youths" and "young gentlemen" who had run away from home.

A shoemaker hung out a sign, and then wondered why people found it so amusing. This is how it read: "Don't go elsewhere to be cheated. Walk in

here." He was equalled by the London firm which warned everybody against unscrupulous persons "who infringe our title to deceive the public," and by the Chatham Street establishment which requested the public "not to confound this shop with that of another swindler who has established himself on the other side of the way." The Irish advertiser was more alarmingly frank when he inserted a "want" for "a gentleman to undertake the sale of a Patent Medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."

A curious instance of the difficulty of making a few words convey an explicit and definite meaning is furnished by the repeated failures of postal authorities who wished to inform the public that they might write anything they chose on one side of a postal card, but on the other side must confine themselves to the mere address of the person. Uncle Sam tried six times, in as many different issues, before he was satisfied with the result :

Nothing but the address can be placed on this side.
 Nothing but the address to be on this side.
 Write only the address on this side.
 Write the address only on this side, the message on the other.
 Write the address on this side, the message on the other.
 This side for address only..'

The first two were evidently rejected for their clumsiness. The third, fourth, and fifth seem to limit the public to writing, and indirectly forbid printing or lithographing. The fourth, moreover, is hopelessly ambiguous. Accurately construed, it means that the address may be written on one side only. Anything else may be written on that side. But the address must not be repeated on the other.

Canada says :

The address to be written on this side.

Great Britain :

The address only to be written on this side.

Here the same difficulty appears in regard to printing or lithographing the address. They manage these things better in France :

Ce côté est exclusivement réservé à l'adresse.

Yet Belgium is not satisfied. Apparently it thinks there is tautology in "exclusively reserved," and drops the adverb :

Ce côté est réservé à l'adresse.
 Zijde voo het adres voorbehouden.

Luxemburg, in a still more critical mood, holds that the French ought to write more correct French than they do, and places "exclusivement" after the verb :

Ce côté est réservé exclusivement à l'adresse.
 Diese Seite ist nur für die Adresse bestimmt.

Russia is of the same mind :

Côté réservé exclusivement à l'adresse.

Italy uses no ambiguous word :

Su questo lato non deve scriversi che il solo indirizzo.

Chili's wish is stated with equal clearness :

En este lado debe escribirse unicamente la direccion.

Amende Honorable. In modern usage, especially newspaper usage, this phrase signifies a manly apology and acknowledgment of a fault, accompanied by such reparation as may be needed. But historically the *amende honorable* was a very different affair. It was in fact in ancient French law a disgraceful punishment, inflicted for the most part on offenders against public decency. The offender was stripped to his shirt, when the hangman put a

rope about his neck and a taper in his hand, and then led him to the court, where the culprit asked pardon of God, of the king, and of the court. It was abolished in 1791, reintroduced in cases of sacrilege in 1826, and finally abrogated in 1830.

American. Who reads an American book? This famous query was originally propounded by Sydney Smith in a notice of Adam Seybert's "Statistical Annals of the United States" (*Edinburgh Review*, January, 1820), included in Sydney Smith's collected Essays. The query created a storm of sufficiently humorous indignation on this side of the Atlantic, and was quoted and requoted only to be furiously combated in every Yankee-doodle article that attempted to blazon forth the literary glories of the New World. Of recent years, since our literary men have really begun to be a glory to the land of their birth, since the "American Wordsworth" and the "American Milton" and the "American Goldsmith" have been succeeded by American writers sufficiently native and original to stand on their feet, and to be themselves, and not the fancied shadows of foreigners,—since that time the query has been suffered to go the same road as Father Bouhours's equally memorable question, "Can a German have wit [*esprit*]?" Here is the full context of the question, which occurs at the conclusion of the article. It will be seen that not only the literature but also the arts and sciences of our forefathers are attacked. But it was chiefly the literary men who raised their voices in indignant protest:

'Such is' the land of Jonathan,—and thus has it been governed. In his honest endeavors to better his situation, and in his manly purpose of resisting injury and insult, we most cordially sympathize. We hope he will always continue to watch and suspect his government as he now does,—remembering that it is the constant tendency of those intrusted with power to conceive that they enjoy it by their own merits and for their own use, and not by delegation and for the benefit of others. Thus far we are the friends and admirers of Jonathan. But he must not grow vain and ambitious, or allow himself to be dazzled by that galaxy of epithets by which his orators and newspaper scribblers endeavor to persuade their supporters that they are the greatest, the most refined, the most enlightened, and the most moral people upon earth. The effect of this is unspeakably ludicrous on this side of the Atlantic,—and even on the other, we should imagine, must be rather humiliating to the reasonable part of the population. The Americans are a brave, industrious, and acute people; but they have hitherto given no indications of genius, and made no approaches to the heroic, either in their morality or character. They are but a recent offset indeed from England, and should make it their chief boast, for many generations to come, that they are sprung from the same race with Bacon and Shakespeare and Newton. Considering their numbers, indeed, and the favorable circumstances in which they have been placed, they have yet done marvellously little to assert the honor of such a descent, or to show that their English blood has been exalted or refined by their republican training and institutions. Their Franklins, and Washingtons, and all the other sages and heroes of their Revolution, were born and bred subjects of the King of England,—and not among the freest or most valued of his subjects. And, since the period of their separation, a far greater proportion of their statesmen and artists and political writers have been foreigners than ever occurred before in the history of any civilized and educated people. During the thirty or forty years of their independence, they have done absolutely nothing for the sciences, for the arts, for literature, or even for the statesman-like studies of politics or political economy. Confining ourselves to our own country, and to the period that has elapsed since they had an independent existence, we would ask, Where are their Foxes, their Burkes, their Sheridans, their Windhams, their Horners, their Wilberforces?—where their Arkwrights, their Watts, their Davys?—their Robertsons, Blairs, Smiths, Stewarts, Paleys, and Malthuses?—their Porsons, Parrs, Burneys, or Blomfields?—their Scotts, Campbells, Byrons, Moores, or Crabbes?—their Siddonses, Kembles, Keans, or O'Neils?—their Wilkies, Laurences, Chantrys?—or their parallels to the hundred other names that have spread themselves over the world from our little island in the course of the last thirty years, and blest or delighted mankind by their works, inventions, or examples? In so far as we know, there is no such parallel to be produced from the whole annals of this self-adulating race. In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses? or eats from American plates? or wears American coats

or gowns? or sleeps in American blankets? Finally, under which of the old tyrannical governments of Europe is every sixth man a slave, whom his fellow-creatures may buy, and sell, and torture?

Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas (L., "Plato is dear to me, but truth is still dearer"). This phrase is a gradual evolution from a passage in the "Phædo" of Plato (ch. 91), where Socrates is reported as saying to his disciples, "I would ask you to be thinking of the truth, and not of Socrates; agree with me if I seem to you to be speaking the truth; or, if not, withstand me might and main, that I may not deceive you as well as myself in my enthusiasm." Paraphrasing this sentiment, Aristotle was wont to say, "Socrates is dear to me, but the truth is still dearer,"—this on the authority of his biographer Ammonius, who wrote in Latin, and whose Latinized version became proverbial. But in course of time "Plato" was substituted for "Socrates," and so the phrase comes down to us. Cicero does not seem to have accepted the lesson of the maxim, for he expressly says, "Errare malo cum Platone quam cum istis vera sentire" ("I would rather err with Plato than think rightly with these"),—i.e., the Pythagoreans. And in this very saying, curiously enough, he endorsed a Pythagorean rather than a Platonic method. For while Plato evidently approved of Socrates's preference of the truth over the individual, the disciples of Pythagoras adopted as their motto, "The master has said it." Cicero's sentiment was echoed in the modern line,—

Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye.

Amperсанд (also ampusand, amperzand, etc.), an old name for &, formerly &, the contracted sign of *et* = and. The name is a corruption of "and *per se* and,"—i.e., "& by itself = and," the old way of spelling and naming the character. Similarly, A, I, O, when representing words and not merely letters, were read in spelling-lessons, "*A per se A*," etc. These were similarly corrupted into apersey, etc. The amateur etymologist has done some excellent guessing at the derivation of the word. Here is an example: "The sign & is said to be properly called *Emperor's hand*, from having been first invented by some imperial personage, but by whom deponent saith not."—*The Monthly Packet*, vol. xxx. p. 448.

Anagram (Gr. ἀνάγραμμα; ἀνά, *up*, or *back*, and γράμμα, *a letter*). A re-arrangement of the letters of a name, a word, or a sentence. In order to be perfect, the result should be a word or words reacting upon the original as a comment, a sarcasm, a definition, or a revelation. Thus, the pessimist rejoices to find that if the component letters of LIVE be committed to the smelting-pot of the anagram, they may reissue either as *evil* or *vile*; the non-argumentative mind smiles calmly when LOGICA (logic) yields *caligo* (darkness); and the conservative is delighted to find the sinister epithets *love to ruin* wrapped up in REVOLUTION and *rare mad frolic* in RADICAL REFORM. Those who attach themselves scrupulously to the rules of the anagram permit no change, omission, or addition of letters therein. Others, less timid, take an almost poetical license, and, besides occasionally omitting or adding a letter, think themselves justified in writing, when they find such a change desirable and that the resulting sense falls aptly, *e* for *a*, *v* for *w*, *s* for *z*, *c* for *k*, and *vice versa*. Nevertheless, the orthodox anagrammatist frowns upon this heretical license and characterizes its results as impure.

Although the anagram has fallen upon evil days, and is now relegated to the children's column, along with the riddle, the enigma, and the rebus, it once boasted a high estate and taxed the reverence of the wise, the learned, and the devout. The Hebrews held that there was something divine in this species of word-torture. Nay, some Rabbins assert that the esoteric law given to Moses, to be handed down in the posterity of certain seventy men, and

therefore called Cabbala, or traditional, was largely a volume of alphabetic revolution or anagrammatism. The Greeks, and especially the schoolists of the Middle Ages, echoed the opinions of the Hebrews, believing that there was a mystic correspondence between things and their names, and that by the study of names, by the intense consideration and the turning inside-out of the *m*'s and *n*'s of which they are composed, these correspondences might be evolved and nature made to flash out her secrets. Men sought in one another's names, and in the names of things of high public import, those prophetic indications of character, of duty, or of destiny which might possibly lurk in them.

Lycophron, the father of the anagram in Greece, and one of the "Pleiads" of the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, is said to have earned high favor with his prince by finding the words ἀπό μέλιτος (*out of honey*) in the name Πτολεμαῖος, and the words ἰὼν Ἑρας (*violet of Juno*) in Ἀρσινόη, the name of Ptolemy's queen. Both these anagrams are exact or pure, and, as such, are the earliest examples that have survived to our day. Another famous historical anagram refers to the siege of Troy by Alexander. That monarch was about to abandon the enterprise in despair, when he had a dream of a Satyr leaping before him, whom eventually, after many elusions, he caught. This dream his sages converted into a prophetic anagram: "Σάτυρος" (Satyr), said they, "why, certainly, σα Τύρος" (Tyre is thine). This put heart in the king, and Tyre was taken. But, though good in its way, this is one of the illegitimate forms of anagram, arising not from the rearrangement or transposition of letters, but only from their redivision or resyllabification. Another instance is that of Constantine III., son of the Emperor Heraclius, who on the eve of battle dreamed that he took the way through Thessalonica into Macedonia. Relating the dream to one of his courtiers, the latter divided Thessalonica into syllables, finding in it, "Leave the victory to another."

Θεσσαλονίκην : Θὲς ἄλλῳ νίκην.

The emperor took no notice of the warning, and was badly beaten by the enemy. But this might rather be called a species of paronomasia or pun. Patriot resolved into Pat-riot is an even poorer instance.

The Romans seem to have despised this sort of literary trifling. Latin anagrams are generally of modern origin. Yet among these are some of the best anagrams ever made, notably that admirable one which discovers in Pilate's question, QUID EST VERITAS? (What is truth?) its own answer, *Est vir qui adest* (It is the man before you). A famous cento of Latin anagrams was made in honor of young Stanislaus Leczinski, afterwards King of Poland. On his return from his travels, all the family of Leczinski assembled at Lissa, to celebrate his arrival with appropriate festivities. The most ingenious compliment of all was paid by the College of Lissa. A heroic dance was presented by thirteen young warriors, each holding a shield on which was engraved one of the thirteen letters in the name Domus Lescinia. The evolutions were so arranged that at each turn the row of bucklers formed different anagrams in the following order:

- | | |
|----------|-------------------|
| First. | Domus Lescinia. |
| Second. | Ades incolumis. |
| Third. | Omnis es lucida. |
| Fourth. | Omne sis lucida. |
| Fifth. | Mane sidus loci. |
| Sixth. | Sis columna dei. |
| Seventh. | I, scande solium. |

The poet Jean Dorat, sometimes known as the French Lycophron, found two notable anagrams in the Latinized form of his own name, JOANNES AURATUS:

Ars vivet annosa (My art will live long), and *Ars en nova vatis* (Behold the new art of the bard). The Latin language, indeed, lends itself readily to the anagram, being free from the ugly assortment of *j*'s, *w*'s, and *y*'s that disfigure most modern tongues and prove so great a stumbling-block in the way of the word-poser. No means so ready for writing up a friend or writing down an enemy as that of turning Smith into Smithius and proving that Smithius is the verbal equivalent either for spirit of health or goblin damned. Thus, Calvin, wroth at the hearty licentiousness of Rabelais, anagrammatized the Latin form RABELÆSIUS into *Rabie Læsus* (Bitten-mad). This was rash in Calvin, for, of all things on earth, to think of fighting Rabelais with his own weapons, or, for that matter, with any weapons, must needs be the most hopeless. And so it proved. All Europe lay still and breathless waiting the sure response. 'Twas the calm before the thunderstorm. It came at last. "So I am *Rabie Læsus*, Master John? And pray what are you? Let me see: CALVIN: *Fun Cul*; yes, that's about it!" And over Europe rushed the jest, as it had been a scavenger in the sky; and Calvin, we fancy, did not come out for a week.

Perhaps, even in the time of the Reformation, when the anagram was largely laid under contribution for purposes of billingsgate and satire, no finer controversial use was ever found for it than in that example which sought to turn the very title of the Pope into a denial of his claims, as thus: SUPRE-MUS PONTIFEX ROMANUS: *O non super Petram fixus* (O! not founded upon Peter).

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, anagrams were quite in fashion as pen-names. Thus, CALVINUS (Calvin) became *Alcuinus*, FRANÇOIS RABELAIS, *Alcofribas Nasier*, and AGOSTINO COLTELINI, *Ostilio Contalegni*. More modern examples are HORACE WALPOLE, *Onuphris Muralto*, the very imperfect anagram under which he published his "Castle of Otranto," and the equally imperfect BRYAN WALLER PROCTER, *Barry Cornwall, Poet*. But the most famous case, and one in which the anagram has entirely overshadowed the original name, is furnished by Voltaire. This was not the family cognomen of the great Frenchman, but simply an anagram of his right name, AROUET, with the two letters L. J. (*le jeune*, or "the younger") superadded,—an anagram concocted by himself in a freak or deliberately, and so familiarized by his use of it that he was known thereafter universally as Voltaire, and will be so forever.

One of the most amusing applications of the anagram is that on Lady Eleanor Davies, wife of Sir John Davies, Attorney-General in Ireland to King James I. This lady, a fanatic who fancied herself possessed by the prophetic spirit of Daniel, grounded her belief on an anagram which she made on her name, viz., ELEANOR DAVIES—*Reveal, O Daniel!* And though the anagram had too much by an *l* and too little by an *s*, yet she found Daniel and Reveal in it, and that served her turn. Whereupon she pestered the world with her prophecies, gaining great repute among the unlearned by a lucky guess here and there, until a prediction of the approaching death of Archbishop Laud caused her arrest. When brought before the Court of High Commission, all appeals to reason and to Scripture proved futile. At last one of the deans seized a pen and hit upon this excellent anagram: DAME ELEANOR DAVIES, *Never so mad a ladie*. The unhappy woman, finding her own argument turned against her, renounced all claims to supernatural powers.

This story is related with much gusto by Heylin in his "Cyprianus Anglicanus" (1719). Doubtless it is true in all essential features, but, as the device on which the lady founded her pretensions had been known for years, it seems more than likely that the acute lawyer invented the shell which blew up her

ladyship in the quiet of his own chamber, and chose the most dramatic moment for exploding it.

Though the art of the anagrammatist may be despised as puerile, none can deny its difficulty. Where the letters are few the field is indeed circumscribed within comparatively easy limits of transposition; but the possible changes on a large series of letters exceed all but a mathematician's belief.

A bare dozen of letters, for example, will admit of more than 729,000,000 transpositions. Literally, it is mind on the one hand against chaotic infinity on the other. The patience of Penelope herself would be exhausted in such assiduous doing and undoing as the process seems to require. The vexation of oft-repeated effort and proximate success resulting in fruitless labor is racily expressed by Camden: "Some have been seen to bite their pens, scratch their heads, bend their brows, bite their lips, beat their board, tear their paper, when they were fair for somewhat and caught nothing herein." Addison, who numbers anagrams among his examples of false wit, tells with unnecessary jubilation the story of a lover who, having retired from the world to wrestle anagrammatically with his mistress's name, emerged after several months pale and worn, but triumphant. His chagrin, however, at finding that his lady's name was not what it appeared to be on the surface, not Chumley, in short, but Cholmondeley, was so great that he went mad on the spot, and finished in Bedlam what he had commenced in Bœotia.

From all which it may readily be understood why it is that after centuries of endeavor so few really good anagrams have been rolled down to us. One may assert that all the really superb anagrams now extant might be contained in a pill-box. Such a pill-box we shall aim to present to our readers. And first we offer an alphabetical group of the aptest anagrams on places, things, and persons in general:

ASTRONOMERS: *Moon-Starers.*

CATALOGUES: *Got as a clue.*

CHRISTIANITY: *I cry that I sin.*

CONGREGATIONALIST: *Got scant religion.*

CRINOLINE: *Inner coil.*

DEMOCRATICAL: *Comical trade.*

DETERMINATION: *I mean to rend it.*

ELEGANT: *Neat leg.*

FRENCH REVOLUTION: *Violence run forth.*

FUNERAL: *Real fun.*

GALLANTRIES: *All great sins.*

IMPATIENT: *Tim in a pet.*

IS PITY LOVE?: *Positively.*

LA SAINTE ALLIANCE: *La Sainte Canaille.*

LAWYERS: *Sly ware.*

MATRIMONY: *Into my arm.*

MELODRAMA: *Made moral.*

MIDSHIPMAN: *Mind his map.*

MISANTHROPE: *Spare him not.*

OLD ENGLAND: *Go den Land.*

PARADISE LOST: *Reap sad toils.*

PARISHIONERS: *I hire parsons.*

PENITENTIARY: *Nay, I repent it.*
 POOR HOUSE: *O sour hope!*
 POTENTATES: *Ten Teapots!*
 PRESBYTERIAN: *Best in prayer.*
 PUNISHMENT: *Nine thumps.*
 SOLDIERS: *Lo! I dress.*
 SPANISH MARRIAGES: *Rash games in Paris.*
 SURGEON: *Go, Nurse!*
 SWEETHEART: *There we sat.*
 TELEGRAPHS: *Great helps.*
 UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE: *Guess a fearful ruin.*

A well-sustained effort in this word-conjuring is the following specimen:

"How much there is in a word! *Monastery*, says I: what, that makes *nasty Rome*; and when I looked at it again it was evidently *more nasty*,—a very vile place or *mean sty*. *Ay, monster*, says I, you are found out. What monster? said the Pope. What monster? says I. Why, your own image there, *stone Mary*. That, he replied, is *my one star*, my *Stella Maris*, my treasure, my guide! No, said I, you should rather say *my treason*. *Yet no arms*, said he. No, quoth I, quiet may suit best, as long as you have *no mastery*, I mean *money arts*. No, said he again, those are *Tory means*; and Dan, *my senator*, will baffle them. I don't know that, said I, but I think one might make no *mean story* out of this one word *monastery*."

And here, still in alphabetical order, are some of the best and most famous anagrams that have been made upon the names of celebrated individuals.

JOHN ABERNETHY: *Johnny the Bear*. A peculiarly appropriate epithet for this terror of hypochondriacal patients,—this physician of curt speech, crusty presence, and bluff address. "Has any one," asks Southey, "who knows Johnny the bear, heard his name thus anagrammatized without a smile? We may be sure he smiled and growled at the same time when he heard it himself."

SIR FRANCIS BACON, LORD KEEPER: *Is born and elect for a rich Speaker*. So it is usually given, as an anagram by one Tash, a contemporary of the great man, but, on testing it, we can make out only, *is born and elec for a ric spek*,—the original being four letters short. This shows the necessity for verifying reputed anagrams. It is a sad thought that many may be passing unchallenged which are but impostures. In this case, however, deep and sustained investigation has enabled us to mend the anagram. It must have been given forth thus: SIR FRANCIS BACON, THE LORD KEEPER: *Is born and elect for rich Speaker*.

JOHN BUNYAN: *Nu hony in a B*. Execrable! one would naturally exclaim, but, as it is John's own work, we must be reverently dumb.

GENERAL BUTLER: *Genl. real brute*.

THOMAS CARLYLE: *Cry shame to all*; or, *Mercy, lash a lot*; or, *A lot cry, "Lash me!"* Just after the death of the sage and prior to the publication of his *Reminiscences*, the anagram *a calm, holy rest* was hailed as admirably significant. An enemy hath found in the same letters, *clearly to sham*.

CAROLUS REX: *Cras ero lux* (To-morrow I shall be light). An anagram which Charles II. is said to have left written on one of the windows of King's Newton Hall, in Derbyshire.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA OF WALES: *P. C. Her august race is lost, O fatal news!* An anagram in which British regret over the decease of the Princess Charlotte enshrined itself.

JACQUES CLEMENT, the assassin of Henry III. of France, *Qui est ce mal né?* (Who is this ill-born person?). Very good from the point of view of the believer in the divine right of kings, but thrown utterly in the shade by the superiority of its corollary: FRÈRE JACQUES CLEMENT: *C'est Penfer qui m'a créé*, (It was hell that created me), which may be taken as an answer to the first.

RICHARD COBDEN: *Rich corn, bedad!*

CHARLES DICKENS: *Cheer sick lands.*

DISRAELI: *I lead, sir.* A Tory anagram, of course. The Whigs resolve the name into *idle airs*. But the latter found their best opportunity in the full title, DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD: *Self-fooled, can he bear it?*

JOHN DRYDEN: *Rhino deny'd*,—which was Glorious John's life-long complaint, in his own spelling, too.

PHINEAS FLETCHER: *Hath Spenser life?* A very good anagram, for in the age after Spenser's death, Phineas Fletcher had more of his manner and spirit than almost any other poet.

GLADSTONE: *G leads not.* So cried the exultant Tory in apt opposition to the anagram he had coined out of the name of his great rival: DISRAELI: *I lead, sir.* The Whig rather weakly remonstrated that GLADSTONE *doesn't lag*. But though the Whig achieved small success with the family cognomen, he reaped vast and varied results with the full name, WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE: *A man to wield great wills*; or, *Go, administer law well*; or, *I'll waste no glad war-time*; or, *G., a weird man we all list to*; or, finally, the dubious and perplexing statement, *Allowing me T glad Erin waits*.

SIR EDMUNDBURY GODFREY: *I fynd murdered by rogues*, and *By Rome's rude finger die*. These anagrams, uncouth and imperfect as they are, were circulated shortly after the death of Godfrey, the magistrate who, it will be remembered, had taken Titus Oates's deposition in regard to the pretended Popish plot, and on October 17, 1678, had been found murdered on the south side of Primrose Hill.

HENRY HALLAM: *Real manly H. H.*

RANDLE HOLMES: *Lo! men's herald.* This very apt anagram was prefixed to Holmes's well-known heraldic work, "The Academy of the Armory," 1688.

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON: *See! sound faith clings to no nun.*

DOUGLAS JERROLD: *Sure, a droll dog!*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: *Won half the New World's glory.*

MARTIN LUTHER: *Lehrt in armuth* (He teaches in poverty). The Latinized form of the name yields even more remarkable results. For example, MARTINUS LUTHERUS, *Vir multa struens* (The man who builds up much), and *Ter matris vulnus* (Three wounds to the mother,—church is of course understood). D. MARTINUS LUTHERUS: *Ut turris das lumen* (Like a tower you give light). But most apt of all is the form DOCTOR MARTINUS LUTHERUS: *ORom, Luther ist der Schwan* (O Rome, Luther is the Swan), an allusion to John Huss's prophecy that a swan should arise from the blood of the goose (Huss).

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: *O! a big mouth, a manly Cantab's.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE: *Tear it, men, I atone.*

THOMAS MOORE: *Homo amor est* (Man is love).

NAPOLEON. The anagrams made on or about the great Corsican are numberless. Thus, when he came into power, the words LA RÉVOLUTION FRANÇAISE were twisted into *Vêto! un Co se la finira*. But in 1815 party spirit

discovered in the same words, *Ai! La France veult son Roi!* The best anagram on NAPOLEON BONAPARTE is the Latin one, *Bona rapta leno pone!* (You rascal, return your stolen goods!). Written in Greek letters, the same name affords the very best example of what is known as the reductive or subtractive anagram, thus:

Ναπολεων	.	.	Napoleon
απολεων			Apollyon,
πολεων	.	.	of cities
ολεων	.	.	the destroyer,
λεων	.	.	a lion,
εων	.	.	goes
ων	.	.	about.

Every syllable tells a tale of rapine.

HORATIO NELSON: *Honor est a Nilo* (Honor is from the Nile). This celebrated anagram, put in circulation when the news of the victory of the Nile arrived in England, was the work of a clergyman, the Rev. William Holden, rector of Charteris. Very inferior is the English *O a nation's Hero*.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE: *Flit on, cheering angel*.

NOTES AND QUERIES: *Enquiries on dates*; or, *A question-sender*; or, still better, *O, send in a request*.

WILLIAM NOY: *I moyl in law*. This anagram on the laborious Attorney-General of Charles I. made a great sensation at the time. Howell, in his Letters, says, "With infinite pains and indefatigable study he came to his knowledge of the law; but I never heard a more pertinent anagram than was made of his name."

LORD PALMERSTON: *So droll, pert man*.

SIR ROBERT PEEL: *Terrible prose*.

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *A long peal, read*.

PILATRE DU ROSIER: *Tu es proie de l'air* (You are the prey of the air), peculiarly appropriate to the unfortunate aeronaut who fell from his balloon, June 15, 1785, but an omitted *r* and a redundant *e* rob the anagram of the higher meed of praise. The suggested amendment, *Tu es P. R., Roi de l'air* (You are P. R., King of the Air), is puerile.

JOHN RUSKIN: *No ink-rush I!*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *I ask me, has Will a peer?* Though Shakespeare provided against the shaking up of his bones, he uttered no curse upon those who should disturb the letters of his name. At the hands of the ruthless anagrammatists they have been made to yield strange and varied results. As good as any is the above, though there is some virtue in *I swear he is like a lamp*. The alternative spelling WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE produces *We praise him, ask all*, which is somewhat forced and stilted.

ROBERT SOUTHEY: *Robust hero yet*. This is from the pen of an admirer. An enemy is responsible for the following: *Be thou Sour Tury*.

MARIA STEUARTA: *Veritas armata* (armed truth), evidently by an admirer of the unfortunate Queen of Scots. A more remarkable anagrammatic feat is MARIA STEUARDA, SCOTORUM REGINA: *Trusa vi regnis, morte amara cado* (Thrust by force from my kingdoms, I fall by a bitter death).

CHARLES JAMES STUART: *He asserts a just claim*. This anagram on the Pretender was highly popular with the Jacobites, who also found in the same name, *claims Arthur's seat*; and in CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES, *Al France cries, O help us!* Taylor, the Water Poet, had already found in CHARLES

STUART (*i.e.*, Charles I.) *calls true harts*, which illustrates the necessity of being acquainted with the orthographic licenses of the period to which an anagram belongs. But Taylor was a clumsy anagrammatist at best.

JAMES STUART: *A just master*; a famous anagram by the poet Sylvester in dedicating to James I. his translation of Du Bartas.

SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE: *Sing high, sweet Linda!* a rather successful compliment to Jenny Lind, under her sobriquet.

ALFRED TENNYSON: *Ferny land notes*; or, *Fans one tenderly*. Slightly better is this: ALFRED TENNYSON, POET LAUREATE: *Neat sonnet or deep tearful lay*.

GEORGE THOMPSON: *O go, the negro's M. P.* This excellent anagram on the name of the noted advocate of negro emancipation derives additional interest from the fact that it was made by a friend at a time when Thompson was hesitating whether to accept a seat in the House of Commons, and is said to have decided him to do so.

TOUCHET, MARIE (mistress of Charles IX.): *Je charme tout* (I charm all).

UNITED STATES: *In te Deus stat* (God stands in thee), and, as a sort of corollary to this statement, *Inde tute stas* (hence thou standest safely). Other Latin anagrams, less excellent because their application is less immediately apparent, are the following: *Dentatus est* (he has teeth,—he evidently meaning Uncle Sam). *Desiste, nutat* (hands off! it shakes), apt enough in 1861, when it was made, but not at present. *Siste, nudat te* (stop! he strips thee). *Et ista desunt* (those things are also wanting), and *A te desistunt* (they keep off from thee).

VICTORIA, ENGLAND'S QUEEN: *Governs a nice quiet land*. Her majesty herself should be startled out of her habitual composure at the enigmatic result obtained from HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA: *Ah, my extravagant, joco-serious radical minister!*

WAT, JAMES: *Wait, steam*, or *A steam wit*.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY: *Truly he'll see war*; or, *Rules the war yell*; or, *Rule earthly swell* (the latter expressing the opinion of those detractors who, while the duke was alive, accused him of being hard and worldly). But best is the following: ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON: *Let well-foil'd Gaul secure thy renown*.

A number of very clever burlesque anagrams were contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1862 by an anonymous hand. Some of these are worth quoting,—as, for example:

JEREMY BENTHAM: The body of Jeremy Bentham never was buried. By his own directions it was kept above ground, a wax fac-simile of his face and head being fitted on to his skeleton, and his own silver hair, and the hat and clothes he usually wore, being placed on the figure, so as to make an exact representation of him sitting in his chair as when alive. Perhaps his notion was that his school would last, and that he should be wheeled in to preside at their annual meetings in that ghastly form. At all events, the figure was long kept by the late Dr. Southwood Smith, and is now in one of the London museums. No one can look at it without disgust at such an exhibition,—the too literal fulfilment of the senile whim of an old man. His very name contains the punishment of the whim: *Jeer my bent ham*.

OLIVER CROMWELL: *More clover, Will*,—an anagram beautifully representing Oliver's life when he was a quiet farmer and had a servant lad named William; or, *Welcomer r—l viol*, which expresses the opinion of Oliver's adherents that he was a better first fiddle than the martyr-monarch. Observe

how significant is the blank in the word *royal*. Oliver was not nominally king, though really such.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON : The anagram of the name of this great metaphysician takes the form of a bit of dramatic dialogue :

L. L. L. : " I am I, am I not ? "

H. : " *W* (double *you*), *Sir* ! "

So profound an anagram as this may require a little explanation. *L. L. L.* is the Learned Logic Lecturer, Sir William himself. He is interrogating *H.*, one of his hearers, and, to try his powers of thinking, asks him in a personal form a question of great metaphysical moment. The Hearer is evidently puzzled, and cannot grasp the notion of Sir William, I and then I again, or two Sir Williams at once.

JAMES MACPHERSON : *Me cramp Ossian ! he !*—expressing how James laughed to scorn the charge brought against him ; or *M. P., reach me Ossian*,—which was a standing joke against Macpherson in the library of the House of Commons when he became a member.

JOHN STUART MILL : *Just mart on hill*,—*i.e.*, not only fair exchange, but with all circumstances of publicity ; or, *O thrill, just man*, or, *O man just thrill*,—expressing two opinions of the character of Mr. Mill's philosophy.

ADAM SMITH : *Admit hams*,—*i.e.*, apply the principle of free trade first to one particular article, and mark the results.

THE TIMES : *Its theme !*—*i.e.*, the whole planet and all that takes place upon it ; *Meet this*,—a reference chiefly to the advertisements in the second column ; and, finally, *E. E. T. Smith*. This last anagram we could not interpret for some time ; but we think we have it now. It seems to mean that the *Times* represents Smith, or general English opinion, and yet not Smith absolutely and altogether, but rather Smith when he is well backed by capital.

Ancestor, I am my own. When Andoche Junot, who had risen from the ranks, became Duc d'Abrantès and an important figure at Napoleon's newly-formed court, a nobleman of the old régime asked him what was his ancestry. " Ah, ma foi ! " replied the sturdy soldier, " je n'en sais rien ; moi je suis mon ancêtre " (" Ah, sir, I know nothing about it ; I am my own ancestor "). Probably he had never heard of the similar remark made by Tiberius of Curtius Rufus : " He seems to me to be descended from himself. " (Tacitus, xi. 21, 16.) Napoleon's reply to the Emperor of Austria was in a kindred vein. The Austrian, when Napoleon became his prospective son-in-law, would fain have traced the Bonaparte lineage to some petty prince of Treviso. " I am my own Rudolph of Hapsburg, " said Napoleon. Under similar circumstances he silenced a genealogist : " Friend, my patent of nobility dates from Montenotte, "—his first great victory. When Iphicrates, the Athenian general, had it cast up in his face by a descendant of Harmodius that he was a shoemaker's son, he calmly replied, " The nobility of my family begins with me, yours ends with you. " (PLUTARCH : *Life of Iphicrates*.) Almost the same words were used by Alexander Dumas when asked if he were not descended from an ape (a covert sneer at his negro grandmother) : " Very likely : my ancestry began where yours ends. " General Skobelev, in answer to a query as to his pedigree, said, " I make little account of genealogical trees. Mere family never made a man great. Thought and deed, not pedigree, are the passports to enduring fame. "—*Fortnightly Review*, October, 1882.

The thought is, of course, a commonplace in literature. Here are a few representative instances :

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.
YOUNG: *Love of Fame*, l. l. 147.

Le premier qui fut roi fut un soldat heureux :
Qui sert bien son pays n'a pas besoin d'aïeux.
VOLTAIRE: *Mérope*, i. 3.

("The first to become king was a successful soldier. He who serves well his country has no need of ancestors")

Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating.

JAMES THOMSON: *Coriolanus*, iii. 3.

'What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs back to a successful soldier? The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato,—the only good belonging to him is under ground.—SIR THOMAS OVERBURY: *Characters*.

Anchor as the Symbol of Hope. Among the ancients the anchor, as the hope and resource of the sailor, came to be called "the sacred anchor," and was made the emblem of hope. The early Christians adopted the anchor as an emblem of hope, and it is found engraved on rings and depicted on monuments and on the walls of cemeteries in the Catacombs. The anchor was associated with the fish, the symbol of the Saviour. The fact that the transverse bar of an anchor below the ring forms a cross probably helped towards the choice of the anchor as a Christian symbol.

Andrew's, St. Cross. The Cross of St. Andrew is always represented in the shape of the letter X; but that this is an error, ecclesiastical historians prove by appealing to the cross itself on which he suffered, which St. Stephen of Burgundy gave to the convent of St. Victor, near Marseilles, and which, like the common cross, is rectangular. The cause of the error is thus explained: when the apostle suffered, the cross, instead of being fixed upright, rested on its foot and arm, and in this posture he was fastened to it, his hands to one arm and the head, his feet to the other arm and the foot, and his head in the air.

Angel, To write like an, originally characterized, not literary style, but penmanship. So Disraeli tells us in his "Curiosities of Literature." Angelo Vergecio, a learned Greek, emigrated first to Italy, and afterwards, during the reign of Francis I., to France. His beautiful penmanship attracted universal admiration. Francis I. had a Greek font of type cast, modelled from his handwriting. Angelo's name became synonymous with exquisite calligraphy, and gave birth to the familiar phrase "to write like an angel," which, by a natural extension of meaning, was applied to authors as well as mere penmen:

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll.

Garrick.

Angels altogether, a West Indian slang term applied to habitual drunkards. The sobriquet is said to have taken its rise in the following manner. A negro employed on a sugar-plantation on the East Coast, Demerara, applied for a Saturday holiday. His manager, knowing Quashie's reputation as a hard drinker, chaffed him as follows: "John, you were drunk on Sunday?" "Yes, massa." "Monday, too?" "Yes, massa." And so on up to Friday, eliciting the same response. "But, John," remonstrated the manager quietly, "you know you can't be an angel altogether." The story got abroad and passed into a proverbial phrase.

Angels, On the side of the. In 1864, when Darwinism was an astonishing novelty, Disraeli neatly expressed the indignant misapprehension of the multitude in a speech before the Oxford Diocesan Society: "What is the question which is now placed before society, with the glib assurance which to me is most astounding? That question is this: Is man an ape or an angel? I am on the side of the angels. I repudiate, with indignation and abhorrence, those new-fangled theories." Carlyle was equally emphatic. "I have no patience whatever," he cried, "with these gorilla damnifications of humanity." Disraeli lived to modify his views, Carlyle detested Darwinism first and last. The optimistic Emerson saw only hope in the new doctrine. "I would rather believe," he said, "that we shall rise to the state of the angels than that we have fallen from it."

Angels' Visits. One of the most hackneyed quotations in English literature occurs in Thomas Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," Part II., l. 375:

What though my winged hours of bliss have been
Like angels' visits, few and far between?

This simile was highly praised for its "originality." Hazlitt, in his "Lectures on the English Poets," was the first to point out a similar expression in Blair's "Grave:"

Its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between.

"Mr. Campbell," adds Hazlitt, "in altering the expression has spoilt it. 'Few' and 'far between' are the same thing." Elsewhere he notes that Campbell never forgave him this bit of detective work. But Blair himself was not original. He borrowed from John Norris of Bemerton (1656-1711), who has the following lines in his poem "The Parting:"

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong:
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

Norris again returned to the image in a poem to the memory of his niece:

Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,
So neither do they make long stay;
They do but visit and away.

Angelus (so named from the opening words of the prayer: "Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ,"—"The Angel of the Lord announced unto Mary"), in the Roman Catholic Church, is a devotion in memory of the Annunciation. It consists of three of the scriptural texts relating to the mystery, recited alternately with the angelic salutation, "Ave Maria," etc., and followed by a versicle with prayer. The devotion was of gradual growth. So early as 1347 we find the Council of Sens taking up an ordinance already passed by Pope John XII. (1316-1334), which recommended the faithful to say the Ave Maria three times at the hour of curfew (*ignitegii*). The ordinance was approved, and its observance was made obligatory. Church-bells should be rung at the hour of curfew, and all hearers should go down on their knees and recite the angel's salutation to the glorious Virgin, thus gaining ten days' indulgence. In 1369 it was further ordained that at dawn there should be three bell-strokes, and whoever at that signal said three aves and as many paternosters should obtain an indulgence for twenty days. The Angelus, as we know it, developed out of this beginning, and was substantially the present devotion, when, in 1416, a repetition of the Angelus three times a day was recommended at Breslau, the example being followed by Mainz and Cologne

in 1423. In 1472, Louis XI. obtained a papal decree sanctioning the triple Angelus in France, and promising three hundred additional days of indulgence to the suppliant.

Angry boys, a term applied in the seventeenth century to the unruly "bloods" of the day whose mad frolics nightly made the streets a terror to sedate and peaceable citizens.

Get thee another nose that will be pulled
Off by the angry boys for thy conversion.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Scornful Lady*.

Annus Mirabilis (L., "Wonderful year"). A term that may be applied to any year memorable in public or private history. Thus, one of Coleridge's critics called 1797 his *annus mirabilis*, as during that year the poet composed most of his finest works. And, again, 1871 has been called the *annus mirabilis* of the Papacy, as the year in which Pius IX., first among all the successors of St. Peter, attained and passed the twenty-five years of rule which are credited to Peter. But, specifically, the term is applied in English history to the year 1666, which was crowded thick with events,—the great fire of London, the defeat of the Dutch fleet, etc. This specific use of the word has been fixed and perpetuated by Dryden's poem "Annus Mirabilis," which celebrates these events. j

Antiquitas sæculi juvenus mundi (L., "The antiquity of ages is the youth of the world"). This phrase occurs as a quotation in Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," book i. (1605). Bacon explains it thus: "These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by computation backward from ourselves." Whewell has pointed out that the same thought occurs in Giordano Bruno's "Cena di Cenere," published in 1584. Pascal, in the preface to his "Treatise on Vacuum," says, "For as old age is that period of life most remote from infancy, who does not see that old age in this universal man ought not to be sought in the times nearest his birth, but in those most remote from it?" For a humorous, yet most effective, statement of the same axiom by Sydney Smith, see WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS. Gladstone has taken the words *Juventus Mundi* as a title for his book on the Homeric period.

Anxious Bench, or **Anxious Seat**, a familiar Americanism, originally derived from the terminology of Methodist camp-meetings and other religious revivals. The anxious benches are seats set aside for anxious mourners,—i.e., for sinners who are conscious of their sin and desirous of conversion. After the ordinary services, an Anxious Meeting is held, where the mourners are exhorted, and, after they have brought forth fruit meet for repentance, they are received into church membership. By extension, the phrase On the Anxious Bench means to be in a state of great difficulty, doubt, or despondency.

Any other man, a bit of American slang which had a great run in 1860. When a man became prolix or used alternatives, such as Brown or Jones or Robinson, he was promptly called to order by the cry, "or any other man." The first use of the phrase in print was by Charles G. Leland, in a comic sketch in the New York *Vanity Fair*. A sort of forerunner has been discovered in "Waverley:" "Gif any man or any other man."

Apartments to let, a colloquial expression, indicating that the person referred to as having such apartments is a fool, an idiot,—i.e., that his skull has no tenant in the shape of brains. The phrase may have originated with the famous *mot* of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, when his son Thomas jestingly declared that he had no decided political principles, but would serve

whatever party paid him best, and that he had a mind to put a placard on his forehead, "To let." "All right, Tom," was the answer, "but don't forget to add 'unfurnished.'"

Apes. Leading apes in hell. This proverbial expression is supposed to describe the fate of women who die old maids, or who have otherwise avoided the responsibility of bearing children. In this sense it occurs frequently in Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Thus, in the "Taming of the Shrew," Act iii. Sc. 1 :

She is your treasure, she must have a husband ;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Dodsley, in his "Collection of Poems," vol. vi. p. 216, has this stanza :

Poor Gratia in her twentieth year,
Foreseeing future woe,
Chose to attend a monkey here
Before an ape below.

A more recent example is in Dibdin's song "Tack and Tack :"

At length cried she, "I'll marry ; what should I tarry for ?
I may lead apes in hell forever."

But it would seem that the expression had some other meaning before the seventeenth century, which it has now lost. Stanihurst, in the dedication to his "Description of Ireland," in Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. ii. (1586-87), says, "Mersites seemed to stand in no better stead than to lead apes in hell." Here there is an allusion quite unconnected with maidenhood or childlessness.

Apostle Gems. According to Bristow's Glossary, the apostle gems are as follows : jasper, the symbol of St. Peter ; sapphire, St. Andrew ; chalcidony, St. James ; emerald, St. John ; sardonyx, St. Philip ; carnelian, St. Bartholomew ; chrysolite, St. Matthew ; beryl, St. Thomas ; chrysoprase, St. Thaddeus ; topaz, St. James the Less ; hyacinth, St. Simeon ; amethyst, St. Matthias. A white chalcidony with red spots is called "St. Stephen's stone."

Apostle Spoons. Old-fashioned silver or silver-gilt spoons, whose handle terminated in the figure of one of the apostles. The souvenir spoons of to-day are their legitimate descendants. Apostle spoons were the usual presents of sponsors at christenings. The rich gave a set of a dozen, those less wealthy four, while the poor gave one. In "Henry VIII," Act v. Sc. 2, the king wishes Cranmer to stand godfather to the Princess Elizabeth, and when the prelate excuses himself, saying,—

How may I deserve it,
That am a poor humble subject to you ?—

the king jestingly responds,—

Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons.

Apostles, or The Twelve Apostles, in Cambridge University slang, "the clodhoppers of literature who have at last scrambled through the Senate House without being plucked, and have obtained the title of B.A. by a miracle. The last twelve names on the list of Bachelor of Arts—those a degree lower than the *οἱ πολλοί*—are thus designated" (*Gradus ad Cantabrigiam*). The very last on the list was known as St. Paul, punningly corrupted into St. Poll,—an allusion to 1 Cor. xv. 9 : "For I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle." In a fine burst of etymological inspiration, Hotten suggests that apostles is derived from *post alios*,—i.e., "after

the others." But the reference to the Twelve Apostles is clear enough in itself. In Columbian College, Washington, D.C., the twelve last members of the B.A. list receive each the name of one of the apostles.

Appetite. In Rabelais's "Gargantua," ch. v., occurs the famous phrase "L'appétit vient en mangeant" ("Appetite comes in eating"). The context is worth quoting: "The stone called asbestos is not more inextinguishable than is the thirst of which I am the parent. Appetite comes with eating, said Angeston; but thirst goes away by drinking. Remedy for thirst? It is the opposite of that for the bite of a dog; always run after a dog, and he will never bite you; always drink before thirst, and it will never come to you." The Angeston referred to is supposed to be Jerome de Hangest, a famous doctor of the Sorbonne, who flourished at the beginning of the sixteenth century. But where or under what circumstances he used the phrase is unknown. Montaigne echoes Rabelais in his essay on "Vanity:" "My appetite comes to me while eating." But this is a mere autobiographical detail. The true original is probably in Ovid, who, speaking of Erysichthon, condemned by Ceres to an inextinguishable hunger, says, "All food stimulates his desire for other food." (*Metamorphoses*, lib. viii.) The phrase is often used now in a metaphorical sense, as, for example, in Shakespeare's paraphrase:

Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on.

Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 2.

But even in this sense a classical prototype may be found in Quintus Curtius, who makes his Scythians say to Alexander, "You are the first in whom satiety has engendered hunger."

Apple Jack, in America, a familiar name for whiskey distilled from apples, known also as Jersey lightning, from the fact that it is mainly a New Jersey product. It may be interesting to recall John Philips's lines in "The Splendid Shilling:"

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John Apple, nor the downy peach.

But this is only a curious coincidence. The John Apple, or Apple John (so called because it is ripe about St. John's day), is a kind of apple said to keep for years, and to be in perfection when shrivelled and withered. Hence Washington Irving's "Poor Jemmy, he is but a withered little apple-john," quoted in C. D. Warner's *Life*, p. 77.

Apple of Discord. Something which causes strife,—an allusion to the classical fable of Eris, the goddess of hate, who threw a golden apple among her fellow-goddesses, with this inscription, "To the most beautiful." Here, Pallas, and Aphrodite (Juno, Minerva, and Venus) all three claimed the prize, and referred their dispute to Paris, who decided in favor of the latter,—a decision that led to the Trojan war.

"Angry, indeed!" says Juno, gathering up her purple robes and royal raiment. "Sorry, indeed!" cries Minerva, lacing on her corselet again, and scowling under her helmet. (I imagine the well-known Apple case has just been argued and decided.) "Hurt, forsooth! Do you suppose we care for the opinion of that hobnailed lout of a Paris? Do you suppose that I, the Goddess of Wisdom, can't make allowances for mortal ignorance, and am so base as to bear malice against a poor creature who knows no better? You little know the goddess nature when you dare to insinuate that our divine minds are actuated by motives so base. A love of justice influences us. We are above mean revenge. We are too magnanimous to be angry at the award of such a judge in favor of such a creature." And, rustling out their skirts, the ladies walk away together. This is all very well. You are bound to believe them. They are actuated by no hostility; not they. They bear no malice—of course not. But when the Trojan war occurs presently, which side will they take? Many brave souls will be sent to

Hades, Hector will perish, poor old Priam's bald numskull will be cracked, and Troy town will burn, because Paris prefers golden-haired Venus to ox-eyed Juno and gray-eyed Minerva.—THACKERAY: *Roundabout Papers*.

Apple-pie order, complete, thorough order. Plausibly conjectured to be a corruption of *cap-à-pie* order (Fr. *de pied en cap*), with reference to the complete equipment of a soldier fully caparisoned from head to foot. The only objection to this theory is that no instance of the latter phrase appears. Perhaps the derivation suggested in Barrère and Leland's "Slang Dictionary" is the true one: "Order is an old word for a row, and a properly-made apple-pie had, of old, always an order or row of regularly-cut turrets, or an exactly divided border." Pies are rarely now made in this fashion in England, but quite frequently in America. An apple-pie bed, familiar to school-boys, is a bed in which some practical joker has folded the sheets so that a person cannot get his legs down.

The children's garden is in apple-pie order. SCOTT, in *Lockhart's Life*, vol. iv. p. 131, ed. 1839.

Apples. How we apples swim! A common English phrase, applied to the self-gratulation of a pompous and inflated person. The reference is to the fable of the horse-dung floating down the river with a lot of apples.

And even this, little as it is, gives him so much importance in his own eyes that he assumes a consequential air, sets his arms akimbo, and, strutting among the historical artists, cries, "How we apples swim!" HOGARTH: *Works* (ed. 1873), vol. iii. p. 29.

Apprentices and Salmon. A curious popular tradition, still current in the valley of the Severn, asserts that in ancient indentures masters bound themselves not to feed their apprentices on salmon more than thrice a week. A lively controversy on this subject in *Notes and Queries* led to an offer by the editor of that periodical of five pounds for the discovery of an indenture having this clause. The reward, however, was never claimed.

Apron-strings, To be tied to a woman's. To be under petticoat government. To be ruled by a woman. There is an old legal term, Apron-string hold, = a tenure of property through one's wife, or during her lifetime alone.

The fair sex are so conscious to themselves that they have nothing in them which can deserve entirely to engross the whole man, that they heartily despise one who, to use their own expression, is always hanging at their apron-strings. ADDISON: *Spectator*, No. 506 (1712).

Apropos de bottes ("apropos of boots"), a French expression which has been adopted into English, and means apropos of nothing. The saying is thus accounted for. A certain seigneur, having lost an important cause, told the king, François I., that the court had unbooted him (*l'avait débotté*). What he meant to say was that the court had decided against him (*il avait été débotté*) cf. med. Lat. *debotare*). The king laughed, but reformed the practice of pleading in Latin. The gentlemen of the bar, feeling displeased at the change, said that it had been made *à propos de bottes*. Hence the application of the phrase to anything that is done without motive. (*Notes and Queries*, second series, ix. 14.) The explanation is plausible, and, as there is no direct historical evidence to confute it, may be accepted without mental stultification. But it fails to support the burden of proof that legitimately rests on its shoulders.

Arcadia, in ancient geography, a pastoral district of the Peloponnesus in Greece, is used as a synonyme for any Utopia of poetical simplicity and innocence. "Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren" ("I too was born in Arcadia"), sings Schiller in his poem "Resignation." Goethe adopts this famous phrase as the motto of his Italian journeys. In the Latin form "Et ego in Arcadia" it appears in one of Poussin's landscapes in the Louvre,

inscribed on a tomb whereon a group of shepherds gaze with mingled curiosity and affright.

Architect of his own fortune. The familiar proverb, Every man is the architect of his own fortune, is found in most modern languages. According to Sallust, in his first oration ("De Republ. Ordinand.," i. 1), the phrase originated with Appius Claudius Cæcus, who held the office of Censor in B.C. 312: "Sed res docent id verum esse, quod in carminibus Appius ait: *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ*" ("But the thing teaches us that that is true which Caius says in his poems, that every one is the architect of his own fortune"). A century later we find Plautus asserting that the wise man is the maker of his own fortune, and, unless he is a bungling workman, little can befall him which he would wish to change:

Nam sapiens quidem pol ipse fingit fortunam sibi
Eo ne multa quæ nevolt eveniunt, nisi fictor malus siet.
Trinummus, ii. 284.

Publius Syrus has, "His own character is the arbiter of every one's fortune." (*Maxim* 283.)

Bacon quotes Appius's saying approvingly, putting it in the indicative instead of in the infinitive mood, and possibly restoring it thereby to its original form: "It cannot be denied, but outward accidents conduce much to fortune; favor, opportunity, death of others, occasion-fitting virtue. But chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands: *Faber est quisque fortunæ suæ*, saith the poet."

In Cervantes the idea is presented in a different form: "Every man is the son of his own works" (*Don Quixote*, i. 4). Here are some further variations:

Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2.

We all do stamp our value on ourselves;
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man so stationed
That I despise myself compared with him.
Man is made great or little by his own will.
COLERIDGE: trans. of Schiller's *Wallenstein's Death*, iv. 8, 77.

Architecture is frozen music. Schelling has this phrase twice in his "Philosophie der Kunst." At page 576 he says, "It is music in space, as it were a frozen music," and again at page 593, "Architecture in general is frozen music."

Madame de Staël undoubtedly had these phrases in mind when she wrote, "The sight of such a monument is like a continuous and stable music" ("La vue d'un tel monument est comme une musique continuelle et fixée," *Corinne*, iv. 3). Emerson, in his essay on "Quotation and Originality," says that Madame de Staël "borrowed from Goethe's 'dumb music,' which is Vitruvius's rule that 'the architect must not only understand drawing, but music.'"

'**Arry**, a common sobriquet applied to the Cockney "sports" of London, being the name Harry spelled as they pronounce it. The 'Arries are just a shade above the roughs; they are usually good-natured, but vulgar, flashy, and loud-mouthed, and on Sunday afternoons and bank holidays are seen with their 'Arriets in every place of public resort. Mr. Punch takes particular pleasure in showing up their harmless eccentricities.

'Arry smokes a two-penny smoke,
Oh! poor 'Arry!
'Arry's pipe's enough to choke,
Bad boy 'Arry!

'Arry thinks it very good fun
To puff his cheap cigar
Into the faces of every one
While doing the la-di-da.

Concert-hall Ballad: How do, Arry!

Mr. Matthew Arnold must help us to define 'Arry; he must lend us one of his fine old serviceable formulæ. 'Arry is the *homme sensuel moyen* of the middle and lower classes; the ordinary sensual man, very ordinary and excessively sensual. In 'Arry, "the life of the senses develops itself all round without misgiving;" his existence is "confident, free," and easy. We all know 'Arry when we meet him; but circumstances have prevented science from pursuing him to his home. For the world at large 'Arry only exists when he is at large; and that is much too often for the comfort of people, who are, after all, in a sense his fellow-creatures. No martyr of social curiosity has yet sought to know 'Arry at home, to see him at work, or in his family circle.

It is not easy to see how the social missionary is to do good to 'Arry, or how 'Arry is to be got at by education. He is so brutally gregarious that no one can find him alone and play on his finer feelings; he is so dull that he would not attempt argument, or even banter; he would only howl. Nature has produced no being so near the Yahoo as 'Arry, the flower of our earnest mechanical civilization. By his pleasures he is known, on his holidays he is to be studied, for then he escapes from the yoke of civilization, and is really himself. His actions have the monotonous regularity of a machine, and when one has listened to one van-load of 'Arries, one has heard all of them.—*Saturday Review*, August 9, 1879.

Ars est celare artem (L., "Art lies in concealing art"), a phrase which probably rose out of Ovid's line in the "Art of Love," ii. 313: "Si latet ars prodest" ("If the art is concealed, it succeeds"). The meaning, of course, is that true art must always appear natural and spontaneous, and give no evidence of the labor which perfected it. As Burke says, "Art can never give the rules that make an art." (*The Sublime and Beautiful*, Part I., sec. 9.)

The contrary fault is indicated in Collins's lines,—

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.

On Sir Thomas Hanmer's Edition of Shakespeare.

Art is long and time is fleeting. A famous line in Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," which merely versifies the Latin saw, "Ars longa, vita brevis est." The original may be traced to the Greek of Hippocrates ("Apothegms," i.), who reverses the order: "Life is short and the art long." He is complaining that the longest life is only sufficient to acquire a moderate portion of knowledge in any art or science. But Seneca, who tells us "the greatest of doctors" used to say, "Vitam brevem esse, longam artem," calls this an unjust accusation against Nature or Providence, though he allows that not only fools but the wise are too apt so to rail, and, among others, he quotes Aristotle. Exactly when Seneca's version of the phrase passed into the neater and more logical "Ars longa, vita brevis est," it is impossible to say. Probably the first attempt to English it was Chaucer's:

The lyfe so short, the crafte so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering.

Assembly of Fowls, line 1.

Goethe, in "Wilhelm Meister," has, "Art is long, life short; judgment difficult, opportunity transient" (book vii. ch. ix.). Another sense in which the proverb may be taken is indicated in these lines of Austin Dobson's:

All passes; art alone
Enduring stays to us:
The bust outlasts the throne,
The coin, Tiberius.

Art preservative of all arts. The art of printing. This phrase finds its origin in an inscription on the house at Haarlem formerly occupied by Laurent Koster or Coster, one of the earliest printers in Holland, and, in-

deed, held by some enthusiastic fellow-countrymen to be the inventor of the art :

Memoriæ Sacrum
Typographia
Ars Artium Omnium
Conservatrix.
Hic Primum inventa
Circa Annum M.CCCXXL.

("Sacred to the memory of Typography, the art conservator of all arts. Here first invented about the year 1440.") The exact date when the inscription was put up is uncertain, but it is known to have been in existence about 1628.

As in præsentī perfectum format in avi (L., "As in the present forms its perfect in avi"). The first words of that part of the Eton Latin grammar which treats of the conjugation of verbs. That which treats of the genders of nouns begins, "*Propria quæ maribus*," etc. Hence a boy is said to be beginning his *as in præsentī*, or *propria quæ maribus*, when he is acquiring the first rudiments of the Latin tongue. By extension, the same terms are applied to beginners in all sorts of knowledge, bookish or worldly.

Ass ascends the ladder, Until the. A favorite expression among the Rabbins for that which can never, or will never, take place,—e.g., "*Si ascenderit asinus per scalas, inveniatur scientia in mulieribus*,"—a proposition so uncomplimentary to the better sex that we leave it in Buxtorf's Latin. A similar phrase, with a similar meaning, is found in Petronius: "*asinus in tegulis*" ("an ass on the house-top").

Assassins. Que messieurs les assassins commencent (Fr., "Let the assassins, or the murderers, begin"). Alphonse Karr's famous reply to the plea for abolition of capital punishment. In the funeral address over Karr's body (October 4, 1890), M. Jean Aicard predicted that even though all the great literary monuments of the present century should crumble and disappear, there was still something that never would be lost, that some of the wisdom and the wit to which Alphonse Karr had given permanent form, in a language which is at once brilliant and solid, would be dug up again out of the ruins in time to come, as we dig up coins and medals in Greek or Roman soil. It is curious to note how closely this corresponds with Karr's own estimate of himself: "There will remain of me," he said, "only two phrases: *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*, and *On veut abolir la peine de mort, soit : mais que messieurs les assassins commencent*." It is still more curious to discover that the latter phrase was not of Karr's own writing, but was borrowed, consciously or unconsciously, from the "*Heliotropium*" of the German Drexelius (1581-1638): "*Quondam sæx hominum, et furum, lavernionum, effractorum ampla societates libellos supplices porrexerunt iudicibus, rogaruntque patibula et furcas auferrent*. . . His a iudicibus responsum est, siquidem antiquatum cupiant morem patibulandi abrogari, prius ipsi consuetudinem abrogent furandi, iudices in mora non futuros, quod protinus cruces tollant et patibula, modo ipsi prius cessare jubeant furta" (book iv., ch. ii., s. 1).

Atheist. "By night an atheist half believes a God." The 177th line in Young's "Night Thoughts," V. At the end of Night IV. he had already said,—

Ye deaf to truth ! peruse this parson d page,
And trust, for once, a prophet and a priest :
" Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

Of course there is a reference here to Psalm xiv., "The fool hath said in

his heart, There is no God." One of Clough's most memorable poems, the Spirit's soliloquy in "Dipsychus" (Part I. Sc. v.), affords a parallel to Young's lines. Here are the most pregnant stanzas :

"There is no God," the wicked saith,
 "And truly it's a blessing,
 For what He might have done with us
 It's better only guessing."
 * * * * *
 Some others, also, to themselves
 Who scarce so much as doubt it,
 Think there is none, when they are well
 And do not think about it.
 * * * * *
 But almost every one, when age,
 Disease, or sorrows strike him,
 Inclines to think there is a God,
 Or something very like him.

Athol Brose. Athol is a district in the northern part of Perthshire, Scotland. Brose is Scotch for "broth." Athol brose is a pottage or drink made originally in Athol by pouring boiling water on oatmeal and introducing a few condiments. That it is a pleasant compound appears from Hood's epigram :

Charmed with a drink which Highlanders compose,
 A German traveller exclaims with glee,
 "Potzttausend ! sare, if dis is Athol Brose,
 How goot der Athol Boetry must be !"

The name "brose" or "broose" is also given to a race at country weddings who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church, the prize being a smoking bowl of spice broth. In time the name was transferred from the prize to the race itself.

Audit ale, elliptically, **Audit**. A kind of strong ale, brewed especially at Trinity College, Cambridge, and so called either because it is held to be specially appropriate to Audit Day (the day on which students' accounts are audited), or because it was originally brewed on that day. Only a limited quantity is now brewed once a year, professors and undergraduates being allowed to purchase no more than a certain number of bottles. At Cambridge the custom is at least two hundred years old. At other universities it is a recent innovation.

But where is now the goodly audit ale ?

BYRON: *The Age of Bronze*.

The table was spread with coffee, audit, devils, omelets, hare pies, and all the other articles of the buttery.—OUIDA: *Granville de Vigne, or Held in Bondage*.

Audley. To come Lord Audley over one, = to gull him. The origin of the phrase is uncertain. It has been suggested that the term may perpetuate the memory of a Wiltshire nobleman, Mervin, Lord Audley, also Earl of Castlehaven in Ireland, who was hanged in 1631 for robbery.

A case occurred recently at the Devizes police court, when a travelling actor was charged with having imposed upon some people in Lydeaway by pretending to be the son and heir of the landlady (deceased) of a public house at which he seems to have called for refreshment without any premeditation of the imposition. His excuse to the magistrate was that, finding the people easily gulled, he thought he would come Lord Audley over them.—*Notes and Queries*, fifth series, v.

Audley, John. A purely mythical person, like Dickens's Mrs. Harris or the American Tom Collins. When Richardson, the English theatrical showman, manager of a troupe of strolling actors, deemed that his plays had

worked long enough, and saw fresh audiences ready to rush up the steps, he used to put his head between the canvas and call out, "Is John Audley here?" at which the curtain soon fell, and the strollers began to a new crowd of hearers. "To John Audley a play," meaning to cut it down, still survives in theatrical circles.

Australian flag. This is humorously said to be a shirt-tail,—an allusion to the fact that Australian farmers and ranchers usually wear belts instead of braces, with the inevitable result that a great fold of shirt protrudes between trousers and waistcoat.

Auto-da-fé (Port., literally, "act of faith") originally meant the sentence passed on convicted heretics by the courts of the Spanish Inquisition, but the phrase by extension grew to be applied to the public infliction of the penalties prescribed, and especially the severer ones of hanging and burning.

Why, at the last Auto-da-fé, in 1824 or '25, or somewhere there,—it's a traveller's story, but a mighty knowing traveller he is,—they had a "heretic" to use up according to the statutes provided for the crime of private opinion. They couldn't quite make up their minds to burn him, so they only *hung* him in a hog'shead painted all over with flames!—HOLMES: *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, p. 262.

Autographs and Autograph-Hunters. "The tolerant universe," says Mr. Andrew Lang, "permits men, women, and children to be mighty autograph-hunters before the Lord." But the universe would not be so tolerant if it were mainly composed of autograph huntees instead of hunters. One of the most eminent of the former class, no less a person, indeed, than Alfred Tennyson, once told his neighbor, Mrs. Cameron, that he believed every crime and every vice in the world was connected with the passion for autographs and anecdotes and records (*vide* Taylor's "Autobiography"). Another, Professor Huxley, wrote in a private letter, "I look upon autograph-hunters as the progeny of Cain, and treat their letters accordingly; heaven forgive you if you are only an unusually ingenuous specimen of the same race." The letter containing this passage was recently offered for sale in London,—a bit of audacity that might have made Cain blush for his progeny.

Perhaps, in accordance with the larger charity of this age, it might be best to treat autograph-hunting as a disease rather than a vice. Once the mania has bitten a collector, he is no longer responsible. And the alarming feature about the matter is the prevalence of the complaint. Sporadic cases are, indeed, recorded at a very high antiquity; but it is only during the last two centuries that it has reached the epidemic stage.

The first case ever recorded was that of a certain Atossa. Little is known about her, save that she was not the mother of Darius. But she may have been the mother of the autograph-collector. We find her described as the first who *ἐπιστολὰς συντάξαι*. Shall we translate this as the first who *collected* or who *wrote* letters? On the construction of the verb depends her glory or her shame. But we really are not on solid ground until we reach the great name of Cicero. We know that he had a collection, and a fine one, for he speaks of it with gratulation. The fever, even in those early days, was contagious. It spread to his contemporaries; it raged with some violence among his immediate successors. Pliny mentions one Pompeius Secundus at whose house he had seen autographs of Cicero, Augustus, Virgil, and the Gracchi. Yet Pliny, who bows to Secundus as his superior, himself possessed a collection valued at \$15,000. Then came the irruption of the barbarians, and good-by to the collector and his collections! We do not meet him again until the beginning of the sixteenth century. Then he reappears in the person of a certain Bohemian squire, who, about the year 1507, began keeping a book which recorded his exploits of the chase, and in which, as a further refresher

of the memory, he collected the signatures of his great hunter friends. This he called his *Albus Amicorum*, probably in memory of the Roman Album, from *albus*, "white," a blank tablet for making entries. The custom soon extended all over Germany, not merely with hunters, but more especially with travellers, who on returning from the grand tour would proudly exhibit their alba in proof of the good company they had kept while on the road. By the seventeenth century it had reached France, and evidently it was just beginning to be heard of by Englishmen anxious to emulate foreign fashions in 1642, when James Howell included in his "Instructions for Forrain Travel" this item: "Some do use to have a small leger book fairly bound up table-book-will [table-book-wise], wherein when they meet with any person of note and eminency, and journey or pension with him any time, they desire him to write his name, with some short sentence which they call the mot of remembrance, the perusal whereof will fill one with no displeasing thoughts of dangers and accidents passed." Every one remembers how the peripatetic scholar in Goethe's tragedy tells Mephistopheles, masquerading in the professional robes of the learned Doctor Faust, "I cannot leave you without presenting you with my album; deign to honor it with a souvenir from your hand." "Gladly," says the Devil, and on the virgin page he writes, "Thou shalt be like unto God, knowing the good and the evil."

Possibly the first autograph-collector in the modern sense—that is, the first person who made it a business to gather together letters and documents not for their personal but for their literary or historical associations—was Loménie de Brienne, ambassador of Henry IV., who died in 1638. His rich collection was acquired by Louis XIV., who placed it in the royal library. And to-day the names of famous collectors can be counted by the hundreds, and the value of each individual collection frequently mounts up well into the thousands. Autograph-dealers pursue a lucrative business. Their catalogues throw a curious insight upon the sliding scale by which such memorials of the living and the dead are appraised. In this list or roll-call of fame, this price-current of the great, Andrew Johnson is more highly valued than Lincoln, Jefferson, or even Washington; one of the most insignificant of the signers of the Declaration is ranked above all his illustrious colleagues; and Piron lords it over kings and conquerors. The inexorable law of supply and demand steps in here as elsewhere, and regulates prices according to the scarcity which limits the supply, and the interest or eminence of the subject which incites the demand. The two rarest autographs of all are Shakespeare's and Molière's. Of course these are the most expensive. Of Molière's there are known to be five in existence. Of Shakespeare's it is claimed that there are seven, three to his will, two to conveyances of property, one in a folio edition of the plays, possessed by Mr. Gunther, of Chicago, and one in Giovanni Florio's translation of Montaigne. The will is in the British Museum, and cost \$1572. But the folio signature is doubted, and two of the signatures to the will are thought to have been filled in by amanuenses. The largest of Molière's is but six lines long, and is a receipt for money, very queerly spelt. Of the plays of both authors not a fragment is known to exist.

Legitimate collectors limit their fad to the serious collection of autographs that are in the market. They look down with scorn upon the amateurs who beg signatures that may be had for the asking. It is the latter, indeed, who have brought the autograph-hunter into disrepute. They are a sore trial to the patience and the morality of statesmen and men of letters, who are apt to become ferociously and even blasphemously contemptuous. Daniel O'Connell, for example, once took up his pen and wrote as follows:

SIR,—I'll be damned if I will send you my autograph.

Yours, DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Others, less hibernially hot-blooded, employ a secretary or (most exasperating of all) use a type-writer, refusing autographs to all but the most cunning applicants. Huxley and Ruskin have each been obliged to prepare a printed circular, at once a remonstrance and an apology, which they slip into an envelope and send off to their begging correspondents. Mark Twain has followed their example in this type-written message :

I hope I shall not offend you ; I shall certainly say nothing with the intention to offend you. I must explain myself, however, and I will do it as kindly as I can. What you ask me to do I am asked to do as often as one-half dozen times a week. Three hundred letters a year ! One's impulse is to freely consent, but one's time and necessary occupations will not permit it. There is no way but to decline in all cases, making no exceptions ; and I wish to call your attention to a thing which has probably not occurred to you, and that is this : that no man takes pleasure in exercising his trade as a pastime. Writing is my trade, and I exercise it only when I am obliged to. You might make your request of a doctor, or a builder, or a sculptor, and there would be no impropriety in it, but if you asked either for a specimen of his trade, his handiwork, he would be justified in rising to a point of order. It would never be fair to ask a doctor for one of his corpses to remember him by.

A rebuff is not always accepted by its object. Danger and difficulty add zest to the sport ; his persistence becomes malignant, his dodges subtle and inscrutable. The very fact that an autograph is denied to fair means will encourage foul. The hunter drops a note to his victim, asking him in what year he wrote his sweet poem of the Ancient Mariner (knowing very well that he never wrote it, but will be tickled by the ascription), or what was the middle name of his father, or explains that he is replenishing his library and wishes a full chronological list of the works of his favorite author. He knows in his heart (the sly dog) that an appeal to personal vanity will fetch an author every time.

Mr. William Black has recorded a few out of his own experience which are amusing enough to quote :

The most persistent correspondent whom the writer of books has to face is the autograph-hunting fiend, whose ways are dark and devious beyond description. The dodges to which he will resort in order to accomplish his diabolical purpose are as the sand of the sea-shore for multitude ; and it is to be feared that many an honest letter is flung into the waste-paper basket on the mere hasty and exasperated suspicion that it hails from an autograph-hunter. The most deadly stratagem in this direction I ever heard of was the invention of a friend of mine, who now confesses to it as one of the sins of his youth. He wrote a letter to each of the persons whose autograph he coveted, describing himself as a ship-owner and asking permission to be allowed to name his next vessel after the particular celebrity he was addressing. It was a fatal trap. Nearly every one fell into it. Even poor old Carlyle had no suspicion, and, in replying to the bogus ship-owner, expressed the hope that the vessel to be named after him might sail into a happier haven than he had ever reached. I remember when I was in America receiving a very pretty and charming letter from two sisters living in one of the Southern States. They described their beautiful home on the banks of the — River ; they were, they informed me, living there quite alone, having neither friends nor relatives to occupy their time withal ; and it had occurred to them that, as I was certain to form a perfectly false idea of American hospitality so long as I remained in the cold and callous North, would I not come down for a week or two to this sylvan retreat on the — River, that they might show me what a real Southern welcome was like ? It was a most innocent and idyllic invitation ; and I was describing it a long time afterwards to Mr. Bret Harte, when he interrupted me. " Didn't the letter go on something like this ? " He knew the rest. The idyllic invitation had been but an autograph-hunting lure.

A good story is told of the late Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales. When a small boy at school, finding himself " strapped," and knowing, perhaps, that his royal father was also in the same condition, he wrote to his grandmother for a loan of five shillings. Back came a letter full of grandmotherly reproof and advice, and illustrating precept by thrifty example in withholding the five shillings. Prince Albert promptly sold the letter to a dealer for the absurdly low figure of thirty shillings. In 1889, at a London sale of curios, it brought £16.

But it is French people who excel in this kind of *finesse*. In 1856 a clever

rascal, using various pseudonyms, such as Gabriel Vicaire, Soriano, Ludovic Picard, and others, wrote letters to many famous people of the day, asking for counsel, assistance, or encouragement. Sometimes he was an unhappy wife who had determined at all costs to fly from her uncongenial husband, sometimes an *écuyère* of the circus, sometimes a young artist, unsuccessful and tempted to suicide. The great people responded like men—and women. Some were lengthy, some curt, some eloquent, some persuasive, some sarcastic: never mind, they all wrote. Then the clever young man hied him to a noted collector, and disposed of a lot of valuable autographs from Lacordaire, Heine, George Sand, Antonelli, Taglioni, Dickens, Abd-el-Kader, and heaven knows how many others. Not until the collector recognized the limited number of themes treated in his newly-acquired treasures did the ingenuity of the scheme stand revealed.

But ingenuity has raised up ingenuity to baffle it. The schemes of the hunter are met by counter-schemes of the intended victim. A gentleman—so described, at least, in the paper (*The Bookmart*) from which this note is cribbed—laid a wager once that he would get an autograph out of Lord Tennyson. He sat down and wrote a polite note, asking the noble lord which, in his opinion, was the best dictionary of the English language,—Webster's or Ogilvie's. That will fetch him, thought the man who set the trap. Did it? By the next post came a half-sheet of note-paper, on which was carefully pasted the word "Ogilvie," cut out of the correspondent's own letter.

A certain eminent American has a second-cousin, so it is said, of the same name as his own. To this accommodating relative he turns over all requests for sentiments or signatures. The second-cousin answers the letters and signs his own name. Thus all parties to the transaction are satisfied. A refinement of authorial ingenuity makes the hunter pay for his autograph. Kate Field, approached by a fiend, wrote in his album the significant information that he could subscribe for her periodical at four dollars a year. What could he do but take the hint? Jean Ingelow, pestered to death by importunities, finally made a number of copies of her favorite poems, dated them, and placed them in the hands of her American publishers to be sold at two dollars apiece,—the money to be devoted to a charitable purpose.

Horace Greeley, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," records the fact that a gushing youth once wrote him to this effect:

DEAR SIR: Among your literary treasures you have doubtless several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please enclose it to me and receive the thanks of yours truly.

Mr. Greeley promptly responded as follows:

DEAR SIR: Among my literary treasures there happens to be exactly one autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. It is his note of hand for \$50.00, with my endorsement across the back. It cost me exactly \$50.75 (including protest), and you can have it for half that amount. Yours, respectfully.

Mr. Greeley feelingly adds, "That autograph, I regret to say, remains on my hands, and is for sale at the original price, despite the lapse of time and the depreciation of our currency."

It was on this incident that Bayard Taylor based the admirable parody of Poe which appears in his "Diversions of the Echo Club." Here is a specimen stanza:

'Twas the random runes I wrote
At the bottom of the note
(Wrote and freely
Gave to Greeley),
In the middle of the night,
In the yellow, moonless night,
When the stars were out of sight,

When my pulses like a knell
 (Israfil!)
 Danced with dim and dying fays
 O'er the ruin of my days,
 O'er the dimeless, timeless days,
 When the fifty, drawn at thirty,
 Seeming thrifty, yet the dirty
 Lucre of the market, was the most that I could raise!

Ave Imperator! morituri te salutant! (L., "Hail, O Emperor! we who are about to die salute thee!") The cry with which the gladiators in the arena acknowledged the presence of the Cæsar before beginning their fights.

"O Cæsar! we who are about to die
 Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry
 In the arena, standing face to face
 With death and with the Roman populace.

So sings Longfellow in his "*Morituri Salutamus*," a poem recited at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the class of 1825 in Bowdoin College. Suetonius, in his life of Claudius, ch. xxi., relates how at a gladiatorial fight on the Fucine Lake, the Emperor, instead of the usual *valete* ("farewell"), replied, *Avete vos*, a customary parting greeting, which the gladiators insisted on taking in its literal sense of "Live!" or "Long life to you!" and refused to fight. But Claudius urged and compelled them to proceed with the show.

Wellington and Napoleon! It is a wonderful phenomenon that the human mind can, at the same time, think of both these names. There can be no greater contrast than the two, even in their external appearance. Wellington, the dumb ghost, with an ashy gray soul in a buckram body, a wooden smile in his freezing face—and by the side of *that* think of the figure of Napoleon, every inch a god! That figure never disappears from my memory. I still see him, high on his steed, with eternal eyes in his marble-like, imperial face, glancing calm as destiny on the guards defiling past—he was then sending them to Russia, and the old grenadiers glanced up at him, so terribly devoted, so all-consciously serious, so proud in death,—

Te, Cæsar, morituri salutant.

HEINE: *English Fragments*.

Axe to grind, An. This phrase has frequently been attributed to Benjamin Franklin, but it really belongs to Charles Miner (1780-1865), and occurs in an essay entitled "Who'll turn the Grindstone?" originally contributed to the *Wilkesbarre Gleaner*, a country newspaper in the interior of Pennsylvania, in 1811. The author says that when he was a little boy he was accosted one cold winter morning by a man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he: "will you let me grind my axe upon it?" Pleased by the compliment of "fine little fellow," the gentleman's bidding was done by the boy, water being procured for him and the grindstone kept in motion until the boy's hands were blistered, the smiling gentleman keeping up his flattery meanwhile. Before the grinding was done, the school-bell rang, and after the axe had the proper edge on it the man ungraciously exclaimed, "Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant; scud to school, or you'll rue it." The author says that he felt very much wounded and never forgot the incident, and ever afterward when he saw one person flattering another he said to himself, "That man has an axe to grind."

The essay, it will be seen, is imitated from Franklin's "Don't pay too much for your whistle." To make the analogy more complete, the series to which it belonged was gathered up into a book under the title of "Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe," Doylestown, 1815.

B.

B, the second letter of the English alphabet, as it was of the Phœnician and is in most of the alphabets borrowed from the Phœnician, is the *beta* of the Greeks, the *beth* of the Phœnicians. Beth means a "house."

Babies in the eyes, a common locution for the reflection of one's self in another's pupils. Thus, Herrick in "The Kiss :"

It is an active flame that flies
First to the babies in the eyes.

Inasmuch as lovers are fond of gazing in one another's eyes, an obvious conceit suggested the phrase "to look" or "to make babies in the eyes," which is sufficiently exemplified in the following passages :

Be sure when you come into company that you do not stand staring the men in the face as if you were making babies in their eyes.—QUEVEDO.

Look babies in your eyes, my pretty sweet one.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *The Loyal Subject*.

So when thou saw'st in nature's cabinet
Stella thou straight look'st babies in her eyes.

SIDNEY : *Astrophel and Stella*.

See where little Cupid lies
Looking babies in the eyes.

DRAYTON.

And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

DONNE : *The Ecstasy*.

Think ye by gazing on each other's eyes

To multiply your lovely selves?

SHELLEY : *Prometheus Unbound*.

Backsheesh, an Oriental term for a present of money, a gratuity, a *pour-boire*.

There are not many words, even among those of foreign extraction, of which the orthography offers no less than thirteen alternatives. We have, however, the authority of the great English dictionary now issuing (very deliberately) from the Clarendon press, for declaring that backsheesh is one of the few which enjoy this privilege. Originally of Persian origin, it seems to have made its first appearance in Western literature very soon after the death of Shakespeare, for in 1625 we find "bacsheese (as they say in the Arabique tongue), that is gratis freely" (PURCHAS : *Pilgrimes*, ii. 1340). Whether or no the term ever really had this meaning, it were difficult now to determine, but assuredly for many years past it has signified something very different. In what may be called its most vulgar and aggravating sense, it is the first word to greet the English traveller, and the last to ring in his ears as he turns his face homeward. Probably no other single vocable rises with such persistent frequency as this to the lips of the dusky Oriental. It is like what the mathematicians call a constant quantity, a ground discord which underlies his every chord, a sort of spectral diapason from which there is no escape.—*Macmillan's Magazine*, August, 1891.

Back-talk, in American slang, "sass," impudence, the unwarranted retort of a subordinate to his employer, or of an inferior to a superior.

"That's exactly what I came here for this evening, Miss Mildred."

The young man laid aside his hat, cane, and gloves.

"That's exactly what I came for," he repeated, possessing himself of her hand. "I want you for my wife."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble, Mr. Fairball," exclaimed the girl, taking her hand away. "I shall never marry you."

"Another word of back-talk like that," said the young base-ball umpire, quietly but firmly passing his arm around her waist and pulling her head down on his shoulder, "will cost you twenty-five dollars."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Backward, Looking. The superstition of the ill luck of looking backward, or returning, is a very ancient one, originating doubtless from the story of Lot's wife, who "looked back from behind him" when he was led by an

angel outside the doomed City of the Plain. In Robert's "Oriental Illustrations" it is stated to be "considered exceedingly unfortunate in Hindostan for men or women to look back when they leave their house. Accordingly, if a man goes out and leaves something behind him which his wife knows he will want, she does not call him to turn or look back, but takes or sends it after him; and if some great emergency obliges him to look back, he will not then proceed on the business he was about to transact." In this connection a curious parallel between the Bible and Hesiod may be noted: "No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God" (*Luke* ix. 62), and "He who is intent upon his work, drawing the straight furrow, never looks back upon his friends, but keeps his mind upon his work" (*Works and Days*, ii. 61-62).

Bacon. To save one's, a proverbial saying, meaning, in Biblical phrase, to escape by the skin of one's teeth, to keep one's self from harm by a narrow margin. It is not impossible that there is some allusion here to the Dunmow flitch (*q. v.*). A man and his wife who stopped short when on the verge of a quarrel might be said to have just saved their bacon. An equally plausible derivation is suggested by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, 2d series, iv. 132: "When a pig is killed, it is the custom in some of the southern countries of Europe, as well as in many parts of England, to remove the bristles from the dead pig's hide, not by scalding, but by singeing. This is an operation of some nicety; for too much singeing would spoil the bacon. But practice makes perfect; and by the aid of ignited stubble, straw, or paper the object is effected. The bristles are all singed off, and the bacon remains intact. This operation is in Portugal called *chamuscado*." Hence the phrase *cheira a chamusco* ("he smells of singeing"), which by extension was applied to any suspected heretic, or to one who was secretly a Jew, that is to say, "to one who deserved to be burnt, and acted in a way that was very likely to lead to it" (Moraes). It readily follows that the man might be said to have just saved his bacon who had narrowly escaped the penalty of being burned alive. The only fault with this ingenious theory is that it lacks illustrative examples to bridge over the chasm between a recognized metaphor and a chartered proverbial saying. Dr. Murray traces the use of the expression in English as far back as 1691: "No, they'll conclude I do it to save my bacon."—*Weesils*, i. 5.

But here I say the Turks were much mistaken
Who, hating hogs, yet wished to save their bacon.

BYRON: *Don Juan*, vii. 42.

Bad egg. American slang for a rascal, a black sheep, a person whose reputation is odorous.

There is some philosophy in the remark that a man may be a bad egg, and yet not be a nuisance until he is broke.—*Sporting Times*.

Bag. Both as a verb and as a noun this word is put to many strange uses in current slang. As a verb it may mean to secure, to obtain (an extension of the sporting phrase, meaning to put or enclose game in a bag), and hence to steal, to capture. In sailors' and printers' slang, bag as a noun means a pot of beer, and to get one's head in a bag is to drink. Other phrases in common colloquial use are to give the bag or sack, meaning to dismiss from one's service; to let the cat out of the bag; to give one the bag to hold,—to leave him in the lurch,—and to put one in a bag, which latter phrase Fuller thus explains: "They [the Welsh] had a kind of plaie wherein the stronger who prevailed put the weaker into a sack; and hence we have borrowed our English by-word, to express such betwixt whom there is apparent odds of strength: He is able to put him up in a bagge."—*Worthies: Cardigan*, ii. 579.

Baggage-Smasher, in American slang, a name humorously given to a railway porter, because of his reckless way of handling luggage, also to a thief who hangs about railway-stations waiting for a chance to steal the luggage.

Fashionable people who have spent the summer at the watering-places or at the sea-side, but have now returned to the cities, assert that the baggage-smasher has become more destructive than ever. The baggage-smasher is indeed a terror. In fact, there are two of them: the one who flits from station to station and dumps your poor dumb trunk with force enough to drive piles in a government breakwater, and the one who loiters around the *dépôt* watching for his chance to shatter your baggage. The *dépôt* baggage-man is the most culpable of the two species. In his long and dark career of smashing trunks, he has evidently knocked the hoops off his conscience, and there is no remorse brave, foolish, or reckless enough to tackle his heart-strings and play on them.—*Texas Siftings*, November 3, 1888.

Baker, To spell. To attempt a difficult task. In the old spelling-books baker was the first word of two syllables, and seemed an almost insuperable obstacle to the child who had encountered only words of one syllable.

If an old man will marry a young wife, why, then—why, then—why, then—he must spell baker.—LONGFELLOW: *New England Tragedies*.

Baker's Dozen. Thirteen. The phrase is often used colloquially for good measure running over. In mediæval times bakers were kept rigidly under the eye of the law, their vocation being one on which the public health and prosperity largely depended. From the time of King John, their profits were regulated by enactment, due allowance being made for labor, cost of fuel and raw material, wear and tear of the oven, services of assistants, and expenses attending the sale. Stringent penalties, changed by a law of Edward II. from heavy fines to the pillory, were inflicted for offences against the required weight or quality of loaves. Hence there grew up a precautionary custom for bakers to give a surplus loaf, called the in-bread or the vantage-loaf, to all purchasers of a dozen. To a dozen of rolls fourteen were allowed. This custom is still kept up in certain parts of Scotland. And in the wholesale book-trade in England to this day a publisher's dozen is thirteen copies. Henry Hudson, when he discovered the bay which bears his name (1610), gave to a cluster of thirteen or fourteen islands on the east shore the name of Baker's Dozen: these were given in D'Anville's French Atlas under the title "*La Douzaine du Boulanger*."

How bakers thirteen loaves do give
All for a shilling, and thrive well and live.

TAYLOR THE WATER POET: *Travels of Twelve Pence*.

In this volume there are several feigned stories; also, there are some morals, and some dialogues, but they are as the advantage loaf of bread in the baker's dozen.

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE: *Nature's Picture* (1656).

Balaam, a bit of journalistic slang which was popularized by *Blackwood's Magazine* in the days of Christopher North, is defined by Lockhart as "the cant name for asinine paragraphs about monstrous productions of nature and the like, kept standing in type to be used whenever the real news of the day leave an awkward space that must be filled up somehow." (*Life of Scott*, lxx. 622 (1842).) Of course it is an allusion to Numbers xxii. 30, where Balaam's ass spoke "with man's voice." A balaam's box was a receptacle for old jokes, anecdotes, and other chestnuts which were editorially used to fill up space. It now survives in the sense of a waste-basket for rejected manuscripts.

An essay for the *Edinburgh Review* in "the old unpolluted English language" would have been consigned by the editor to his Balaam basket.—HALL: *Modern English*.

Bald-headed Row, in America, a humorous colloquialism for the front seats of the orchestra or parquet (the English pit) in theatres, so named by the fun-makers of the press, who assume that such seats are always taken by

old or middle-aged respectability, anxious to get as close as possible to the favorites of the foot-lights. It is a part of the assumption that the favorites in their turn reserve their choicest smiles for these ancient admirers. Dr. Wm. Hammond, in a semi-jocose essay, "Will the coming man be bald?" (*Forum*, No. 1), makes indirect allusion to this popular fancy: "The principle of natural selection, though up to this time an insignificant influence in causing baldness, is beginning to add its great force to the accomplishment of what is evidently an object of nature. Women, who in general, even within the knowledge of the present generation, did not take kindly to bald-headed men, are gradually overcoming their prejudices, and see in the bare head an element of manly beauty. Should this tendency become wide-spread, the days of hair on the head of men are numbered, and a few hundred years will see the end. Some nations, however, will reach this stage of development sooner than others. If we may judge from present appearances, and from our knowledge of his advance in other directions, the American will distance all competitors in this race."

Ballads. Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun is remembered in literature by a single phrase, and that phrase is not his own. Writing to the Marquis of Montrose, he says, "I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." Much ingenious conjecture has been wasted upon the identity of the wise man. As good a guess as any names John Selden, who was a friend and contemporary of Fletcher's.

The French proverb, "France is an absolute monarchy tempered by songs," emphasizes the important part which popular poetry may play in political matters. And Beaumarchais's phrase, "Tout finit par des chansons" ("Everything ends with songs," *Mariage de Figaro*), is a recognition of the fact that not only do the French people find subjects for mirth in the most serious things, but also that the songs in which they embody their mirth may have a grave significance. The truth of this was well exemplified when Soubise announced his defeat at Rossbach, in 1757, by writing to Louis XV., "The rout of your army is complete. I cannot say how many of your officers have been killed, captured, or lost." The letter was greeted with a shout of laughter. Here is one of the songs:

Soubise dit, la lanterne à la main,
J'ai beau chercher où diable est mon armée;
Elle était là pourtant hier matin.
Me l'a-t-on prise, ou l'aurais-je égarée?

(Soubise, lantern in hand, cries, "I can't find out where the devil my army is. Yet it was here yesterday morning. Has it been taken from me, or have I mislaid it?")

Duruy, in his comment on this incident, says, "The judge most to be feared then was not the king, it was the public, upon whom everything began to depend, and who punished the incapacity of generals and the mistakes of ministers with biting satires."—*History of France*, ii. 452.

Ballooning, an American slang term of no wide popularity, meaning exaggerating, indulging in buncombe, pulling the long bow. The origin of the phrase is attributed to a Yankee who boasted that he had fought a duel in a balloon and brought down his adversary, balloon and all. Yet just such a duel was actually fought in Paris in 1808. A M. de Grandpré and a M. le Pique, having quarrelled about a lady, agreed to have it out in balloons, each party to fire at the other's balloon and try to bring it down. A month was consumed in preparing the balloons, exactly similar in size and shape; and on a fine day the principals and their seconds ascended from the Tuileries Garden, armed

with blunderbusses. When they were about half a mile up, and some eighty yards apart, the signal was given, and M. le Pique missed. M. de Grandpré, however, made a successful shot, and his opponent's balloon went down with tremendous rapidity, both principal and second being instantly killed,—much to the satisfaction of the spectators.

Banbury saint, a rigid, puritanical hypocrite. Even before the Puritan era, Banbury seems to have been noted for the Phariseism of its inhabitants, so that, according to a popular saying, men were in the habit of hanging their cats on Monday for catching mice on Sunday. In proof of the antiquity of the phrase, Dr. Murray cites from a letter addressed by Latimer to Henry VIII., about 1528, the expression, "Their laws, customs, ceremonies, and Banbury glosses." Banbury cheese was a poor, thin cheese. Thus, Shakespeare, in "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act i. Sc. 1., makes Bardolph compare Slender to a Banbury cheese, in ridicule of his eponymic slenderness.

Banyan- or Banian-days, a nautical phrase applied to those days on which sailors are allowed no flesh meat. The Banians are a caste of Hindoo traders who entirely abstain from animal food. But it is also suggested that the term arises from those sanitary arrangements in tropical climates which counsel the substitution of banyans and other fruit on very hot days.

They told me that on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the ship's company had no allowance of meat, and that these meagre days were called Banyan-days, the reason of which they did not know, but I have since learned they take their denomination from a sect of devotees in some parts of the East Indies, who never taste flesh.—SMOLLETT: *Roderick Random*, ch. xxv.

May your honor never know a banyan-day, and a sickly season for you into the bargain!—MARRYAT: *Japhet in Search of a Father*.

Barking up the wrong tree, an American locution applied to one who is at fault in his purpose or in the means to attain it. An allusion to the mistake made by dogs when they fancy they have "treed" the game, which has really escaped by leaping from one tree to another.

Professor Rose, who hit this town last spring, is around calling us a fugitive from justice, and asking why the police don't do something. Gently, Professor. When we left Xenia, O., the sheriff patted us on the back and lent us half a dollar. We are the only man in this town who doesn't turn pale when the stage comes in, and the only one who doesn't break for the sage-brush when it is announced that the United States Marshal is here. We ain't rich or pretty, but we are good, and the Professor is barking up the wrong tree.—*The Arizona Kicker*, in *Detroit Free Press*, October, 1888.

Bar'l, a slangy abbreviation of the word barrel, meaning a barrel of money. In the spring of 1876, when the Democratic party was selecting its delegates to the National Convention which subsequently nominated Samuel J. Tilden for the Presidency, the *Globe Democrat* of St. Louis alluded to that gentleman as the candidate with a bar'l, meaning that he was able and willing to spend large sums to influence his election. The phrase was caught up all over the country, and bar'l became synonymous with wealth in the case of a political candidate.

Barnacle goose, a species of maritime goose, known also as the Solan or Brant goose, and anciently called aves Hibernicæ ("Irish birds"), or, in the diminutive, Hiberniculæ. The dropping of the first syllable of the latter word converted them into Berniculæ, and at this etymological stage their name was easily confounded with that of the bivalves known as Bernaculæ, or barnacles. Hence arose the myth that the goose was sprung from the barnacle, an extraordinary instance of the power of etymology. So early as the twelfth century, Giraldus Cambrensis says, in his "Topography of Ireland,"—

They are like marsh-geese, but somewhat smaller, and produced from fir timber tossed along the sea, and are at first like gum; afterwards they hang down by their beaks as from a sea-weed attached to the timber, surrounded by shells, in order to grow more freely. Having thus, in process of time, been clothed with a strong coat of feathers, they either fall into the water or fly freely away into the air. They derive their food and growth from the sap of the wood, or the sea, by a secret and most wonderful process of alimentation. I have frequently, with my own eyes, seen more than a thousand of these small bodies of birds hanging down on the sea-shore from a piece of timber, enclosed in shells and already formed. They do not breed and lay eggs like other birds, nor do they ever hatch any eggs, nor do they build nests in any corner of the earth. Hence bishops and clergymen in some parts of Ireland do not scruple to dine off these birds at time of fasting, because they are not flesh or born of flesh.

On this he indulges in a little mediæval speculation :

But these are thus drawn into sin, for, if a man during Lent had dined off Adam, our first parent, who was not born of flesh, surely we should not consider him innocent of having eaten that which is flesh.

It is not necessary to call into question Giraldus's truthfulness, especially as his testimony is confirmed by Holinshed and other witnesses of repute. The barnacle shell-fish do attach themselves in great numbers to any floating wreck or log, and their byssus or beard protruding to an extraordinary length through the opening of the shell bears a not remote resemblance to the pinions of a fledgling bird, while the process by which they attach themselves to the timber suggests a beak. These facts, with the similarity of name, suggested their eventual development into the geese which frequent the coast in incredible numbers, and whose nests, built in remote and inaccessible rocks, were rarely revealed to human search.

Bath. *Go to Bath* is a popular locution meaning, You are crazy, you are talking nonsense,—in allusion to the fact that physicians ordered invalids and the insane to go to Bath, to drink the medicinal waters there. Bath was a famous resort from the early part of the sixteenth century. The miscellaneous character of the crowds who flocked there seems to have excited the scorn of the Earl of Rochester, who thus describes the place :

There is a place, adown a gloomy vale,
Where burdened nature lays her nasty tail;
Ten thousand pilgrims thither do resort,
For ease, disease, for lechery and sport.

Bath brick, Bath buns, and Bath chairs are all well known. But, strangest of all, Bath has provided the vocabulary of French argot with the adjective bath or bate, = A 1, or first-class, used in phrases, "c'est bien bath," etc. Towards 1848 note-paper of a superior quality made in Bath was hawked about Paris streets at a low price. Hence *papier Bath* became synonymous with excellent paper. Eventually the qualifying clause alone remained and received a general application.

Bath of Blood, a name sometimes applied to the massacre of the Huguenots at Vassy, in France (1562), at the command of the Duke of Guise, and also to the murder, in 1520, of seventy Swedish nobles of Stockholm by command of Christian II. of Denmark.

Bathos. This word, in the sense which has now excluded all others,—that of an anticlimax, a ludicrous descent from the elevated to the commonplace,—was first made English by Pope, in his *Essay on the Art of Sinking in Poetry*. He informs the reader that the essay is to be styled *περὶ βάθους*, "Concerning Depth," as a foil to Longinus's *περὶ ὑψους*, "Concerning Height,"—i.e., the Sublime. "For true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their *ὑψος* or sublime, no track has been yet chalked out to arrive at our *βάθος* or profound; wherefore, considering, with no small grief, how many promising geniuses of this age are wandering (as I may say) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but necessary task to lead them as it were by

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the hand, and step by step the gentle down-hill way to the bathos ; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra* of true modern poesy !”

He collected a number of amusing instances of the “art of sinking,” as practised by his contemporaries. These are as good as any :

And thou, Dalhousy, the great god of War,
Lieutenant-colonel to the Earl of Mar.

Behold a scene of misery and woe ;
Here Argus soon might weep himself quite blind,
Even though he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe his hundred eyes.

The obscurity of her birth
Cannot eclipse the lustre of her eyes
Which make her all one light.

THEOBALD : *The Double Falsehood.*

The lords above are hungry and talk big.

NAT LEE.

The last quoted is Nat Lee's figurative description of thunder. It will be seen that the first of these is an unmistakable bit of the true bathos. Pope gives no credit for either this or the second one, and it is shrewdly suspected that he wrote both of them himself, possibly in jest for the purpose of using them in this burlesque, but more probably in all serious earnest in his juvenile epic of “Alcander,” which he was too wise ever to publish as a whole.

Horace Smith, in his “Tin Trumpet,” gives two stories that may appropriately be quoted :

Of the written Bathos, an amusing instance is afforded in the published tour of a lady who has attained some celebrity in literature. Describing a storm to which she was exposed when crossing in the steamboat from Dover to Calais, her ladyship says, “In spite of the most earnest solicitations to the contrary, in which the captain eagerly joined, I firmly persisted in remaining upon deck, although the tempest had now increased to such a frightful hurricane that it was not without great difficulty I could hold up my parasol !”

As a worthy companion to this little *morceau*, we copy the following affecting advertisement from a London newspaper : “If this should meet the eye of Emma D—, who absented herself last Wednesday from her father's house, she is implored to return, when she will be received with undiminished affection by her almost heart-broken parents. If nothing can persuade her to listen to their joint appeal,—should she be determined to bring their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave,—should she never mean to revisit a home where she had passed so many happy years,—it is at least expected, if she be not totally lost to all sense of propriety, that she will, without a moment's further delay, send back the key of the tea-caddy.”

There is merit in the rapturous exclamation of the Frenchman, “*Superbe ! magnifique !* in short, pretty well !” But of all foreigners the East Indians are most given to this form of sinking. The following request for a holiday is from a native clerk in India : “Most Exalted Sir,—It is with most habitually devout expressions of my sensitive respect that I approach the clemency of your masterful position with the self-dispraising utterance of my esteem, and the also forgotten-by-myself assurance that in my own mind I shall be freed from the assumption that I am asking unpardonable donations if I assert that I desire a short respite from my exertions ; indeed, a fortnight's holiday, as I am suffering from three boils, as per margin. I have the honorable delight of subscribing myself your exalted reverence's servitor. (Signed) Jonabul Panjamjaub.” In addition to the regalement of the ear from the charm of style to his communication, the eye is gratified by a rough but graphic illustration of the three boils.

Courts of law frequently offer excellent examples, especially the inferior tribunals, whose magistrates feel most keenly the glory of a little brief authority. A famous story is that of the London “beak” who made this tremendous appeal to a witness about to take the oath : “Remember that the eyes of God and of Her Majesty's police court are upon you.” Equally famous

is the exordium of another justice's charge to a jury in a case of larceny: "For forty centuries the thunders of Sinai have echoed through the world, Thou shalt not steal. This is also a principle of the common law and a rule of equity." Almost as delightful, though expressed without the same literary skill, is the sentence of a president of a court-martial: "Prisoner, not only have you committed murder, but you have run a bayonet through the breeches of one of Her Majesty's uniforms." Perhaps, however, the best of all such judicial utterances is that ascribed to a rural justice of the peace: "Prisoner, a bountiful Providence has endowed you with health and strength, instead of which you go about the country stealing hens."

Beans. In America a fondness for pork and beans is held to be a distinguishing trait of the New-Englander, and especially the Bostoner. Boston baked beans is the name given to a special preparation which is indeed found in its highest stage of perfection in the New England Athens. Hence "to know beans"—a sly hit at Boston's claims to superior culture—means to be very smart, spry, or shrewd. Undoubtedly the success of the phrase has been influenced by the analogous English expression, "To know how many blue beans make five white ones." This is based on a familiar catch, put in the form of a question, the answer being "Five, if peeled."

Few men who better knew how many blue beans it takes to make five.—GALT: *Laurie Todd*.

"Three blue beans in a blue bladder" is an absurd phrase of uncertain origin, used to characterize a noisy rattlepate. The most probable derivation is from a jester's bladder with beans or peas in it:

They say
That putting all his words together,
Tis three blue beans in a blue bladder.

PRIOR: *Alma*, i. v. 25.

Bean, in poker lingo, is often used as a synonyme for a chip. It has also meant a guinea in England, and a five-dollar gold-piece in America, probably from the French *biens*, used in old cant as a synonyme for property or money.

Bear and Bull. In the terminology of the stock exchange, the former means one who speculates on a fall, as the latter on a rise, in stocks. The commonly accepted derivation used to be that bears claw or pull the stock down, while bulls toss it up. But this is a mere guess. It has been shown pretty conclusively that bear has an origin very remote from its present application. Originally the phrase ran "to sell the bear-skin before one has caught the bear," and was applied to all transactions on the stock exchange or elsewhere where there was no immediate transfer of goods, but only a payment to be made at some future period by one party or the other, according as the goods had advanced or receded in price. The separation of the term from the rest of the phrase and its eventual application only to that party who profited by a fall were very gradual. In 1719 we have from the "Anatomy of 'Change Alley," "Those who buy Exchange Alley bargains are styled buyers of bear-skins," and the 1778 edition of Bailey's Dictionary informs us that "to sell a bear" is "to sell what one hath not." Yet in 1744 we find an allusion in the *London Magazine* to "bulls and bears," and in 1774 these terms are defined in their modern sense by George Colman:

My young master is the bull, and Sir Charles is the bear. He agreed for stock, expecting it to be up at three hundred by this time; but, lackaday, sir, it has been falling ever since.—*Man of Business*, iv.

Bear-leader, one who leads about a dancing bear for public exhibition; hence, in English slang, a facetious term for a discreet person in charge of a youth, a tutor or travelling-companion of a young gentleman or nobleman,

employed by the parents to watch over him. When Johnson in his old age visited Scotland in company with James Boswell, the latter was styled the Bear-leader by the wits of Edinburgh. The point of the joke was emphasized by the fact that Johnson was commonly known as *Ursa Major*. Henry Erskine, to whom Boswell had introduced the great man, quietly slipped a guinea into the Bear-leader's hand, saying, "Take that, my good man; that's for a sight of your bear."

And as I almost wanted bread,
I undertook a bear to lead,
To see the brute perform his dance,
Through Holland, Italy, and France
But it was such a very Bruin,
* * *
I took my leave and left the cub
Some humbler Swiss to pay and drub.

They pounced upon the stray nobility, and seized young lords travelling with their bear-leaders.—THACKERAY: *Book of Snobs*, ch. vii.

Bears? Are you there with your, a common English greeting, expressing surprise rather than welcome. Joe Miller explains it as the exclamation made by a church-goer who, disgusted with a sermon on Elisha and the bears, went next Sunday to another church, only to be confronted by the same preacher and the same sermon. The expression was very common in the seventeenth century.

Another, when at the racket-court he had a ball struck into his hazard, he would ever and anon cry out, *Estes-vous là avec vos ours?* which is ridiculous in any other language but English.—JAMES HOWEL: *Instructions for Forrairie Travell*, Sec. 3.

"Marry come up—are you there with your bears?" muttered the dragon.—SCOTT: *The Abbot*, xv.

Bears, Bring on your, a common American challenge or defiance, the story running that a small boy in the wild West, having been much impressed with the story of Elisha and the bears, drew a bead on the next bald-headed gentleman who passed the family log cabin, and shouted out, "Go up, thou bald head! Now bring on your bears!"

Beat the dog before the lion, an old English proverb, whose exact counterpart is found in the French "*Battre le chien devant le lion*," meaning to punish an inferior person in the presence and to the terror of a great one.—*Cotgrave's French Dictionary*, s. v. *Battre*.

And for to maken othe be war by me,
As by the whelp chastised is the leoun.

CHAUCER: *Squire's Tale*, Part ii.

A punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to fright an imperious lion.—*Othello*, ii. 3, 275.

Beati possidentes (L., "Blessed are those in possession"), the popular condensation of an ancient legal maxim, "Beati in jure consentur possidentes," which finds its English equivalent in the familiar proverb, "Possession is nine points of the law." Buchmann plausibly suggests that the phrase may have been developed through a spirit of contradiction from the lines in Horace:

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum.—*Odes*, iv. 9, 45.

("Not him who possesses many things can you rightly call happy.")

This phrase was one of the few scraps of Latin known to Frederick the Great. Therefore it was all the more effective in the mouth of Bismarck, the real successor of Frederick the Great, when in 1877 he offered himself as the mediator between Russia and Turkey, defining his position as "the honest broker who really wanted to do effective business." After the signing of the

preliminary treaty of San Stefano, and just before the Congress of Vienna, Bismarck announced that apart from the commercial freedom of the Dardanelles, and a humanitarian solicitude for the lot of the Christians in Turkey, "Germany had no material interest in the Eastern question, except indeed her interest in preventing the outbreak of a general quarrel over the distribution of the spoil, which Russia might provoke by replying to Europe with a *beati possidentes*."

Beating the Bounds, a curious custom annually observed (either on Holy Thursday or on Ascension Day) in certain parishes of London, when the workhouse boys, under the conduct of a beadle or other officer, walk through the parish from end to end, striking the boundaries with willow wands which they carry in their hands. This is a survival from the period before maps, when apprentices, school-children, and other parish lads were all marched out to learn an object-lesson in this way. It is now abandoned to the workhouse boys here and there, and is looked upon as a holiday occasion.

Beauty is only skin-deep, a common saying that in one form or another may be found in the proverbial lore of all countries. It was a favorite with the old Fathers, who loved to carry out the proposition to a minuteness of detail that would revolt the squeamish stomach of to-day. Here is one of the least unpleasant examples, but even this is slightly bowdlerized: "When thou seest a fair and beautiful person, a brave Bonaroba wringing thy soul and increasing thy concupiscence, bethink thee that it is but earth thou lovest, a mere excrement which so vexeth thee that thou so admirest, and thy raging soul will be at rest. Take her skin from her face, and thou shalt see all loathsomeness under it, that beauty is a superficial skin and bones, nerve, sinews." (CHRYSOSTOM.) In general literature the following are early examples of its use. In "The Nosegay," by Thomas Becon (Parker Society Edition, p. 203), occurs the passage, "And to say the truth, is beauty any other thing than, as Ludovicus Vives saith, 'as [*sic*] little skin well colored? If the inward parts,' saith he, 'could be seen, how great filthiness would there appear, even in the most beautiful person!'" The passage from Ludovicus Vives is, "In corpore ipso quid forma est? nempe *cuticula bene colorata*," etc. (Lod. Vivis. Valent. Op., "Introd. ad Sap.," 61, tom. ii. cols. 72-3, Basil., 1555.) Sir Thomas Overbury, in his poem "A Wife," says,—

And all the carnal beauty of my wife
Is but skin-deep.

Similarly Molière says,—

La beauté du visage est un frêle ornement,
Une fleur passagère, un éclat d'un moment,
Et qui n'est attaché qu'à la simple épiderme.

Les Femmes Savantes, iii., vi.

Nevertheless, modern science recognizes in this skin-deep beauty one of the most valuable motive powers of Nature, bringing into play the principle of sexual selection which insures the mating of the fittest. Beauty, we are told, is one of the gifts which she lavishes on her pets, indicating to those whom that beauty attracts that here is a prize worth striving for. Dr. Holmes, in "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," p. 39, says, "Beauty is the index of a larger fact than wisdom." And again, "Wisdom is the abstract of the past, but beauty is the promise of the future." And Schiller, in his "Essays, Æsthetical and Philosophical," "Physical beauty is the sign of an interior beauty, which is the basis, the principle, and the unity of the beautiful."

Béchamel, Sauce. This simple cream preparation served with boiled fish was invented by no less a person than Louis de Béchamel or Béchameil,

Marquis of Nointel, who was famous not only as a gastronomer but as a financier and a beau. He was maître-d'hôtel, or steward, to Louis XIV., in whose reign the glory of the French kitchen began. The noble, the brave, and the fair girded on their aprons and stood over stew-pans with the air of alchemists over alembics. The great Vatel flourished at this time,—Vatel who, like the ancient Roman, fell upon his professional sword because the cod had not arrived in time to be dressed for the king who was coming to dine with Vatel's master, Condé. Béchamel died in 1703. He was something of an eccentric, and one of his manias was to resemble the Count de Gramont, who treated him one day, not as a Turk would a Moor, but as a lord would a financier. Saint-Simon relates this circumstance in terms peculiar to himself. "The Count de Gramont," says he, "seeing Béchameil walking in the Tuileries, said to his companion, 'Will you bet that I can give him a kick, and that he will think none the worse of me?'" This was carried out to the letter. Béchamel, much astonished, turned, and the count made many excuses, saying that he took him for his nephew. Béchamel was charmed, and the two became more intimate than ever. Was Napoleon familiar with this anecdote when he characterized Talleyrand as a man who would preserve an unruffled front while you kicked him from behind?

Bed of Justice. This expression (*lit de justice*) literally denoted the seat or throne upon which the King of France was accustomed to sit when personally present in Parliament; and from this original meaning the expression came in course of time to signify the Parliament itself. Under the ancient monarchy of France a bed of justice denoted a solemn session of the king in Parliament. According to the principle of the old French constitution, the authority of the Parliament, being derived entirely from the crown, ceased when the king was present; consequently all ordinances enrolled at a bed of justice were acts of the royal will, and of more authority than decisions of Parliament.

The last bed of justice was assembled by Louis XVI., at Versailles, on August 6, 1788, at the commencement of the French Revolution, and was intended to enforce upon the Parliament of Paris the adoption of the obnoxious taxes which had previously been proposed by Calonne at the Assembly of Notables. The resistance to this measure led to the assembling of the States-General, and to the Revolution.

Bedpost, In the twinkling of a,—i.e., immediately, at once. The original expression gave bedstaff in lieu of bedpost, a bedstaff being (conjecturally) an upright peg fixed into the side of the bedstead after the manner of a pin, projecting upward to keep the bedclothes in their place, and used also as a weapon of defence against intruders. Hence, "in the twinkling of a bedstaff," like the analogous phrase of to-day, "in the twinkling of a pike-staff," would mean as rapidly as a staff can be twinkled or turned. "Between you and me and the bedpost," or "you and me and the post," is a humorous tag to an assertion implying confidence, secrecy.

Bee, in provincial New England and New York, an assemblage of people for a set purpose, and especially a meeting of neighbors to unite in working for an individual or a family. In the form of "spelling-bee," or spelling-match, the word has extended over the whole country. Quilting-bees are attended by young women, who assemble around the frame of a bed-quilt and in one afternoon accomplish more than one person could in weeks. Refreshments and beaux help to render the meeting agreeable. Apple-bees are occasions where neighbors assemble to gather apples or cut them up for drying. Husk-ing-bees, for husking corn, meet in barns. In some new districts, on the

arrival of a new settler the neighboring farmers unite with their teams, cut the timber, and build him a log house in a single day; these are termed raising-bees. The name may have come from the likeness of these gatherings to the swarming of buzzing bees.

Bee in the Bonnet, a fad, a craze, a hobby, an overruling fancy or desire: used especially in America in regard to a would-be candidate for the Presidency: "He has the Presidential bee in his bonnet." In the form "a head full of bees" the expression can be traced back at least as far as Gawin Douglas in his translation of Virgil (1512-13, published 1553).

Quhat bern be thou in bed with heid full of beis.—*Eneis*, viii., Prol. 120.

An illustration as well as an indirect explanation of the term may be found in the "Faerie Queene," where, describing the human body, Spenser alludes to the bees and flies in the chamber of Fantasy:

And all the chamber filled was with flies,
Which buzzed about him
Like many swarms of bees.
These flies are idle thoughts and fantasies,
Devices, dreams, opinions, schemes unsound.

Bees were anciently imagined to have some connection with the soul. Mahomet admits them alone of all insects into Paradise. The analogous French expression is, "Il a des rats dans la tête." It is well known that the souls of the dying frequently escape in the form of a rat or a mouse. Dean Swift says that it was the opinion of certain virtuosi that the brain is filled with little worms and maggots, and that thought is produced by these worms biting the nerves. Hence the expression "When the maggot bites" means when the fancy strikes us.

Beef-eaters, a familiar name for the Yeomen of the Guard, a corps organized by Henry VII. for his own protection on the day of his coronation, October 30, 1485, and which has served as a body-guard of the English sovereign ever since. The word is usually derived from *buffetier*, but the etymology is doubtful, as the Yeomen never had charge of the royal buffet or sideboard. Preston ("History of the Yeomen of the Guard," 1885) suggests that they may have received their name from a bird called beef-eater, whose strong, thick bill bore some resemblance to their partisans. Indeed, the Yeomen were often referred to as "billmen," because they carried a weapon with a hook like the beak or bill of a bird. The Tower Wardens, an entirely different body of men, are uniformed like them, and popular parlance classifies them all as beef-eaters.

Bee-line, a straight, direct line, like the flight of a bee to its hive when laden with pollen. The expression, originally American, is now fully domesticated in England.

The field of Lexin'ton, where England tried
The fastest colors thet she ever dyed.
An' Concord Bridge, thet Davis when he came
Found was the bee-line track to heaven an' fame,
Ex all roads be by natur, ef your soul
Don't sneak thru shun-pikes so's to save the toll.

J. R. LOWELL: *Biglow Papers*.

Been there, an Americanism, used in the form "Oh, I've been there," or "He's been there," to indicate that the person so spoken of is exceptionally shrewd or experienced.

The Japanese say, "A man takes a drink; then the drink takes a drink; and next the drink takes the man." Evidently the Japanese have been there.—*Atlanta Constitution*, May 4, 1888.

Beer and Bible, in English politics, a sobriquet applied to that branch of the Conservative party which combated the attempt of the moderate Liberals in 1873 to place certain restrictions upon the sale of intoxicating liquors. The brewers and the Licensed Victuallers' Association turned in to help their Conservative brethren, and, as the latter were mostly of High-Church tendencies, the alliance earned the title of the Beer and Bible Association, their mouth-piece, the *Morning Advertiser*, being called the *Beer and Bible Gazette*. By a singular coincidence, the latter nickname superseded another closely similar, the *Gin and Gospel Gazette*, which the paper had enjoyed for many years previous on account of its close juxtaposition of religious notices and brewers' advertisements.

Beer-money, a gratuity, a *pour-boire*. It is the custom in most great establishments in London for one of the upper servants, generally the steward, to supply the others with beer, charging the amount to the head of the house, while those who do not drink are allowed what is known as beer-money, in addition to their wages. The *Illustrated American* tells this story, which shows that English servants are inclined to abuse their privileges. "Among other expense-items presented to him, shortly after his accession to the family estate, the late Earl of Wicklow discovered 'dishing-up beer,' and, later on, 'turning-down beer.' It was not in the least difficult for him to guess that 'dishing-up' applied to the liquid drunk by the cooks and the kitchen- and scullery-maids when serving dinner, but he was at a loss to understand what the 'turning-down' process might mean. In response to his interrogations, the steward gravely replied, 'It's the beer, my lord, wot the 'ousemaids 'ave when they go hup-stairs to turn down the sheets at night.'"

Belisarius, Give a penny to (L. "Date obolum Belisario"). This proverb may be roughly paraphrased, "Do not kick a man when he is down." Belisarius (A.D. 505-565), the general-in-chief of the army in the East under Justinian, being accused of a conspiracy against his master, forfeited his rank and his fortune. Tradition asserts further that he was deprived of sight and reduced to beggary, and, sitting at the gate of Rome, begged pennies of the passers-by. This story has been perpetuated by Marmontel in his historical romance of "Belisarius." But modern historians agree with Gibbon, that it is "a fiction of later times, which has obtained credit, or rather favor, as a strong example of the vicissitudes of fortune." (*Decline and Fall*, iv. 286, note.) Bacon, after his fall, said to James I., "I would live to study, and not study to live; yet I am prepared for *date obolum Belisario*, and I that had borne a bag [*i.e.*, that containing the great seal] can bear a wallet."

Bell, Book, and Candle. The ancient mode of excommunication practised in the Catholic Church. The closing lines of the formula were as follows: "Cursed be they from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. Out be they taken from the book of life [here the priest closed the book], and as this candle is cast from the sight of men, so be their souls cast from the sight of God into the deepest pit of hell [here the attendant cast to the ground a lighted candle he had held in his hand]. Amen." Then the bells were rung in harsh dissonance, to signify the disorder and going out of grace in the souls of the persons excommunicated.

The cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book !
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head.
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright ;

He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
 He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking,
 He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;
 He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying ;
 He cursed him living, he cursed him dying !

Never was heard such a terrible curse !
 But, what gave rise
 To no little surprise,
 Nobody seemed a penny the worse !

BARHAM : *Ingoldsby Legends : Jackdaw of Rheims.*

Bend, Above one's, in American slang, means beyond one's capacity, and is the Northern equivalent for "above my huckleberry," or "a huckleberry above my persimmon," phrases popular in the Southern States. It is not impossible that the phrase is an old English survival, *bend* being the Anglo-Saxon for a bond, letter, or contract :

For ich am comen hider to-day,
 For to saven hem, yive y may,
 And bring hem out of bende.

Amis and Amiloun, l. 1233.

Above my bend, therefore, might mean more than I am bound or held to do.

Benefit of clergy. The word clergy here, like the word clerk (which is an abbreviation of *clericus*), does not refer exclusively to churchmen, but includes all who had any pretensions to learning. William Rufus, the second of the Norman kings of England, enacted an ordinance (1087) known by the above title, in accordance with which a man could save his life on his proving that he was not entirely ignorant of letters. The first verse of the fifty-first Psalm was chosen as the reading-test, and hence got the name of "neck-verse." Readers of Sir Walter Scott will remember that William of Deloraine boasts of his inability to read a line even were it his "neck-verse at Haribee,"—Haribee being the spot in Carlisle where Scottish moss-troopers and thieves were wont to be "justified,"—*i.e.*, hanged. The statute in favor of "clergy" continued nominally in force till Queen Anne's reign, when it was repealed (1700), although long before that it had become a dead letter. See NECK-VERSE.

Better half, a humorous colloquialism for a wife, makes its first appearance in English literature in Sidney's "Arcadia" (1580), iii. 280, where Argalus says to Parthenia, "My deare, *my better halfe*, I find I must now leave thee." Originally my better half—*i.e.*, the more than half of my being—was said of a very close and intimate friend : cf. Shakespeare,—

O how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me ?
 What can my own praise to mine own self bring,
 And what is't but mine own when I praise thee ?

Sonnet XXXIX.

Yet there is a curious anticipation of the phrase in the Oriental story of the Bedouin Arab who, having blasphemed the name, the beard, and the honor of his chief, was sentenced to the bastinado. His wife pleaded in his behalf. "O great prince," she said to the sheik, "the blasphemy is horrible, I confess, and merits exemplary punishment ; but it is not my whole husband who has thus rendered himself guilty towards thee." "Not thy whole husband ?" echoed the startled sheik. "Nay," she continued, "it is but the half of him that has committed the insult ; for am I not the other half,—I who have never offended thee ? Now the guilty half places itself under the protection of the innocent half, and the latter cannot suffer the former to be punished." The sheik saw so much wit in this reply that he pardoned the guilty husband. (*Percy Anecdotes.*)

Bever or Beaver (Latin *bibere*, through the old French *beivre*), an obsolete English word for a snack or luncheon, especially one taken in the afternoon between mid-day dinner and supper. Hence, a term applied to a frugal repast of bread and beer served out on summer afternoons in Eton, Winchester, and Westminster Colleges till a very recent period.

"It may be interesting for all old Etonians, and for old Collegers in particular, to read the news that 'Bever' is abolished." Such are the words that begin an obituary notice of this institution in the last number of the *Eton College Chronicle*. Though the tone of the article is, on the whole, regretful, yet we would fain have seen another expression substituted for that word "interesting." It is as if one should write, "It may be interesting to you to know that your mother has lost an arm." It is not that tone of the lover to his mistress that the good Conservative and the good Etonian should adopt. For four hundred and fifty years Collegers have partaken of that humble meal of bread and beer, have sought the cool shades of Henry's noble dining-hall for that mild refreshment, and have been proud to entertain oppidan friends who disdain not the Spartan fare. If only that the word "Bever" itself might not become a *nominis umbra* the remorseless authorities might have paused. Indeed, it was cruelly done. But when some five or six years ago grace-cup was found to be out of keeping with the teetotal spirit of the age, and boiled salmon was substituted in its place, we should have known what to expect. The prophet's eye might have seen that the days of "Bever" also were numbered, that the "little systems" of the pious founder had "had their day," and therefore had better "cease to be." "Bever" is gone, and we believe the authorities in substitution intend to allow each Colleger a mug of toast-and-water on Sundays throughout the year. It is the day of the faddist, and a vegetarian dinner in Hall and compulsory Dr. Jaeger's under-clothing are looming like nightmares through the mists of the future.—*Saturday Review*, June 28, 1890.

Bible statistics. The following facts in regard to the Authorized Version of the Bible are given by the indefatigable Dr. Horne in his "Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures." Their compilation is said to have occupied more than three years of the doctor's life:

	<i>Old Testament.</i>	<i>New Testament.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
Books	39	27	66
Chapters	929	260	1,189
Verses	33,214	7,959	33,173
Words	593,493	181,253	773,746
Letters	2,728,100	838,380	3,566,480

Apocrypha.

Books, 14; chapters, 183; verses, 6031; words, 125,185; letters, 1,063,876.

But the good doctor's work is entirely cast into the shade by the statistical exploit of some religious enthusiast (possibly a myth), who, as the result of several years' incarceration for conscience' sake, produced this astonishing monument of misapplied industry:

The Bible contains 66 books, 1189 chapters, 33,173 verses, 773,692 words, and 3,586,489 letters. The word "and" occurs 46,227 times, the word "Lord," 1855 times, "reverend" but once, "girl" but once, in third chapter and third verse of Joel; the words "everlasting fire" but twice, and "everlasting punishment" but once. The middle line is Second Chronicles iv. 16. The middle chapter and the shortest is Psalm cxvii. The middle verse is the eighth verse of Psalm cxviii. The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet, except the letter "J." The finest chapter to read is the twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The nineteenth chapter of Second Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther. The shortest is the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of St. John, viz.: "Jesus wept." The eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first, and thirty-first verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. There are no words of more than six syllables.

It is evident enough that each of these tables is the result of independent labor, as they do not agree with each other as to the number of words and letters in the Bible. Probably we shall have to wait until another enthusiast is juggled before the figures are verified.

Bibles, Curious, a general term given to certain editions of the Scriptures which are distinguished by peculiar errors of the printers, or some

strange choice of words by the translators. The most famous of these, arranged in chronological order, are as follows :

THE BREECHES BIBLE.

"Then the eies of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed figge tree leaves together and made themselves breeches."—*Gen.* iii. 7. Printed in 1560. In the Authorized Version, published in 1611, this picturesque attire has been changed to "aprons."

THE BUG BIBLE.

"So that thou shalt not nede to be afraid for any bugges by nighte, nor for the arrow that flyeth by day."—*Ps.* xci. 5. Printed in 1561. Bug was originally identical with bogie, and has substantially the same meaning as "terror," the word substituted in the Authorized Version.

THE PLACE-MAKERS' BIBLE.

"Blessed are the place-makers ; for they shall be called the children of God."—*Matt.* v. 9. Printed in 1561-2. A version that should be in great request with practical politicians of all parties.

THE TREACLE BIBLE.

"Is there not treacle at Gilead ? Is there no physician there ?"—*Jer.* viii. 22. Printed in 1568.

THE ROSIN BIBLE.

"Is there no rosin in Gilead ? Is there no physician there ?"—*Jer.* viii. 22. A Douay version, printed in 1609.

THE WICKED BIBLE.

This extraordinary name has been given to an edition of the Authorized Bible, printed in London by Robert Barker and Martin Lucas in 1631. The negative was left out of the seventh commandment, and William Kilburne, writing in 1659, says that, owing to the zeal of Dr. Usher, the printer was fined £2000 or £3000.

The same title has been given to the Bible which its publishers called the "Pearl Bible," from the size of the type used, which was published in 1653, and contained the following among other errata :

Neither yield ye your members as instruments of righteousness [for unrighteousness] unto sin.—*Rom.* vi. 13.

Know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit [for shall not inherit] the kingdom of God ?—*1 Cor.* vi. 9.

These errata made the Wicked Bibles very popular among the libertines of the period, who urged the texts as "pleas of justification" against the reproofs of the divines.

THE VINEGAR BIBLE.

'The Parable of the Vinegar,' instead of "The Parable of the Vineyard," appears in the chapter-heading to Luke xx. in an Oxford edition of the Authorized Version which was published in 1717.

THE MURDERERS' BIBLE.

This ghastly name has been won by an edition published in 1801, from an error in the sixteenth verse of the Epistle of Jude, where the word "mur-mururs" is rendered "murderers."

TO-REMAIN BIBLE.

"Persecuted him that was born after the spirit to remain, even so it is now."—*Gal.* iv. 29. This typographical error, which was perpetuated in the first 8vo Bible printed for the Bible Society, takes its chief importance from the curious circumstances under which it arose. A 12mo Bible was being printed at Cambridge in 1805, and the proof-reader, being in doubt as to whether or not he should remove a comma, applied to his superior, and the reply, pencilled on the margin, "to remain," was transferred to the body of the text, and was repeated in the Bible Society's 8vo edition of 1805-6, and also in another 12mo edition of 1819.

THE DISCHARGE BIBLE.

"I discharge thee before God."—1 *Tim.* v. 21. Printed in 1806.

THE STANDING-FISHES BIBLE.

"And it shall come to pass that the fishes will stand upon it," etc.—*Ezek.* xlvii. 10. Printed in 1806.

THE EARS-TO-EAR BIBLE.

"Who hath ears to ear, let him hear."—*Matt.* xiii. 43. Printed in 1810.

THE WIFE-HATER BIBLE.

"If any man come to me, and hate not his father, . . . yea, and his own wife also," etc.—*Luke* xiv. 26. Printed in 1810.

REBEKAH'S-CAMELS BIBLE.

"And Rebekah arose, and her camels."—*Gen.* xxiv. 61. Printed in 1823.

Though not technically ranked among "Curious Bibles," the most extraordinary bit of Biblical eccentricity is a New Testament issued by the Rev. Edward Harwood, D.D., an eighteenth-century divine, whose happy thought it was "to clothe the genuine ideas and doctrines of the apostles with that propriety and perspicuity in which they themselves, I apprehend, would have exhibited them, had they now lived and written in our language." The good doctor, though pained that "the bald and barbarous language of the old vulgar version" had from long usage "acquired a venerable sacredness," was not without a hope that an "attempt to diffuse over the sacred page the elegance of modern English" might allure "men of cultivated and improved minds" to a book "now, alas, too generally neglected."

Dr. Harwood, therefore, proceeded to make the New Testament an eminently genteel book. Every word that had dropped out of vogue in polite circles was plucked away, the very plain-spoken warning to the Laodicean Church assuming in his version this form: "Since, therefore, you are now in a state of lukewarmness, a disagreeable medium between the two extremes, I will, in no long time, eject you from my heart with fastidious contempt." The sentence is certainly delicious; but when we remember who the speaker is, we find we are laughing at something like blasphemy. We may, however, laugh with a clear conscience at the description of Nicodemus as "this gentleman," of St. Paul's Athenian convert Damaris as "a lady of distinction," and of the daughter of Herodias as "a young lady who danced with inimitable grace and elegance." "Young lady, rise," are the words addressed to the daughter of Jairus. The father of the Prodigal is "a gentleman of splendid family;" St. Peter, on the Mount of Transfiguration, exclaims, "Oh, sir! what a delectable residence we might fix here," and St. Paul is raised to the standard of Bristolian respectability by having a "portmanteau" conferred

upon him in place of the mere cloak mentioned by himself as having been left by him at Troas. The apostolic statement, "We shall not all die, but we shall all be changed," appears thus: "We shall not all pay the common debt of nature, but we shall, by a soft transition, be changed from mortality to immortality."

Even after reading these prodigious translations we are hardly prepared for a meddling with the Magnificat and the Nunc Dimittis. But Dr. Harwood's passion for elegance stuck at nothing, and the "men of cultivated and improved minds" must have Harwoodian versions of the two great hymns of Christendom. Here are the openings of both:

"My soul with reverence adores my Creator, and all my faculties with transport join in celebrating the goodness of God, my Saviour, who hath in so signal a manner condescended to regard my poor and humble station. Transcendent goodness! every future age will now conjoin in celebrating my happiness."

"O God! thy promise to me is amply fulfilled! I now quit the post of human life with satisfaction and joy, since thou hast indulged mine eyes with so divine a spectacle as the great Messiah."

To use Dr. Harwood's own words, this edition of the New Testament leaves the most exacting velleity without ground for quiritation.

Biblioklept, a modern euphemism which softens the ugly word book-thief by shrouding it in the mystery of the Greek language. So the French say, not *voleur*, but *chipeur de livres*. The true bibliomaniac cannot help feeling a tenderness for his pet fad, even when carried to regrettable excesses. Perhaps he has often felt his own fingers tingle in view of a rare de Grolier, a unique Elzevir, he knows the strength of the temptation, he estimates rightly his own weakness; perhaps, if he carries self-analysis to the unflattering point which it rarely reaches, save in the sincerest and finest spirits, he recognizes that his power of resistance is supplied not by virtue, but by fear,—fear of the police and of Mrs. Grundy. In his inner soul he admires the daring which risks all for the sake of a great passion. When a famous book-collector was exhibiting his treasures to the Duke of Sussex, Queen Victoria's uncle, he apologized to his royal highness for having to unlock each case. "Oh, quite right, quite right," was the reassuring reply: "to tell the truth, I'm a terrible thief." There are not many of us who are so honest. Nevertheless, the epidemic form which bibliokleptomania has assumed is recognized in the motto which school-boys affix to their books, warning honest friends not to steal them. "Honest" may, of course, be a fine bit of sarcasm. But one prefers to look upon it as indicating a subtle juvenile prescience that the most honest and the most friendly will steal books, as the most honest will cheat their dearest friends in a matter of horseflesh.

The roll of book-thieves, if it included all those who have prigged without detection or who have borrowed without returning, would doubtless include the most illustrious men of all ages. But strike from the list those whose thefts have been active and not passive, and admitting perforce only that probably small proportion whose active thieving has been discovered and proclaimed, a splendid array of names will still remain. It will include learned men, wise men, good men,—the highest dignitaries of church and state, even a pope. And that pope was no less a man than Innocent X. To be sure, he was not pope, but plain Monsignor Pamphilio, when he stole a book from Du Moustier, the painter,—his one detected crime. But who shall say it was his only crime? To be sure, again, Du Moustier was something of a thief himself: he used to brag how he had prigged a book of which he had long been in search from a stall on the Pont-Neuf. Nevertheless, he strenuously objected to be stolen from. When, therefore, Monsignor Pamphilio, in

the train of Cardinal Barberini, paid a visit to the painter's studio in Paris and quietly slipped into his soutane a copy of "L'Histoire du Concile de Trente," M. Du Moustier, catching him in the act, furiously told the cardinal that a holy man should not bring thieves and robbers in his train. With these and other words of a like libellous nature he recovered the History of the Council of Trent, and kicked out the future pontiff. Historians date from this incident that hatred to the crown and the people of France which distinguished the pontifical reign of Innocent X.

Among royal personages, the Ptolemies were book-thieves on a large scale. An entire department in the Alexandrian Library, significantly called "Books from the Ships," consisted of rare volumes taken from sea-voyagers who touched at the port. True, the Ptolemies had a conscience. They were careful to have fair transcripts made of these valuable manuscripts, which they presented to the visitors; but, as Aristotle says, and, indeed, as is evident enough to minds of far inferior compass, the exchange, being involuntary, could not readily be differentiated from robbery. Brantôme tells us that Catherine de Médicis, when Marshal Strozzi died, seized upon his very valuable library, promising some day to pay the value to his son, but the promise was never kept.

Perhaps the greatest of biblioklepts was Don Vincente, a friar of that Poblat convent whose library was plundered and dispersed at the pillage of the monasteries during the regency of Queen Christina in 1834. Coming to Barcelona, he established himself in a gloomy den in the book-selling quarter of the town. Here he set up as a dealer, but fell so in love with his accumulated purchases that only want tempted him to sell them. Once at an auction he was outbid for a copy of the "Ordinacions per los Gloriosos Reys de Arago,"—a great rarity, perhaps a unique. Three days later the house of the successful rival was burned to the ground, and his blackened body, pipe in hand, was found in the ruins. He had set the house on fire with his pipe,—that was the general verdict. A mysterious succession of murders followed. One bibliophile after another was found in the streets or the river, with a dagger in his heart. The shop of Don Vincente was searched. The "Ordinacions" was discovered. How had it escaped the flames that had burned down the purchaser's house? Then the Don confessed not only that murder but others. Most of his victims were customers who had purchased from him books he could not bear to part with. At the trial, counsel for the defence tried to discredit the confession, and when it was objected that the "Ordinacions" was a unique copy, they proved there was another in the Louvre, that, therefore, there might be still more, and that the defendant's might have been honestly procured. At this, Don Vincente, hitherto callous and silent, uttered a low cry. "Aha!" said the alcade, "you are beginning to realize the enormity of your offence!" "Yes," sobbed the penitent thief, "the copy was not a unique, after all."

A worthy successor to this good friar was Count Guglielmi Libri Carucci, known by his penultimate name Libri, which, curiously enough, means books. He was a member of the French Institute, a professor in the College of France, a valued contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and an inspector-general of French libraries under Louis Philippe. Yet he succeeded in getting away with a large number of valuable books and manuscripts belonging to the libraries he "inspected." His thefts were first brought to the notice of the Paris librarians by anonymous letters, and then by articles in the *Moniteur* and the *National*. In 1848 he was prosecuted and condemned by default to ten years' imprisonment; but even then his friends did not desert him. Prosper Mérimée, who defended him before the Senate, refused to believe in his guilt. When he fled to London, Sir Antonio Panizzi received him with open arms,

maintaining that he was a persecuted man, and gave him *carte blanche* to wander about the library of the British Museum. Lord Ashburnham bought some of the stolen wares for £8000. M. Delisle tried to negotiate with young Lord Ashburnham in 1878, but without success. Finally, in 1890, the stolen property was returned to the French library in exchange for Manessé's rare collection of German poetry and the sum of £6000.

Of the lesser fry of biblioklepts there is no space to speak. In Paris alone as many as a hundred thieves of this kind have been prosecuted in a single year. Yet they are a small percentage of the total detected. Jules Janin mentions a fellow-citizen whose first impulse when he saw a book was to put it in his pocket. So notorious was this failing that whenever a volume was missed at a public sale, the auctioneer duly announced it, and knocked it down to the enthusiast for a good price, which he never failed to pay. If he walked out before the sale was over, the detectives would crowd around him, asking if he did not have an Elzevir or an Aldine in his pocket. He would make a careful search. "Yes, yes, here it is," he would finally cry: "so much obliged to you. I am so absent."

In London it is just as bad. There the book-snatcher is a person well known to dealers. Mr. Besant has described him in his story "In Luck at Last:" "First, the book-snatcher marks his prey; he finds the shop which has a set containing the volume which is missing in his own set; next he arms himself with a volume which closely resembles the one he covets, and then, on pretence of turning over the leaves, he watches his opportunity to effect an exchange, and goes away rejoicing, his set complete."

Lockhart mentions, in his "Life of Scott," how at Holyrood he had placed some lines sent to Sir Walter by Lord Byron, together with the accompanying present, in one of the rooms, but the lines mysteriously disappeared. He adds that he mentions this circumstance in the hope of depriving the thief of the pleasure of displaying his plunder.

Bibliomania, a mild form of insanity which is obtaining wide prevalence. A bibliomaniac must be carefully distinguished from a bibliophile. The latter has not yet freed himself from the idea that books are meant to be read. The bibliomaniac has other uses for books: he carries them about with him as talismans, he passes his time in the contemplation of their bindings, illustrations, and title-pages. Some say he even prostrates himself before them in silent adoration in that joss-house which he calls his library. Bibliomaniacs are not all alike. There are numerous subdivisions. Some care only for uncut copies, some only for books printed in black letter or in italics, some for first editions, some for curious or famous bindings, while some make collections on special subjects. But all agree in this,—that the intrinsic merit of the book is a secondary consideration in comparison with its market value and exceptional scarcity. The Marquis d'Argenson, in his "Memoirs," has given an account of a true specimen. "I remember," he says, "once paying a visit to a well-known bibliomaniac who had just purchased an extremely scarce volume quoted at a fabulous price. Having been graciously permitted by its owner to inspect the treasure, I ventured innocently to remark that he had probably bought it with the philanthropic intention of having it reprinted. 'Heaven forbid!' he exclaimed, in a horrified tone; 'how could you suppose me capable of such an act of folly? If I were, the book would be no longer scarce, and would have no value whatever. Besides,' he added, 'I doubt, between ourselves, if it be worth reprinting.' 'In that case,' said I, 'its rarity appears to be its only attraction.' 'Just so,' he complacently replied; 'and that is quite enough for me.'"

There is a story of a wealthy English collector who long believed that a certain rare book in his possession was a unique. One day he received a

bitter blow. He learned that there was another copy in Paris. But he soon rallied, and, crossing over the Channel, he made his way to the rival's home. "You have such and such a book in your library?" he asked, plunging at once *in medias res*. "Yes." "Well, I want to buy it." "But, my dear sir—" "I will give you a thousand francs for it." "But it isn't for sale; I—" "Two thousand!" "On my word, I don't care to dispose of it." "Ten thousand!" and so on, till at last twenty-five thousand francs was offered, and the Parisian gentleman finally consented to part with his treasure. The Englishman counted out twenty-five thousand-franc bills, examined the purchase carefully, smiled with satisfaction, and cast the book into the fire. "Are you crazy?" cried the Parisian, stooping over to rescue it. "Nay," said the Englishman, detaining his arm, "I am quite in my right mind. I, too, possess a copy of that book. I deemed it a unique. I was mistaken. Now, however, thanks to your courtesy, I know it is a unique." The story may not be true, but it is quite true enough to point a moral with.

In "Gilbert Gurney" Theodore Hook has painted the portrait of the true bibliomaniac in the person of Thomas Hull (otherwise Thomas Hill of perennial memory), who is represented as carrying home in triumph from the sale-rooms a black-letter tract of 1486, with five pages wanting out of the original seventeen, and two others damaged; a genuine Caxton, however, the only copy extant except one in the British Museum, and secured by him for the trifling sum of seventy-two pounds ten shillings. When asked what was the subject of the treatise, he ingenuously owned that he didn't "happen to know" *that*, but believed it to be an essay to prove that Edward the Fourth never had the toothache. "But," he added, "it is, as you see, in Latin, and I don't read Latin."

"Horace," so runs the spiteful epigram upon some other Thomas Hull,—

Horace he has by many different hands,
But not one Horace that he understands.

When a man is first touched with the fever of bibliomania he is bound to make mistakes. He collects the wrong things, the things that have gone out of fashion, the bargains that are bargains only for him who sells. Probably he begins with Aldines. Anything with an anchor is good enough for him; it is long before he discovers that there are Aldines and Aldines,—that even the genuine works of the Aldi are not equally valuable, and that there are Aldines which are not Aldines at all, but merely cunning contemporary counterfeits published at Lyons or at Florence. He is in ecstasies when for a few shillings he purchases a Juvenal or a Persius marked 1501, for the text-books all tell him that Aldus Manutius began the publication of *editiones principes* in 1502. He carries his bargain to some bibliophile and exultantly proclaims that the text-books are in error. Then the bibliophile proves to him that 1501 is a typographical error for 1521, that the error has long ago been noted and pointed out, and from the heights of a superior erudition proclaims that the book is worth less than a common Oxford text. Elzevirs have snares also for the unwary. An Elzevir Cæsar is hailed as a treasure, especially if it be perfect in all respects. Yet, ten to one, the same bibliophile will point out that this very perfection destroys the value of the Elzevir, for the paging is correct, whereas that of the genuine Elzevir is incorrect; and again the tyro recognizes that he has the wrong sow by the ears. There is a valueless book called "La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas." How can the tyro be expected to know that this valueless book is worth \$250 in the rare edition where Comtesse is misprinted Comteese? Perhaps, after he has purchased all this experience, the amateur grows weary of book-hunting. More likely he perseveres and becomes a confirmed bibliomaniac.

Even now there are all sorts of shoals and quicksands. The most expert bibliomaniac can only know the present; he cannot forecast the future. The canons which govern the buyers of books are as capricious and incalculable as those which govern the buyers of blue china or rococo bric-à-brac. Probably the book-hunter himself would be puzzled to say why, at a time when the craze for first editions was at its height, certain authors were eagerly sought after, and certain others, far their superiors, were comparatively neglected. No one would think of naming Charles Lever in the same breath with Sir Walter Scott. Yet first editions of Lever have brought a great deal more than first editions of Scott. And, to complete the paradox, it is the smaller and less important works of modern novelists that lord it over their acknowledged masterpieces,—an original “Vanity Fair” or “Charles O’Malley” being looked upon as a trifle in comparison with the discovery of a “Second Funeral of Napoleon” or “Tales of the Trains.” For a year or two the so-called *éditions de luxe* were in high favor; to-day they are discredited, being voted too cumbersome for every-day reading.

Let us take a famous anecdote to show how fashion rules the price of books. In 1812, at the dispersal of the Roxburghe Library,—described as the Waterloo of book-sales,—a copy of the “Valdarfer” Boccaccio, printed in Venice in 1741, was put up. Of this rare book only half a dozen copies are known to be in existence. The bidding was spirited. Everybody dropped out save Lord Spencer and the Duke of Marlborough (then Marquis of Blandford),—two peers of the realm, who bid in person against each other, while the crowd looked on agape,—and the book was finally knocked down to the latter nobleman for £2260, up to that time the largest sum of money ever paid for a single volume. Seven years later the library of the marquis himself came into the market, and this identical volume became the property of Lord Spencer for £918,—a price less than one-half of what his formerly successful rival had paid. And in 1890 another copy of the same edition found its way to England, and was knocked down for £230. To be sure, this copy had some slight imperfections.

It is all very well to say that it is the rarity of a particular volume which makes it valuable. In a rough and ready way, that is true, of course. But rare books, possibly unique copies, may every day be seen in old-book stores, tied up with a dozen other books and labelled “This lot for ten cents.” It is all very well, again, to say that the book should be valuable as well as rare. Many valueless books are highly prized by bibliomaniacs. A limited supply must be conjoined to an active demand, there must be the pleasure and excitement of the chase, the subsequent calm satisfaction of possessing an envied rarity, or the book would be mere lumber. And the difficult problem to determine is why, at certain periods, all the hounds are out and all the horsemen off for one particular fox. It is certainly not because that fox is better than any other fox. It is certainly not because that fox is considered a nobler animal than other *fera natura* which would yield equal pleasure in the chase.

Of course there are many rare books which are intrinsically interesting, and are rendered valuable by the fact that many people, able to pay big prices for them, would rejoice to have them. There is the famous letter of Christopher Columbus announcing the discovery of the New World. A copy of the original edition in Spanish is in the possession of Mr. E. F. Buonaventure in Paris, and is priced in his catalogue at 65,000 francs, or \$13,000. Yet it is a mere pamphlet of four quarto pages, thirty-four lines to the page. This may be a mere “bluff” on the part of that excellent bibliophile, meant to keep the letter at a prohibitive price, so as to obtain the full value of the centennial boom given by the Chicago Fair to the memory of the great discoverer. Certain it is that another copy of the same edition, or what purported to be such,

was disposed of at the Brayton Ives sale in New York (1891) for \$4300. A year previous, at the equally memorable Barlow sale, a copy of the Latin edition, published in 1493, had been purchased by the Boston Public Library for \$2900.

At this same Brayton Ives sale, the sum of \$14,800 was paid by Mr. W. E. Ellsworth, of Chicago, for a Gutenberg Bible, the first book ever printed from movable types. Here is an account of the purchase as it appeared in the *New York Sun* of March 6, 1891 :

When the Gutenberg Bible was reached there was a clapping of hands and a genuine stir of excitement. No favorite horse, no peach-blow vase, no French pictures, can win from the heart of a genuine book-lover his affection for this typographical monument. The circumstances under which this copy was purchased, its acknowledged rarity, the various surmises concerning its value, and the report that it was to return to England, gave special importance to the sale. Although it has sixteen leaves in fac-simile, its condition, height, purity of vellum, its illuminated letters, have given it a world-wide reputation. The story of it is brief. Mr. Brinley bought it in Europe. At his sale in 1884 the late Mr. Hamilton Cole purchased it for \$8000, Mr. Ives at that time being the next bidder. When the Syston Park copy, badly "cropped," was purchased by Mr. Quaritch for £3500, and offered to Mr. Ives at a small advance, he immediately decided to purchase Mr. Cole's copy. It is well known that this is the first book printed with type, and is from the press of John Gutenberg about 1450. The first bid was \$3000 a volume; this was quickly followed by bids of about \$500 each until Mr. W. E. Ellsworth became the purchaser for \$14,800.

Is this \$14,800 the highest price ever paid for a book? The French *Bulletin de l'Imprimerie* says not. Indeed, it "sees" that sum and goes it better by nearly \$35,000. And it also claims that a still higher sum was once offered for another book, and refused :

What was the highest price ever given for any book? We may venture to say that we know of one for which a sum of 250,000 francs (£10,000) was paid by its present owner, the German government. That book is a missal, formerly given by Pope Leo X. to King Henry VIII. of England, along with a parchment conferring on that sovereign the right of assuming the title of "Defender of the Faith," borne ever since by English kings. Charles II. made a present of the missal to the ancestor of the famous Duke of Hamilton, whose extensive and valuable library was sold some years ago by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, of London. The book which secured the highest offer was a Hebrew Bible, in the possession of the Vatican. In 1512 the Jews of Venice proposed to Pope Julius II. to buy the Bible, and to pay for it its weight in gold. It was so heavy that it required two men to carry it. Indeed, it weighed three hundred and twenty-five pounds, thus representing the value of half a million of francs (£20,000). Though being much pressed for money, in order to keep up the "Holy League" against King Louis XII of France, Julius II. declined to part with the volume.

Bigot. The amateur etymologist has always had lots of fun with this word. First comes old Camden, who relates that when Rollo, Duke of Normandy, received Gisla, the daughter of Charles the Foolish, in marriage, he would not submit to kiss Charles's foot; and when his friends urged him by all means to comply with that ceremony, he made answer in the English tongue—*NE SE BY GOD*,—i.e., *Not so by God*. Upon which the king and his courtiers, deriding him, and corruptly repeating his answer, called him *bigot*, which was the origin of the term. Cotgrave's Dictionary (1611) calls it "an old Norman word, signifying as much as *de par Dieu*, or our 'for God's sake!'" made good French, and signifying an hypocrite, or one that seemeth much more holy than he is, also a scrupulous and superstitious person." As we come down to the present, guesses come fast and furious. As good as any is Archbishop Trench's, who derives the word from the Spanish "*bigote*," a mustachio. "*Hombre de bigote*" is indifferently a man with a moustache or a man of resolution, "*tener bigotes*" is to stand firm, "and we all know that Spain is still the land proverbial for mustachios and bigotry" (*Study of Words*). Dr. Murray gives up the problem, and the Century Dictionary says, "Under this form two or more independent words appear to have been confused, involving the etymology in a mass of fable and conjecture."

Billingsgate. One of the ancient gates of London and the adjacent fish-

market were known as Billing's gate (presumably from a personal name), which, in the modern form, as above, the market still retains. It has been celebrated in literature for the extreme foulness of the language used by its denizens, especially the female ones. Hence to this day foul language is known as Billingsgate.

Johnson once made a bet with Boswell that he could go into the fish-market and put a Billingsgate woman in a passion without saying a word that she could understand. The doctor commenced by silently indicating with his nose that her fish had passed the stage in which a man's olfactories could endure their flavor. The Billingsgate lady made a verbal attack, common enough in vulgar parlance, which impugned the classification in natural history of the doctor's mother. The doctor answered, "You're an article, ma'am." "No more an article than yourself, you b—y misbegotten villain." "You are a noun, woman." "You—you—" stammered the woman, choking with rage at a list of titles she could not understand. "You are a pronoun." The beldam shook her fist in speechless rage. "You are a verb—an adverb—an adjective—a conjunction—a preposition—an interjection!" suddenly continued the doctor, applying the harmless epithets at proper intervals. The nine parts of speech completely conquered the old woman, and she dumped herself down in the mud, crying with rage at being thus "blackguarded" in a set of unknown terms which, not understanding, she could not answer.—ARVINE: *Encyclopædia of Anecdotes*.

Bills. This would seem an unpromising subject. Yet a few specimens are worth filing among the bric-à-brac of literature. The trade-bills of Roger Payne, the great English bookbinder, are highly valued by curiosity-hunters for the eccentric remarks with which he adorned them. For example, on one for binding a copy of Barry's "Wines of the Ancients" he wrote,—

Homer, the bard who sung in highest strains,
Had, festive gift, a goblet for his pains;
Falerian gave Horace, Virgil fire,
And barley-wine my British muse inspire.
Barley-wine first from Egypt's learned shore,
Be this the gift to me from Calvert's store.

An Irish election-bill has decided merits. During a contested election in Meath, early in this century, Sir Mark Somerville sent orders to the proprietor of the hotel in Trim to board and lodge all persons who should vote for him. In due course he received the following bill, which he had framed and preserved in Somerville House, County Meath. A copy of it was found in the month of April, 1826, among the papers of the deceased Very Rev. Archdeacon O'Connell, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Meath. It ran thus:

MY BILL YOUR HONOUR.

To eating 16 freeholders above stairs for Sir Marks at 3s. 6d. a head is to me	£2 12 0
For eating 16 more below stairs and two Priests after supper is to me	2 15 9
To six beds in one room and four in another at two guineas every bed and not more than four in any bed at a time,—cheap enough God knows, is to me	22 15 0
To 18 horses and 5 mules about my yard all night at 13s. every one of them, and for a man which was lost on head of watching them all night, is to me	5 5 0
For breakfast on tay in the morning, for every one of them and as many more as they brought, as near as I can guess is to me	4 12 0
To raw whiskey and punch without talking of pipes and tobacco as well as for porter, and as well as for breakfasting a lot above stairs and for glasses and delf for the first day and night I am not sure, but, for three days and a half of the election as little as I can call it and not to be very exact it is in all or thereabouts and not to be too particular it is to me at least	79 15 9
For shaving and cropping of the heads of the 49 freeholders for Sir Marks at 13d. for every head of them by my brother who has a vote, is to me	2 13 1
For medicine and nurse for poor Tom Kernan in the middle of the night when he was not expected, is to me ten hogs,—I don't talk of the Piper or for keeping him sober, as long as he was sober, is to me	40 10 0

The total is £100 10s. 7d., you may say £111; so your honor Sir Mark send me this Eleven hundred by Bryan himself, who and I prays for your success always in Trim and no more at present.—Signed in place of Jemmy Can's wife.

his
BRYAN X GARRATY
mark.

The following is given as a true bill, made by an artist, for repairs and retouchings to a gallery of paintings of an English lord in the year 1865

- To filling up the chink in the Red Sea and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host.
- To cleaning six of the Apostles and adding an entirely new Judas Iscariot.
- To a pair of new hands for Daniel in the lions' den and a set of teeth for the lioness.
- To an alteration in the Belief, mending the Commandments, and making a new Lord's Prayer.
- To new varnishing Moses's rod.
- To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard.
- To mending the pitcher of Rebecca.
- To a pair of ears for Balaam and a new tongue for the ass.
- To renewing the picture of Samson in the character of a fox-hunter and substituting a whip for the firebrand.
- To a new broom and bonnet for the Witch of Endor.
- To a sheet-anchor, a jury-mast, and a boat for Noah's ark.
- To painting twenty-one new steps to Jacob's ladder.
- To mending the pillow stone.
- To adding some Scotch cattle to Pharaoh's lean kine.
- To making a new head for Holofernes.
- To cleansing Judith's hands.
- To giving a blush to the cheeks of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam.
- To painting Jezebel in the character of a huntsman taking a flying leap from the walls of Jericho.
- To planting a new city in the land of Nod.
- To painting a shoulder of mutton and a shin of beef in the mouths of two of the ravens feeding Elijah.
- To repairing Solomon's nose and making a new nail to his middle finger.
- To an exact representation of Noah in the character of a general reviewing his troops preparatory to their march, with the dove dressed as an aide-de-camp.
- To painting Noah dressed in an admiral's uniform.
- To painting Samson making a present of his jaw-bone to the proprietors of the British Museum.

Binding. A famous tract entitled "*De Bibliothecis Antediluvianis*" professed to give information about the libraries of Seth and Enoch. Setting aside this information as not up to the requirements of modern historical criticism, it is fairly safe to assume that the earliest germ of bookbinding was to be found among the Assyrians, who wrote their books on terra-cotta tablets, and enclosed these tablets in clay receptacles which had to be broken before the contents could be reached. Tamil manuscripts of extreme antiquity are also extant, to which a rounded form has been given by the simple expedient of using larger leaves at the centre and adding others gradually shortened at each side. The circle is surrounded by a metal band, tightly fastened by a hook. How far the Greeks improved upon these primitive methods it is difficult to say, as their literature furnishes no details on the subject, but there is a tradition that the Athenians raised a statue to Phillatius, who invented a glue for fastening together leaves of parchment or papyrus. Nay, Suidas, who lived in the tenth century, contends that the Golden Fleece was only a book bound in sheepskin which taught the art of making gold. Did the Romans, profiting by the invention of Phillatius, glue their papyrus leaves into books? A pretty controversy might be raised over a passage in one of Cicero's letters to Atticus. He asks for a couple of librarians to glue (*glutinare*) his books. Dibdin translates the word "conglutinate." That first syllable is the bone of contention. Did Cicero mean to have his manuscripts made up in books, or did he only require the sheets to be fastened into rolls, in the usual Roman manner? Dibdin believes the former. But it is an article of faith with the modern bibliophile that Dibdin made a mistake wherever possible, and that mistakes were possible to him where they would have been impossible to any one else. Nevertheless, the papyrus rolls were in their way handsome specimens of the art of bookbinding, with their leather covers, gold bosses, gold cylinder, and perfumed illuminated leaves. Mediæval bindings were gener-

ally of carved ivory, metal, or wood, covered with stamped leather, and frequently adorned with bosses of gold, gems, and precious stones. Of course they could not be kept on shelves, like modern volumes: they would have scratched one another. Each had its embroidered silken case, or *chemise*, and, when especially valuable, its casket of gold. Books in libraries, churches, and other public places were protected from theft by being chained to shelves and reading-desks. When, as often happened, the volume was too heavy to be lifted, the desk upon which it was chained was made to revolve. A print in La Croix's "Le Moyen Age et la Renaissance," representing the library in the University of Leyden, shows that this custom continued down to the seventeenth century. Books so chained were called *Catenati*. With the invention of printing, regular bookbinding, in the modern sense of the word, began. Wooden covers and stamped pig-skin gradually gave way before the lighter styles introduced by the Italians and perfected by the French. Early in the sixteenth century morocco was introduced, the arts of the printer and the binder were differentiated, and new decorations testified to the conservation of energy thus attained and its direction into the right channel. The bindings affected by the great people of the court of France had a distinct individuality. Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers displayed the crescent, the bow, and the quiver of Diana, and the blended initials *H.* and *D.* Francis I. had his salamanders, Marguerite the flower from which she derived her name. The pious Henri III. rejoiced in figures of the Crucifixion, in counterfeit tears with long curly tails, and in various emblems of mortality. In the reign of Louis XIV. it became fashionable to emboss the owner's arms upon his books. Madame de Maintenon had her famous copy of the "De Imitatione Christi" so decorated, —the copy which contained the engraving of the lady saying her prayers at St.-Cyr, when the roof of the chapel opens and a divine voice says, "This is she in whose beauty the king is well pleased." But the engraving was thought indiscreet and suppressed. These blazons needed no special skill, and they do not improve the beauty of a volume, but they are now valued at exorbitant prices if they evidence that the book belonged to some famous library or some exalted personage. In the eighteenth century, ornamental figures of birds and flowers became common, together with mosaics of various-colored leather. The Revolution brought temporary ruin upon the art of bookbinding. Morocco was culpable luxury, and coats of arms were an insult to the Republic. There is an oft-quoted story of the French literary man of 1794, a great reader, who always stripped off the covers of his books and threw them out of his window. What had a citizen to do with morocco bindings, with the gildings of Le Gascon or Derome, the trappings of an effete aristocracy? Perhaps he was right. A working-man of letters, like a working-man of any other guild, cannot use a gorgeously-bound book as one of the implements of his trade. He puts an inky pen into the leaves of one volume, he lays another on its face, he uses the leg of a chair to keep a folio open and to mark the pregnant passage. But there is a class of drones, of literary voluptuaries and sybarites, who love to see their libraries well clothed.

Perhaps the most unique binding in the world is in the Albert Memorial Exhibition in Exeter, England. It is a Tegg's edition of Milton (1852), and, according to an affidavit pasted on the fly-leaf, the binding is part of the skin of one George Cudmore, who was executed at Devon March 25, 1830. The skin is dressed white, and looks something like pig-skin in grain and texture.

Bird. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Will Somers, the celebrated jester to Henry VIII., happened to call on Lord Surrey, whom he had often, by a well-timed jest, saved from the king's displeasure, and who, consequently, was always glad to see him. He was on this occasion ushered into the aviary, where he found my lord amusing himself with his

birds. Somers happened to admire the plumage of a kingfisher. "By my Lady, my prince of wits, I will give it to you." Will skipped about with delight, and swore by the great Harry he was a most noble gentleman. Away went Will with his kingfisher, telling all his acquaintances whom he met that his friend Surrey had just presented him with it. Now, it so happened that Lord Northampton, who had seen this bird the day previous, arrived at Lord Surrey's just as Will Somers had left, with the intention of asking the bird of Surrey for a present to a lady friend. Great was his chagrin on finding the bird gone. Surrey, however, consoled him with saying that he knew Somers would restore it if he (Surrey) promised him two some other day. Away went a messenger to the prince of wits, whom he found in raptures with his bird, and to whom he delivered his lord's message. Great was Will's surprise, but he was not to be bamboozled by even the monarch himself. "Sirrah," said Will, "tell your master that I am much obliged for his liberal offer of two for one, but that I prefer one bird in hand to two in the bush." This is the good old story told about the phrase, but, if true, Somers was quoting rather than originating, as the proverb antedates him. The analogous French saying is "Un tiens vaut deux tu l'auras."

Bird. A little bird told me. An almost universal adage, based on the popular idea that this apparently ubiquitous wanderer, from the vantage-point of the upper air, spied out all strange and secret things, and revealed them to such as could understand. Thus, in Eccles. x. 20: "Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber: for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." The Greek and Roman soothsayers not only drew auguries from the flight of birds, but some pretended to a knowledge of their language which made them privy to the secrets they had to reveal. And how was this knowledge attained? There were various recipes. Pliny recommends a mixture of snake's and bird's blood. Melampus is more exacting. He says you must have your ears licked by a dragon; but then few of us have any social acquaintance with dragons. Nevertheless, the art *was* acquired by many. Solomon, according to the Koran, was first informed by a lapwing of all the doings of the Queen of Sheba. Mahomet himself was instructed by a pigeon, which whispered in his ear in presence of the multitude. In the Mahabharata, King Nsinara is taught by a dove, which is the spirit of God. In the old wood-cuts of the "Golden Legends" the Popes are distinguished by a dove whispering in their ear. In the Saga of Siegfried the hero understands bird-language, and receives advice from his feathered friends. And talking birds, as well as other animals, appear in the folk-lore of every country. Proverbial and popular literature also abound with allusions to the spying habits of birds, —from the old Greek saw, "None sees me but the bird that dieth by," to the passage in the Nibelungen Lied, one of many, "No one hears us but God and the forest bird." An eavesdropper is ever a gossip, so it is an easy transition from listening to repeating what is heard.

The very last lines of Shakespeare's "Henry IV., Part II." refer to our subject:

We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music to my thinking pleased the king.

Bis dat qui cito dat (L., "He gives twice who gives quickly"), a proverb shortened from the 245th sentence of Publius Syrus, "*Inopi beneficium bis dat qui dat celeriter*" ("He gives a double benefit to the needy who gives quickly"). Even a prompt refusal, according to the same authority, should be prompt: "*Pars est beneficii quod petitur si cito neges*" ("A prompt refusal has in part the grace of a favor granted"). And Shakespeare's lines are used to urge expedition in all things, good or evil:

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.

Macbeth, Act i., Sc. 7.

Queen Elizabeth was dilatory enough in suits, of her own nature; and the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, to feed her humor, would say to her, "Madam, you do well to let suitors stay, for I shall tell you, *bis dat qui cito dat*; if you grant them speedily, they will come again the sooner."—BACON: *Apothegms*, No. 71.

Bishop (Gr. ἐπίσκοπος, "overlooker," "overseer"). A curious example of word-change, as effected by the genius of different tongues, is furnished by the English *bishop* and the French *évêque*. Both are from the same root, furnishing, perhaps, the only example of two words from a common stem so modifying themselves in *historical times* as not to have a letter in common. (Of course many words from a far-off Aryan stem are in the same condition.) The English strikes off the initial and terminal syllables, leaving only *piscop*, which the Saxon preference for the softer labial and hissing sounds modified into *bishop*. *Évêque* (formerly *evesque*) merely softens the *p* into *v* and drops the last syllable.

Biter Bit. A proverbial phrase meaning that one is caught in one's own trap, that the tables have been turned. Biter is an old word for sharper, and may be found with that meaning at least as far back as 1680. But early in the eighteenth century the humorous diversion known as a bite was introduced into exalted circles. Swift, in a letter to Rev. Dr. Tisdall, December 16, 1703, describes it thus: "I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. Johnson; it is a new-fashioned way of being witty, and they call it a bite. You must ask a bantering question, or tell some damned lie in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest, and then cry you, 'Madam, there's a bite!' I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in court, and everywhere else among the great people; and I let you know it, in order to have it obtain among you, and teach you a new refinement." Now, when the gudgeon refused to rise to the bait, one can well understand that the biter might be said to be bit. Another very plausible derivation of the phrase, which, even if not its actual origin, undoubtedly helped to establish it in popular favor, is thus suggested by a correspondent in *Notes and Queries* (sixth series, iv. 544): "A case came within my own knowledge not long ago, where the severe remedy was tried of biting a child who had contracted the habit of biting others. I have no doubt that it will be found to be a recognized part of old-fashioned nursery discipline, which gave rise to the common expression, the biter bit."

Bitter end, originally a nautical expression applied to the end of a ship's cable. Admiral Smyth's "Sailor's Word-Book" explains it as "that part of the cable which is abaft the *bitts*,"—two main pieces of timber to which a cable is fastened when a ship rides at anchor. When a chain or rope is paid out to the bitter end, no more remains to be let go. It seems, therefore, that the phrase "to the bitter end" was originally used as equivalent to the extreme end, but the non-nautical mind (misinterpreting the word *bitter*) gradually made it synonymous with the bitter dregs, to the death, in a severe or pitiless manner, from a fancied analogy to such expressions as a "bitter foe," "the bitter east wind," etc.

Bitter Sweet In "As you Like It," Shakespeare makes his Jaques speak of "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies" (Act iv., Sc. 3). Some editions would have us read *food* instead of *cud*, but the proverbial use of the phrase discards all conjectural amendment,—the more so that in this case it is a distinct defilement of sense and sound. The close approximation of pleas-

ure and pain has been noted by many authors, both before and since Martial wrote his famous epigram,—

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem ;
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

Quarles comes very close to the Shakespearian phrase in the line,
I languish with these bitter sweet extremes.

Spenser says,—

So every sweet with sour is tempered still.

And here are a few more examples :

Still where rosy pleasure leads
See a kindred grief pursue ;
Behind the steps that misery treads
Approaching comfort view.

The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastised by sabler tints of woe,
And, blended, form with artful strife
The strength and harmony of life.
GRAY.

Under pain pleasure,
Under pleasure pain lies.
EMERSON: *The Sphinx*.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*.

Sweet is pleasure after pain.
DRYDEN: *Alexander's Feast*.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure.
CONGREVE: *The Old Bachelor*, Act v., Sc. 1.

And sometimes tell what sweetness is in gall.
WYAT.

Good-night, good-night ! Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.
SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Black and White,—*i.e.*, black ink and white paper. To put a thing down in black and white is to preserve it in print or in writing. The phrase is at least as old as Ben Jonson's time :

I have it here in black and white (*pulls out the warrant*).—*Every Man in his Humour*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

There is a current phrase for a paradoxical or illogical reasoner, "He would try to prove that black is white." Curiously enough, in the etymological sense black *is* white. The word black (Anglo-Saxon *blac*, *blæc*) is fundamentally the same as the old German *black*, now only to be found in two or three compounds,—*e.g.*, *Blachfeld*, a level field. It meant originally level, bare, and was used to denote black, bare of color. But the nasalized form of black is blank, which also meant originally bare, and was used in the sense of white, because white is (apparently) bare of color.

Black Box. When Charles II. was king and the Duke of York heir presumptive, a large party of the common people wished to have the Duke of Monmouth, Charles's putative son, recognized as heir to the crown, and a legend was started that there existed somewhere a black box containing a written marriage contract between the king and Monmouth's mother, the "bold, brown, and beautiful" Lucy Walters. In "Lorna Doone," John Ridd says of his mother, "She often declared that it would be as famous in history as the Rye House, or the meal-tub, or the great black box, in which she was a firm believer."

Black Monday. The name given to a memorable Easter Monday in the year 1351, which was very dark and misty. A great deal of hail fell, and the cold is said to have been so intense that hundreds died from its effects. The name afterwards came to be applied to the Monday after Easter of each year. It is also a school-boy term for the Monday on which school reopens after vacation.

Black Watch. The name by which the Forty-Second Highlanders are familiarly known in the British army. Among the many deeds of daring performed by them in recent wars three stand out pre-eminent. They were one of the three Highland regiments with which Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde) broke the Russian centre at the Alma, on the 20th of September, 1854. They formed part of the immortal "thin red line tipped with steel" against which an overwhelming Russian force shattered itself in the memorable attack upon Balaklava five weeks later. In the advance upon Coomassie during General Wolseley's Ashantee campaign, in January, 1874, the "Black Watch" bore the brunt of the great fight at Amoafu, suffering severe loss in carrying at the point of the bayonet a thick wood held by native sharp-shooters. Indeed, they have fully obeyed the injunction with which their chief led them up the Alma hill-side: "Now, my men, make me proud of the Highland Brigade."

Blarney literally means a little field (Irish *blarna*, diminutive of *blar*, a "field"). Its popular signification of flattery, palavering rhodomontade, or wheedling eloquence may have originated in Lord Clancarty's frequent promises, when the prisoner of Sir George Carew, to surrender his strong castle of Blarney to the soldiers of the queen, and as often inventing some smooth and plausible excuse for exonerating himself from his promise. Blarney Castle, now a very imposing ruin, situated in the village of Blarney, some four miles from Cork, was built in the early part of the fifteenth century by Cormac McCarthy, the Prince of Desmond. No one appears to know the exact origin of the famous Blarney Stone, or whence it derived its miraculous power of endowing those who kiss it with the gift of "blarney." In some way it found itself one day upon the very pinnacle of the castle tower with the date 1703 carved upon it. It is now preserved and held in place by two iron girders between huge merlons of the northern projecting parapet, nearly a hundred feet above the ground. To kiss it has been the ambition of many generations, who laboriously climb up to its dangerous eminence. Sir Walter Scott himself did not feel degraded by following the general example. Like the famous toe of St. Peter's statue in Rome, the lip-service of tourists is gradually wearing it away. The date has already been obliterated, and the shape and size have altered so much that people who visit it at long intervals find it difficult to believe it is the same stone.

Blazes, in English and American slang, a euphemism for the infernal regions, from the flames which theologians are wont to describe. This is evidently the meaning in expressions like "Go to blazes!" But in what looks at first sight like an identical expression, "Drunk as blazes," another etymology has been suggested, making it a corruption of Blaisers or Blaizers,—i.e., the mummers who took part in the processions in honor of the good bishop and martyr St. Blaise, patron saint of English wool-combers. The uniform conviviality on these occasions made the simile an appropriate one.

Blessing—Curse. Walter Scott makes one of his characters describe Rob Roy as "o'er bad for blessing, and o'er good for banning." This same antithesis had already been put into proverbial verse form:

Too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse,
I wish in my soul you were better or worse.

In the same way Corneille said of Richelieu, after his death,—

Il a fait trop de bien pour en dire du mal,
Il a fait trop de mal pour en dire du bien.

Blindman's Holiday, a humorous locution, formerly used more widely than at present, to designate the time just before the candles or lamps are lighted, when it is too dark to work and one is obliged to rest, or "take a holiday." With the superior readiness of gas and electricity, the holiday now need be of infinitesimal duration. The phrase is found as far back as 1599, in Nash's "Lenten Stufe" (*Harl. Misc.*, vi. 167): "What will not blind Cupid do in the night, which is his blindman's holiday?" Swift's "Polite Conversation," a mine of contemporary slang, does not overlook this phrase: "Indeed, madam, it is blindman's holiday; we shall soon be all of a color."

Blocks of Five, a phrase that became famous in American politics during the Harrison-Cleveland Presidential campaign (1888). The Democratic managers made wide circulation of a letter alleged to have been written by Colonel W. W. Dudley, Treasurer of the Republican National Committee. Its most salient feature was a recommendation to secure "floaters in blocks of five." This was construed to mean the purchase of voters at wholesale rates. Colonel Dudley denied the letter, and instituted suits for libel, which were abandoned after the election.

I had attributed at least originality to the promoter of "floaters in blocks of five," but it appears that, after all, we have here only a modification of an old scheme. Says Suidas under the word *δεκάλοβοι*, "This phrase originated from the practice of bribing men by tens. Candidates for office, or persons with a job to carry through, used to deal out their bribes to blocks of ten." Anytus, the accuser of Socrates, usually has the discredit of introducing this system into the courts, and, as a recent commentator remarks, "doubtless a juryman would feel greater confidence if he knew he had nine others sitting by him who had been bribed." Scholars have always been in the dark about the details of this scheme, and a monograph on the subject, dashed off by Colonel Dudley in his leisure hours before the next election, would be very gratefully received.—M. H. MORGAN, in a letter to *N. Y. Nation* of November 21, 1889.

Blood is thicker than water,—*i.e.*, a relation is dearer than a stranger. This phrase is sometimes ascribed to Commodore Tatnall, of the United States Navy, who assisted the English in Chinese waters, and, in his despatch to his government, justified his interference in these words. Sometimes it is ascribed to Scott, who puts it in the mouth of Bailie Nicol Jarvie in "Guy Mannering," ch. xxvii. But Tatnall and Scott were merely quoting an old saw duly recorded in "Ray's Proverbs" (1672), which was probably in common use long before. Blood stands for traceable, admitted consanguinity; water, for the chill and colorless fluid that flows through the veins of the rest of mankind, *homines homini lupi*, who take but cold interest in the happiness of a stranger. Water, too, in our early writers, was symbolic of looseness, inattachment, falsity. "Unstable as water" is the scriptural phrase. Thicker signifies greater consistency and substance,—hence closeness of attachment, adhesiveness. "As thick as thieves," = as close as bad men when banding for evil enterprise. Blood is always thought binding. Conspirators have signed their bonds with their own blood, as martyrs have their attestation of the truth. "He cemented the union of the two families by marriage," is a stock phrase with historians. Quitting metaphor for physical fact, we find that the blood as well as the hair of oxen has been used to bind mortar together and give greater consistency than mere water, as is reported of the White Tower of London.

The proverb may also allude to the spiritual relationship which, according to the Roman Catholic Church, is created between the sponsor and the child

whom he brings to the waters of baptism. The relationship by blood would probably be more thought of than one originating in water.

Bloody, a vulgar intensive used in a variety of ways, especially by London roughs. Dr. Murray rejects all derivations which would imply any profane origin, such as 'sblood or the very absurd By'r Lady suggested by Max O'Rell. He holds that there is good reason to think it was at first a reference to the habits of the "bloods" or aristocratic rowdies of the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century. Bloody drunk must originally have meant as drunk as a blood; thence the adjective was extended to kindred expressions, its popularity being greatly enhanced by its sanguinary sound and its affiliation with the adjective in bloody murder, bloody butcher, etc.

Bloody chasm, To shake hands across the. An American phrase which sprang up immediately after the civil war, among those peace-loving orators, writers, and speakers who were anxious to obliterate all memories of the fratricidal struggle. People of an opposite temper were said to "wave the bloody shirt."

Bloody shirt. In American political slang, "to wave the bloody shirt," sometimes euphemized into "the ensanguined garment," means to keep up the sectional issues of the civil war by appeals to prejudice and passion. A probable origin of the phrase may be found in a Corsican custom nearly, if not quite, obsolete. In the days of the fierce *vendette*—the feuds which divided Corsican family from family—bloodshed was a common occurrence. Before the burial of a murdered man the *gridata* was celebrated. This word, which literally means a crying aloud, may be translated a "wake." The body of the victim was laid upon a plank; his useless fire-arms were placed near his hand, and his blood-stained shirt was hung above his head. Around the rude bier sat a circle of women, wrapped in their black mantles, who rocked themselves to and fro with strange wailings. The men, relatives and friends of the murdered man, fully armed, stood around the room, mad with thirst for revenge. Then one of the women—the wife or mother or sister of the dead man—with a sharp scream would snatch the bloody shirt, and, waving it aloft, begin the *vocero*,—the lamentation. This rhythmic discourse was made up of alternate expressions of love for the dead and hatred of his enemies; and its startling images and tremendous curses were echoed in the faces and mutterings of the armed mourners. It was by a not unnatural transition that the phrase "bloody shirt" became applied to demagogical utterances concerning the Southern Rebellion.

Blue is a favorite adjective for the impossible in popular phrase and fable. The Blue Flower of the German romanticists represented the ideal, the unattainable; and in France Alphonse Karr has domesticated the similar expression "blue roses." "Once in a blue moon" means never. "To blush like a blue dog," an expression that is preserved in Swift's "Polite Conversation," means not to blush at all. More than a century earlier, however, Stephen Gosson, in the "Apologie for the School of Abuse" (1579), speaks with similar meaning of "blushing like a black dog." Sometimes blue is used as an intensive. Thus, school-boys speak of "blue fear" and "blue funk," and the phrase to "drink till all is blue" is at least as old as Ford's "Lady's Trial" (1639). "Blue ruin" is a popular English epithet for an inferior sort of gin, and finds its analogue in the French "vin bleu" applied to thin sour wine. In French also, as in English, blue is a synonyme for despondency. "To be in the blues," "to have a fit of the blue devils," has its Gallic equivalent in "en voir des bleues"—a variant of "en voir des grises"—and "en être bleu," "en rester tout bleu,"—all meaning to despair, to

meet with suffering or disappointment. In English slang "to talk blue" is to talk immodestly. "Blue blazes" means hell,—probably from the sulphur associated with it. A "blue apron" is an amateur statesman, from the blue apron once borne by tradesmen generally,—now restricted to butchers, fish-mongers, poulterers, etc.

Blue Blood. This term comes from the Spanish expression *sangre azul* applied to the aristocracy of Castile and Aragon. After the Moors were driven out of Spain, the aristocracy was held to consist of those who traced their lineage back to the time before the Moorish conquest, and especially to the fair-haired and light-complexioned Goths. Their veins naturally appeared through their skin of a blue color, while the blood of the masses, contaminated by the Moorish infusion and to lesser degree by miscegenation with negroes and Basques, showed dark upon their hands and faces. So the white Spaniards of old race came to declare that their blood was blue, while that of the common people was black. Owing to intermarriage, there is very little genuine blue blood left in Spain; but a Spanish family remaining perfectly fair and purely Gothic, and holding position and rank for centuries, is to be found in Yucatan at the present day.

In England, however, it was anciently held that the thick and dark blood was the best. "Thin-blooded" or "pale-blooded" means weak and cowardly. Shakespeare never loaded words more heavily with significance than when he made Lucio call Angelo, in "Measure for Measure,"—

A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense.

Blue Hen's Chickens, a nickname for the inhabitants of Delaware. The accepted origin is that one Captain Caldwell, who commanded a Delaware regiment, was notorious for his love of cock-fighting. He drilled his men admirably, and they were known in the army as "Caldwell's game-cocks." The gallant captain held a peculiar theory that no cock was really game unless it came from a blue hen; and this led to the substitution of Blue Hen's Chickens as a nickname for his regiment. After the Revolutionary war the nickname was applied indiscriminately to all Delawareans.

Blue Lights, an American political term. When the British fleet lay off New London, Connecticut, during the war of 1812, blue-lights were frequently seen near the shore. These Commodore Decatur, whose ships lay near by, attributed to traitors; though, indeed, facts go to prove that no American was ever discovered burning one. Goodrich, in his "Recollections," says, "*Blue Lights*, meaning treason on the part of Connecticut Federalists during the war, is a standard word in the flash dictionary of Democracy." Again, "Connecticut *Blue Lights* are the grizzly monster with which the nursing fathers and mothers of Democracy frighten their children into obedience—just before elections."

Blue Nose, a common nickname for a Nova-Scotian, sometimes explained as an allusion to the purple tinge not rarely seen on the noses of Nova-Scotians, and presumably due to the coldness of the winters; sometimes derived from the Blue-nose potato, a great favorite for its delicacy. It is more probable that the name of the potato was based on the sobriquet, and not *vice versa*. Hence Blue-nose potato means a Nova Scotia potato.

Blue-Stocking, a humorous and rather contemptuous epithet applied to an authoress or a lady of any literary pretensions or attainments. With the altered standard of judgment as to female education the term has fallen into comparative disuse. In the eighteenth century and the beginning of the

present it was very common. The familiar explanation is that the term was first applied to a female coterie in Dr. Johnson's time. But it is a question whether it arose at Mrs. Montagu's or at Mrs. Vesey's receptions, or what was the exact reason of its adoption. One story states that a Mr. Stillingfleet was one of the males admitted to Mrs. Montagu's evening parties, that his dress was remarkably plain, even to a pair of blue worsted stockings in lieu of silk, but that his conversation was so stimulating that in his absence the remark was frequently made, "We can do nothing without the blue stockings." And thus by degrees the title was established. This version seems to be supported by a passage in one of Mrs. Montagu's letters dated 1757, where she observes that Mr. Stillingfleet "has left off his old friends and his blue stockings, and has taken to frequenting operas and other gay assemblies." But in the "Memoirs" of one of the greatest of all the Blue-stockings, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter herself (published in 1816), it is said of Mrs. Vesey's literary parties that "there was no ceremony, no cards, and no supper. Even dress was so little regarded that a foreign gentleman who was to go there with an acquaintance was told in jest that it was so little necessary that he might appear there, if he pleased, in blue stockings. This he understood in the literal sense, and, when he spoke of it in French, called it the *Bas Bleu* meeting. And this was the origin of the ludicrous appellation of the Blue Stocking Club." Hannah More, also, in the "advertisement" to her pleasant little poem "The *Bas Bleu*; or, Conversation," writes, "The following trifle owes its birth and name to the mistake of a foreigner of distinction, who gave the literal title of the *Bas Bleu* to a small party of friends who have often been called, by way of pleasantry, the Blue-Stockings." Surely Hannah must have known something definite about the derivation of the title of her own beloved clique. She, too, states that the society used to meet at Mrs. Vesey's, not at Mrs. Montagu's.

Blue, True. The fancy that blue was the color of truth, as green was of inconstancy, is a very ancient one, dating back to the party distinctions in ancient Rome. In the factions of the Circus of the Lower Empire the emperor Anastasius secretly favored the *Greens*, Justinian openly protected the *Blues*: thence the former became the emblem of disaffection, and the latter of loyalty. The idea appears very early in English literature. Thus, in the "Squire's Tale" of Chaucer, we read,—

And by hire bedde's hed she made a mew,
And covered it with velouettes blew,
In signe of trouthe that is in woman sene.

So in his "Court of Love," line 246 :

Lo yondir folke (quod she) that knele in blew,
They were the color ay and ever shal,
In signe they were and ever wil be true,
Withoutin change.

"True blue" as the partisan color of the Covenanters, in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I., was first adopted by the soldiers of Lesley and Montrose in 1639, partly under the influence of the Mosaical precept, "Speak to the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a riband of blue" (*Numbers* xv. 38). The phrase *true blue* now has a general application, and means stanch, loyal, firm in the faith.

Boat, To be in the same, a proverbial expression, common to many languages, meaning to be embarked in the same enterprise, to be in the same condition, especially if unfortunate. The words "we are in the same boat"

were used by Clement I., Bishop of Rome (*circa* A.D. 91 to 100), in a letter to the church of Corinth on the occasion of a dissension. The letter, which is still extant, is prized as an important memorial of the early Church.

Have ye pain, so likewise pain have we,
For in one boat we both embarked be.
HUDSON: *Judith*, iii. l. 352 (1584).

Boat, To have an oar in another's. To meddle with other people's affairs.

The pope must have his ore in everie man's bote, his spoone in everie man's dish.—HOLINSHED: *Chronicles*, ii. 173 (1577).

Bobolition, Bobolitionist, derisive epithets for Abolition, Abolitionist, used by the enemies of the emancipation movement in its early days. A correspondent of the New York *Nation* remembered having seen the word bobolition at least as early as 1824 "on a broadsheet containing what purported to be an account of a bobolition celebration at Boston, July 14. At the top of the broadsheet was a grotesque procession of negroes. Among the toasts, or sentiments, were the following:

"Massa Wilberforce, de brack man bery good friend; may he nebber want a bolish to he boot."

"De Nited State; de land ob libity, 'cept he keep slave at de South. No cheer! Shake de head!"

"Dis year de fourth ob July come on de fifth; so, ob course, de fourteenth come on de fifteenth."

Bock beer, a corruption of "Eimbecker" beer, its original home being the little town of Eimbeck, Hanover. So famous was it all through the Middle Ages that no other beer, nor even the costliest wine, could compare with it in popularity. Attempts were soon made to produce it in other localities. Thus the remembrance of the original name was gradually lost. "Eimbeck" became successively "Eimbock," "ein bock," and finally plain "bock." This popular word-transformation is already several hundred years old, for in the Land- und Polizeiordnung of 1616 a "bock meet" is referred to, which "should only be brewed to meet the necessities of the sick." Popular etymology, of course, insists that bock beer means goat beer, bock being German for goat, and this fancy is perpetuated by the picture of a goat rampant, which usually appears on tavern-signs and other advertisements of the beer. Tradition even furnishes a myth to explain the phrase. Long ago, it is said, the devil appeared in the guise of a goat to a love-sick and rejected swain, and taught him the secret of making bock beer for the customary price of his soul. The people raved over the new decoction. The brewer prospered and married his sweetheart. At the end of the stipulated time the devil appeared to claim his own, but was skilfully inveigled into a bock beer intoxication, and when he awoke from his drunken stupor he was glad to sneak home without his prize. Bock beer, it may be added, differs from ordinary lager only in that an excess of malt is added to make it sweeter. It will not keep as long as lager. Brewed in January or February, it is placed on the market in April or May, and is in season for about a month.

Bogus, American slang for counterfeit, spurious, fictitious, which has now passed into general circulation. The amateur etymologist has made many interesting guesses as to the origin of this word, but none have any philological value. Here is the most amusing and the most widely current, copied from the Boston *Daily Courier* of June 12, 1857:

The word "bogus," we believe, is a corruption of the name of one *Borghese*, a very corrupt individual who, twenty years ago or more, did a tremendous business in the way of supplying

the great West and portions of the Southwest with a vast amount of counterfeit bills, and bills of fictitious banks which never had any existence out of the "forgetive brain" of him, the said "Borghese." The Western people, who are rather rapid in their talk when excited, soon fell into the habit of shortening the Italian name of *Borghese* to the more handy one of *Bogus*, and his bills, and all other bills of like character, were universally styled bogus currency.

The earliest use of the word so far discovered is recorded in the "New English Dictionary" as occurring in the Painesville (O.) *Telegraph* of July 6 and November 2, 1827. It is there a substantive, applied to an apparatus for coining false money. Dr. Murray has a sly hit at the "bogus derivations circumstantially given," but does not commit himself to any.

Boiled or Biled Shirt, a white shirt,—especially when newly laundried,—a term of mild derision, if not actual reproach, which sprang up among the pioneer miners of the Western States, and is still more common in the West than in the East.

But they were rough in those times! If a man wanted a fight on his hands without any annoying delay, all he had to do was to appear in public in a white shirt or a stovepipe hat, and he would be accommodated. For those people hated aristocrats. They had a particular and malignant animosity toward what they called a biled shirt.—MARK TWAIN: *Roughing It*.

Boodle. There are two American slang words spelt thus, each distinct in meaning and apparently of different origin and etymology. The first and elder word, which now appears more frequently in the intensified form caboodle, meaning a crowd, a company, is not impossibly derived from the old English *bottel*, a bundle, and there is reason to believe that it is a survival of a former English colloquialism. F. Markham, in his "Book of Honour," iv. 2, speaks of "all the buddle and musse" of great men. The later and now more common word, meaning money, and especially money gained by gambling, venality, or other dubious methods, or employed for corrupt political purposes, may be a form of the Dutch word *buidel*, which means "pocket" and also "purse."

The Professor has been to see me. Came in, glorious, at about twelve o'clock, last night. Said he had been with "the boys." On inquiry, found that "the boys" were certain baldish and grayish old gentlemen that one sees or hears of in various important stations of society. Then he began to quote Byron about Santa Croce, and maintained that he could "furnish out creation" in all its details from that set of his. He would like to have the whole boodle of them (I remonstrated against this word, but the Professor said it was a diabolish good word, and he would have no other), with their wives and children, shipwrecked on a remote island, just to see how splendidly they would reorganize society.—O. W. HOLMES: *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, p. 120.

Book. "The best way to become acquainted with a subject is to write a book about it." This saying has been attributed both to Beaconsfield and to Archbishop Thomson. But before the time of either, Lord Kames (1696-1782), according to Tytler's Life, had advised Sir Gilbert Elliot, who complained of a lack of information on a certain branch of political economy, "Shall I tell you, my friend, how you will come to understand it? Go and write a book upon it." And over in France one of Lord Kames's contemporaries had given vent to exactly the same idea: "The best way to become familiar with any given subject is to write a book upon it." But a far safer rule is that propounded by the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table (p. 134), as applicable to writing as to speaking: "Don't I read up various matters to talk about at this table or elsewhere?—No, that is the last thing I would do. I will tell you my rule. Talk about those things you have long had in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned."

Book, Beware of the man of one. A proverbial expression frequently

quoted in the Latin form, "Cave ab homine unius libri." The phrase is often attributed to Terence, but is not to be found in his extant works. Probably it originated in the story of St. Thomas Aquinas, thus related by Jeremy Taylor: "Aquinas was once asked with what compendium a man might best become learned. He answered, By reading of one book; meaning that an understanding entertained with several objects is intent upon neither, and profits not."

Southey, in "The Doctor," commenting on this passage, says, "The man of one book is, indeed, proverbially formidable to all conversational figurantes. Like your sharp-shooter, he knows his piece perfectly and is sure of his shot." And he quotes the following lines from Lope de Vega:

Que es estudiante notable
 El que lo es de un libro solo.
 Que quando no estavan llenos
 De tantos libros agenos,
 Como van dexando atras.
 Sabian los hombres mas
 Porque estudiavan en menos.

Johnson tells how he once met the poet Collins, after the latter became deranged, carrying with him an English Testament. "I have but one book," said Collins, "but it is the best." This is alluded to in his epitaph in Chichester Cathedral:

Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
 And wisely deemed the book of God the best.

Sometimes the phrase is used in a derogatory sense. Thus, Edward Everett applies it "not only to the man of one book, but also to the man of one idea, in whom the sense of proportion is lacking, and who sees only that for which he looks."

Book-plate. A label bearing a name, crest, monogram, or inscription pasted in a book to indicate its ownership, as well as its position in a library, etc. Mr. Leicester Warren, in his treatise on "Book-Plates," complains that the word is clumsy and ambiguous, inasmuch as it might readily be interpreted plates to illustrate books. Abroad the term used is *ex-libris*, and he regrets that it cannot be domesticated.

Book-plates are at least as old as Albert Dürer, who engraved several, the best-known being a wood-cut designed for his friend Willibald Pirckheimer, the Nuremberg jurist. Other contemporary engravers executed them. Beham made one for the Archbishop Albert of Mentz, his patron, about 1534. An impression, believed to be unique, is in the Print-Room at the French Bibliothèque Nationale. In England the custom of using book-plates was of much later date, the oldest yet identified bearing the date 1668 and the name of Francis Hill. The 68 is filled in with a pen. The whole number of book-plates in the seventeenth century is very small, amounting only to those of thirteen persons, some of whom, however, had two. As to the name "book-plate," that seems to be of still later date, and cannot be traced back farther than the year 1791, when it is used of some of Hogarth's early engravings by his biographer, Ireland; though, twenty years earlier, Horace Walpole almost used it,—for he speaks of a "plate to put in Lady Orford's books" being engraved by George Virtue. Book-plates of an artistic or non-heraldic character are comparatively modern, not to be found, perhaps, before the French Revolution. Men fond of books were contented then with the plain name, if they had no crest or did not care to incur the tax for showing it.

It is evident that the bibliographical and historical value of a book might be greatly enhanced by the book-plate so long as it remains pasted therein.

The interest of the plate is communicated to the book, and that of the book to the plate. But latterly an unfortunate fad has sprung up for book-plates alone, book-plates dismembered from the books which give them an intelligible value, and only leaving in the holder's hand a beggarly engraving of a coat of arms, such as he might have obtained out of an ordinary peerage. True, not all plates are armorial. Some bear only a name and an inscription. The earliest of these latter is probably Pirckheimer's "Inicium Sapienciæ Timor Domini." It is astonishing how many book-mottoes are directed against the cultivated seekers of wisdom from books not their own. Says a Saturday Reviewer, "We have in our possession a copy of Paley's '*Gothic Architecture*,' on which the name and the address of the pious Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck having been given, we find a verse from Psalm xxxvii. : 'The wicked borroweth and payeth not again,'—a sentence which makes us hasten to affirm that we bought and did not borrow the book." The same text reappears in the books of other collectors. Another text frequently selected as a motto is from the Parable of the Ten Virgins : "Go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves." The following lines, of uncertain parentage, are also great favorites :

Si quis hunc librum rapiat scelestus
Atque furtivis manibus prehendas,
Pergat at tetras Acherontis undas
Non rediturus.

These verses remind one of the English distich which school-boys are in the habit of scrawling in their text-books, not infrequently illuminated with a picture of a man swinging from what appears like a rudimentary conception of a gallows :

Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows will be your end.

And what modern Diogenes was it who used to put in all his books, "Stolen from the library of ———" ? In suave and gentlemanly contrast to these truculent mottoes is the inscription which one of the famous Groliers is said to have inserted on the fly-leaf of his books : "Jo. Grolierii et Amicorum,"—Joseph Grolier and his Friends. Exactly the same story is told of Michel Bégon, and it is further related that when that gentleman was cautioned by his librarian against lending his books, for fear of losing them, he replied, "I would rather lose them than seem to distrust any honest man." A mild and palatable caution was this one used by Theodore Christopher Lilienthal (*circa* 1750), who placed it under a picture of lilies surrounded by bees,—probably an allusion to his own name :

Utere concessio, sed nullus abutere libro,
Lilia non maculat sed modo tangit apes.

And this was long before Darwin had promulgated his views as to the fertilization of flowers by insects !

The following macaronic bit of geniality is from the fly-leaf of a copy of Virgil, 1582 :

Iste liber pertinet, beare it well in mind,
Ad me Jacobum Weaver, so courteous and so kind,
A pena sempiterna, Jesus Christ me bringe
Ad vitam eternam, to life (ever) lasting.

Per me JACOBUM WEAVER.

Bookworm, originally the general name given to the larvæ of certain insects which feed upon the leaves of books : hence a term for a great reader, one who, in metaphorical language, "devours books." Probably this use of the word has been influenced by the directions which the angel gave to St. John in handing him the book with the seven seals : "Take it, and eat it up ; and

it shall make thy belly bitter, but it shall be in thy mouth sweet as honey" (*Rev.* x. 9). The Latin form, "Accipe librum et devora illum," was frequently used as an inscription on mediæval book-plates.

Bookworms are now almost exclusively known in the secondary and derivative meaning of the word as porers over dry books; but there was a time when the real worms were as ubiquitous as our cockroaches. They would start at the first or last page and tunnel circular holes through the volume, and were cursed by librarians as *bestia audax* and *pestes chartarum*. There were several kinds of these little plagues. One was a sort of death-watch, with dark-brown hard skin; another had a white body with little brown spots on its head. Those that had legs were the larvæ of moths, and those without legs were grubs that turned to beetles. They were dignified, like other disagreeable things, with fine Latin names, which we spare our readers. All of them had strong jaws and very healthy appetites; but we are happy to find that their digestive powers, vigorous as they were, quail before the materials of our modern books. China clay, plaster of Paris, and other unwholesome aliments have conquered the *pestes chartarum*. They sigh and shrivel up. Peace to the memory, for it is now hardly more than a memory, of the *bestia audax*.—*Bookworm*, vol. iv.

Boom, in American slang, the effective launching of anything with *éclat* on the market or on public attention. The "New English Dictionary" traces this use of the word primarily to a particular application of its meaning of "a loud, deep sound with resonance," with reference not so much to the sound as to "the suddenness and rush with which it is accompanied." But there is noted as possibly modifying the meaning "association original or subsequent with other senses of the word." The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* claims to have originated the expression in 1879, when the Grant third-term movement was started.

The power of the press has never been more beautifully illustrated than in the recent history of the word "boom." It was always a good, sonorous word, but its latent possibilities have only recently been discovered. As applied to the booming of a cannon or of rushing waters, it is euphonious and expressive, but it was left for the press to develop its general adaptation to human affairs, and its especial significance in a political sense. The word was first applied to the Grant movement, which, on account of its sudden, rushing character, was aptly termed a boom. The papers took it up somewhat cautiously at first on account of its slangy aspect, but gradually the word was taken into favor until all the papers were talking about the Grant boom. Its use by the press made it popular, and the people adopted it. Then there came the Sherman boom, the Blaine boom, the Tilden boom, and many others. Nearly every public man had a boom, or wanted one. From politics the word passed into general use, and we had the business boom, the wheat boom, the iron boom, etc. A business-man remarked yesterday, "Nearly everything has had a boom except soap, and I am looking for a soap boom every day." A year ago the word was hardly known, now it is in universal use, and one almost wonders how we ever got along without it. All this has been accomplished by a free and untrammelled press. Great as the innate capabilities of the word are, they might have lain dormant hundreds of years longer, as they had already lain hundreds of years, if the press, with its mighty power of dissemination, had not taken it up and sent it booming through the land. Since the Ohio election one or two Democratic papers have suggested that the word has an unpleasant sound, and ought to be done away with, but it is evident this suggestion springs from base partisan motives. It is a good word, and answers a great many purposes. Let it boom.—*Indianapolis Journal*, October, 1879.

Borrowed Days. The last three days of March are known as "the borrowed days." At the firesides of the Scottish peasantry the origin of these days is given in this quaint rhyme:

March said to Aperill,
I see three hoggs upon a hill,
And if you'll lend me dayes three,
I'll find a way to make them dee;
The first o' them was wind and wet,
The second o' them was snaw and sleet,
The third o' them was sic a freeze
It froze the birds' nests to the trees;
When the three days were past and gane,
The three silly hoggs came hirplin' hame.

Borrowing. Shakespeare has summed up an immense amount of worldly wisdom in Polonius's advice to Laertes:

Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
Hamlet, Act i., Sc. iii.

The Old Testament recognizes that the position of a borrower is humiliating : "The borrower is servant to the lender" (*Prov.* xxii. 7). "He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," says Franklin, in "Poor Richard's Almanac" for 1757,—a phrase that he cribbed from Thomas Tusser :

Who goeth a-borrowing
 Goeth a-sorrowing.

Five Hundred Points : June.

But Tusser himself was only remoulding a proverb familiar long before his day.

Bosh, slang for nonsense, fudge ; originally a Turkish word meaning *empty* or *useless*, it first appeared in England in 1834, when it was popularized by Morier's Oriental novel "Ayesha." It is probably derived from the Arabic *mā-fish*, "there is no such thing," an expression much used in Yemen and Egypt for the single negative *not*, and in the Maghribi or Egyptian dialect corrupted to *mūsh*, which by the simple interchange of *m* and *b* becomes *bōsh*, the Turkish word.

Bottle-holder, the second in a prize-fight, one of whose duties is to hold the water-bottle, while another assistant sponges the principal between the rounds : hence the term is sometimes extended to one who seconds or advises, or backs a person or a cause. In 1851, Lord Palmerston told a deputation who waited upon him to congratulate him on the success of his effort to liberate Kossuth, that the past crisis was one which had required much generalship and judgment, and that a good deal of judicious bottle-holding was obliged to be brought into play. The London *Times* made a furious onslaught on Palmerston for thus using the phraseology of the pugilistic ring, and shortly afterwards *Punch* appeared with a cartoon representing the noble lord as the "Judicious Bottle-Holder,"—a nickname that clung to him.

Bouts-rimés (Fr., literally, "rhymed ends"), a form of literary amusement in which rhymes being given the participants, they fill up the verses. According to Ménage, the notion of this frivolity was derived from a saying of the French poet Dulot, whereby he accidentally let the cat out of the bag, or, to change the metaphor, let the public in behind the scenes. Complaining one day of the loss of three hundred sonnets, his hearers marvelled at his having about him so large a collection of literary wares, whereupon he explained that they were not completed sonnets, but the unarticulated skeletons,—in other words, their prearranged rhyming ends, drawn out in groups of fourteen. All Paris was in a roar next day over Dulot's lost sonnets. Bouts-rimés became the fashion in all the salons. Ladies imposed the task of making them upon their lovers ; the *beaux-esprits* amused their leisure in the same way. Ménage himself confesses that he had tried and failed. In vain Sarasin attempted to ridicule the fad in his "La Défaite des Bouts-Rimés." It flourished apace in France ; it crossed the Channel in due course, and established itself in high favor with the more ponderous wits of Albion.

There were public competitions of bouts-rimés at Bath, under the patronage of the blue-stocking Lady Millar, and all the rank, beauty, and fashion of the place—the beaux and belles, old dandies and reigning toasts—entered into the contest, and the successful competitor was crowned with myrtle. Mrs. De-lany, too, was addicted to bouts-rimés, and very different people—Dr. Priestley and Mrs. Barbauld (then Miss Aikin)—worked at them in the spare evenings of their Warrington Academy life.

Macaulay, alluding with fine scorn to some of Fanny Burney's friends at the time of her first brilliant *début* into literature, numbers among them "Lady Millar, who kept a vase wherein fools were wont to put bad verses, and Jer-ningham, who wrote verses fit to be put into the vase of Lady Millar." Let us treat more kindly these kindly affectations of the past. Lady Millar's vase has a history that is not unentertaining. When on a tour in Italy with her husband, Sir John Millar, the excellent, though addle-pated, lady had procured the vase at Frascati. It was an admirable bit of antique ware. Lady Millar brought it home with her and placed it in her villa. Every Thursday she invited her friends to that temple of the Muses, where she officiated as high-priestess, and every one was expected to drop in the vase his or her version of the rhymes given out the preceding Thursday. Only one specimen of these effusions has survived, the composition of the then Duchess of Northumberland. The rhymes given were *brandish*, *standish*, *patten*, *satin*, *olio*, *folio*, *puffing*, *muffin*, *feast on*, *Batheaston*. It will be seen that they were not very easy to fill in, also that the rhymes are a little shaky. After all, making due allowances, the result was not so bad:

The pen which I now take and brandish
Has long lain useless in my standish.
Know every maid, from her in patten
To her who shines in glossy satin,
That could they now prepare an olio,
From best receipt of book in folio,
Ever so fine, for all their puffing,
I should prefer a buttered muffin,—
A muffin Jove himself might feast on,
If eat with Millar at Batheaston.

In the "Correspondence of Mrs. Delany," the editor, Lady Llanover, refers to this amusement, and gives a specimen written by Mrs. Delany in reply to words which had been sent her:

When friendship such as yours our hours bless,
It soothes our cares, and makes affliction less;
Oppressed by woes, from you I'm sure to find
A sovereign cure for my distempered mind;
At court or play, in field or shady grove,
No place can yield delight without your love.

Not content with this, however, Mrs. Delany gave a second verse on the same words:

When me with your commands you bless,
My time is yours, nor can I offer less;
There so much truth and love I find,
That with content it fills my mind,
Happy to live in unfrequented grove,
Assured of faithful Nanny's love.

On another occasion a noted instance was afforded by Horace Walpole on the words *brook*, *why*, *crook*, *I*:

I sit with my toes in a brook;
If any one asks me for why,
I hits them a rap with my crook;
" 'Tis sentiment kills me," says I.

So prevalent had the amusement become that, in 1814, the "Musomanik Society" was established at Anstruther, in Fifeshire, Scotland,—the parent of numerous similar societies which cultivated this form of literature on a little oatmeal. These worthy gentlemen actually went so far as to publish a volume made up of their improvised stanzas. Here are three efforts based on the words *pen*, *scuffle*, *men*, *ruffle*. They are neither better nor worse than the average:

One would suppose a silly pen
 A shabby weapon in a scuffle;
 But yet the pen of critic men
 A very hero's soul would ruffle.

I grant that some by tongue or pen
 Are daily, hourly, in a scuffle;
 But then we philosophic men
 Have placid tempers naught can ruffle.

Last night I left my desk and pen,
 For in the street I heard a scuffle,
 And there, torn off by drunken men,
 I left my coat-tails and shirt-ruffle.

But the king of all Bouts-Rimeurs was a certain young American, a native of Albany, of the name of Bogart. His talent for improvisation seems to have been very remarkable. On one occasion certain of his friends, including Colonel J. B. Van Schaick and Charles Fenno Hoffman, determined to put it to a crucial test. Van Schaick took up a copy of "Childe Harold." "Now," he said, "the name of Lydia Kane" (a belle of that period) "contains the same number of letters as a stanza of 'Childe Harold' has lines. Suppose you write them down in a column."

Bogart did as he was told.

"Now," continued the colonel, "I will open the poem at random, and will dictate to you the rhymes of any stanza on which my finger happens to rest. See if you can, within ten minutes, make an acrostic on Lydia Kane whose rhymes will be identical with those of Byron's stanza."

The stanza happened to be the following:

And must they fall, the young, the proud, the brave,
 To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign?
 No step between submission and a grave?
 The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
 And doth the Power that man adores ordain
 Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
 Is all that desperate valor acts in vain?
 And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal,
 The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart of steel?

Bogart cleverly performed his task by producing the following verse within the stated time:

Lovely and loved, o'er the unconquered brave
 Your charms resistless, matchless girl, shall reign,
 Dear as the mother holds her infant's grave,
 In Love's warm regions, warm, romantic Spain.
 And should your fate to courts your steps ordain,
 Kings would in vain to regal pomp appeal,
 And lordly bishops kneel to you in vain,
 Nor Valor's fire, Love's power, nor Churchman's zeal
 Endure 'gainst Love's (*time's* up) untarnished steel.

These are a few specimens of acknowledged bouts-rimés. But suppose that all poets were as honest as Dulot, as willing to yield up the secret of their inspiration. Do not the best of them have to seek for their rhymes? A thought, perchance, having arrived at or about its sonorous harbor from the sea, cannot get in at first, but has to bob about outside till the little pilot-tug of some rhyme comes up with the steam up and the flag flying and takes it in tow to its moorings. Nay, may it not even occur, after one or two pilot-tugs have come up, a bargain cannot be made, or the bar is dangerous for the tonnage, and the vessel makes for another port? Are there not such things as rhyming dictionaries (the ingenious reader will perceive that we have dropped metaphor for plain fact), and have we not the confessions of good poets—Byron, for example—that they have used these helps, or that, in their absence, they

have been glad to revert to a kind of mental substitute, chasing out a suitable rhyme to the word *same*, for example, by running through the entire alphabet, aim, blame, came, dame, fame, etc.? Have they not even gone further and allowed the rhymes to bring the thought into motion from the first? In her "Recollections of Literary Characters" (1854) Mrs. Thomson tells us expressly that this was Campbell's practice, and that he openly avowed he had written "Lochiel's Warning" as a sort of exercise in bouts-rimés: "The rhymes were written first, and the lines filled in afterwards, the poet singing them to a sort of cadence as he recited them to his wondering friend." One can imagine the scene and figure to one's self the poet shouting,—

Lochiel, Lochiel, ow-ow-ow-a dáy,
Wow-ow, ow-ow-ow, ow-ow, ow arráy.

Leigh Hunt once had an article in the *Liberal* wherein he proposed that all poetry should be turned into a sort of bouts-rimés. A number of words, he insists, are so invested with connected clusters of associations that they form in themselves a sort of poetical short-hand, and the mere succession of them, arranged in rhyming pairs, or as the ends of rhyming stanzas not yet in existence, tells the story almost as well as if the blank couplets or stanzas were filled up. Take these words:

dawn	each	fair	me	ray
rains	spoke	mine	two	heat
lawn	beech	hair	free	play
swains	yoke	divine	woo	sweet

Repeat them slowly, with a pause after each, and a longer pause after each four. Can you not conjure up before your mind a pastoral love-scene quite as effectively as if you had the five elegiac stanzas which these ends suggest?

Here is a short poem which is complete without any exercise of the imagination. The rhymes need no precedent clauses: they are heads and tails at once. In their simple way they tell the sad story of a common domestic tragedy:

Boy, Gun; Joy, Fun.	Gun. Bust. Boy Dust.
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Here is a sonnet built up on the same plan by a modern French poet, M. J. de Rességuier:

Fort	Frêle	Rose	Bris
Belle	Sort,	Close;	L'a
Elle	Quelle	La	Prise.
Dort.	Mort:		

Bowery Boy, the typical New York tough of a generation or two ago, named from the street which he chiefly affected, a well-known thoroughfare (Dutch *bouwerij*, from *bouwen*, to "till," to "cultivate," the street having originally been cut through Governor Stuyvesant's farm). He rather prided himself on his uncouthness, his ignorance, and his desperado readiness to fight, but he also loved to have attention called to his courage, his gallantry to women, his patriotic enthusiasm, and his innate tenderness of heart. A fire and a thrilling melodrama called out all his energies and emotions.

When I first knew it, both the old Bowery Theatre and the old Bowery boy were in their glory. It was about that time that Thackeray, taking some notes in Gotham, had an encounter with the Bowery boy that seems to have slipped into history. The caustic satirist had heard of the Bowery boy, as the story goes, and went to see him on his native heath. He found him leaning on a fire-hydrant, and accosted him with, "My friend, I want to go to Broadway." Whereupon the Bowery boy, drawing up his shoulders and taking another chew on his cigar, "Well, why the — don't you go, then?" — *Chicago Tribune*.

Bow-wow way, a colloquial expression indicating a haughty, overpowering, or grandiloquent manner. It seems to have originated with Lord

Pembroke, who said that Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary "were it not for his bow-wow way." Scott, in his *Diary* (1832), speaking of Miss Austen, says, "That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements of feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me." The Bow-wow theory is a nickname occasionally applied to the theory that human speech originated in the imitation of animal sounds.

Boycott, a word much used by the Irish Land-leaguers, meaning a combination that refuses to hold any relations, either public or private, business or social, with any person or persons on account of political or other differences. It arose in the autumn of 1880. Captain Boycott, of Lough Mask, Connemara, was agent of Lord Earne, an Irish land-owner. His severity made him unpopular with the tenants, who petitioned for his removal. Lord Earne turned a deaf ear to all complaints. Then, in retaliation, the tenants and their sympathizers laid a taboo upon Boycott, refusing to work for him or to allow any one else to do so. His servants and his farm-hands deserted him, and if anybody undertook to assist him in any way, or even deal with him, that person was included in the taboo, his old friends cut him as an acquaintance and shunned him as a seller or a buyer. Boycott saw temporary ruin staring him in the face, when relief came in the shape of certain Ulster men, protected by armed troops, who husbanded the crops. But the system grew to be a recognized institution for harrying the enemies of the Land-league, and so early as December, 1880, the *Daily News* records, "Already the stoutest-hearted are yielding to the fear of being Boycotted." The word, usually spelt with a small *b*, is now applied to all forms of intimidation by taboo. The thing, of course, is not new. Napoleon strove to institute a gigantic boycott against England on the part of continental Europe. In a pamphlet called "The Example of France," by A. Young (1793), loyal Englishmen are advised to combine in a resolution "against dealing with any sort of Jacobin tradesmen." More primitive instances will be found in the citations below.

And if it be so that the Kyng do a tresspass, as sla a man or swilke another notable thing, he schall be deed therfore. Bot he schall not be slaen with mannez hand, bot they schall forbede that na man be so hardy to make him company, ne speke with him, ne come to him, ne giffe him mete ne drinke; and so for euen pure need and hunger and thirst and sorow that he schall haf in his hert he schall dye.—MAUNDEVILLE: *Travels*, ch. xxvii.

Man cannot be adequately defined as a Boycotting animal. The lower creation also practises this art. The herd proverbially Boycotts the stricken deer; sheep, birds, and even fishes, we believe, have the sense and spirit to shun the diseased or unlucky members of their society, and behave, to alter Bill Sykes's praise of his dog, "quite like (Irish) Christians." In Europe, Boycotting flourishes most in Irish and "exclusive" circles; but it is one of the chief institutions of primitive men, whose whole life is spent in Boycotting and being Boycotted. The part which the institution plays in the Mosaic law is well known, and so stringent are the rules of "uncleanliness" that a great part of the community must have daily found itself marching to Coventry. Among contemporary savages a violent and almost excessive dislike of the dullness of family parties seems to have been the chief agent, or one of the chief agents, in making this exclusiveness fashionable. Most members of the domestic circle Boycott each other habitually under the sanction of terribly severe penal laws. To speak to a mother-in-law or a sister at any time, or a father-in-law or many other relations at certain fixed times, is almost a capital offence.—*Saturday Review*, March 12, 1881.

Brazil, As hard as. This, the *Athenæum* tells us, is a common saying over a great part, perhaps the whole, of England, but if you ask what Brazil is you commonly receive no satisfactory answer. A Shropshire peasant, it seems, can furnish the information needed. There it means iron pyrites. It is well known by barrow-diggers and others interested in the remote past that frag-

ments of iron pyrites were formerly used for striking a light, and therefore it would naturally become a symbol of hardness. The meaning of the word seems to have been forgotten, or to have become confounded with brass, for in one of Norden's surveys, made in the reign of James I., an entry occurs which has puzzled more than one accomplished antiquary. The place spoken of lies at a point where the oolite formation "puts in" above the lias, and the surveyor tells us that at this place there is "one piece of waste lande there to buydle a melting hows, for ther hath bene sometimes a brass mine, as it seemeth." Copper was commonly called brass in those days, but it would be well-nigh miraculous if copper had been found in such a situation, though iron is at the present time worked in the immediate neighborhood.

Bric-à-brac. The "New English Dictionary," following Littre, ascribes this word to a corruption of *de bric et de broc*, which is analogous to the English "by hook or by crook." Like that, it probably owes its origin to assonance alone. Some fanciful etymologists, however, claim that *bric* in old French was an instrument that shot arrows at birds, while *broc* is from the word *brocanter*, to exchange or sell, the root of which is Saxon and enters into the word broker. Originally bric-à-brac seems to have meant second-hand goods, but, as these are usually found in old curiosity shops, the word came to mean odd and curious articles prized by collectors.

Brick, in colloquial English, a jolly good fellow. This bit of slang can be traced to an historical origin. Plutarch, in his *Life of Lycurgus*, gives an account of the visit of an ambassador from Epirus to the city of Sparta, who saw much to admire and praise. But he wondered greatly that Sparta was not a walled town, and asked the explanation of its lack of defensive works. No answer was returned that day. Early the next morning, however,—for the Spartans rose at dawn,—the Epirote was awakened and conducted to the field of exercise outside the city, where the army of Sparta was drawn up in battle-array. "There," said Lycurgus, "are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick."

To call a man "a perfect brick" is to concede to him a completeness and solidity of character on which those who deal with him can safely build. It is analogous with the Western description of a man as a man "who will do to tie to," which was born of the experience of the flat-boatmen on the Ohio and Mississippi when it was their custom to tie their boats up overnight to trees on the bank which might or might not be rooted for resistance to the current. The idea of the phrase is formulated in the "four-angled man" of the Greeks, and it has been developed into stately verse by Tennyson in his ode on the Duke of Wellington:

Oh! fallen at length that tower of strength,
Which stood four square to all the winds that blew.
New York World.

Bridgewater Treatises. The name of these famous works is derived from Sir Francis Henry Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, who died in February, 1829, and left a will directing certain trustees to invest eight thousand pounds to be placed at the disposal of the President of the Royal Society, to be paid to the person or persons nominated by him. The will further directed that when these persons were so selected they should be appointed to write and publish one thousand copies of a work "on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the creation, illustrating each work by all reasonable arguments, as, for instance, the variety and formation of God's creatures in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; the effects of digestion, and thereby of conversion; the construction of the hand of man, and an infinite variety of other arguments; as also by discoveries, ancient and modern, in Arts and Sciences and the whole extent of Literature." David Gilbert was at that time the President of the Royal Society, and he, with the advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, appointed

the following eight persons, who accordingly wrote the Bridgewater Treatises : Dr. Chalmers, John Kidd, Rev. M. Whewell, Sir Charles Bell, Peter Roget, Rev. Dr. Buckland, Rev. Wm. Kirby, and Wm. Prout.

Brook of millions. A serious obstacle to the development of great industries in Switzerland is the scarcity of coal in that country ; but the smaller industries, profiting by the streams and natural water-falls that abound, are the most numerous and active perhaps in the world. One little stream, the Aa,—a brook, indeed, about three yards wide,—supplies the motor force for thirty considerable manufactories within a limit of about four and a half miles, its entire length. It rises in the Pfäffiger-See, east of Zurich, and flows into the Greiffen-See, and the difference between the level of the two lakes is only about three hundred feet. From the amount of wealth it has created, it is called *Le Ruisseau des Millions*.

Broth of a boy, a phrase much affected by the Irish, yet not unknown in England and America. As broth is the essence of beef, a broth of a boy is the essence of what a boy should be, the right sort of a boy :

Juan was quite a broth of a boy.

Don Juan, viii. 24.

Buckeye State, an American nickname for the State of Ohio, from its abundant supply of horse-chestnut-trees, commonly called buckeyes.

Bucktail, a political nickname originally given to an order of the Tammany Society, who wore in their hats, upon certain occasions, a portion of the tail of a deer. When De Witt Clinton was running his eventually successful campaign for the governorship of New York, the members of Tammany were generally inimical to him. Hence "Bucktail" came to be a nickname for all anti-Clintonians.

Buckwheat-cakes are usually supposed to be a New England invention, and indeed within the last quarter of a century the American visitors to Paris have made the fortune of a *spécialité de buckwheat-cakes*. But in very fact the cakes are of French origin, and those who like them may eat them to-day in their primitive simplicity as *galettes de sarrasin* at almost any village west of the Seine in Normandy.

Bug-eaters, a term applied derisively to the inhabitants of Nebraska by travellers on account of the poverty-stricken appearance of many parts of the State. If one living there were to refuse to eat bugs, he would, like Polonius, soon be "not where he eats, but where he is eaten."

Bugaboo, Bugbear, Bogie. When the bigoted royalist Maitland blasphemously asserted that God was but a "bogie of the nursery," he unwittingly showed great philological acumen. To the eye of the etymologist, the bogie with which nurses are wont to terrify their infant charges is, when divested of its traditional meaning, identical with the Slavonic *Bôg* and the *Baga* of the cuneiform inscriptions, both names for the Supreme Being, which, by gradual alterations and corruptions, have given rise to an infinite number of terms for supernatural (and usually unpleasant) beings. Thus, on the one hand, we have the Icelandic *pukl*, or demon, the Gothic *puke*, or spectre, the English Puck, etc., and, on the other, the familiar bug, bogie, bugbear, bugaboo, etc. "Such," says Prof. Fiske, "is the irony of fate towards a deposed deity!" From having figured as the unclouded sun and the chief of all the gods, the supreme majesty of deity is in English but the name of an ugly ludicrous fiend, a scarecrow, or, at the best, a harmless goblin. The Deity has, in very truth, become the bogie of the nursery.

Very early in the history of the race mothers discovered the convenience of frightening their offspring into good behavior. Gibbon tells us that "Narses was the formidable sound with which the Syrian mothers were accustomed to terrify their infants." Speaking of Richard Cœur de Lion, the same writer says, "The memory of this lion-hearted prince, at the distance of sixty years, was celebrated in proverbial sayings by the grandsons of the Turks and Saracens against whom he had fought; his tremendous name was employed by the Syrian mothers to silence their infants; and if a horse suddenly started from the way, his rider was wont to exclaim, 'Dost thou think King Richard is in that bush?'"

Still another name used for a similar purpose is mentioned by Gibbon,—Huniades, titular King of Hungary in the middle of the fifteenth century: "By the Turks, who employed his name to frighten their perverse children, he was corruptly denominated 'Jancus Lain, or The Wicked.'" The intelligence, or want of intelligence, of English nurses has been productive of innumerable bogies. To say nothing of the ancient Raw Head and Bloody Bones (which occurs in "Hudibras"), we may gather from the following extract from Reginald Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft" the names of a few of the bogies used to torment little children within the Elizabethan age.

"In our childhood," says Scot, "our mothers' maids have so terrified us with an ugly devil having horns on his head, fire in his mouth, and a tail at his back, eyes like a basin, fangs like a dog, claws like a bear, a skin like a negro, and voice roaring like a lion, whereby we start and are afraid when we hear one cry, Boh! and they have so frayed us with bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, sylvans, Kitt-with-the-candlestick, tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, giants, imps, calcars, conjurers, nymphs, changelings, incubus, Robin Goodfellow, the spoon, the man-in-the-oak, the hell-wain, the fire-drake, the puckle, Tom Thumb, Hobgoblin, Tom Tumbler, Boneless, and such other bugbears, that we are afraid of our own shadows."

Sir Walter Scott, who quotes this passage in his "Demonology and Witchcraft," explains some of these strange terms, but leaves it to a "better demonologist than himself" to treat them more fully. In "Hudibras," besides Raw Head and Bloody Bones, another bogie is mentioned as being in common use,—namely, Lunsford. This was Colonel Lunsford, or Lunsfort, the governor of the Tower, and a man noted for his sobriety, industry, and courage. But Lilburn and others of the same party gloried in maligning him in every possible way. Among other scandalous charges, they led the ignorant populace to believe that he ate children.

The Loyalists affected to laugh at this accusation, and in the "Collection of Loyal Songs" it is alluded to thus:

From Fielding and from Vavasour,
Both ill-affected men,
From Lunsford eke deliver us,
That eateth up children.

So also Cleveland :

The post that came from Banbury
Riding in a blue rocket,
He swore he saw, when Lunsford fell,
A child's arm in his pocket.

But Lilburn was so far successful in his aim that, as has been said, Lunsford's name became odious and was added to the long list of nursery bogies.

According to Banks's "Earl of Essex" (a play ridiculed by Fielding in his

"Tom Thumb the Great"), that noble lord was also used as a bogie during his own lifetime :

It was enough to say, Here's Essex come,
And nurses stilled their children with the fright.

Fielding substituted the name of Tom Thumb, though, as we have seen, Reginald Scot especially mentions Tom Thumb among the bogies of childhood,—a fact which takes the edge off the intended satire.

Napoleon—or Boney, as he was called in the nursery—has done yeoman's service as a bogie in England. Boneyparty is in itself a name with a good palpable English meaning attached to it, which can be understood of the people. It seems to have a natural affinity to Raw Head and Bloody Bones, Boneless, and such other bugbears. Curiously enough, the Duke of Wellington has never performed a like service in French nurseries, though he is the hero of certain English bogie rhymes. For example :

Baby, baby, naughty baby,
Hush, you squalling thing, I say ;
Hush this moment, or it may be
Wellington will pass this way ;
And he'll beat you, beat you, beat you,
And he'll beat you all to pap ;
And he'll eat you, eat you, eat you !
Gobble you, gobble you—snap, snap, snap !

In another, the same kind-hearted gentleman is represented as being "tall and straight as Rouen steeple," and dining and supping upon a never-failing supply of "naughty people."

It is said that Jewish mothers sometimes frighten their children with the name of Lilith. According to the Talmudists, Lilith was the wife of Adam before he married Eve. She refused to obey her husband, and left Paradise for the region of air. The legend is that her sceptre is still to be seen at night, and that she is especially the enemy of young children.

The "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" boldly declares that our word "lullaby" is derived from "Lilith abi !" (Lilith, avaunt !) But the inexorable Professor Skeat, who destroys all the charming old unreasonable and picturesque derivations, will have nothing to say to this, and gives an explanation too prosaic to be recorded here. Lilith was so bad that it was not unfitting her name should be used to frighten little boys and girls. She furnishes one of the few instances of a woman being utilized as a bogie.

Bull, John, a humorous personification of the British people, which originated with Arbuthnot. He is represented as a bluff, stout, honest, red-faced, irascible rustic, in leather breeches and top-boots, carrying a stout oaken cudgel in his hand and with a bull-dog at his heels.

That pestilent personage John Bull has assumed so concrete a form in our imaginations, with his top-boots and his broad shoulders and vast circumference, and the emblematic bull-dog at his heels, that for most observers he completely hides the Englishman of real life. The ideal John Bull has hidden us from ourselves as well as from our neighbors, and the race which is distinguished above all others for the magnificent wealth of its imaginative literature is daily told—and, what is more, tells itself—that it is a mere lump of prosaic flesh and blood, with scarcely soul enough to keep it from stagnation. If we were sensible we should burn that ridiculous caricature of ourselves along with Guy Fawkes ; but meanwhile we can hardly complain if foreigners are deceived by our own misrepresentations.—LESLIE STEPHEN.

Bullet. Every bullet has its billet,—i.e., its resting-place or destination. In military parlance billet is an official order requiring the person to whom it is addressed to provide board and lodging for the soldier bearing it. Hence the proverb means that only those are killed whose death Providence has assigned. Napoleon was a firm believer in the superstition embodied in the

saying. Thus, he said once to an officer, "My friend, if that ball were destined for you, it would be sure to find you, though you were to burrow a hundred feet under ground." And again at Montereau, in 1814, he refused to retire from an exposed position, saying, "Courage, my friends: the ball which is to kill me is not yet cast." When Nelson was warned by a lady not to expose himself needlessly in battle, he replied, "The bullet which hits me will have on it 'Horatio Nelson, his with speed.'"

Victor Galbraith
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead;
His name was not stamped on those balls of lead.
LONGFELLOW.

Mme. de Sévigné wrote, "Who can doubt that the cannon-ball which could distinguish M. de Turenne among a dozen was loaded for that purpose from all eternity?"

Bulls, Irish and not Irish. A bull is very cleverly defined by Sydney Smith as "an apparent congruity and real incongruity of ideas suddenly discovered." Clever, yet not quite so clever as Coleridge: "A bull consists in a mental juxtaposition of incongruous ideas, with a sensation, but without the sense, of connection." Sydney Smith goes on to point out that a bull is the very reverse of wit; "for as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real." He might have carried the idea still further, and shown that, while wit is acutely self-conscious, the bull, on the contrary, is born of a native humor, a coloring and distorting medium absolutely unconscious of itself. Its perpetrator is fully possessed of his own meaning, but is unconscious of the literal and objective sense of his own words. When Thomas Carlyle said in his "Oliver Cromwell" that "some omissions will also appear in this edition," he knew what he meant, and so do we,—the understanding on both sides is identical,—but the recognition of the inadequacy of the words to convey that meaning is with us alone.

So much for definition. Now, what has etymology to say on the subject? Very little, and that little not much to the purpose. It was once the fashion to derive the term from one Obadiah Bull, an Irish lawyer residing in London in the reign of Henry VII., whose blunders of the sort were notorious. But Chaucer uses the word "bole" (in our modern sense of a verbal mistake), and, as Chaucer died half a century before Henry VII. was born, *that* etymology must go by the board. And with it also must go the idea that a bull, either in etymology or in essence, has any inevitable connection with the Irish. Mr. Edgeworth indeed has written an essay on "Irish Bulls," which almost goes the length of asserting, first, that bulls are not Irish; second, that there is no such thing as a bull. Without accompanying him to this extreme, we might readily allow that other nations err in the same delightful manner, and that many so-called bulls are really not bulls at all, because they are conscious and often successful efforts to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art. And even the bulls that refuse to be classified under any more complimentary head frequently result not from dulness but from extreme quickness of apprehension, the mind leaping to its conclusion without passing through the intermediate stages of the process.

When Shakespeare speaks of a custom "more honored in the breach than the observance," or of making "assurance doubly sure," when Johnson warns you not to "sell for gold what gold can never buy," they utter what looks like an absurdity to the purely logical sense, but the higher faculties refuse to recognize the absurdity, and gratefully occupy themselves in admiration of their audacious aptness. The same may be said of these other much quoted lines and phrases:

Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

MILTON: *Paradise Lost*.

The loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met.

Ibid.

I will still strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them.

SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*, Act ii, Sc. i.

Cæsar did never wrong save with just cause.

Ibid.

None but himself can be his parallel.

THEOBALD: *The Double Falsehood*.

Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.

DRYDEN: *Alexander's Feast*.

Shakespeare has not only shown human nature as it is, but as it would be found in situations to which it cannot be exposed.—JOHNSON: *Lives of the Poets*.

Every monumental inscription should be in Latin; for that being a dead language it will ever live.—*Ibid.*

The last example is more properly a play upon words than a bull; yet it cannot be relegated to the degraded deep of punning, because there is a play on the idea as well as on the words. It is identical with Schiller's "To be immortal in art a thing must first be dead in life."

On the other hand, when Dryden made his heroine say,—

My wound is great because it is so small,

the phrase is not a bull, because it is a conscious effort at antithetical effect. But as it falls short of its aim, as it is a step on the hither side of the sublime, we call it merely ridiculous, and feel that Dryden was rightly rebuked when the Duke of Buckingham shouted from his box,—

Then 'twould be greater if 'twere none at all.

In his "Martinus Scriblerus" Pope supplies an instance of the "art of sinking," which is shrewdly suspected to be taken from his own juvenile epic of "Alcander." The poet is speaking of a frightened stag in full chase, who

Hears his own feet and thinks they sound like more,
And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.

But, again, one would not call this a bull. Here, however, are some unmistakable examples of the true taurine, selected from various authors of repute:

No one as yet had exhibited the structure of the human kidneys, Vesalius having only examined them in dogs.—HALLAM: *Literature of Europe*.

Unseen powers, like the deities of Homer in the war of Troy, were seen to mingle at every step with the tide of sublunary affairs.—ALISON: *Review of Guizot*.

It is curious to observe the various substitutes for paper before its invention.—D'ISRAELI: *Curiosities of Literature*.

I saw no corn standing in ricks; a thing I never saw before, and would not have believed it had I not seen it.—COBBETT: *Rural Rides*.

The astonished Yahoo, smoking, as well as he could, a cigar, with which he had filled all his pockets.—WARREN: *Ten Thousand a Year*.

An unmistakable bull (whose glory, however, belongs to the translation and not to the original) occurs in Isaiah xxxvii. 36: "Then the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses."

Johnson quotes Goldsmith as complaining, "Whenever I write anything the public makes a point to know nothing about it." Here is a true Hibernian bull, which, after all, is the most perfect of its kind. To the right perpetration of the bull there seems to go a kind of innocent and almost rollicking

wrongheadedness, which has no real counterpart outside the Irish race. The Irish animal is lively, rampant, exhilarating, like the sprightly hero of a Spanish bull-fight, while English and other bulls are mere commonplace calves blundering along to the shambles. When Sir Richard Steele was asked how it happened that his compatriots made so many bulls, he imputed it to the effect of climate, and declared that if an Englishman were born in Ireland he would make just as many. Undoubtedly he was right, though, for some unimaginable reason, the answer has itself been reckoned among Hibernicisms. Swift was a case in point. Like Wellington, he might have answered that he was not a horse because he was born in a stable. Not a horse, undoubtedly, yet the influence of the stable made him the father of many excellent bulls. In his first Drapier's Letter he says, "Therefore I do most earnestly exhort you, as men, as Christians, as parents, and as lovers of your country, to read this paper with the utmost attention, or to get it read to you by others." Yet the bull was not new with Swift. It finds analogues both in his native and in his adopted country.

As Ferriar points out ("Illustrations of Sterne," i. 80), it is the jest-book story of the Templar over again, who left a note in the key-hole of his door directing the finder, "if unable to read, to carry it to the stationer at the gate, now Messrs. Butterworth's, to read it for him." Grose, in his "Olio," relates it for a fact that in May, 1784, a bill was sent from Ireland for the royal assent relating to franking. One clause enacted that any member who, from illness or any other cause, should be unable to write, might authorize another to frank for him, provided that on the back of the letter so franked the member gave under his hand a full certificate of his inability to write.

Let us apply the historical method to other great Hibernian masterpieces.

Who does not remember the story of the Englishman who wrote in his letter, "I would say more, but that there is a d—d tall Irishman looking over my shoulder and reading every word of this," whereupon the Hibernian exclaimed, "You lie, you scoundrel!" Does not this story find its corollary in the anecdote of the German lady who, writing to borrow money of her sweetheart, added the following ingenuous postscript: "I am so thoroughly ashamed of my request that I sent after the bearer of this note to call him back, but he had got already too far on the way." And is there not a kinship between both of these and the tale of the English lady who combated George Selwyn's assertion that no woman could write a letter without adding a postscript, and next day sought to prove he was wrong by writing a letter and adding after her signature,—

P.S.—Who is right now, you or I?

Perhaps the Irish story gave Frederick the Great the hint for that tragic postscript he once dictated to an aide-de-camp whom he had caught in his tent writing a letter home after the hour when all lights had been ordered out. "Add this postscript," said the terrible martinet: "'To-morrow morning I shall be taken out and shot for disobedience of orders.'" The aide-de-camp wrote it down, and the king kept his word.

There is a story told of an Irish gentleman who wanted to learn of an eminent singing-master. He inquired the terms.

"Two guineas for the first lesson," said the maestro; "and for as many as you please afterwards a guinea each."

"Oh, bother the first lesson!" said the inquirer: "let us begin with the second."

Yet this may have been wit,—an excellent bit of fooling, not a bull. And, even if a bull, it is not a distinctively Irish bull. An analogue may be found in the story of the Englishman dining with Porson and others, who, wishing

to contribute his mite to the conversation, asked the professor, "Was Captain Cook killed on his first voyage?"

"I believe he was," said Porson; "but he did not mind it much, but immediately entered on a second."

Mr. John Dillon quite recently made a famous bull in the House of Commons, when, speaking of his friends, he said that "they had seen themselves filling paupers' graves." This was an avatar of the remark made in the Irish House almost a century before by his great predecessor, Sir Boyle Roche: "Why, Mr. Speaker, honorable members never come down to this House without expecting to find their mangled remains lying on the table." It finds a compatriotic echo in this familiar story: "India, my boy," said an Irish officer to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and they eat, and they drink and they die; and then they write home to their parents a pack of lies, and say it's the climate that has killed them."

Yet precisely the same confusion of terms exists in this sentence, quoted by the Paris *Figaro* (February, 1890) "from a recent essay on French home-life in the last century:"

We have spoken of that sanguinary year, 1793. In those troubled times it was that French domestics set an example of the greatest devotion. There were many even who, rather than betray their masters, allowed themselves to be guillotined in their place, and who, when happier days returned, silently and respectfully went back to their work.

Not entirely dissimilar was the bull contained in this obituary notice in the London *Times*:

On the 1st December, at 3, Elgin Crescent, Kensington Park, Col. William Burney, K.N., one of the very few survivors of the Peninsula and Waterloo, in his 88th year.

Here we have the dead man represented as a survivor. He must have borne some kindred to Johnson's hero:

Nor yet perceived the vital spirit fled,
But still fought on, nor knew that he was dead.

Sir Boyle Roche repeated his own trope in a speech on the dangers of a French invasion: "The murderous marshal-law men (*Marseillais*) would break in, cut us to mince-meat, and throw our bleeding heads upon that table to stare us in the face." But, again, he was equalled, if not surpassed, by the contemporary orator quoted by Taine in his "French Revolution," who informed a Parisian mob, "I would take my own head by the hair, cut it off, and, presenting it to the despot, would say to him, 'Tyrant, behold the act of a free man.'" This surpasses the miracle of St. Denis, for, in the original and more authentic form, that holy man merely thrust his head under his arm and walked a goodly distance with it. Careful hagiologists now reject the more recent elaborations that he kissed it on the way, or that he picked it up with his teeth.

A number of other Irish bulls hold a sort of hilarious wake over the subject of death: that of a Hibernian gentleman who told a friend studying for the priesthood, "I hope I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon;" of another who expressed the grateful sentiment, "May you live to eat the chicken that scratches over your grave;" of a physician who said oracularly of a murdered man, "This person was so ill, that if he had not been murdered he would have died a half an hour before," and of a lady who, in her will, ordered that her body should be opened at her death, for fear she should be buried alive. A parallel to these ghastly jests may be found in the anecdote of James Smithson, founder of the Smithsonian Institute. He had five doctors, and they had been unable to discover his disease. Being told that his case was hopeless, he called them around him and said, "My friends, I

desire that you will make a post-mortem examination of me, and find out what ails me ; for really I am dying to know what my disease is myself."

When Garrick condoled with an Irish gentleman upon the recent death of his father, "It is what we must all come to if we only live long enough," said the Irishman. But the idea is no more Irish than French, for when a Frenchman had built his château and completed the chapel to it, he called together his children and said, "I hope we shall all be buried there, if God grants us life." And the London *Spectator* puts in an English claim for it when it quotes from the letter of an English clergyman soliciting a subscription towards the purchase of a burial-ground for his parish, which had grown to the dimensions of a small town with 30,000 inhabitants. "It is deplorable to think," said this clergyman, "of a parish where there are 30,000 people living without Christian burial."

It was a Dublin paper which reported in 1890 that "the health of Mr. Parnell has lately taken a very serious turn, and fears of his recovery are entertained by his friends." But a number of English papers copied the statement without suspicion of the bull. And it was a London paper (the *Times*) which thus concluded a eulogium on Baron Dowse: "A great Irishman has passed away. God grant that many as great, and who shall as wisely love their country, may follow him." And it was another London paper (the *Telegraph*) which had this dubious sentence: "Earl Sydney's illness became very acute on Sunday. Prayers were offered on his behalf at the churches and places of worship at Sidcup, Foot's Cray, and Chiselhurst. Lord Sydney, however, on Wednesday, appeared much improved."

Here is a story which has many ramifications until it finally loses itself in a Greek root: "I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster Bridge the other day, and I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well,' says he, 'thank you, Donnelly.' 'Donnelly!' says I: 'that's not my name.' 'Faith, no more is mine Hewins,' says he. So we looked at each other again, and sure it turned out to be nayther of us; and where's the bull of *that*, now?"

A similar story is told of Sheridan Knowles, an Irishman by birth, an Englishman by adoption.

The names of Mark Lemon and Leman Rede used to puzzle him severely, and, as both were frequently before the public as writers for the stage, he could never bring himself to understand which of the two was the subject of congratulation when a dramatic success was achieved by either of them. At length he met Leman Rede and Mark Lemon walking arm in arm. "Ah," said Knowles, the moment he was close enough to accost them, "now I'm bothered entirely. Which of you is the other?"

Are not the above identical with the query addressed to Thomas Sandby by Caulfield, a pure-blooded Englishman: "My dear Sandby, I'm glad to see you. Pray is it you or your brother?" But the same story had been told by Hierocles, the Greek Joe Miller.

Nevertheless, we cannot take back our assertion that the finest breed of bulls are those produced by the Emerald Isle. Here is a collection of specimens that have excited the laughter of generations, and will continue to make chanticleers of our children:

"Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" asked an Irishman of a friend. "Upon my life," was the reply, "I don't know yet whether I'm an uncle or an aunt."

An equivocal compliment was that of the Irish youth who dropped on his knees before a new sweetheart, and said, "Darlin', I love ye as well as if I'd known ye for seven years—and a great deal better."

"My dear, come in and go to bed," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly how-come-you-so state; "you must be dreadful tired, sure, with your long walk of six miles." "Arrah, get away with your nonsense," said Pat; "it wasn't the *length* of the way at all that fatigued me: 'twas the *breadth* of it."

A poor Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. His children gathered around him and inquired why he parted with it. "Ah, me honeys," he answered, "I would not be afther parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it."

A young Irishman who had married when about nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage subjected him, said he would never marry so young again if he lived to be as ould as Methuselah.

An invalid, after returning from a southern trip, said to a friend, "Oh, shure, an' it's done me a wurruld o' good, goin' away. I've come back *another man* altogether; in fact, I'm quite *meself* agen."

An eccentric lawyer thus questioned a client: "So your uncle, Dennis O'Flaherty, had no family?" "None at all, yer honor," responded the client. The lawyer made a memorandum of the reply, and then continued: "Very good. And *your* father, Patrick O'Flaherty, did *he* have chick or child?"

In an Irish provincial paper is the following notice: "Whereas Patrick O'Connor lately left his lodgings, this is to give notice that if he does not return immediately and pay for the same, he will be advertised."

Two Irishmen were working in a quarry, when one of them fell into a deep quarry-hole. The other, alarmed, came to the margin of the hole and called out, "Arrah, Pat, are ye killed intirely? If ye're dead, spake." Pat reassured him from the bottom by saying in answer, "No, Tim, I'm not dead, but I'm spacheless."

At a crowded concert a young lady, standing at the door of the hall, was addressed by an honest Hibernian who was in attendance on the occasion. "Indade, miss," said he, "I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

"Gentlemen, is not one man as good as another?" "Uv course he is," shouted an excited Irish Chartist, "and a great deal better."

"Pat, do you understand French?"

"Yis, if it's shpoke in Irish."

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveller's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveller, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveller pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag."

"Certainly, yer honor; I know that; but I didn't know which one of them was the other gentleman's."

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.

"How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?"

"I raly don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most is that the pair down-stairs are in the same fix."

An Irishman, having feet of different sizes, ordered his boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed, but as he tried the smallest boot on his largest foot, he exclaimed, petulantly, "Confound that fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other; and instead of that he has made one smaller than the other."

44.

That was a triumphant appeal of an Irish lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of the old architecture over the new, said, "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

An Irish magistrate, censuring some boys for loitering in the streets, argued, "If everybody were to stand in the street, how could anybody get by?"

An Irishman got out of his carriage at a railway-station for refreshments, but the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car, "hould on, ye murther'n ould stame injin; you've got a passenger on board that's left behind."

"It is very sickly here," said one of the sons of the Emerald Isle to another.

"Yes," replied his companion, "a great many have died this year that never died before."

An old Dublin woman went to the chandler's for a farthing candle, and, being told it was raised to a halfpenny on account of the Russian war, "Bad luck to them!" she exclaimed, "and do they fight by candle-light?"

An Irish lover remarks that it is a great comfort to be alone, "especially when yer swateheart is wid ye."

An eminent spirit-merchant in Dublin announced in one of the Irish papers that he had still a small quantity of the whiskey on sale *which was drunk by his late Majesty while in Dublin*.

But the great protagonist of all bull-perpetrators was Sir Boyle Roche, who was elected member for Tralee in the Irish Parliament of 1775. Here, "through his pleasant interference, the most angry debates were frequently concluded with peals of laughter." He was known upon one occasion, after a withering exposure or patriotic denunciation of government, to say, with solemn gravity, "Mr. Speaker, it is the duty of every true lover of his country to give his last guinea to save the remainder of his fortunes!" Or, if the subject of debate was some national calamity, he would deliver himself thus: "Sir, single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one much greater." When some one complained that the sergeant-at-arms should have stopped a man in the rear of the house while the sergeant was really engaged in trying to catch him in front, Roche considerately asked, "Do you think the sergeant-at-arms can be, like a bird, in two places at once?" Shocked at the *tempora et mores* of Young Ireland, he broke out, "The progress of the times, Mr. Speaker, is such that little children who can neither walk nor talk may be seen running about the streets cursing their Maker!" Arguing, on another occasion, in favor of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, "It would be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a part, but, if necessary, even the whole of our Constitution, to preserve the remainder." One of his most famous *mots* was the imperious demand, "Why should we put ourselves out of the way to do anything for posterity? for what has posterity done for us?" Supposing, from the roar of laughter which greeted this question, that the House had misunderstood him, he explained "that by posterity he did not at all mean our ancestors, but those who were to come immediately after them." Upon hearing this explanation "it was impossible," Barrington assures us, "to do any serious business for half an hour." A letter supposed to have been written by Sir Boyle Roche during the Irish rebellion of '98 gives an amusing collection of his various blunders. Perhaps he never put quite so many on paper at a time; but his peculiar turn for "bulls" is here shown at one view. The letter was first printed in the *Kerry Magazine*, now out of print:

DEAR SIR,—Having now a little peace and quiet, I sit down to inform you of the bustle and confusion we are in from the bloodthirsty rebels, many of whom are now, thank God, killed

and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, and no wine to drink except whiskey. When we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this letter I have my sword in one hand and my pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end; and I am right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings-on that everything is at a stand-still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning,—indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the mail-coach from Dublin was robbed near this town: the bags had been very judiciously left behind, for fear of accidents, and, by great good luck, there was nobody in the coach except two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday, an alarm was given that a gang of rebels in full retreat from Drogheda were advancing under the French standard; but they had no colors, nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force a great deal too little, and were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face; and to it we went. By the time half our party were killed we began to be all alive. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns except pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and we had plenty of muskets and ammunition. We put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog. In fact, in a short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different,—chiefly green. After the action was over we went to rummage their camp. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles filled with water, and a bundle of blank French commissions, filled up with Irish names. Troops are now stationed round, which exactly squares with my ideas of security. Adieu; I have only time to add that I am yours in haste. B. R.

P.S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you write and let me know.

And now let us conclude with a hasty summary of famous bulls which are not Irish.

It was a German orator who, warming with his subject, exclaimed, "There is no man or child in this vast assembly who has arrived at the age of fifty years that has not felt the truth of this mighty subject thundering through his mind for centuries." It was a Spaniard who remarked ingeniously that an author should always write his own index, let who will write the book. It was the Portuguese mayor of Estremadura who, in offering a reward for the recovery of the remains of a drowned man, enumerated among the recognizable marks that the deceased had an impediment in his speech.

Edgeworth relates the story of an English shopkeeper who did pretty well in the direction of the bull proper when, to recommend the durability of some fabric for a lady's dress, he said, "Madam, it will wear forever, and make you a petticoat afterwards." This is quite equal to the Irishman's rope which had only one end, because the other had been cut away. Take, again, the rhyming distich by Caulfield on the Highland roads constructed by Marshal Wade:

If you had seen these roads before they were made,
You'd have lift up your eyes and blessed Marshal Wade.—GROSE.

It was Serjeant Arabin, a famous London justice, who once offered a prisoner "a chance of redeeming a character that he had irretrievably lost," and who told another culprit, "It is in my power to transport you for a period very considerably beyond the term of your natural life, but the court in its mercy will not go so far as it lawfully might go." When Payne Knight committed suicide, the drug he had recourse to was the strongest prussic acid: "I understand," Rogers notes in his diary, "he was dead before it touched his lips." The drug must have realized Artemus Ward's injunction, "immediately if not sooner." Sir Boyle Roche himself could not have surpassed these parliamentary utterances of certain English legislators: "Mr. Speaker, I holdly answer in the affirmative,—No," and, "Mr. Speaker, if I have any prejudice against the honorable member, it is in his favor."

A bull that has won enviable notoriety is this American one, embodied in a set of resolutions said to have been passed by the Board of Councilmen in Canton, Mississippi:

1. Resolved, by this Council, that we build a new jail.

2. Resolved, that the new jail be built out of the materials of the old jail.
3. Resolved, that the old jail be used until the new jail is finished.

Admirable! The American eagle must have given a great cry of joy when Ireland was thus excelled in its own province. But, alas! wisdom in its foolish way destroys the bliss of ignorance by showing that this was originally an Irish "chestnut." Grose, in his "Olio," 204, records that in the ordinance for pulling down the old Newgate at Dublin, employing the old materials and rebuilding it on the same site, it was enacted that, to avoid useless expense, the prisoners should remain in the old Newgate till the new one was finished. And this in turn has a remote affinity to the mistake of the party of Irishmen under James II., who, being detailed to fortify a pass against the advance of the English troops, discovered, when the work was completed, that they had set up the stockades the wrong way about, so as to secure the pass against themselves. Ferriar, who quotes this story from Ralph's "History of England," thinks this the most extraordinary of all blunders. Nevertheless, as a practical bull, it is more than rivalled by the action of the rebels of 1798. Wishing to testify their abhorrence of the Hon. John Beresford, they diligently collected a vast number of the notes issued by his bank, and, with much shouting and glorification, burned them publicly in a bonfire. That evening the banker was heard praying fervently in the bank parlor for his enemies, who had done for him what his best friends had never thought of doing.

And so our last examples are Irish, after all.

Bummer. This is usually considered to be an Americanism. But, like many other Americanisms, it is simply a legitimate descendant of an old English word, *bummaree*, which may be found in the "English Market By-Laws" of over two hundred years ago. In the London *Publick Intelligencer* of the year 1660 it appears in several advertisements. *Bummaree* meant a man who retails fish by peddling outside of the regular market. These persons were looked down upon and regarded as cheats by the established dealers, hence the name became one of contempt for a dishonest person of irregular habits. The word first appeared in the United States during the '50's in California, and travelled eastward until during the civil war it came into general use, meaning a camp-follower or straggler, especially as connected with General Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea.

Bumper. One of the humors of etymology is the derivation that makes the bumper the grace-cup in which good Roman Catholics, during the ascendancy of their religion in England, used to drink the health of the *bon père*. Unfortunately, the pope was never known as *bon père*, but as *saint père*,—*holy father*, rather than *good father*. Besides, drinking from the grace-cup (a large vessel which went the rounds of the company after every repast, the guests drinking from it one after another) implied nothing extraordinary, nor even intimated that the glass was unusually full. Now, a bumper is above everything else a mighty draught, brimming over. Indeed, in the days of our grandfathers a distinction was made between a brimmer and a bumper. If a small particle of cork, dropped into the centre of a full wineglass, floats away to the edge of the glass, this is a brimmer. Add a few drops of wine, and the same bit of cork, if dropped in again, will take up a permanent position in the exact centre of the convex circle, standing well up above the level of the brim. This is the true bumper. Murray cautiously suggests, "perhaps from Bump, with notion of a 'bumping,' *i.e.*, large, 'thumping' glass."

Bunco-steerer, in America, originally a sharper who "roped in" suckers for a gambling game called bunco, but now a generic name for all forms of confidence-men. Their method of procedure is sufficiently well explained in

Besant and Rice's "The Golden Butterfly:" "The banco (*sic*) steerer gentleman will find you out the morning after you land in Chicago or St. Louis. He will accost you—very friendly, wonderfully friendly—when you come out of your hotel by your name, and he will remind you, which is most surprising, considering you never set eyes on his face before, how you have dined together in Cincinnati, or it may be Orleans, or perhaps Francisco, because he finds out where you came from last. And he will shake hands with you, and he will propose a drink; and he will pay for that drink, and presently he will take you somewhere else, among his pals, and he will strip you so clean that there won't be left the price of a four-cent paper to throw around your face and hide your blushes."

A curious anticipation of the methods of the American bunco-steerer may be found in Molière's "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac." Sbrigani and Eraste are both in league to "do" the honest country gentleman on his arrival in Paris. Sbrigani has already scraped an acquaintance when Eraste arrives on the scene:

Eraste. Ah! what is this? What do I see? What a fortunate meeting! Monsieur de Pourceaugnac! How delighted I am to see you! How now! It seems that you have a difficulty in recognizing me!

Pour. Sir, I am your servant.

Eras. Is it possible that five or six years have obliterated me from your memory, and that you do not recognize the best friend of all the Pourceaugnac family?

Pour. Pray, pardon me. [*Aside to Sbrigani.*] Upon my word, I do not know who he is.

Eras. There is not a Pourceaugnac at Limoges whom I do not know, from the greatest to the least; I visited only them at the time I was there, and I had the honor of seeing you nearly every day.

Pour. The honor was mine, sir.

Eras. You don't recollect my face?

Pour. Yes, indeed. [*To Sbrigani.*] I can't place him.

Eras. You don't remember that I had the pleasure of taking wine with you, I don't know how many times!

Pour. Pray, excuse me. [*To Sbrigani.*] I don't know who this is.

Eras. What's the name of that innkeeper at Limoges who gives such good cheer?

Pour. Petit-Jean?

Eras. That's the man! We generally went there together to enjoy ourselves. What's the name of that place at Limoges where people promenade?

Pour. The cemetery of the Arènes?

Eras. Precisely. That's where I passed such pleasant hours in enjoying your conversation. Don't you remember?

Pour. Excuse me. I am beginning to remember. [*To Sbrigani.*] May the devil take me if I remember!

Sbr. [*Aside to Pourceaugnac.*] There are a hundred things like that which pass out of a man's head.

Eras. Tell me all the news about the family. How is, how is—there! the one that's such a nice fellow?

Pour. My brother the consul?

Eras. Yes.

Pour. He couldn't be better.

Eras. I am delighted to hear it. And the one who is always so good-tempered—there your—your—

Pour. My cousin the assessor?

Eras. The very man.

Pour. As gay and sprightly as ever.

Eras. Upon my word I'm glad to hear it. And your uncle, the—

Pour. I have no uncle.

Eras. But you had then?

Pour. No, nothing but an aunt.

Eras. That's whom I meant,—the good lady your aunt. How is she?

Pour. She has been dead these six months.

Eras. Oh, poor woman! She was such a good creature.

Pour. Then there's my nephew the canon, who nearly died of the small-pox.

Eras. What a pity that would have been!

Pour. Did you know him also?

Eras. What! did I know him? A tall, finely-made fellow—

Pour. Eh! not so very tall.

Eras. No, but well built.

Pour. Eh! yes.

Eras. Who is your nephew?

Pour. Yes.

Eras. Son of your brother and sister?

Pour. Exactly so.

Eras. Canon of the church of—— Now, what's the name of that church?

Pour. St. Stephen.

Eras. That's the man! I don't know any other.

Pour. [*To Sbrigani.*] He mentions the whole family.

Sbr. He knows you better than you think.

And so the wily conspirators have their will. In England, too, some of the familiar confidence tricks were practised by sharps long before the present era. Here is corroborative evidence in the "London Guide" of 1816, which speaks as if the tricks were then well-nigh obsolete:

Money-droppers are no other than gamblers who contrived that method to begin play. It is an almost obsolete practice, and its twin cheat, ring-dropping, not less disused. "What is this?" says the dropper. "My wiggy! if this is not a leather purse with money! Ha! ha! ha! Let's have a look at it." While he unfolds its contents his companion comes up and claims a title to a share. "Not you, indeed!" replies the finder: "this gentleman was next to me, were not you, sir?" To which the countryman assenting, or, perhaps, insisting upon his priority, the finder declares himself no churl in the business, offers to divide it into three parts, and points out a public-house at which they may share the contents and drink over their good luck, etc. The found money is counterfeit, or screens, or else Fleet notes. They drink. An old friend comes in, whom the finder can barely recognize, but remembers him by piece-meal. La bagatelle, the draught-board, or cards, exhibit the means of staking the easily-acquired property, so lately found, but which they cannot divide just now, for want of change. The countryman bets, and if he loses is called on to pay; if he wins it is added to what is coming to him out of the purse. If, after an experiment or two, they discover he has little or no money, they run off and leave him to answer for the reckoning.

Buncombe or **Bunkum**, an Americanism for windy and inflated talk, clap-trap. The original phrase is said to have been "speaking for Buncombe," and its origin is thus given: Felix Walker, member of Congress for Buncombe County, North Carolina, was once making a long-winded speech, when, noticing the impatience of his listeners, he paused long enough to inform them that he was not speaking for their benefit, but for Buncombe. Though the story has become a classic, it seems pretty certain that bunkum, in the modern sense, was in use almost a century ago in New England, the possible derivation being from the Canadian French "*Il est buncum sa*" ("*Il est bon comme ça*"), "It is good as it is." The phrase has crossed the Atlantic, and is as thoroughly accepted in England as in America.

Buridan's Ass, a famous problem of the mediæval schoolmen, named after its reputed author, Dr. John Buridan, rector of the University of Paris in 1347. The story runs that Queen Joanna of France was in the habit of throwing her lovers into the Seine as a precaution against their blabbing; but she made an exception in Buridan's case, who, in gratitude, invented the problem. What it has to do with the matter has never been explained. The problem itself runs as follows. An ass is placed between two equidistant bundles of hay. Will he feed of one or the other, or, entranced by their opposite attractions, find it impossible to choose, and so die of starvation? It will be seen that the whole question of free-will is involved, for, if the ass eats at all, he must make a choice between alternatives of equal force. Many of the schoolmen, however, were for making him die of indecision. Others denied the possibility of the balance,—which was no answer at all. The problem antedates Buridan. Dante thus states it in the "Divine Comedy:"

Between two viands, equally removed
And tempting, a free man would die of hunger
If either he could bring unto his teeth.

So would a lamb between the ravengings
 Of two fierce wolves stand fearing both alike;
 And so would stand a dog between two does.
Paradise, Canto 4, lines 1-6, Longfellow's translation.

Dante died in 1321, so he could not have taken the thought from Buridan. It is nearly as unlikely that a copy of the "*Commedia*" should have reached Paris and been read by a scholastic who would have looked down upon *la lingua volgare* as a mere patois. Both were obviously indebted to some common original.

Burnt child fears the fire, A, a proverb common to most modern languages.

Not seldom will there be an evident superiority of a proverb in one language over one which, however, resembles it closely in another. Moving in the same sphere, it will yet be richer, fuller, deeper. Thus, our own, A burnt child fears the fire, is good; but that of many tongues, A scalded dog fears cold water, is better still. Ours does but express that those who have suffered once will henceforward be timid in respect of that same thing whence they have suffered, but that other the tendency to exaggerate such fears, so that now they shall fear even where no fear is. And the fact that so it will be, clothes itself in an almost infinite variety of forms. Thus, one Italian proverb says, A dog which has been beaten with a stick is afraid of its shadow; and another, which could only have had its birth in the sunny South, where the glancing but harmless lizard so often darts across our path, Whom a serpent has bitten a lizard alarms. With a little variation from this, the Jewish rabbis had said long before, One bitten by a serpent is afraid of a rope's end, even that which bears so remote a resemblance to a serpent as this does shall now inspire him with terror; and the Cingalese, still expressing the same thought, but with imagery borrowed from their own tropic clime, The man who has received a beating from a firebrand runs away at sight of a firefly.—TRENCH: *The Lessons in Proverbs*.

But me no buts. This phrase may be found in Fielding's "Rape upon Rape," Act ii., Sc. 2, and in Aaron Hill's "Snake in the Grass," Scene 1. But analogous expressions are frequent among the Elizabethan dramatists. Thus, Shakespeare says, "Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle" (*Richard II.*, Act ii., Sc. 3), and "Thank me no thanks, nor proud me no prouds" (*Romco and Juliet*, Act iii., Sc. 5); Ben Jonson, "O me no O's" (*The Case is Altered*, Act v., Sc. 1); Beaumont and Fletcher, "Pot me no pots" (*The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act ii., Sc. 5), and "Vow me no vows" (*Wit without Money*, Act iv., Sc. 4); Ford, "Front me no fronts" (*The Lady's Trial*, Act ii., Sc. 1); Massinger, "End me no ends" (*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act v., Sc. 1), and "Virgin me no virgins" (*Ibid.*, Act iii., Sc. 2); and Peele, "Parish me no parishes" (*The Old Wives' Tale*). Dryden uses a similar expression twice in "The Wild Gallant": "Midas me no Midas" (Act ii., Sc. 1), and "Madam me no madams" (Act ii., Sc. 2). Fielding himself was fond of the locution. He has "Map me no maps" in the play already quoted from (Act i., Sc. 5), and "Petition me no petitions" in "Tom Thumb" (Act i., Sc. 2). Scott, in "Ivanhoe" (chapter xx.), has it "Clerk me no clerks;" Bulwer, in the "Last Days of Pompeii" (Book iii., chap. vi.), makes one of his characters cry, "Fool me no fools;" and Tennyson, in "Elaine," makes Launcelot say,—

Diamond me
 No diamonds! for God's love, a little air!
 Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death.

Buttons, A soul above, a humorous phrase for one who is or fancies himself superior to his actual employment, probably arises from an expression in George Colman's "Sylvester Daggerwood" (1808): "My father was an eminent button-maker, but I had a soul above buttons. I panted for a liberal profession."

C.

C, the third letter and the second consonant in the English alphabet, as in most alphabets derived from the Phœnician. But in the Phœnician, as in the Greek, the value of the character was that of hard *g*,—the Greek *γ*. The early Latins gave it also the *k* or Greek *κ* sound, representing both sounds by the letter C, and ignoring the K character. When later they readopted the distinction of sounds, they retained C as the symbol of the hard sound, and added a *g* tag to the same character to represent the *g* sound. Thus the C, when restored to its original and undiluted sound-sense, became our G. The Anglo-Saxon softened the C before *e*, *i*, and *y* into the sound of *ch*, the French into that of *s*. Hence words in our language beginning with the soft sound of *c* are almost invariably of French, and those beginning with *ch* of Saxon, origin. Exceptions like *cinder* (Saxon *sinder*) result from a corrupted misspelling.

Ça ira, literally, "that will go," a French phrase nearly equivalent to our "it will all come right in the end." Franklin applied it with great effect to the cause of the American Revolution when he was the minister of the United States in Paris, and it subsequently acquired wide celebrity as the refrain of a popular song during the French Revolution of 1791:

Ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrate à la lanterne.
It will go, it will go, it will go,
Hang the aristocrats to the lamp-post.

These words fell, as all true patriots love to remember, from the lips of Franklin in the trying times of 1777. When the news of the disastrous retreat through the Jerseys and the miseries of Valley Forge reached France, many good friends to America began to think that now indeed all was lost. But the stout heart of Franklin never for a moment flinched. "This is, indeed, bad news," said he, "but *ça ira, ça ira*, it will all come right in the end." Old diplomatists and courtiers, amazed at his confidence, passed about his cheering words. They were taken up by the newspapers, they were remembered by the people, and in the dark days of the French Revolution were repeated over and over again on every side and made the subject of a stirring song, which, till the Marseillaise hymn appeared, had no equal in France.—McMASTER: *History of the People of the United States*, vol. ii.

Ça va sans dire, a familiar French locution, whose English equivalent might be "that is a matter of course," or "that may be taken for granted." But recently it has become the tendency to translate it literally, "that goes without saying," and these words, though originally uncouth and almost unmeaning to the unpractised ear, are gradually acquiring the exact meaning of the French.

Cabal, a junto, a union of unscrupulous self-seekers to promote their own interests in church or state, possibly in allusion to the esoteric nature of the Jewish Cabbala. The name was given as a sobriquet to the English ministry after the Restoration. Thus, December 21, 1667, Pepys notes in his Diary, "The Archbishop of Canterbury is called no more to the Cabal, nor, by the way, Sir W. Coventry, which I am sorry for, the Cabal at present being . . . the King and Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Keeper, the Duke of Albemarle, and Privy Seale." Three years later, in 1670, a new ministry was formed, with the following members: Sir Thomas Clifford, Lord Ashley, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Arlington, and the Duke of Lauderdale. It will be seen that the italicized initials form the acrostic "Cabal," a curious coincidence, which led to the fallacy that the word Cabal grew out of the acrostic. Burnet was the first writer guilty of this etymological blunder, and he has been closely followed by other historians, and by nearly all the dictionaries and works of reference.

Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion. This phrase, according to Suetonius and Plutarch, originated with Cæsar under the following circumstances. His wife Pompeia had an intrigue with Publius Clodius, a member of one of the noblest families of Rome and a brilliant and handsome profligate. As he could not easily gain access to her, he took the opportunity, while she was celebrating the mysteries of the Bona Dea ("Good Goddess," a dryad with whom the god Faunus had an amour), to enter disguised in a woman's habit. Now, these mysteries were celebrated annually by women with the most profound secrecy at the house of the consul or prætor. The presence of a man was a hideous pollution: even the pictures of male animals had to be veiled in the room where these ceremonies were performed. While Clodius was waiting in one of the apartments for Pompeia, he was discovered by a maid-servant of Cæsar's mother, who gave the alarm. He was driven out of the assembly with indignation. The news spread a general horror throughout the city. Pompeia was divorced by Cæsar. But when Clodius came up for trial, Cæsar declared that he knew nothing of the affair, though his mother Aurelia and his sister Julia gave the court an exact account of all the circumstances. Being asked why, then, he had divorced Pompeia, "Because," answered Cæsar, "my family should not only be free from guilt, but even from the suspicion of it." (Suetonius.) Plutarch gives it, "Because I would have the chastity of my wife clear even from suspicion." This was very well; but Cæsar had no mind to exasperate a man like Clodius, who might serve his ambitious projects. The judges were tampered with. Clodius was acquitted. Cicero was enraged. "The judges," said he, "would not give any credit to Clodius, but made him pay his money beforehand." This expression made an irreparable breach between Clodius and Cicero, to their mutual undoing. Clodius succeeded in having a law passed for Cicero's banishment, demolished his house, and persecuted his wife and children. Clodius, on his part, was impeached by Milo, the friend of Cicero. The latter was unsuccessful. But Milo and Clodius met, shortly afterwards, on the Appian Way. The servants of both engaged in a general fray, and Milo's faction triumphed. Clodius took shelter in a neighboring tavern, but Milo had the house stormed and Clodius dragged out and slain.

Cake, To take the, an American colloquial expression, applied to one who does a thing pre-eminently well, or, sarcastically, and more usually, to one who fails conspicuously. It had its origin in the negro cake-walks common in the Southern States, and not unknown in the Northern. The walk usually winds up a ball. Couples, drawn by lot, walk around a cake especially prepared for the occasion, and the umpires award the prize to the couple who, in their opinion, walk most gracefully and are attired with the greatest taste. Hence they are said "to take the cake,"—an expression which has attained its wide currency through the burlesques in the negro minstrel shows.

Yet the negro cake-walk has respectable ancestry in the mediæval past. Gerard's "Herball" (1633) informs us that "in the springtime are made with the leaves hereof newly sprung up, and with eggs, cakes or tansies, which be pleasant in taste, and good for the stomacke;" and a contemporary, speaking of the strictness of the Puritans, says, "All games where there is any hazard of loss are strictly forbidden: not so much as a game of football for a tansy." According to Brand, in the Easter season foot-courses were run in the meadows, the victors carrying off each a cake, given to be run for by some better person in the neighborhood. In Ireland, at Easter and Whitsuntide, the lower classes used to meet and dance for a cake raised on top of a pike decorated with flowers, the prize going to the couple who held out the longest; and in some parts of England a custom prevailed of riding for the bride-cake. "This riding took place when the bride was brought to her new habitation. A

pole, three or four feet high, was erected in front of the house and the cake put on top of it. On the instant that the bride set out from her old home, a company of young men started on horseback, and he who was fortunate enough to reach the pole first and knock the cake down with his stick received it from the hands of a damsel. This was called 'taking the cake.' The fortunate winner then advanced to meet the bride and her attendants."—REV. A. MACAULAY: *History and Antiquities of Claybrooke* (1791).

Cake, Why don't they eat? This is said to have been the reply made by some very young and very ingenuous princess—variously nominated by the authorities as Marie Antoinette, the Princess de Lamballe, or some less-known person—when she was informed that there was a famine among the poor, and that many were dying for want of bread. The *American Notes and Queries* (iv. 103) comes to the rescue of the maligned princess—whom it asserts to be Marie Antoinette—by explaining that what she really said was, "I would rather eat pie-crust (*croûtons*) than starve." And although the courtiers giggled, the laughers, says this authority, "are on the side of the princess, for what she said showed her good sense and knowledge of the Tyrolese peasantry. In the Tyrol it was customary to prepare meat for cooking by first rolling it up in a 'breeding' composed of sawdust, with a small amount of flour to give it coherence. It was placed among the embers and left to cook slowly. When the meat was ready to be served, the crust was thrown away or fed to swine. Certainly *croûtons* might not have been suitable for a steady diet, but nevertheless the princess was wiser than those who tell the story in the ordinary form."

Cake. You cannot have your cake and eat it, a familiar English proverb, of obvious application. It appears in this form in Heywood's "Proverbs:":

Would yee both eat your cake and have your cake?

And in Herbert's "The Size:":

Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it?

Camel. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God" (*Matt.* xix. 24). This phrase has occasioned much controversy among commentators, many of whom have held that it is hyperbolic, and wanting in that propriety which usually characterizes the metaphors employed by Jesus Christ. Origen and Theophylact leaned to the opinion that cable should be substituted for camel, claiming that among the Hellenistic Jews *κάμηλος* meant indifferently a cable or a camel. St. Anselm is said to have explained it thus: "At Jerusalem there was a certain gate, called the needle's eye, through which a camel could not pass but upon its bended knees and after its burden had been taken off; and so the rich man should not be able to pass along the narrow way that leads to life till he had put off the burden of sin and of riches,—that is, by ceasing to love them." (Glossa apud S. Anselm. in *Catena Aurea*, vol. i. p. 670, Oxf. trans., 1841.) St. Anselm might have gone further than this. It seems to be pretty well established that the term needle's eye was frequently applied to a small door or wicket in an Eastern town. Nay, such an application does not seem unknown in the West. Dante (*Purgatorio*, Canto xv. 16) speaks of himself and his conductor Vergil crawling through a *cruna*,—i.e., the eye of a needle, meaning a narrow passage. Nevertheless the question cannot be considered as settled. Taking the saying in its most literal sense, it is scarcely more hyperbolic than that other utterance of our Lord, "Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." In any event Christ was only making use of a proverbial expression, the comparison of any difficulty with that of a camel or an elephant passing through the eye of a

needle being a familiar simile to Oriental hearers. (See *Notes and Queries*, fifth series, ix. 270.)

Shakespeare construed the passage in St. Anselm's sense when he said,—

It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.

Richard II., Act v., Sc. 5.

Canard. This term, as applied to newspaper inventions, arose in the following manner. Norbert Cornelissen, to try the gullibility of the public, reported in the papers that he had twenty ducks, one of which he cut up and threw to the nineteen, who devoured it. He then cut up a second, then a third, and so on till nineteen were cut up; and as the nineteenth was eaten by the surviving duck, it followed that this one had eaten his nineteen comrades in a wonderfully short space of time. This preposterous tale went the round of the newspapers in France and elsewhere, and so gave the word *canard* ("duck"), in the new sense of a hoax, first to the French language, and then to all civilized tongues. This story may have suggested to W. S. Gilbert his "Yarn of the Nancy Bell."

Cardinal, from the Latin *cardo*, a hinge, a name applied in earlier ages to priests and deacons in a metropolitan church who acted as a sort of council with the bishop. It was never exclusively appropriated to members of the Sacred College at Rome until Pius V so limited its use in 1567, thirty-three years after the formal nullification by Parliament of the papal authority in Britain. Hence the title still lingers in the English Church, and to this day two members of the College of Minor Canons in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, are styled "the Senior and Junior Cardinals of the Choir," their duties being to preserve order in the services, administer the Eucharist, and officiate at funerals. Thanks to the secularization of church properties, other traces still exist in various parts of Protestant Europe of the old hierarchical nomenclature,—thus, Lord Abbot of St. Mary's, at Newry, in Ireland. The nomination of one of the sons of George III., while in his cradle, to a Hanoverian bishopric gave point, it will be remembered, to a passage in one of Burns's most characteristic poems. "It once occurred to me," says a newspaper writer, "to be presented to the *Herr Abt* and the *Frau Abtin* of a secularized abbey in the duchy of Lüneburg. The *Herr Abt* was a friend and correspondent of Strauss, and the *Frau Abtin* waltzed remarkably well."

Cards, On the. Roughly, this common locution may be defined as in the future, in order, within the range of probability. Thus, Micawber, in "David Copperfield," says, "By way of going in for anything that might be on the cards," etc. Here the last part of the sentence is equivalent to his favorite locution, "anything which may turn up." An earlier use of the same expression occurs in Smollett's translation of "Gil Blas" (1749): "They wanted to discern whether I played the villain on principle, or had some little practical dexterity, but I showed them tricks which they did not know to be *on the cards*, and yet acknowledged to be better than their own." Here the phrase is not yet divorced from its original connection with playing-cards.

Carpet. This is an old word for table-cloth, as *tapis* in French means both carpet and table-cloth. "On the carpet," therefore, originally meant laid on the table for future consideration. In popular English, "to be carpeted" means to be confronted with a person in his own house.

A neighbor was telling me that his son had become engaged to a young woman, and had suffered much in the ordeal of "asking papa." He said, "He was carpeted before the old gentleman yesterday, and could get no sleep all night after it."—C. C. B., in *Notes and Queries*, seventh series, vii. 476.

Carpet Knight,—in allusion to the carpet on which mayors, lawyers, and other civilians kneel when receiving the honors of knighthood,—a person who has been knighted through court favor, and not in recognition of services in battle. By extension the phrase is applied to all persons who have gained distinction without earning it.

Carpet knights are such as have studied law, physic, or other arts or sciences, whereby they have become famous, and seeing that they are not knighted as soldiers, they are not therefore to use the horseman's title or spurs; they are only termed simply *miles* and *milites*, "Knight" or "Knights of the Carpetry," or "Knights of the Green Cloth," to distinguish them from those knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field.—**RANDLE HOLMES**: *Academy of Armour*, iii. 57.

Carry me out, an expression of incredulity or contempt, which seems to have originated in England about 1780, but is now less common there than in the United States. It is sometimes elaborated into "Carry me out and bury me decently," or, "and leave me in the gutter." An American variant once very familiar, "Carry me out when Kirby dies," has a history of its own.

Castles in the air, a proverbial phrase found throughout English literature, the first instance noted being in Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesy." The metaphor is obvious enough. But the French equivalent, "châteaux en Espagne" ("castles in Spain"), requires explanation. M. Quitard tells us that the proverb dates from the latter part of the eleventh century. When Henry of Burgundy crossed the Pyrenees at the head of a great army of knights to win glory and plunder from the Infidels, Alfonso of Castile rewarded Henry's services with the hand of his daughter Theresa, and the county of Lusitania,—the latter becoming, under the issue of this marriage, Alfonso Henriquez, the kingdom of Portugal. So brilliant a success excited the emulation of other warlike French nobles, and set them to dreaming of fiefs won and castles built in Spain. In further explanation, it may be added that previous to the eleventh century few castles had been built in Spain, and the new adventurers had to build for themselves.

Cat, As sick as a, a proverbial English phrase. As the cat is not often sick, the saying, as it stands, is not very happy. But it seems that the original ran :

As sick as cats
With eating rats.

Here the fitness of the illustration comes out ; for however senseless it may seem to compare a sick and suffering Christian to the active wiry little animal popularly supposed to have nine lives, that same animal is all but invariably sick (in every sense of the word) if rashly permitted to eat the rat successfully encountered and killed. How strange that this second line should have so entirely disappeared from common speech, when it has not only reason, but the more powerful help of rhyme, to keep it in remembrance !—*Notes and Queries*, fourth series, ii. 541.

Cat. The cat loves fish, but she is loath to wet her feet. This is the proverb that Lady Macbeth alludes to when she upbraids her husband for irresolution :

Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat in the adage.

Another old English proverb reminds you that "If you would have the hen's egg you must bear with her cackling," while the Portuguese say, "There's no catching trout with dry breeches." Of the same kind was the good woman's answer to her husband when he complained of the exciseman's gallantry: "Such things must be if we sell ale."

Cat, To bell the. To thwart or destroy a common enemy at great personal risk. The phrase originated in Æsop's fable of the colony of mice, who, having suffered greatly from the stealthy strategy of a cat, met together to devise a remedy. A young mouse suggested that a bell should be hung from

Grimalkin's neck. Thus due notice of her approach would always be given. Great applause greeted the suggestion, until an old mouse put the pertinent question, "Who will bell the cat?" The phrase has acquired additional significance through an incident in Scotch history. James III. had greatly irritated the old nobility by his friendship for artists, especially for one Cochran, an architect, whom he had created Earl of Mar. At a secret meeting of the nobles it was proposed to get rid of the favorite. Lord Gray, fearing that no practical result would be achieved, related the above fable. But when he asked, "Who will bell the cat?" Archibald, Earl of Angus, sprang up and cried, "I will bell the cat." He was as good as his word. He captured Cochran and had him hanged over the bridge of Lauder. Afterwards he was always known as Bell-the-Cat.

Cat, To whip the, an old English synonyme for practical joking, which takes its rise, by a species of metonymy, from a certain practical joke formerly practised on country louts. Grose (1785) describes it as "the laying of a wager with them that they may be pulled through a pond by a cat; the bet being made, a rope is fixed round the waist of the party to be catted, and the end thrown across the pond, to which the cat is also fastened by a pack-thread, and three or four sturdy fellows are appointed to lead and whip the cat; these, on a signal given, seize the end of the cord, and, pretending to whip the cat, haul the astonished booby through the water."

Cat, Touch not the cat, but the glove. This is the motto of the Clan McPherson (formerly and, it may be, yet in the Highlands, known as the Clan Chattan), and is borne on the coat of arms of its chief, Cluny McPherson. The badge of the clan is the wild-cat, formerly common in the savage mountain country amid which the clan has its home, where it is yet sometimes to be met with, and the motto is meant to indicate that it is as dangerous to meddle with the cat as with the Clan Chattan. The Scotch badge, the thistle, with its motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, gives the same warning.

Catch. This word is usually applied to what was formerly called a bite (see under BITER BIT) and now frequently known as a sell, and also to any other form of verbal trickery or jugglery whereby an unsophisticated person is brought to the blush or taken at an advantage. A very ancient form of the catch in action is afforded by the story of Dido's bargain with the aboriginal Africans, whereby she engaged for a stipulated sum to purchase as much land as could be compassed by a bull's hide, and, cutting the hide into thin strips, the wily queen secured enough ground to build thereon the great city of Carthage. A similar story is told of William the Conqueror just before the battle of Hastings, and therefore, to be strictly accurate, before he had become the Conqueror and when he was simply William the Shyster. He, too, under exactly the same conditions, made a bull's hide encircle several miles of land,—namely, from Bulverhythe (which the cunning etymologist would make synonymous with Bull-hide) to Come-Hide-in-Battel, for thither (says the same authority) *came the hide*. The Bull Inn at Bulverhythe is extant to this day to corroborate the story. Therefore deny it at your peril.

Catches of this sort have been familiarized to us by the swindling advertiser. For example, there is the story of the shrewd Englishman who offered to explain, for a very small consideration, how a good deal of money might be saved; and when the unwary had transmitted the fee he received the reply, "Never pay a boy to look after your shadow while you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week." Excellent advice, to be sure, but hardly applicable to every-day requirements. Another advertiser told his clients more succinctly, "Never answer an advertisement of this kind." If counsel

of this sort had been taken by the world at large, the eager agriculturist who enclosed a fee for information as to "How to raise beets" would have been spared the chagrin of receiving in return the recipe, "Take hold of the tops and pull."

A well-known story is that of the showman who had a big placard on his tent, announcing that he was exhibiting a horse with his tail where his head ought to be. The inquisitive paid their money, were admitted within, beheld a horse turned around so that his tail was in the oat-bin, laughed shamefacedly, and then lingered outside the tent to watch their fellow-creatures get victimized in the same way.

The story of another genius is thus summed up in the *Chicago Tribune* :

"His history is briefly told. After several days of thought he discovered a sure way of making money, and, like other men, he was in a hurry to try it. He made haste to insert an advertisement something like the following in several country weeklies :

"Sure way to kill potato-bugs : send twenty two-cent stamps to X. Y. Z., —, for a recipe that cannot fail.

"Then he hired a dray to bring his mail from the post-office, and had 10,000 of his recipes printed. Inside of two weeks something like 6000 or 7000 farmers had contributed twenty two-cent stamps each for the printed recipes. Then several hundred of them bought clubs and railroad tickets and started out to interview the advertiser. At his office they were informed that he had left to attend to some business in Europe, and he was not expected back. All he had left was a package of 3000 or 4000 slips of paper, on which was printed the following :

"Put your bug on a shingle. Then hit it with another shingle."

In the reign of Queen Anne the "bite" became a regular institution, and is frequently alluded to in contemporary authors.

Many of these "bites" were extremely coarse, if not actually indecent. A very famous one was known as "selling a bargain." It is described at full length by Swift, and the curious are also referred to a sufficiently ample account in Farmer's "Slang and its Analogues," *sub voce* "Bargain." The modern catch, familiar to bar-room loafers, is often a descendant of the gayer sort of bite. A few examples of its more harmless kin may be admitted within the chaste pages of this compilation.

Query : "How do you pronounce Castoria?" When the victim has glibly given what he holds to be the true answer and is looking round for applause, you quietly take the conceit out of him by saying, "Physicians pronounce it harmless."

Query : "Do you say 9 and 5 is 13, or 9 and 5 are 13?" The point of this very venerable gag lies in the fact that the innocent (supposing he be caught young enough) looks upon it as a purely grammatical question, and loses sight of the mathematical aspect. But the wary questioner of to-day, knowing that an innocent young enough to be sold in this way is a great rarity, usually mystifies the unwary by giving the true amount and gleefully noting the efforts of the victim to correct the mathematics rather than the grammar. In the same way the questioner has a string in reserve when he twangs his bow to this effect : "I lost a ring in the river. A week afterwards I caught a big salmon, and when it was served up to me what do you suppose I found on opening it?" If the victim is forewarned and answers, "Bones," you quietly retort, "No : the ring."

Query : "How do you pronounce the preposition t-o?" The victim answers correctly. You continue, "And the adverb t-o-o?" "And the numeral adjec-

tive t-w-o?" Both questions are answered correctly. Now is your chance! "And how do you pronounce the second day of the week?" There are a few people still left who will unwarily reply, "Tuesday." A pendant to this is only capable of oral delivery, for reasons that will be apparent at once. Ask a man to write down the sentence "It is two miles to London." He does so readily enough. Then confound him by asking him to write down this sentence,—which can no more be printed than it can be written, and must therefore be phonetically indicated,—"There are two *tu*'s in that sentence."

But enough of these puerilities. A task better befitting the masculine intellect is that of learning the current "catches," whereby a man may ingeniously obtain a drink without paying for it. Two very common ones must suffice. The thirsty but impecunious soul approaches the bar-tender with a request for brandy, or what not. He takes a sip, pronounces it detestable, and offers to change it for a glass of whiskey. The obliging bar-tender substitutes the whiskey. The customer drinks, smacks his lips, and prepares to depart. "Here," says the bar-tender, "you haven't paid for your whiskey." "No," is the innocent response; "I gave you the brandy in exchange for it." "But you didn't pay for the brandy." "But I didn't drink it." And while the publican intellect is vainly struggling with the mathematical puzzle involved, the puzzler makes good his escape. Another method is said to be common with a thirsty but moneyless crowd in Western bar-rooms. The spokesman hails a passer-by and asks him, "Do you know any German?" "Very little," is the modest reply. "Well, can you translate *Was wollen sie haben?*" "Why, what will you have?" "Thanks; make it a whiskey straight," bursts simultaneously from a dozen parched throats. And the man of polyglot information, if he have any sense of shame, will promptly acknowledge that the drinks are on him.

A good instance of a common form of newspaper catch is chronicled in the following gleeful manner by the *New York Commercial Advertiser* (May 18, 1889), under the heading "The *Sun* Ceases to Shine:—"

Our esteemed contemporary the *Sun* is not yet one hundred and fifteen years old, but seems to have lost its accustomed brightness when quoting the following hoax from the *Savannah News*, and entitling it, contrary to all that is therein said, "Lived One Hundred and Fifteen Years without Teeth:—"

"There was a very old man from Meriwether in attendance at Pike Superior Court last week. He was feeble in appearance, and, indeed, some of his old acquaintances asked him his age. 'Well,' he said, 'if I live to see February 31 I will be one hundred and fifteen years old. Another remarkable fact connected with my construction is that I haven't a tooth in my head.' Opening his mouth and pointing to his smooth, toothless gums, he continued, 'I was born that way. Wonderful as it may appear, my youngest son and eldest daughter were born that way also.'"

Doubtless when the 31st of February comes round the *Sun* will know better, or else cease to shine for two cents or any other price.

It is not unusual with editorial wags to confound a literary aspirant by telling him that they have read every word of his poem, or what not. "Where?" cries the indignant tyro. "In the dictionary." In the same way Barnum used to bring consternation into the hearts of his grocers by complaining that their pepper was half peas. When they protested, he would quietly ask, "How do you spell pepper?" and the catch stood revealed.

A number of catches have descended to us from an immemorial antiquity in the form of question and answer. Probably the best-known are "Where was Moses when his candle went out?" and "Who was the father of Zebedee's children?" We will not insult our readers' intelligence by printing the answers. (To be sure, in the second case it might be objected that there is a quite unwarranted presumption that Zebedee's children were more than usually wise. But let this go.) Here are a few more "chestnuts," whose whiskers are possibly of a less portentous growth:

What is the best way of making a coat last? Make the trousers and waist-coat first.

What is that from which you may take away the whole and yet have some left? The word wholesome.

What words may be pronounced quicker and shorter by adding syllables to them? Quick and short.

Which would you rather, look a greater fool than you are, or be a greater fool than you look? (Let the person choose, then say,) That's impossible.

Which would you rather, that a lion ate you or a tiger? Undoubtedly, the supposititious "you" would rather that the lion ate the tiger. But he does not always "catch on."

How do you spell blind pig in two letters? P G without an I.

When can donkey be spelt with one letter? When it's U.

If I saw you riding on a donkey, what fruit should I be reminded of? A pair.

What come after cheese? Rats!

What question is that to which you positively must answer yes? What does y-e-s spell?

Catchpenny. A now recognized term for anything brought out for sale with a view to entrap unwary purchasers. It originated in the year 1824, just after the execution of Thurtell for the murder of Weare, a murder that created a great sensation. Catnach, the celebrated printer of Seven Dials, in London, made a large sum by the publication of Thurtell's "last dying speech." When the sale of this speech began to fall off, Catnach brought out a second edition, with the heading "WE ARE alive again!" the words "we are" being printed with a very narrow space between them. These two words the people took for the name of the murdered man, reading it "WEARE alive again;" and a large edition was rapidly cleared off. Some one called it a "catchpenny," and the word rapidly spread, until Catnach's productions were usually so styled, and the word was adopted into the language.

Catherine, St. "Elle a coiffée Sainte-Catherine" ("She has dressed the hair of St. Catherine") is a familiar French proverb applied to an old maid. There is a superstition in some of the provinces of France that the maiden who dresses the bride's hair on her wedding-day will surely become a bride herself at some future time. But, inasmuch as Saint Catherine was the patron saint of virgins, the maiden who waited *pour coiffer Sainte-Catherine* never had the opportunity; she was destined to die an old maid.

A second and simpler explanation is to be found in the custom of decorating the heads of the statues in churches. And inasmuch as only virgins would be selected to decorate the head of the patroness of virgins, it was natural to consider this office as in a measure the function of those who had grown to an age when marriage was no longer a possibility. A witty Frenchman says, in fixing this period, "Il y a certaines vieilles filles qui ont passé la cinquantaine qui fixent le terme fatal entre soixante et soixante-dix ans." A French proverb says, "A vingt-quatre ans on se marie sans choisir, lorsqu'on tient à ne pas coiffer Sainte-Catherine."

Cats and Dogs, To rain. To rain profusely, to rain pitchforks. This slang phrase first occurs in Dean Swift's "Polite Conversation" (1738): "I know Sir John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs" (*Dialogue II.*). Is he quoting a proverbial phrase? Or is this an allusion to the Dean's own lines written in 1710?

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
 And bear their trophies with them as they go ;
 Drowned puppies, stinking sprats all drenched in mud,
 Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

Description of a City Shower.

Caucus, an American political term, meaning a secret conference of the leaders or legislators of any political party in regard to measures or candidates. The conclusions arrived at by the caucus are considered binding on the members in all the public matters to which they refer. The usual etymon refers the term to a political club founded about 1724 by Henry Adams and his friends,—most of whom were shipwrights, sea-captains, and persons otherwise connected with the shipping interest. Hence the institution was known as the Calkers' Club. As its avowed object was to lay plans for introducing certain persons into places of trust and power, the word caucus may have grown out of a corruption of the name. Another less obvious but still plausible derivation is suggested by Dr. Trumbull ("Transactions of the American Philological Association," 1872), who says its origin is the Indian *cau-cau-as'n*, which he defines as "one who advises, urges, encourages, etc."

Cause, Thou Great First. There is a line in Pope's "Universal Prayer"—

Thou Great First Cause, least understood—

which is persistently attributed to Milton. Even Charles Lamb seems to have fallen into this mistake, if Crabb Robinson be right, who records in his Diary that when he received his first brief he called upon Lamb to tell him of it. "I suppose," said Lamb, "you addressed to it that line of Milton,—

Thou great *first cause*, least understood."

Caveat emptor (L., "Let the purchaser beware," or "take care of himself"), an ancient legal phrase. It was formerly held that a buyer must be bound by a bargain under all circumstances. Chief-Justice Tindal, in giving judgment in the case *Brown vs. Edgington* (2 Scott, N. R., 504), modified this ancient rule. He said, "If a man purchases goods of a tradesman without in any way relying upon the skill and judgment of the vendor, the latter is not responsible for their turning out contrary to his expectation; but if the tradesman be informed, at the time the order is given, of the purpose for which the article is wanted, the buyer relying upon the seller's judgment, the latter impliedly warrants that the things furnished shall be reasonably fit and proper for the purposes for which it is required."

Caviare to the general, something above the intellectual reach of the crowd. Shakespeare makes Hamlet use the phrase: "The play I remembered pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general" (Act ii., Sc. 2). Caviare, a preparation of sturgeons' roes, originated in Russia, and was at one time a considerable article of commerce between that country and England. In Shakespeare's time it was a new and fashionable delicacy, relished only by connoisseurs, hence the allusion.

Celestial Empire, a title frequently given to China. It is derived from the Chinese words *Tien Chan*,—*i.e.*, Heavenly Dynasty, meaning the kingdom which the dynasty appointed by heaven rules over. The term Celestials is a nickname of foreign manufacture, and S. Wells Williams, in "The Middle Kingdom," informs us that "the language could with difficulty be made to express such a patronymic."

Cent, Not worth a. From a very early period the names of small coins have been used in popular speech and in literature to set a low estimate on some person or thing. Thus, in the old epic "*Huon de Bordeaux*" the "amiral" tells the hero,—

je n'en ferai noiant,
Ne pris vo deu un denier valissant,

which, translated into good American, would read, "All the same, I won't do it, nor do I care for your god worth a cent." The expression is continually met with both in Trouvère and in Troubadour literature. The Germans say, "I wouldn't give a red heller for it" ("Ich gäbe keinen rothen Heller dafür"), a curious analogue to our "red cent." Englishmen say, "not worth a farthing," and use "twopenny" as an adjective of extreme contempt. The still more common phrase "not worth a dam" is in all probability of analogous origin. It was first used by Englishmen trading in the East, and is held to be an allusion to the *dām*, a small brass coin current in Persia and in India, equivalent in value to one-fortieth of a rupee, or about a cent. In England, owing to ignorance of its origin and meaning, it suffered orthographical profanation, and came to signify a thing of so small account as not to be worth the waste of breath involved in damning it. The American phrase "Not worth a continental dam" would be nonsense unless we recognized that at the time when first used some faint memory of its original meaning still clung to the word *dām*.

Certum est quia impossibile (L., "It is certain because it is impossible"). This paradoxical declaration of an overruling faith occurs in Tertullian's treatise "De Carne Christi," § 4. The context is as follows: "Natus est Dei filius: non pudet, quia pudendum est. Et mortuus est Dei filius: prorsus credibile est, quia ineptum est. Et sepultus, resurrexit: *certum est, quia impossibile*. Sed hæc quomodo in illo vera erunt si ipsi non fuit verus, si non vere habuit in se quod figeretur, quod moreretur, quod sepeliretur et resuscitaretur." Sir Thomas Browne was fond of quoting this expression. Thus, in "Religio Medici," Part i., § 9, "I learned of Tertullian *certum est quia impossibile est*. I learned to exercise my faith in the difficultest point; for to credit ordinary and visible objects is not faith, but persuasion." But Tillotson (Sermons, cxi.) expressly disagrees with Sir Thomas: "I know not what some men may find in themselves: but I must freely acknowledge that I could never yet attain to that bold and hardy degree of faith as to believe anything for this reason, because it was impossible. So that I am very far from being of *his* mind, that wanted, not only more difficulties, but even impossibilities, in the Christian religion, to exercise his faith upon." Naturally the entire school of experimental philosophers, to whom faith is synonymous with credulity, condemn the saying. "When one thinks," says Huxley, "that such delicate questions as those involved fell into the hands of men like Papias (who believed in the famous millenarian grape story); of Irenæus with his 'reasons' for the existence of only four gospels; and of such calm and dispassionate judges as Tertullian, with his *Credo quia impossibile*, the marvel is that the selection which constitutes our New Testament is as free as it is from obvious objectionable matter." It will be seen that Huxley substitutes *credo* for *certum est*. The misquotation is very common. Even Sir Thomas Browne, who knew better, falls into it at least once. Another familiar error is the fathering of the saying on St. Augustine.

Chacun à son goût (Fr., "Every one to his taste"), a familiar proverb embodying the Gallic equivalent for the old Latin maxim, "De gustibus non est disputandum" ("There is no disputing about tastes").

It is said that the Jews are the chosen people of God. Well, *chacun à son goût*. They are not mine.—SCHOPENHAUER.

One would be safe in wagering that any given public idea is erroneous, for it has been yielded to the clamor of the majority; and this strictly philosophical, although somewhat French, assertion has especial bearing upon the whole race of what are termed maxims and popular proverbs, nine-tenths of which are the quintessence of folly. One of the most da-

plorably false of them is the antique adage, *De gustibus non est disputandum*,—there should be no disputing about taste. Here the idea designed to be conveyed is that any one person has as just right to consider his own taste true as has any one other,—that taste itself, in short, is an arbitrary something, amenable to no law, and measurable by no definite rules.—E. A. POE.

Chalks. To walk one's chalks, to move away, to run away, "to cut one's stick." The origin is uncertain, but it is plausibly suggested that it may be found in the prerogative once accorded to travelling royalty, whereby the marshal and sergeant chamberlain designated by a chalk-mark the houses to be occupied by the retinue, and the inmates were expected to vacate at once. In 1638, when Mary de Médicis came to England, Sieur de Labat was instructed "to mark all sorts of houses commodious to the retinue in Colchester." The apparently analogous phrase "to walk the chalk" has a totally different origin and application. It is a reference to the ordeal on shipboard by which men suspected of drunkenness were tried,—a straight line being drawn, along which they were to walk.

Charade, a form of amusement which consists in taking some word whose every component syllable forms a word in itself, then describing each syllable by a synonyme or a definition, reuniting the whole, describing that too in the same way, and asking the reader or listener to guess what the word is. An example is the following :

My first makes company,
My second shuns company,
My third assembles company,
My whole puzzles company.
Answer.—Co-nun-drum.

A less frequent form of charade treated the component letters in a similar way. Here is one from the French, and another a native English production :

Quatre membres font tout mon bien,
Mon dernier vaut mon tout, et mon tout ne vaut rien.

(Four members I can bless myself withal ;
My last is worth my whole, my whole's worth nought at all.
Answer.—"Zero.")

My *first* is a circle, my *second* a cross ;
If you meet with my *whole*, look out for a toss.
Answer.—Ox.

Sydney Smith is very hard upon this innocuous amusement. Indeed, he calls charades "unpardonable trumpery," and insists that if they are made at all, they should be made without benefit of clergy, the offender should instantly be hurried off to execution, and be cut off in the middle of his dulness, without being allowed to explain to the executioner why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth. Yet some very clever men have condescended to this trumpery, among them Winthrop Mackworth Praed, C. S. Calverley, R. H. Barham, and others. Here is Praed's best, a really fine poem in itself :

Come from my First, ay, come ;
The battle dawn is nigh,
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die.
Fight, as thy father fought ;
Fall, as thy father fell ;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought ;
So forward and farewell !

Toll ye my Second, toll ;
Fling high the flambeau's light ;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night ;

The helm upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed :
Now take him to his rest !

Call ye my Whole, go call
The lord of lute and lay,
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day ;
Ay, call him by his name,
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave !
Camp-bell (Campbell).

Here are a number of charades which seem to have established themselves in popular favor :

My first begins with a B, my second begins with a B, and my whole is generally said of a Ba-By.—Hum-bug !

When you stole my first, I lost my second, and you are the only person to give me my whole.—Heart's-ease !

My first a baby does when you pinch it ;
My second a lady says when she doesn't mean it ;
My third exists and no one e'er has seen it ;
And my whole contains the world's best half within it.
Cri-no-line.

My first is a little bird as hops,
My second comes with May crops,
My 'ole you eats with mutton-chops.
Sparrer-grass (that being the cockney's notion of asparagus).

My first bites you,
My second fights you,
My whole frights you.
Bug-bear !

My first I hope you are,
My second I see you are,
My whole I know you are.
Wel-come.

The form of riddle sometimes known as decapitation is substantially a charade. A very few examples will have to suffice :

Take away one letter from me, and I murder ; take away two, and I probably shall die, if my whole does not save me.—Kill—ill—skill.

A stranger comes from foreign shores,
Perchance to seek relief ;
Curtail him, and you find his tale
Unworthy of belief ;
Curtailed again, you recognize
An old Egyptian chief.
Alien—A lie—Ali.

Cut off my head, and singular I act,
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear ;
Cut off my head and tail, and, wondrous fact,
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there.
What is my head cut off ? A sounding sea ;
What is my tail cut off ? A flowing river,
In whose translucent depths I fearless play,
Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute forever.

Cod. (The above has sometimes been attributed to Macaulay.)

There is a word of seven letters, take away five, a male remains, take away four, a female, take away three, you have a brave man, while the whole is a brave woman.—He, her, hero, heroine.

I am neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, yet I frequently stand upon one leg, and if you behead me I stand upon two; what is more strange, if you again decapitate me I stand upon four, and I shall think you are related to me if you do not now recognize me.—Glass—lass—ass.

The last-quoted example reminds one of the famous story of Professor James S. Blackie, of Glasgow University. He had posted up a notice, "Professor Blackie will meet his classes to-morrow." A humorous dog among the students rubbed out the *c* in classes. Then Professor Blackie got even by rubbing out the *l*.

Charivari (a French word of uncertain origin), the name given to a custom frequently observed in the south of France, and traceable to a very high antiquity. A terrific uproar is produced by kettles, frying-pans, and horns, accompanied by shouts and cries, and the singing of rather low songs, under the windows of the newly married, especially if they are advanced in years or have been married before. Disapproval of unpopular persons is also expressed in the same way, and by extension the name is now applied to any tumultuous discord. The custom was brought over to America by the French settlers of Louisiana, Alabama, and the Canadian provinces, and through them has been pretty generally diffused over the United States, where it still retains its hold in various rural communities under the name of shivaree.

Twenty years ago, it may be safely said, there were very few hamlets or rural communities of any size, from Pennsylvania west through the central belt of States, where the custom was not known, and more or less frequently practised. Whether it ever gained much hold in Michigan, Wisconsin, and the Northern States of the West, I cannot say, but I do know that it was most prevalent in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and that in some instances colonies from these States transplanted it into Kansas and Nebraska. That it still prevails in many districts I could bring abundant evidence. The "shivaree" is described at length in Eggleston's "The End of the World." I know of no other writer who has even tried to convert its unpleasant vulgarity into dramatic effect. It was a compliment extended to every married couple on their nuptial night, and consisted of a serenade made up of beating tin pans, blowing horns, ringing cow-bells, playing horse-fiddles, caterwauling, and, in fine, of the use of every disagreeable sound possible to make night hideous. This noise was kept up often for hours, or until the bridegroom made his appearance and "treated" the crowd. It was of no use for this luckless individual to attempt to wear out the crowd by an obstinate refusal to appear. In that case, the outside company would grow riotous, would hurl stones and fire blank cartridges through the windows, and after them, perhaps, dead cats and rotten eggs. Nor was it of any use for a couple to have the ceremony performed earlier in the day and start immediately on their bridal tour: the "shivaree" would and did keep, and was served up to them, in all its unadulterated nastiness, immediately upon their return. Of course the actors in the "shivaree" business were mainly young men and boys. The older men of the community protested against it, and all respectable women utterly loathed it. The decadence of this rough form of sport may be ascribed first to the general diffusion of education and civilized customs that has been going on of late years, and, secondly, to the great tendency of population towards cities. This latter fact has acted in two ways: it has taken the ringleaders away from the rural communities, causing the custom there to die a natural death, and these characters have not been able to transplant their amusement to their new abodes, since there they come under the supervision of police officers, whose business it is to interfere with such infractions of the peace. The "shivaree" custom was unquestionably a survival of semi-barbaric times; the curious point to note is how nearly this barbarous custom touches our advanced civilization of the present day.—ALICE C. CHASE: *American Notes and Queries*, vol. i. p. 263 (1889).

In the good old city which has been immortalized in story as Rivermouth it chanced that a couple who did not move in the most exalted society circles, and from whom the most refined sentiments might not have been expected, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony upon the day which followed the funeral of the first wife of the groom. The conventional sense of propriety in the neighborhood was shocked by this haste in furnishing forth the marriage tables with the funeral baked meats, and upon the night of the wedding a company of sons of Belial gathered themselves together and went to serenade the bridal pair with horrid uproar of horns and pans and guns.

The charivari was at its height, and all the region was aroused by the hideous noise, when the bride appeared darkly at the window above the riotous crowd, and with supreme feeling appealed to their delicacy.

"Ain't you ashamed," she cried, in hot indignation, "to come here making a disturbance like this, when we had a funeral only yesterday?"—*Boston Courier*.

Chartered Libertine. This phrase originated with Shakespeare, "Henry V.," Act i., Sc. 1 :

when he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still.

The application of the term to the press, the connection in which it is now most frequently used, was made by the Earl of Chatham. When Mr. Granville in 1757 called his attention to the furious onslaughts made upon him in pamphlets and journals, Pitt smiled, and only said, "The press is, like the air, a chartered libertine." The equally famous term "the ribald press" was used by Lord John Russell, February 8, 1885, in a defence of Lord Raglan during the Crimean war. The London *Times* thundered very effectively against this opprobrious epithet.

Chauvin, Chauvinism. The word "chauvinism," meaning a blatant thirst for military glory, is of comparatively recent origin in France. Chauvin is a character in "La Cocarde Tricolore," a comedy by two brothers, Théodore and Hippolyte Cogniard, first produced at the Folies Dramatiques on March 19, 1831. The plot is laid in Africa, and treats of the conquest of Algiers. Chauvin is a young recruit, who talks a great deal, displays considerable courage, and is made to sing couplets with the refrain,—

J'suis Français, j'suis Chauvin,—
J'tape sur le Bédouin !

The comedy was a great success in its day, and it is not unlikely that the word *chauvinisme* originated in the above couplet. Nevertheless, a contributor to the Paris *Figaro*, well known under the pseudonyme of Vieux Parisien, claimed that the dramatists were not the authors of the name. He himself was personally acquainted with one Nicholas Chauvin, an old Napoleonic soldier with a pension of two hundred francs, who, notwithstanding the many hardships he underwent while in active service,—he was wounded seventeen times,—talked of nothing but the glory of his Emperor. It was from him that the authors of "La Cocarde Tricolore" gave the name of Chauvin to their young recruit. The word *chauvinisme* is not to be found in the edition of Molin's Dictionnaire, published in 1842 ; but that it had by this time entered into common parlance is evidenced from Bayard and Dumanoir's play "Les Aides-de-Camp," produced April 1, 1842, in which one of the characters says, "You have left finance, but since your marriage you have entered into chauvinism, as they say."

Cheese, That's the, a slang phrase both in England and America, has been variously explained as a rough-and-ready translation of the French *C'est la chose*, as an appropriation of the Romany or gypsy word *cheese*, meaning "thing" (cf. Hindostani *cheez*, *chiz*, also meaning "thing"), or, more probably, as a corruption from the Anglo-Saxon word *ceosan*, to "choose." In the latter case, "that's the cheese" would mean "that's what I would choose." By way of illustration might be quoted Langland, "Now thou might cheese how thou countest to call me" (*Vision of Piers Plowman*), or Chaucer, "To chese whether she would marry or no." A story that is told to explain how the phrase arose is worth quoting, because it is sufficiently amusing in itself, but it has no philological value. It is said that an old woman in the north of Ireland had a grandson of voracious appetite. Once she had purchased a cake of brown soap, and laid it on the window-sill. A few hours afterwards she asked, "Paddy, where's the soap?" "Soap?—what soap?" "Why, the soap that was on the window-sill." "Oh, granny," said he, "that was the cheese." This was a standing joke on Paddy, and became a popular by-word ever after, so much so that the eminent comedian David Rees intro-

duced it as a gag into the play of "The Evil Eye," and made it famous throughout England.

"To get the cheese" means to receive a check or disappointment. And this is the story thereanent. Beau Brummel, presuming on his intimacy with the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.), used to take the liberty of arriving late at formal dinners, and always expected that the party would await his arrival. But the Marquis of Lansdowne refused to humor this whim, and at a banquet given by that nobleman the Beau was crestfallen to find when he appeared that the company were already far advanced with the dinner. His discomfiture was completed when the host blandly asked him if he would have some cheese,—a late course.

Chelsea, Dead as, signifies only dead so far as action and usefulness are concerned. Chelsea is the seat of the famous hospital for superannuated soldiers built by Sir Christopher Wren in the reign of Charles II. A person who "gets Chelsea"—in other words, obtains the benefit of the institution—is virtually dead to the service and to the world at large. The expression "dead as Chelsea" is said to have been first made use of by a grenadier at Fontenoy on having his leg carried away by a cannon-ball.

Chestnut. A familiar Americanism for an old story, a twice-told tale. Where an Englishman would cry, "Joe Miller!" or a Frenchman, "Connu!" an American says, "Chestnut!" All are rude but effective methods of preventing a conversation from degenerating into its anecdote. The American word arose some time in 1885; but it did not sweep the country till a year or two later. So when etymologists came to trace its history they found themselves utterly at sea. Many conjectures were offered,—the most amazing being that it was a corruption of the words "jest not." A less rococo explanation was that the dead chestnuts of last year, like Villon's snows of yester-year, suggested its origin. Any one who has prowled in the forests in spring-time knows how often a chestnut may be picked up which is fair to view, but which on examination proves to be about as valuable as a Dead-Sea apple. Again, there was actually said to be a repeater of outworn jokes named Chestnut who had been indicted by the grand jury as a nuisance, "because nobody could stand his stories." But the most plausible theory was that advanced by Joe Jefferson, who attributed the introduction of the word to William Warren, the famous Boston comedian:

"There is a melodrama," Mr. Jefferson said to a reporter of the *Philadelphia Press*, "but little known to the present generation, written by William Dillon and called 'The Broken Sword.' There were two characters in it,—one a 'Captain Xavier' and the other the comedy part of 'Pablo.' The captain is a sort of Baron Munchausen, and in telling of his exploits says, 'I entered the woods of Collaway, when suddenly from the thick boughs of a cork-tree—' Pablo interrupts him with the words, 'A chestnut, captain; a chestnut.' 'Bah!' replies the captain. 'Booby, I say a cork-tree.' 'A chestnut,' reiterates Pablo. 'I should know as well as you, having heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times.' William Warren, who had often played the part of 'Pablo,' was at a 'siag' dinner two years ago, when one of the gentlemen present told a story of doubtful age and originality. 'A chestnut,' murmured Mr. Warren, quoting from the play. 'I have heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times.' The application of the lines pleased the rest of the table, and when the party broke up each helped to spread the story and Mr. Warren's commentary. And that," concluded Mr. Jefferson, "is what I really believe to be the origin of the word chestnut."

Chickens. Butler, in "Hudibras," ii. 3, 923, has the lines,—

To swallow gudgeons ere they're caught,
And count their chickens ere they're hatched.

The last line has undoubtedly popularized the familiar expression "to count one's chickens before they are hatched," meaning to reckon beforehand on a successful termination, to build unfounded anticipations. Yet the expression was known before Butler's time, and may be a reminiscence of Æsop's fable

of the milkmaid. Speculating what she would do with the money for which she sold her milk, she decided to put it into eggs, which, when hatched, would lead up by slow gradations to fortune. But a sudden jar toppled the milk-pail off her head, and away went her dream of raising chickens.

Child is father of the man. Wordsworth, in his exquisite little lyric "My Heart Leaps Up," has these lines :

The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

The sentiment is a commonplace. But the epigrammatic force of the lines makes them Wordsworth's own. They are still his own, though Dryden had already said,—

Men are but children of a larger growth,
All for Love, Act iv., Sc. 1 ;

and

By education most have been misled,
So they believe, because they so were bred :
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man,
Hind and Panther ;

though Milton had said,—

The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day,
Paradise Regained, Book iv., l. 220 ;

though Pope had said,—

The boy and man an individual makes ;

though Lloyd had said,—

For men, in reason's sober eyes,
Are children but of larger size ;

and though in France for two centuries the sentiment had been recognized,—

C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.

But, indeed, the thought finds a classic prototype in "Tirocinium," l. 149 :
"The man approving what had charmed the boy."

Child. 'Tis a wise child that knows his own father. An old proverb, one of the many ways in which the popular voice expresses its misogyny. The Latin form is well known : "Sapiens est filius qui novit patrem," and, though these words cannot be traced back to any classic source, the idea is found as far back as Homer's *Odyssey*, i. 215 : "My mother tells me that I am his son, but I know not, for no one knows his own father." Shakespeare retains the meaning of the proverb, with a slight change in the order of the words, when he makes his Lancelot say, "'Tis a wise father that knows his own child" (*Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2). Other forms of the same idea are, "The mother knows best if the child be like the father" (English), and "The child names the father, the mother knows him" (Livonian). The French have a cheerful maxim for children who are not wise : "One is always somebody's child, and that is a comfort."

Children gathering pebbles on the shore. In "Paradise Regained," iv. 322-330, Milton has this simile :

Who reads
Incessantly and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior
(And what he brings what need he elsewhere seek ?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,

Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,—
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.

"Paradise Regained" was published in 1671. Sir David Brewster, in his "Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton," vol. ii. p. 407, records that a few days before his death Newton uttered this memorable sentiment: "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." Precisely the same simile may be found in Justus Lipsius (see *Notes and Queries*, fourth series, viii. 321). May they not all be referred to the old story of St. Augustine and the boy on the sea-shore? Seeing the latter trying to confine a little pool of sea-water within a mud-bank that was continually being washed away by the ocean, the holy man found in this an object-lesson teaching that the finite intellect can never compass the infinite ocean of truth.

Chiltern Hundreds, a range of chalk eminences separating the counties of Bedford and Hertford, and passing through the middle of Bucks, to Henley in Oxfordshire. They comprise the Hundreds of Burnham, Desborough, and Stoke. They were formerly much infested by robbers. To protect the inhabitants from these marauders, an officer of the crown was appointed, under the name of the 'Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds.' The duties have long ceased, but the office—a sinecure with a nominal pay—is still retained. A member of the House of Commons cannot resign, but acceptance of office under the crown vacates his seat. Whenever, therefore, an M.P. wishes to retire, he applies for this office, which being granted as a matter of course, his seat in Parliament becomes vacant. He then immediately resigns the stewardship, so that it may be vacant for the next applicant. In case of need the stewardship of the manors of East Hundred, Northshead, and Hempholme may be made to serve the same purpose. The custom dates from about the middle of the eighteenth century. Its strict legality has been called in question, on the ground that it is not an office of the kind requisite to vacate a seat; but the custom is legitimated by a long line of precedence. Only once has the application for the Chiltern Hundreds been refused. This was in 1842. Awkward disclosures had been made before an investigating committee of the House of Commons in regard to corrupt compromises made with the object of avoiding inquiry into bribes practised in the elections at Reading and other boroughs. The member from Reading at once applied for the Chiltern Hundreds. But the Chancellor refused, on the ground that he would be making himself a party to the questionable transactions.

Chin-music (American slang), talk, conversation, especially of the tedious and boring variety.

"You see, one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send-off, and so the thing I'm on now is to roust out somebody to jerk a little chin-music for us and waltz him through handsome."—MARK TWAIN: *Roughing It*, p. 332.

Chip of the old block, one who reproduces his father's peculiarities or characteristics. The phrase may be found as far back as 1626, in a play called "Dick of Devonshire," reproduced in Bullen's "Old Plays" (ii. 60): "Your father used to come home to my mother, and why may not I be a chippe of the same blocke, out of which you two were cutte?"

Chouse, To, colloquial English, to cheat, to get the best of. The term first occurs in Ben Jonson, as a noun:

D. What do you think of me? that I am a chiaus?

Face. What's that?

D. The Turk [who] was here. As one would say, doe you thinke I am a Turke?

The early editors of Ben Jonson note the likeness of this term to the Turkish word *chiaus*, a "messenger." But it was not till 1814 that Gifford, in his edition of Ben Jonson, inserted a note to the effect that in 1609 Sir Robert Shirley sent a messenger, or a *chiaus*, to England "as his agent from the Grand Signior and the Sophy to transact some preparatory business," and that the agent turned out to be a rascal, who cheated the Turkish and Persian merchants in London out of some four thousand pounds and then fled before Sir Robert's arrival. Hence, "to chiaus" became synonymous with "to cheat." But Dr. Murray states that no trace of this incident has been found outside of Gifford's note, and he looks upon the etymon with suspicion.

Christian can die, How a. Shortly before his death Addison summoned his rakish step-son, Lord Warwick, to his sick-bed. "I have sent for you," said the invalid, "that you may see how a Christian can die." Tickell alludes to this incident in the famous lines,—

There taught us how to live; and (oh, too high
The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.

On the Death of Addison.

When Marshal Ney rallied a few of his followers for the last despairing charge at Waterloo, he cried out, "Come and see how a marshal of France can die!" ("Venez voir comment meurt un maréchal de France!") The Cincinnati *Commercial* furnished another curious parallel in a story told by one Mrs. Wilcox, an eye-witness to the death of General Andrew Jackson (1845). She describes it as a scene never to be forgotten. He bade them all adieu in the tenderest terms, and enjoined them, old and young, white and black, to meet him in heaven. All were in tears, and when he had breathed his last the outburst of grief was irrepressible. The congregation at the little Presbyterian church on the plantation, which the general had built to gratify his deceased wife, the morning service over, came flocking to the mansion as his eyes were closing and added their bewailment to the general sorrow. Shortly after this mournful event, Mrs. Wilcox encountered an old servant in the kitchen who was sobbing as though her heart would break. "Ole missus is gone," she brokenly said to the child, "and now ole massa's gone, dey's all gone, and dey was our best frens. An' ole massa, not satisfied teachin' us how to live, has now taught us how to die." The poor, unlettered creature did not know that she was paraphrasing one of the most beautiful passages in Tickell's elegy upon the "Death of Addison."

Chronogram. A species of literary trifling, which consists in an inscription whose numeral letters (printed or engraved in larger type than the others, in order to distinguish them) will form a date. Books, buildings, medals, etc., were formerly dated in this manner. Examples will render the process more clear. In Albury church is the following inscription:

RESVRGENT EX ISTO PVLVERE QVI IBI SEPVLTI DORMIVNT.

Here the larger letters are all Roman numerals, and, added together, the result is 1646. This is the commonest and easiest form of chronogram. The only limitation is that every letter which has a numerical value must be counted. In Hebrew and Greek, however, where every letter of the alphabet has a numerical value, even this limitation disappears, and the chronogrammatist may arbitrarily select and print in larger type the letters he needs for his purpose. A more difficult form of Latin chronogram is exemplified in the following on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus:

CHRISTVS DVX ERGO TRIVMPHANS.

Here, if the numerals are arranged in the order of their relative importance, we have MDCXVVVII, which is a clumsy indication of the date 1627, being the year in which Gustavus won the victory so commemorated. Far neater is this on Queen Elizabeth's death :

My Day Closed Is In Immortality.

This, indeed, is a rare example of what is known as a perfect chronogram. Its special features are that only initials are used, and that these initials, taken in their order, make the date MDCIII, the exact Roman equivalent for 1603, the year in which Queen Elizabeth died. To be sure, a carping critic might object that there are other letters in the sentence whose numerical value is ignored. But if we didn't make believe a little bit, such a thing as a chronogram couldn't exist at all. An even greater curiosity is this example, at once a chronogram and an acrostic, in which the initial letters of each line taken in their order make 1805, the date of the victory at Austerlitz :

*Mars de nos bataillons secondant la valeur,
Dans les champs d'Austerlitz exerça sa fureur
Contre nos amis gagés par l'Angleterre ;
Ciel, qui fûtes témoin de l'ardeur des Français,
Couronnez leur victoire en nous donnant la paix,
Venez nous consoler des malheurs de la guerre.*

But, at the best, chronograms are a puerile form of amusement. Historical students have a constant dread of them. They crop up in the most awkward places. You have a sort of feeling, when you are looking for a date and find only a chronogram, that it is something which will go off unexpectedly with a loud report. And, however kindly your nature, you cannot help rejoicing over the fate which overtook a certain offender,—Michael Stifelius, a Lutheran minister at Würtemberg. He thus chronogrammatized a passage in John xix. 37, "VIDebVnt In qVeM transIXerVnt" ("They shall look on him whom they pierced"), and, drawing therefrom the augury that the world would be destroyed in the year 1533, added quite arbitrarily and of his own motion the further information that this would happen on the 3d of October, at ten o'clock in the morning. But when the appointed time came and passed, the excited parishioners pulled the prophet from his pulpit, dragged him through the mire, and then soundly thrashed him.

The earliest known chronogram is a Hebrew one occurring in the ancient scriptural manuscript known as the "Codex Kennicott 89," which was written by Jacob Halevy. Here the Hebrew letters of the word "Law" yield the date 1208. Another old codex, known as "De Rossi 826," is dated with the words "The Redeemer for ever," which give A.D. 1280. In the East chronograms have, ever since the invention of the art, been assiduously cultivated, and even to this day they are largely and commonly used by Persian and Arabic scribes. On the tomb of the poet Yamini there is a verse from Hafiz chronogrammatically giving the date of his death. This has been cleverly translated by Mr. Bichnell so as to retain the chronogram :

I haIL thee, haIL thee : Into gLory CoMe.

This yields 1254 (year of the Hegira), equal to Anno Domini 1876. Of the Latin chronogram authentic instances do not date from earlier than the fifteenth century, which we may take to be about the time when the chronogram was imported from the East to the West. It flourished apace, especially among the German Reformers, who dated most of their tracts in this way, and the Jesuits, to whose peculiar idiosyncrasy it commended itself. Perhaps the greatest of all chronogrammatists, however, was a certain Andrea del Sobre, one of the order of Friars Preachers, who published in 1686 an extraordinary

tour de force, a book of Latin verses containing sixteen hundred and ninety different anagrams on the words "Salvator, Genetrix, Joseph," and the same number of chronograms, with heaven knows how many other ingenuities in the way of acrostics, word-squares, etc.

Mr. James Hilton, an enthusiastic Englishman, who has constituted himself the historian of chronograms in two bulky volumes issued respectively in 1882 and 1885, speaks feelingly of "the limited extent of chronogram-making in this country at the time when scholars on the continent were much devoted to the art and carried it to such a state of excellence as was never reached in the universities or elsewhere in England." Perhaps Englishmen had something better to do. Mr. Hilton goes on to express an awful hope that his tomes will stimulate the art, and "make it as popular in our time as it was in time past." And, what is worse, he gives us reasons for the hope. Since the appearance of his first volume, he tells us in the second, there has been a revival. Buildings have been dated in this way. One clergyman, who had erected a fernery out of the profits of his tracts on the deceased wife's sister question, dated that fernery in the following manner (it should be premised that the gentleman was a bachelor, and his initials were J. E. V.):

MY LATE VVIFE'S SISTER BVILT THIS VVALL
 BVT I IN TRVTH
 NEVER VVED ANY VVIFE AT ALL,
 NOR VVONT FORSOOTH,
 SAITH J. E. V

Readers who will take the trouble to extract the Roman numerals out of the above, and add them together, will find they amount to 1884, which is the desired date.

Church ales, also known as Holy or Whitsun ales, were merry-meetings held in mediæval England, generally at Whitsuntide and under the shadow of the church, for the purpose of raising church funds. Some weeks prior to the festival the church-wardens brewed a large quantity of ale. On the appointed day all the people of the neighborhood gathered together. The village squire and his lady, sometimes accompanied by their jester, took part in the proceedings. Bull-baiting, bear-baiting, morris-dancing, games, and songs were indulged in. In "Pericles," Shakespeare says of a song,—

It hath been sung at festivals,
 On Ember eves, and holy ales.

Church—God. There is a proverb common to most modern languages which is found in these words in Heywood :

The neer to the church, the further from God.
Proverbs, ch. ix.

The French say, "Qui est près de l'église est souvent loin de Dieu" ("He who is near the church is often far from God"). Analogous expressions are the Scotch "They're no a' saints that get holy water," the Italian "All are not saints who go to church," and the Spanish "The devil lurks behind the cross." Still another form of the same root idea is found in the proverb which Defoe has versified in the familiar lines,—

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
 The devil always builds a chapel there ;
 And 'twill be found, upon examination,
 The latter has the largest congregation,
The True-Born Englishman, Part I.;

which is also found in Drummond :

God never had a chapel but there, men say,
 The devil a chapel hath raised by some wyles,
Posthumous Poems ;

in Martin Luther :

For where God built a church, there the devil would also build a chapel,—*Table-Talk*, xvii. ;

and in Burton, Herbert, and many others. It is curious how the homely sense of the proverb finds its echo in the mystic lines of Emerson, where Brahma is represented as saying,—

But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

Brahma.

Cider, All talk and no. An American colloquialism which finds its English equivalents in the proverbs "Much cry and little wool," "Much ado about nothing." Schele de Vere suggests that it originated at a party in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, which had assembled to drink a barrel of superior cider ; but, politics being introduced, speeches were made, and discussion ensued, till some malcontents withdrew on the plea that it was a trap into which they had been lured, politics and not pleasure being the purpose of the meeting, or, as they called it, "all talk and no cider." (*Americanisms*, p. 591.)

Cigar. Littré derives this word from *cigarra*, the Spanish name for grasshopper. When the Spaniards first introduced tobacco into Spain from the island of Cuba, in the sixteenth century, they cultivated the plant in their gardens, which in Spanish are called *cigarrales*. Each grew his tobacco in his cigarral, and rolled it up for smoking, as he had learned from the Indians in the West Indies. When one offered a smoke to a friend, he could say, "Es de mi cigarral" ("It is from my garden"). Soon the expression came to be, "Este cigarro es de mi cigarral" ("This cigar is from my garden"). And from this the word cigar spread over the world. The name *cigarral* for garden comes from *cigarra*, a grasshopper, that insect being very common in Spain, and cigarral meaning the place where the cigarra sings. In this way the word cigar comes from cigarra, the insect, not because it resembles the body of the grasshopper, but because it was grown in the place it frequents.

Ciphers, or Cryptograms. The art of secret correspondence was practised from a remote antiquity. But the earliest efforts were directed rather to concealing the message itself than to veiling its meaning. Among the ancients, for example, a manuscript message was applied to a sore leg instead of a bandage ; thin leaves of lead after being written upon were rolled up and used as ear-rings ; a bladder inscribed with a message was placed in a bottle of oil so as to fill the bottle. Sometimes a slave was used both as writing-material and courier. His head was shaved, the message seared on his head with a hot iron, and after the hair had grown again he was sent on his destination. There the head was shaved once more, and the message became legible. The latter method had its advantages. Intelligence might thus be conveyed upon a skull too thick for it to penetrate, and under circumstances not very rare the absolute guarantee against penetration afforded by the medium would be recognized as its greatest merit. But its objections are obvious. The chief point to be considered in a competitive examination for the post of courier would be the speedy growth of hair, and the test would necessarily be tedious for the examining board. Then, again, when a State is trembling in the political balance, and wire-pullers are anxiously awaiting information as to the disposal of the "sinews of politics," it would be, to say the least, dangerous to the seizing of a golden opportunity to call in the barber, force the growth of the hirsute bush, despatch the bristling Mercury, and then literally read his bumps with the aid of a second barber.

The scytale of the Lacedæmonians, so called from the staff employed in

constructing and deciphering the message, seems to have been the earliest approach to our modern cipher despatches. When the Spartan ephors wished to forward their orders to their commanders abroad, they wound slantwise a narrow strip of parchment upon the scytale so that the edges met close together, and the message was then added in such a way that the centre of the line of writing was on the edges of the parchment. When unwound, the scroll consisted of broken letters, and in that condition it was despatched to its destination, the general to whose hands it came deciphering it by means of a scytale exactly corresponding to that used by the ephors.

Other methods were gradually invented. By the fourth century before Christ, Æneas Tacticus, a Greek writer on military tactics, is said by Polybius to have collected some twenty different modes of writing, understood only by those in the secret. Among the Romans Julius Cæsar made use of a cipher (still resorted to occasionally) which consists merely in the transposition of the ordinary letters of the alphabet,—writing *d* for *a*, *e* for *b*, and so on. But the plan was not original with him. It had already been in use, not only among the Romans, but by the Greeks, the Syracusans, the Carthaginians, and the Jews. Traces of it may even be found in the Scriptures. Thus, in Jeremiah xxv. 26, the prophet, to conceal the meaning of his prediction from all but the initiated, writes Sheshach instead of Babel (Babylon); that is, instead of using the second and twelfth letters of the Hebrew alphabet from the beginning, *B*, *b*, *l*, he uses the second and twelfth from the end, *Sh*, *sh*, *ch*.

In the Middle Ages the art of secret writing had developed to such an extent that almost every sovereign kept by him an expert to transmit his correspondence and to decipher the intercepted despatches of his enemies. In 1500 the first important book on cryptography was published by John Trithemius. It is entitled "*Polygraphia*," and was undertaken at the desire of the Duke of Bavaria. It was not originally intended for publication, Trithemius deeming that it would be contrary to the public interests to have the art generally understood. His objections were subsequently overruled. Cryptography by this time did not consist merely of transposed letters: these were early found too easy of solution. Figures and other characters were used as letters, and with them ranges of numerals were combined as the representatives of syllables, parts of words, words themselves, and complete phrases. Under this head must be placed the despatches of Giovanni Micheli, the Venetian ambassador to England in the reign of Queen Mary,—documents which have only of late years been deciphered. Many of the private letters and papers from the pen of Charles I. and his queen, who were adepts in the use of ciphers, are of the same description. A favorite system of that monarch, used by him during the year 1646, was made up of an alphabet of twenty-four letters, which were represented by four simple strokes, varied in length, slope, and position. An interest attaches to this cipher from the fact that it was employed in the well-known letter addressed by the king to the Earl of Glamorgan, in which the former made concessions to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Much of Charles's cipher correspondence fell into the hands of the Roundheads at Naseby, and Dr. John Wallis, the famous mathematician, was employed to decipher it.

But it was with the Revolution of 1688 that the art of cipher-writing was developed along the lines which have brought it to its present state of perfection.

After the expulsion of James II., the Jacobites racked their brains incessantly in contriving the means of secret communication. They resorted to sympathetic inks, by the use of which the real writing remained invisible, while a complex cipher, written between the lines in black ink, but which had

really no signification, was made use of to perplex the decipherers. It was a device of this description that was made use of by Mary of Modena, in behalf of James, in 1690, when she despatched her treasonable papers sewn up in the buttons of her two spies, Fuller and Crone. Fuller, a traitor to the Jacobites, carried his letters at once to William at Kensington. Ostensibly they contained nothing of importance; but on the application of a testing liquid, words of the gravest import became legible. Crone was sought out, arrested, tried, and condemned to death. He only saved his life by a confession which inculpated the guilty parties.

Another device was that of writing in parables. This was playing the game of treason at a cheap rate; because, though the purport of such letters might be easily guessed, the crime of the writer remained incapable of legal proof. Macaulay, in his History, gives some samples of this kind of correspondence. One of the letters, couched in the "cant of the law," ran thus:

There is hope that Mr. Jackson will soon recover his estate. The new landlord is a hard man, and has set the freeholders against him. A little matter would redeem the whole property. The opinions of the best counsel were in Mr. Jackson's favor. All that was necessary was that he should himself appear in Westminster Hall. The final hearing ought to be before the close of Easter Term.

The real significance of this is too obvious to escape recognition by the simplest reader; yet it is not actionable in law. Mr. Jackson, of course, is James II.; his estate is the kingdom; the new landlord is William; the freeholders are the men of property, and so on, the whole being an invitation to James to make a descent on the coast with a French army ("a little matter") before the end of Easter.

Another device of that time was one which confined the signification of a missive to certain letters, which could be discovered only by the person who had the key. Thus, if it was required to inform a prisoner that his accomplice, on being tried in court, had not betrayed him, it might be done by the following lines, inserted as the second or third paragraph, according to agreement beforehand:

I have but time for a few words. Rejoicing that you are so well treated, I hope to hear that you are better. Can you not write soon? even a word will be welcome to your poor wife. So soon as I hear from you I shall communicate with your friends. If Sarah comes to London, I may accompany her to see you. This is not certain, and may not take place. I know little news, though much is stirring; but I live much secluded. If Harry were here, he, I warrant, would know all. Venn came last night, and desired to be remembered to you; if good wishes could set you free, you would soon be at liberty.

The secret information contained in the above paragraph is far more secure from discovery than anything written in cipher. The governor of the jail, who had read it, would in most cases unhesitatingly pass it to his prisoner without suspicion; but the prisoner, who knew the key, would also in a few minutes know, by simply reading and putting together every third letter after a stop, that his accomplice, *Jones*, said *nothing* on his trial that could implicate him,—a piece of information which the governor of the jail would, in case of treason, be the last person to impart.

Then came the invention of the cipher, which its originators proudly termed the *chiffre indéchiffrable*,—the indecipherable cipher. It was an extension of the principle of substituting one letter of the alphabet by another. A new element was introduced in the shape of a key-word that was known only to the sender and the recipient. When the latter received the message he wrote the key-word over the ciphers, and thus introduced new and bewildering complications.

But as the improvement in armor plates always led to new improvements in guns, so the cryptographical armor invariably met with more and more highly perfected ordnance to riddle it. The indecipherable cipher was deciphered as

its predecessors had been. No matter how complex the literary puzzle contrived, men could be found who were always ready and able to translate it into decipherable language. The most notable instance of this great fact occurred in America during the Presidential muddle of 1876. Cipher messages transmitted by Mr. Tilden's agents to the disputed State of Oregon fell into the hands of the New York *Tribune*. Mr. John G. R. Hassard set himself to master the problem. He discovered that the messages contained overtures of bribery and corruption. The *Tribune* published the explanation, and though the messages could not be traced directly to Mr. Tilden, but only to his nephew, Mr. Pelton, their result was to reduce Mr. Tilden himself to a cipher.

Another evidence of the dangers of cipher-writing is found in the Agony column of the London *Times*. Ingenious spoil-sports, or parties having some personal interest at stake, are continually employing their leisure time in discovering the best-laid plans and in making them go agley.

To take a single instance : On February 11, 1853, the following mad-looking advertisement appeared in the *Times* :

CENERENTOLA. Jsying rd mifwy nx Xnhp mfaj ywnji yt kwfrj fs jcughtynts Kwt dtz gzy h/sssty Xngjshj nx xls jxy nk ymf ywzj hfzxi nx sty xzxujhyji; nk ny nx tgg xytnwjx bngg gj xukyji yt ymj gtyyur. It dtz wjrjrgiw tzw htzn's x knwxy uwtutxnynts: ymns p tk ny.

Mad as this looks, the solution is easy, once the key is discovered, and the key is very simple. Indeed, it is only the old system of Cæsar, substituting *f* for *a*, *g* for *b*, and so on in sequence. That the key was found by an interested third party is evidenced by the following advertisement which appeared three days later in the same column :

CENERENTOLA. Until my heart is sick have I tried to frame an explanation for you, but cannot. Silence is safest, if the true cause is not suspected : if it is, all stories will be sifted to the bottom. Do you remember our cousin's first proposition ? Think of it. N pstb Dtz.

Now, this is simply a full translation of the first advertisement (correcting obvious printers' errors), and the cryptogram at the close, unlocked by the same key, reveals "I know you." A bomb-shell in the camp this must have proved ! The originals were silenced forever, so far as the *Times* column goes, though the curtain is not rung down there until the third party has this final shot, February 19 :

CENERENTOLA. What nonsense ! Your cousin's proposition is absurd. I have given an explanation,—the true one,—which has perfectly satisfied both parties,—a thing which silence never could have effected. So no more such absurdity.

Ciphers have their humors, as have all other lines of human effort. A famous example was the mystification practised by George Canning in 1826 upon Sir Charles Bagot, English minister to King William I. of Holland. Canning was then Premier. A treaty of commerce with Great Britain was pending. Sir Charles received a despatch one day at the Foreign Office while he was with the king and the Dutch minister Falk. He begged leave to open it. Leave was immediately granted, but he found that the letter was in cipher. As he had not the key with him, he could do nothing else than ask permission to retire. Going home, he made out the despatch as follows :

SEPARATE, SECRET, AND CONFIDENTIAL.

(In Cipher.)

FOREIGN OFFICE, January 31, 1826.

SIR,

In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much,
With equal advantage the French are content,
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms just twenty per cent.

Chorus.—Twenty per cent ; twenty per cent.

ENGLISH CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS AND FRENCH DOUANIERS.

English—We'll clap on Dutch bottoms just twenty per cent. ;

French—Vous frapperez Falk avec twenty per cent.

I have no other commands from His Majesty to convey to Your Excellency to-day. I am with great truth and respect, sir, Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,
(Signed) GEORGE CANNING.

H. E. the Rt. Hon'ble Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B., The Hague.

Utterly unable to make out what this could possibly mean, poor Sir Charles Bagot and his secretary of legation worried over it for days, and got into a correspondence with Mr. Canning, who calmly refused to give them any light, until in a happy moment it dawned upon Sir Charles that the liveliest of Premiers had tossed off a grave piece of fiscal diplomacy into facile verse of the sort which had made the "Anti-Jacobin" famous.

But the greatest of all jokes, great because so sublimely unconscious, is the "Great Cryptogram" which Ignatius Donnelly claimed to have discovered in the works of Shakespeare, proving that Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare, and that the real author had laboriously woven into the text, through a complicated cipher, the true facts of the case in good nineteenth-century English modified by a sufficient sprinkling of recent Americanisms.

The game was much like that which used to be played with the number of the Beast, of which Macaulay said, "If I leave out T in Thomas, B in Babington, and M in Macaulay, and then spell my name in Arabic, I have not the slightest doubt that I can prove myself conclusively to be the Beast." It finds another parallel in the fifth fit of the "Hunting of the Snark," where the Butcher, even before Mr. Donnelly had published his book, described to the Beaver the chief features of the Donnelly system in the following lines :

Taking Three as the subject to reason about,—

A convenient number to state,—

We add Seven and Ten, and then multiply out

By One Thousand diminished by Eight.

The result we proceed to divide, as you see,

By Nine Hundred and Ninety and Two,

Then subtract Seventeen, and the answer must be

Exactly and perfectly true.

Among the many good skits to which "The Great Cryptogram" gave rise the best was produced by J. G. Pyle, author of a pamphlet called "The Little Cryptogram," who, by the application of Donnelly's own system, discovered in the play of "Hamlet" the following prophetic words :

Don nill he, the author, politician, and mountebank, will work out the secret of this play.

To conclude. Here is a puzzle which was inscribed over the tables of the Decalogue in a country church and is said to have remained undiscovered for two hundred years. But any reader, who feels that he can conscientiously expend time on such an object, may solve it at his leisure. It runs thus :

Prsvryprfctmnrkpthsprecptstn.

We will only drop the friendly hint that a vowel, and the same vowel in every case, is to be inserted between every consonant.

Circumstances over which I have no control. According to George Augustus Sala ("Echoes of the Week," *London Illustrated News*, August 23, 1884), this phrase, "one of the most familiar in modern English," was first used by the Duke of Wellington "with reference to some business complications in which his son was mixed up, about 1839 or 1840: 'F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. —, and declines to interfere in circumstances over which he has no control.'" Charles Dickens gave greater currency to the expression by putting it into the mouth of Wilkins

Micawber: "Circumstances beyond my individual control have, for a considerable time, effected a severance of that intimacy," etc.—*David Copperfield*, ch. xx. (1849).

Citizen of the world,—i.e., a cosmopolite, one who says with William Lloyd Garrison, "My country is the world; my countrymen are mankind." The term, which Goldsmith has taken as the title of a famous series of papers feigned to be written by an imaginary traveller of cosmopolitan views, dates back to Socrates, who claimed that "he was not an Athenian or a Greek, but a citizen of the world" (PLUTARCH: *On Banishment*). Diogenes Laertius attributes the same phrase to his namesake Diogenes. Thomas Paine, in "Rights of Man," chap. v., anticipated Garrison's phrase. "My country," he says, "is the world, and my religion is to do good." The history of man shows the gradual evolution of society from the family to the tribe, the tribe to the city, the city to the nation, and with the growth of man's sympathies and intellectual range he may eventually realize the dream of Tennyson:

For I dipt into the Future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

* * * * *

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

Locksley Hall.

Civis Romanus sum (L., "I am a Roman citizen"). The proud boast of the enfranchised citizens of Rome. Caracalla in A.D. 213 destroyed its special meaning by extending the privileges of citizenship to all the subjects of Rome. There is a famous passage in Cicero's sixth oration against Verres, where he instances the case of Publius Gavius, whom Verres had caused to be beaten with rods in the forum of Messina: "No groan was heard, no cry amid all his pain and between the sound of the blows, except the words, 'I am a Roman citizen.'" A memorable application of the phrase in modern times was made by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, June 25, 1850. The foreign policy of Lord John Russell's administration was under discussion. Palmerston, then Secretary of Foreign Affairs, upheld that policy, especially in regard to the protection afforded to British subjects abroad, and challenged the verdict of the House on the question "whether, as the Roman in days of old held himself free from indignity when he could say, *Civis Romanus sum*, so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong."

Claimants, Literary. Every now and then the world is entertained or perplexed by a controversy over the authorship of some literary performance. It may be a single poem or a novel that has shot into prominence and is fought for by a dozen claimants in the present, or it may be a great literary reputation of the past that is assailed by hardy explorers who imagine they have discovered that the owner of that reputation was an impostor or even a myth. Homer has been assailed as a myth, Shakespeare as an impostor. But the controversies on these two subjects are too well known to need more than the merest reference. One cannot even do more than call passing attention to the very clever skits in which, by reasoning closely analogous to that of the Baconists, Swinburne proved that Darwin was the real author of Tennyson's poems, and an anonymous contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* demonstrated that Herbert Spencer wrote the novels attributed to Dickens.

In the year 1856 a now-forgotten controversy on the origin of the Waverley Novels occupied the attention of the literary world. A certain Mr. William John Fitz-Patrick contributed to *Notes and Queries*, and afterwards republished

in pamphlet form, a labored attempt to prove that not Sir Walter Scott but his brother Thomas (assisted by Mrs. Thomas) was the author of the major part of them, and that Walter's task had been mainly to lick them into shape.

He based his theory on the following facts. That the rapidity with which these novels were issued from the press, especially taken in connection with the fact that Sir Walter was contemporaneously engaged in other literary work, is destructive of the hypothesis that they were written by Scott alone; that "Guy Mannering," for example, could never have been written, though it might have been transcribed, in a fortnight; that Thomas's comrades in the army (he was paymaster of the Seventieth Regiment, then stationed in Canada) agreed that they had often seen the writing-desks of both Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott littered with manuscripts of their own composition; that the minds of both were stored with old Scotch traditions, anecdotes, and historical reminiscences; and that the *Quebec Herald* of July 15, 1820, published selections from the correspondence of a literary gentleman in Canada (unnamed), among which appeared the following paragraph: "With respect to these new publications, 'Rob Roy,' etc., I have no hesitation in saying I believe them to be the production of the Scotts. I say the Scotts, because Mr. Thomas Scott (who wrote the principal part of them) was often assisted by Mrs. Scott; and the works were generally revised by his brother Walter before going to press. 'The Antiquary' I can answer for particularly, because Mr. Thomas Scott told me himself that he wrote it, a very few days after it appeared in this country." To tell the truth, the case was flimsy enough. But William John backed it up by referring the reader to the following passage in a letter from Sir Walter Scott to his brother, written during the autumn of 1814:

Send me a novel, intermixing your exuberant and natural humor with any incidents and descriptions of scenery you may see,—particularly with characters and traits of manners. I will give it all the cobbling that is necessary. and, if you do but exert yourself, I have not the least doubt it will be worth £500; and, to encourage you, you may, when you send the manuscript, draw on me for £100 at fifty days' sight, so that your labors will at any rate not be quite thrown away. You have more fun and descriptive talent than most people; and all that you want—i.e., the mere practice of composition—I can supply, or the devil's in it. Keep this matter a dead secret.

But, after all, the evidence of the letter amounts to this: that Sir Walter had pressed his brother to write a novel. Indeed, he says as much in the general preface to his works, where he takes note of this very rumor "ascribing a great part, or the whole, of these novels to the late Thomas Scott," characterizes it as one that was as unfounded as various other rumors, yet which "had, nevertheless, some alliance to probability, and indeed might have proved in some degree true." He then tells how he proposed that his brother should write a novel, and how the latter had even sent him a sketch of the plot, but had been forced by ill health to abandon the enterprise. "He never, I believe, wrote a single line of the projected work."

This statement ought to be conclusive. Indeed, the world has accepted it as such. Mr. William John Fitz-Patrick's attempt to calumniate the memory of one of the most frank and genuine men who ever breathed proved a nine days' wonder, and was forgotten in a fortnight.

A preposterous claim was made by George Cruikshank that he was the real originator of "Oliver Twist," that he had worked out the main plot in a series of etchings, and that Dickens had illustrated him, and not he Dickens. This story first appeared in print in R. Shelton Mackenzie's "Life of Dickens," a catchpenny work published in Philadelphia, and was alluded to in the first volume of Forster's biography as "a wonderful story originally promulgated in America with a minute conscientiousness and particularity of detail that

might have raised the reputation of Sir Benjamin Backbite. . . The distinguished artist whom it calumniates by fathering its invention upon him, either not conscious of it or not caring to defend himself, has been left undefended from the slander." Then Cruikshank rose in his wrath, and came to the defence of Dr. Mackenzie in a letter to the London *Times*, avowing that ever since the publication of "Oliver Twist," and even when it was in progress, he had, in private society when conversing upon such matters, always explained that the original ideas and characters emanated from him. Yet, after all, his whole statement was simply that he had described the character of Fagin to Dickens, who took it up and made what we see of it. But the whole merit of the character, no matter where the hint was received, depends upon the way in which it was made to move, and talk, and act, by the novelist. It is not the mere outline, which would have done equally well in any hands, but the filling up of the outline, which gives to it all that is really interesting. The theme might have been treated by a hundred different writers, and the result would have varied in merit from the merest lay-figure up to the most complete and admirable embodiment of genius. But, in fact, the excellent Cruikshank allowed his vanity to urge him into all sorts of harmless absurdities. In "A Popgun fired off by George Cruikshank," he even insisted that he had originated the pattern of a military hat worn by the Russian soldiers. Having described his own model, he adds, "The Russian soldiers, I find, wear a hat something of this shape now; and no doubt they saw my pattern and stole my idea."

A more plausible claim to the real authorship of Dumas's most famous works, including "Monte-Cristo" and "The Three Guardsmen," was put forward by one M. Auguste Maquet, who was avowedly one of Dumas's assistants, and undoubtedly had a share in their composition. But, like the other assistants, he simply worked under the direction of the creative and governing mind. When any of these underlings attempted original work they produced only the most mediocre of novels. It is monstrous to pretend that men dull in their own works, and brilliant only in his, have a right to share in the fame of the great story-teller, however much they may have helped him or contributed to his success. It is inconceivable that the deprivation of all personal honor or reward should have inspired or elevated genius which slackened its wings at once when the question became personal. But this question is considered more at length under the head of COLLABORATION.

While the "Scenes of Clerical Life" were passing through *Blackwood's Magazine* and drawing attention to the fact that in "George Eliot" a new genius had arisen, the inhabitants of Nuneaton and its neighborhood were perplexed and astonished to find unmistakable portraits of their own town-people in Amos Barton, in Mr. Pilgrim, and in other characters. Clearly, none but a native could have hit off these likenesses. A table-rapper, being appealed to, spelt out the name of the great unknown as Liggers. There was no Liggers in the town, but there was a Liggins, a broken-down gentleman of some small literary pretensions. Though at first he was somewhat coy, he did not reject the honors thrust upon him. At last he boldly accepted them. With the appearance of "Adam Bede" his fame waxed greater than ever. A deputation of dissenting parsons went out to see him, and found him washing his slop-basin at the pump. To explain his indigent circumstances in the very hour of his prosperity, he declared that he got no profit out of his works, but freely gave them to *Blackwood*. This was voted a shame. He was lionized in the town, fêted at parties; a subscription was started for him. Then the real George Eliot deemed it was time to interfere, and sent a letter to the *Times* denying Mr. Liggins's authorship. But it was some time before the myth was killed. There are several references to Mr. Liggins in George Eliot's Life

by Cross. Here is one of the most interesting, the more so that it refers to a subject we have already broached: "I dare say some 'investigator' of the Bracebridge order will arise after I am dead and revive the story, and perhaps posterity will believe in Liggins. Why not? A man a little while ago wrote a pamphlet to prove that the Waverley Novels were chiefly written, not by Walter Scott, but by Thomas Scott and his wife Elizabeth,—the main evidence being that several people thought Thomas cleverer than Walter, and that in the list of the Canadian regiment of Scots to which Thomas belonged many of the *names* of the Waverley Novels occurred,—among the rest *Monk*,—and in 'Woodstock' there is a *General Monk*!"

A more successful impersonator, because she remained undiscovered until her death by the neighborhood on which she had imposed, was a certain Mrs. S. S. Harris (auspicious name!), who in 1875 established herself in the little town of Hudson, Wisconsin. She claimed to have come from New York, and to be the Mrs. Sidney Harris who had written "*Rutledge*," "*Sutherlands*," and other novels. She was very eccentric, affected sporting tastes, and liked to drive fast horses; but these traits were probably looked upon as the natural accompaniments of genius, and she easily established for herself a good social standing, and in fact was lionized as a literary celebrity. One day when out driving with some friends she suddenly died of heart-disease, and the publication of her obituary in the local paper exposed the fraud.

The would-be filchers of others' laurels seem, indeed, to flourish apace in America. Whenever a new poem achieves any great popularity in this country it raises a host of claimants, especially if it be published anonymously. Mrs. Akers Allen's "*Rock me to Sleep, Mother*," William Allen Butler's "*Nothing to Wear*," Dr. Muhlenberg's "*I would not Live Away*," J. L. McCreery's "*There is no Death*," Will Carleton's "*Betsey and I are out*," Homer Greene's "*What my Lover said*," and J. W. Watson's "*Beautiful Snow*," have all been the subjects of fierce controversy. The last-named was fought for, either in person or vicariously, by a dozen people. The friends or admirers of Elizabeth Akers Allen, Dora Thorne, and Henry Faxon persistently brought forward their names as claimants, in spite of their equal persistence in denial. Nay, an unknown dead woman, evidently a suicide, whose body was found in the Ohio River with a copy of the poem printed but unsigned upon her person, was promptly baptized "*The Beautiful Floater in the Ohio*" and heralded throughout the country as the real author of "*Beautiful Snow*." Of the active claimants the most energetic and irrepressible was one Richard H. Chandler, whose story ran that Mr. Watson had filched the poem from him in revenge for a practical joke, and had published it in *Harper's Weekly*. (It did, in fact, make its first known appearance in that paper on November 8, 1858.) He naively added that the reason he had never published any other poem akin to "*Beautiful Snow*" was because "the publishers sent 'em all back to him." A certain William Allen Silloway insisted that he had published the poem in a New England journal four years prior to its appearance in *Harper's Weekly*, but that the files of that paper were inaccessible. He had been inspired to its composition by the degradation through drink of his wife, who was "a niece of Millard Fillmore," and who was found dead by a policeman in a snow-drift in Leonard Street in the winter of 1854.

William Cullen Bryant, who made a careful examination into all the evidence attainable, came to the conclusion that Mr. Watson was the true author, and the world has generally abided by his verdict.

The most eager of the claimants who disputed with Mrs. Allen the authorship of "*Rock me to Sleep, Mother*," was one Alexander M. W. Ball. His pretensions were summed up in a pamphlet, nominally written by O. W. Morse, of Cherry Valley, New York, which was published in 1867. The

pamphlet was reviewed with much humor by W. D. Howells in the *Atlantic* for August of that year :

"It appears from this and other sources," says the reviewer, "that Mr. Ball is a person of independent property, and a member of the New Jersey Legislature, who has written a great quantity of verses first and last, but has become all but 'proverbial' in his native State for his carelessness of his own poetry : so that we suppose people say there of a negligent parent, 'His children are as unkempt as the Hon. Alexander M. W. Ball's poems,' or of a heartless husband, 'His wife is about as well provided for as Mr. Ball's muse.' Still, Mr. Ball is not altogether lost to natural feeling, and he has not thrown away all his poetry, but has even so far shown himself alive to its claims upon him as to read it now and then to friends, who have keenly reproached him with his indifference to fame. To such accidents we owe the preservation in this pamphlet of several Christmas carols and other lyrics, tending to prove that Mr. Ball could have written 'Rock me to Sleep' if he had wished, and the much more important letters declaring that he did write it and that the subscribers of the letters heard him read it nearly three years before its publication by Mrs. Akers. . . . We do not think that the writers of these letters intend deceit ; but we know the rapture with which people listen to poets who read their own verses aloud, and we suspect that these listeners to Mr. Ball were carried too far away by their feelings ever to get back to their facts. They are good folks, but not critical, we judge, and might easily mistake Mr. Ball's persistent assertion for an actual recollection of their own. We think them one and all in error, and we do not believe that any living soul heard Mr. Ball read the disputed poem before 1860, for two reasons : Mrs. Akers did not write it before that time, and Mr. Ball could never have written it after any number of trials. The verses given in this pamphlet would invalidate Mr. Ball's claim to the authorship of Mrs. Akers's poem, even though the Seven Sleepers swore that he rocked them to sleep with it in the time of the Decian persecution."

Clameur de Haro, an old Norman custom which still survives in the English island of Jersey. Haro is held to be the abbreviation of the words "Ah Rollo," and the custom is said to have been instituted by Duke Rollo of Normandy, who gave to his people a personal appeal to himself and his successors in certain cases of wrong. William the Conqueror brought the custom over to England. To this day in Jersey if there be a question of encroachment on the rights of property, the injured person may make his appeal on the spot by falling on his knees in the presence of witnesses and exclaiming, "Haro ! Haro ! à l'aide, mon prince, on me fait tort." The alleged trespassers must immediately cease and await the judgment of the court. If the person thus appealing is found to have been in the wrong, he is fined by the court for having without just cause called on the name of Rollo.

A notable case of this Clameur de Haro occurred in Normandy at the funeral of William the Conqueror, and accounts for the scene so graphically told by Mr. Freeman, though he does not connect the incident with the peculiar custom or right of appeal. In order to provide a site for the great abbey of St. Stephen at Caen, the Conqueror had taken the property of several persons, one of whom complained that he had not been compensated for his interest. The son of this person, Ascelin, observing that the grave of William was dug on the very spot where his father's house had been situated, went boldly into the assembly collected at the grave for the funeral, and, making his appeal to Rollo, forbade further proceedings until his claim of right was decided. He addressed the company in these words : "He who has oppressed kingdoms by his army has been my oppressor also, and has kept me under a continual fear of death. Since I have outlived him who injured me, I mean not to acquit him now he is dead. The ground wherein you are going to lay this man is mine ; and I affirm that none may in future bury their dead in ground which belongs to another. If after he is gone, force and violence are still used to detain my right from me, I appeal to Rollo, the founder and father of our nation, who, though dead, lives in his laws. I take refuge in

these laws, owning no authority above them." This brave speech, delivered in presence of the Conqueror's son, Prince Henry, afterwards Henry I., wrought its effect. Compensation was immediately given to Ascelin for the value of the ground occupied by the grave, a further sum was promised for the remainder, and, the opposition ceasing, the dead king was duly buried. Mr. Freeman thinks it improbable that William should have wrongfully taken the land. It was not his character to commit acts of mere robbery; but there may have been a dispute of right, and, Ascelin having made his appeal to Rollo according to the custom, the funeral could not have been proceeded with; it may well have been, then, that it was found more convenient to compensate him on the spot than to delay proceedings and disappoint those who had come for the ceremony.—J. SHAW-LEFEVRE, in *Fortnightly Review*.

Cleanliness is next to godliness. John Wesley seems to have introduced this phrase to literature. In his sermon on "Dress," and again in his Journal (February 12, 1772), he has the words, "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness," in quotation-marks. Evidently he is quoting a current proverb. Long before Wesley, Bacon had put much the same idea into other words: "Cleanliness of body was ever deemed to proceed from a due reverence to God." But a closer parallel is found still farther back, in Aristotle: "Cleanliness is a half virtue;" and before Aristotle, in the Jewish Talmud: "The doctrines of religion are resolved into carefulness; carefulness into vigorousness; vigorousness into guiltlessness; guiltlessness into abstemiousness; abstemiousness into cleanliness; cleanliness into godliness." A more literal translation would substitute "next to" for "resolved into," and so obtain the exact letter with only slight violation of the spirit.

The passion for cleanliness is a comparatively recent one with the Anglo-Saxon race. In times as near to the present as Queen Elizabeth's, Spenser has the line,—

Her silver feet, fair washed against the day,
Faerie Queene, Book iv., Canto xi., v. 47;

i.e., for a special day of rejoicing.

We may all devoutly echo Thackeray's thanksgiving: "Of all the advances towards civilization which our nation has made, and of most of which Mr. Macaulay treats so eloquently in his lately-published History, there is none which ought to give a philanthropist more pleasure than to remark the great and increasing demand for bath-tubs at the ironmongers': zinc institutions, of which our ancestors had a lamentable ignorance. And I hope that these institutions will be universal in our country before long, and that every decent man in England will be a Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath."—*Sketches and Travels in London*.

Cloud. Every cloud has a silver lining.—a familiar proverb, meaning that the worst misfortunes have their compensation or their promise of amelioration in the future. It may be a reminiscence of the lines (221, 222) in Milton's "Comus,"—

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining to the night?

La Rochefoucauld says (Maxim 49), "We are never so happy or so unhappy as we think ourselves."

And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.

Lady of the Lake, Canto iv., Stanza 1.

See also DARKEST HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

Clover, Four-Leaved. This plant derived its significance from the fact that its four leaves are arranged in the form of a cross. Moreover, its comparative rarity and its very abnormality (if one may so express it) made it seem noteworthy or remarkable. If a person shall wear a bit of this plant he can detect the presence of evil spirits. It also brings a good fortune.

With a four-leaved clover, a double-leaved ash, and a green-topped scave [rush],
You may go before the queen's daughter without asking her leave.

A *two-leaved clover* enables a maid to see her future lover. The *four-leaved grass* (true-love, one-berry, herb-paris, or leopard's bane) is another mystical cross-leaved plant concerning which much might be said. The quaint St. Andrew's cross (*Ascyrum crux-Andrea*) is a very interesting plant of our own country, with cross-like flowers. Strangely enough, it appears to have no folk-lore attached to it.

Coals of fire. The expression, to heap coals of fire on somebody's head, meaning to return good for evil, is an Old Testament expression, as the latter is a New, and marks the difference in spirit between Old and New, for it flatters the immanent vindictiveness that frequently underlies forgiveness by suggesting that you will make the enemy vastly uncomfortable. To be sure, the phrase occurs in Romans xii. 20, as well as in Proverbs xxv. 21, 22, but in the former case it appears as a quotation from the Proverbs. The context, which is slightly condensed in the New Testament version, appears thus in the Old: "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee."

If to forgive be heaping coals of fire—
As God has spoken—on the heads of foes,
Mine should be a volcano, and rise higher
Than o'er the Titans crushed Olympus rose,
Or Athos soars, or blazing Etna glows;
True, they who stung were creeping things; but what
Than serpents' teeth inflicts with deadlier throes?
The Lion may be goaded by the Gnat.
Who sucks the slumberer's blood? The Eagle?—No, the Bat.

BYRON.

According to a note in Murray's edition of the "Poetical Works of Lord Byron," this stanza was originally intended to go between stanzas cxxxv. and cxxxvi. of the fourth canto of "Childe Harold." It was suppressed in proof by John Wilson Croker, who saw the book through the press and may have thought the stanza blasphemous. Evidently Croker's appetite for gnats had been ruined by a bellyful of camels.

Coat. Cut your coat according to your cloth,—i.e., let your expenditure be proportioned to your means. An old English proverb, which is probably a survival from the old sumptuary laws. One of its earliest appearances in literature is in Heywood's "Proverbs," ch. ix.:

Cut my coat after my cloth.

The Spanish say, "Let every one stretch his leg according to his coverlet;" and the French, "According to the arm be the bloodletting."

Cock and Bull Story. The most probable explanation of this term as applied to preposterous tales related in private life is that which refers it to the old fables in which cocks, bulls, and other animals are represented as endowed with speech. Matthew Prior's "Riddle on Beauty" closes with these lines:

Of *cocks and bulls*, and flutes and fiddles,
Of *idle tales* and foolish riddles.

One of Cowper's fables commences as follows:

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no;
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse at least in *fable*.
And ev'n the child who knows no better
Than to interpret by the letter
A *story of a cock and bull*
Must have a most uncommon skull.

Cockade, The Black (a star-like piece of black leather, usually surmounted by a fan, which is often seen on the hats of liveried servants), was unknown in Britain until the accession of the house of Hanover, and was then introduced by George I. from his German dominions. It seems to be understood that the right to use it belongs to naval and military officers, and the holders of some offices of dignity under the crown, such as privy councillors, officers of state, supreme judges, etc. But it is somewhat difficult to draw the line, as the privilege is one of which the law takes no cognizance. Naval cockades have no fan-shaped appendage, and do not project above the top of the hat.

Cocker, According to, and According to Gunter, are slang expressions current in England and to a less extent in America, meaning "according to the best authority or highest standard." Edward Cocker, who died about 1675, had a great fame as a mathematician; but the celebrated "Cocker's Arithmetic" was a forgery. It has been proved that Cocker had nothing whatever to do with this once vastly popular text-book which was published in his name. Edmund Gunter (1581-1626) was also a noted English mathematician. He invented Gunter's chain, still used for measuring land; Gunter's scale (called by mariners "the Gunter"), much used in navigation; Gunter's line, a sort of mechanical logarithmic table, a quadrant, etc.

Cockles of the heart, a colloquialism found in such expressions as "that will warm the very cockles of your heart," and supposed to have taken its rise from an expression made use of by Lower, the anatomist, who in his "Tractatus de Corde" (1669) refers to the muscular fibres of the ventricles as *cochlea*. The ventricles of the heart, therefore, would be *cochlea cordis*, which might have been facetiously Englished into "cockles of the heart." But the derivation is very dubious.

Cockney, a common sobriquet for a native of London. The "New English Dictionary" is at great pains to trace the history of this word. It quotes from Minshew's "Ductor," published in 1617, the memorable "chestnut" on the subject: "The tearme came first out of this tale: That a cittizen's sonne riding with his father . into the country . asked, when he heard a horse neigh, what the horse did; his father answered, The horse doth neigh; riding farther, he heard a cocke crow, and said, Doth the cocke neigh too? and therefore Cockney or Cocknie, by inversion thus: *incock, q. incoctus*—i.e., raw or unripe in Country-men's affaires." This does not satisfy Dr. Murray and his assistants. A cockney was originally a cockered child, one suckled too long, a mother's darling, one tenderly brought up,—hence a squeamish or effeminate fellow, a milksop. The word is often used in the last sense by Elizabethan and earlier writers. On Childermas-Day (December 28) the students of Lincoln's Inn chose a "King of Cockneys" to be Master of the Revels. The word came to be applied derisively to a townsman, as the type of effeminacy, in contrast to the hardier inhabitants of the country. Then it was localized to mean one born in the city of London, "particularly to connote the characteristics in which the born Londoner is supposed to be inferior to other Englishmen." The townsman had his revenge by the use he made of "clown." The original of "clown" in the Teutonic languages means a clod, clump, clot,—hence a clumsy lout, a lumpish fellow. Then it was applied to a countryman as the clown *par excellence*, the man without refinement or culture, the ignorant, rude, uncouth, ill-bred man.

Cogito, ergo sum (L., "I think, therefore I am"), the famous proposition upon which Descartes founded his philosophical scheme. He starts from the basis of universal scepticism. He recognizes that the philosophic mind may

doubt the existence of the external world, of God, even of itself. Mind, matter, science, experience, all is or may be delusion ; nothing remains but doubt. "How, then, can we find a fresh starting-point ? Evidently in the fact of doubt alone. What is doubt ? A state or condition,—in fact, a judgment ; and how can there be a judgment without some one to judge ? Doubt, then, is an act of thinking. Thinking is inconceivable without a person to think. Thus, doubt implies the mental existence of a doubter. *Cogito, ergo sum.*" (MAHAFFY : *Descartes.*) Though the application of the phrase is Descartes's, it has some verbal kindred with St. Augustine in "De Civitate Dei :—" "Si enim fallor, sum ; nam qui non est, utique nec falli potest, ac per hoc sum si fallor."

Cohesive power of public plunder. This excellent phrase is a popular misquotation that adds force and conciseness to the original, which runs as follows :

A power has risen up in the government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests, combined into one vast mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks.—JOHN C. CALHOUN : *Speech*, May 27, 1836.

Coincidences. We are losing our picturesque superstitions. The coincidences in which our ancestors would have detected a miraculous intervention now only amuse and interest us. We reason sagely about them. We recognize with Mr. Proctor that although some coincidences appear extraordinary, yet it would be still more extraordinary if in the whirl and toss of events such coincidences did not occasionally happen. Take the case of a lottery with a thousand tickets and but one prize. It is exceedingly unlikely that any particular ticket-holder will obtain the prize : the odds are, in fact, 999 to 1 against him. But suppose he had one ticket in each of a million different lotteries all giving the same chance of success. Then it would not be surprising for him to draw a prize ; on the contrary, it would be a most remarkable coincidence if he did not draw one. The same event—the drawing of a prize—which in one case must be regarded as highly improbable becomes in the other case highly probable. So it is with coincidences which appear utterly improbable. It would be a most wonderful thing if such coincidences did not occur, and occur pretty frequently, in the experience of every man, since the opportunities for their occurrence enormously outnumber the chances against the occurrence of any particular instance.

Mr. Proctor cites the case of Dr. Thomas Young as surpassing in strangeness all the coincidences he had ever heard of. Dr. Young was busily engaged in the attempted deciphering of the Rosetta Stone. He had obtained a parcel of ancient manuscripts brought from Egypt by a man named Casati, among others a papyrus containing amid its baffling hieroglyphics three names in Greek letters, Apollonius, Antigonos, and Antimachus. A few days later a friend had placed in his hands several fine specimens of writing in papyrus which he had purchased from an Arab at Thebes in 1820. Dr. Young turned with a sense of relief from his Egyptian puzzles to a plain Greek manuscript of Mr. Grey's. He could scarcely believe that he was alive and in his sober senses when the words Antimachus Antigenis (*sic*) struck his eyes, and, a few lines farther back, Portis Apollonii. It was a Greek translation of the very manuscript he had been poring over ! "A most extraordinary chance," says Dr. Young, "had brought into my possession a document which was not very likely, in the first place, ever to have existed, still less to have been preserved uninjured, for my information, through a period of near two thousand years ; but that this very extraordinary translation should have been brought safely to Europe, to England, and to me, at the very moment when it was most

of all desirable to me to possess it, as the illustration of an original which I was then studying, but without any other reasonable hope of comprehending it,—this combination would, in other times, have been considered as affording ample evidence of my having become an Egyptian sorcerer."

Indeed, the author of "The Ruins of Sacred and Historic Lands," who probably credits himself with a reflective mind, is good enough to say that "it seems to the reflective mind that the appointed time had at length arrived when the secrets of Egyptian history were at length to be revealed, and to cast their reflective light on the darker pages of sacred and profane history. The incident in the labors of Dr. Young might be deemed providential, if not miraculous."

Professor De Morgan has a budget of curious coincidences to exploit. One was an event in his own life. "In August, 1861," he says, "M. Sénarmont, of the French Institute, wrote to me to the effect that Fresnel had sent to England in, or shortly after, 1824 a paper for translation and insertion in the *European Review*, which shortly after expired. The question was what had become of the paper. I examined the *Review* at the Museum, found no trace of the paper, and wrote back to that effect, at the Museum, adding that everything now depended on ascertaining the name of the editor and tracing his papers: of this I thought there was no chance. I posted the letter on my way home, at a post-office in the Hampstead Road, at the junction with Edward Street, on the opposite side of which is a bookstall. Lounging for a moment over the exposed books, *sicut meus est mos*, I saw, within a few minutes of the posting of the letter, a little catchpenny book of anecdotes of Macaulay, which I bought, and ran over for a minute. My eye was soon caught by this sentence: 'One of the young fellows immediately wrote to the editor (Mr. Walker) of the *European Review*.' I thus got the clue by which I ascertained that there was no chance of recovering Fresnel's paper. Of the mention of current Reviews not one in a thousand names the editor." It will be noticed that there was a double coincidence in this case. It was sufficiently remarkable that the first mention of a Review, after the difficulty had been recognized, should relate to the *European*, and give the name of the editor; but it was even more remarkable that the occurrence should be timed so strangely as was actually the case.

The following curious coincidences have been collated from history by patient investigators.

Among many superstitions peculiar to the Napoleons is that of regarding the letter M as ominous of good or evil. The following catalogue of men, things, and events, the names of which begin with M, shows that the two emperors of France have had some cause for considering this letter a red or a black one, according to circumstances. Marbœuf was the first to recognize the genius of the great Napoleon at the Military College. Marengo was the first great battle won by General Bonaparte, and Melas made room for him in Italy. Mortier was one of his best generals, Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr to his cause. Marie Louise shared his highest fortunes. Moscow was the abyss of ruin into which he fell. Metternich vanquished him in the field of diplomacy. Six marshals (Masséna, Mortier, Marmont, MacDonald, Murat, Moncey) and twenty-six generals of division under Napoleon I. had the letter M for their initial. Maret, Duke of Bassano, was his most trusted counsellor. His first battle was that of Montenotte, his last Mont St. Jean, as the French term Waterloo; he won the battles of Millesimo, Mondovi, Montmirail, and Montereau; then came the storming of Montmartre. Milan was the first enemy's capital, and Moscow the last, into which he marched victorious. He lost Egypt through Menou, and employed Miollis to take Pius VII. prisoner. Mallet conspired against him; Murat was the

first to desert him, then Marmont. Three of his ministers were Maret, Montalivet, and Mollien; his first chamberlain was Montesquieu. His last halting-place in France was Malmaison. He surrendered to Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*, and his companions in St. Helena were Montholon and his valet Marchand. If we turn to the career of his nephew, Napoleon III., we find the same letter no less prominent. He was born April 20, 1808, which in Corsica is the last day of the feast-week of *Machreal*. His early military instructions were given him by Moreith of *Montélimar*. His empress was the Countess Montijo; his greatest friend was Morny. The taking of the *Malakoff* and the *Mamelon-vert* were the greatest feats of the French arms in the Crimean war. He planned his first battle of the Italian campaign at *Marengo*, although it was not fought until after the engagement of *Montebello*; at *Magenta*, *MacMahon*, for his important services in this battle, was named *Duke of Magenta*, as *Pélissier* had for a similar merit received the title of *Duke of Malakoff*. Napoleon III. then made his entry into Milan, and drove the Austrians out of *Marignano*. After the great victory of *Solferino*, fought on the banks and in the waters of the *Mincio*, he turned back before the walls of *Mantua*. Thus up to 1860, after which the letter *M* would seem to have been ominous of evil. Passing over Mexico and *Maximilian*, we see how vain were his hopes founded on the three *M*'s of the Franco-Prussian war,—*Marshall MacMahon*, *Count Montauban*, and *Mitrailleuse*! *Mayence* was to have been the basis for the further operations of the French army, but, pushed back first to the *Moselle*, its doom was sealed on the *Maas*, at *Sedan*. Then followed the capitulation of *Metz*; and all the subsequent disasters were due to the superior skill and strategy of another *M*,—*Moltke*. Another strange coincidence noted in regard to the Third Napoleon was that he died at *Chiselhurst* at 10.45 A.M.,—precisely the hour when the great clock of the *Tuileries* stopped after the palace was set on fire by the *Commune*.

Numbers as well as letters have played strange tricks with the Napoleonic dynasty. As thus: Napoleon I. was born in 1768. He abolished the Directory and took the supreme power in 1799. Now add these dates together in the following manner,—

1799

1

7

6

8

1821

and the sum represents the date of his death. Try the same plan with Napoleon III., born 1808, became emperor 1852:

1852

1

8

0

8

1869

which, though not absolutely the date when he was dethroned, is the date of the last year of his reign, and anyhow completes the cycle of one hundred years from the birth of the First Napoleon.

A still more extraordinary circumstance is that if you add in the same way to the date of the Third Napoleon's coronation that of his wife's birth (1826), or of their marriage (1853), the mystic result is still 1869. Then, again,

Louis Philippe began to reign in 1830. Add to this in the old familiar manner either 1773, the date of his own birth, 1782, the date of Queen Amélie's birth, or 1809, the date of their marriage, and the result in each case is 1848, the year in which Napoleon III. superseded him.

Another noteworthy coincidence is the following. Here are the figures of the plébiscite :

7119796/1119000

The line divides the majority on the right from the minority on the left. Now copy this, omitting the three noughts and slightly humoring the figures, and hold the result with its face to the light : the reverse will read very much like the word *empereur*. Of course not every one's handwriting will exactly compass this. The tail of the 9's must be shortened and curved, the 7's made angular. Then the final 9 will represent the initial *e*, the next three figures make a not impossible *m*, the dividing line and the 6 together a fairly good *p*, the 9 next to it an *e* again, the 7 an inebriate *r*, the 9 an *e* again, the next two figures a plausible *u*, and the final 7 a boon companion of the other.

It is said that during the infancy of Louis XVI. some astrologer had predicted that the number 21 would prove fatal to him. Hence he always had a dread of any date wherein that number appeared. He would never hold a royal sitting on the 21st of a month. His dread seems to have been justified by events, for many of the disasters of his reign occurred on that day. His marriage, which might be looked upon as one chief cause of his eventual troubles, took place on the 21st of April, 1770, and on the same day a violent storm arose and raged with devastating violence. His entry into Paris was made on the succeeding 21st of June, when a panic occurred in the crowd and fifteen hundred people were trampled to death ; the flight to Varennes was on June 21, 1791 ; royalty was abolished September 21, 1792 ; Louis himself was condemned to death by twenty-one votes (the authority for this statement, however, is confessedly meagre), and on the 21st of January, 1793, he was guillotined.

In the royal family of Belgium January has always been looked upon as an unlucky month. When, on January 1, 1890, the palace of Laeken, with all its magnificent treasures, was destroyed by fire, the Queen of the Belgians exclaimed, "All our disasters come in January!" It was in January that her sister-in-law, Carlotta of Mexico, had lost her reason ; in January, 1869, that her son died, leaving the heirship to her nephew, Prince Baldwin, who also died in January (1891) ; in January (1881) that the palace of the Empress Charlotte was consumed by fire, and in January (1889) that Archduke Rudolph, her son-in-law, committed suicide.

A German statistician has discovered that the number 3 has played an important part in Prince Bismarck's life. The family coat of arms bears over the motto, "In Trinitate Robur," three clover and three oak leaves. Caricaturists of the ex-Chancellor have for years represented him with three hairs on his head. He has three children and three estates ; he fought in three wars, and signed three treaties of peace. He arranged the meeting of the three Emperors, and originated the Triple Alliance. He had under him the three great political parties (Conservatives, National Liberals, and Ultramontanes), and served three German emperors.

The death, in 1892, of the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, called renewed attention to the old superstition as to the unluckiness of that title. Five dukes have borne it in English history. None transmitted it to his heir. The first duke died in 1368, leaving no male issue. The title was revived in 1411, when Henry IV. conferred it on his second son, Thomas Plantagenet, who was killed ten years later at the battle of Beaugé, leaving no issue. In 1461, Edward IV. conferred it on his brother George, who was murdered in 1477 and his title attainted. He was the only Duke of Clarence

to leave a male heir, and that heir, known as Edward, Earl of Warwick, was beheaded in the Tower in 1499, where, fifty years later, the only daughter of the house, the aged and unfortunate Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, suffered the same penalty as her brother. In 1789 a fourth effort was made to resuscitate the title in the person of the third son of George III., afterwards William IV., who died without legitimate issue. In 1890, one hundred years later, the title was renewed for the last time in the person of the young prince, who died two years later, on the very eve of his marriage.

But the superstitious noted that the death of Prince Albert Victor on a Thursday broke a remarkable spell or curse which had hung over the present royal family of England for more than a century and three-quarters,—bringing about the death of all the prominent members of that family on Saturdays. William III. died Saturday, March 18, 1702; Queen Anne died Saturday, August 1, 1714; George I. died Saturday, June 10, 1727; George II. died Saturday, October 25, 1760; George III. died Saturday, January 29, 1820; George IV. died Saturday, June 26, 1830; the Duchess of Kent died Saturday, March 16, 1861; the Prince Consort, husband of Queen Victoria and grandfather of the recent deceased Prince Albert Victor, died Saturday, December 14, 1861; Princess Alice of Hesse-Darmstadt, Victoria's second daughter, and sister of Albert, died Saturday, December 14, 1878. The shadows which overhung the late prince's life are said to have been darkened by a superstitious fear which caused him to keep close in-doors on Saturdays.

There is not a more curious coincidence than that concerning Richard Wagner, the composer, and his famous 13's. To begin with, it takes 13 letters to spell Richard Wagner. He was born in 1813. Add the figures together, thus, 1-8-1-3, and you have another 13. The letters in his name and the sum of the figures in the year of his birth equal twice 13. He composed exactly 13 great works, and always declared that he "set his head" on his after-career on the 13th of the month. "Tanhäuser" was completed on April 13, 1845; it was first performed at Paris, March 13, 1861. He left Bayreuth September 13, 1861. September is the ninth month; write 9-13 and add the three figures together, thus, 9-1-3, and you have 13. Finally, he died on February 13, 1883.

The attention of many earnest students has been directed towards collecting instances of famous men having died on the anniversary of their birth. First of all comes Moses, who, according to the Talmud, "died on the seventh day of Adar, the same day of the same month on which he was born, his age being exactly one hundred and twenty years." Shakespeare was born April 23, 1564, and died April 23, 1616. Raphael, the artist, was born on Good Friday, 1483, and died on Good Friday, 1520, aged thirty-seven. As Good Friday is a movable feast, it does not follow that the day of the month was identical in each case, but the coincidence has excited much astonishment. Sir Thomas Browne, author of "Religio Medici," was born October 19, 1605; died October 19, 1682. Timothy Swan, composer, was born July 23, 1758; died July 23, 1842. General McLean Taylor, a nephew of President Taylor, was born November 21, 1828; died November 21, 1875. St. John of God, one of the most eminent of the Portuguese saints, and founder of the Order of Charity, was born March 8, 1495; died March 8, 1550. John Sobieski, the king of Poland who delivered Vienna from the Turks, was born June 17, 1629; died June 17, 1696.

Attention has been drawn to the fact that M, which is the first letter of Melody and Music, is also the initial in the names of a great number of composers, ancient and modern: Marcello, Monsigny, Méhul, Mozart, Martini, Mercadante, Meyerbeer, Malibran, Mayseder, Mine, Musard, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, etc.

Cold Day. The humorous bit of self-appreciatory slang, "It's a cold day when I get left," meaning much the same thing as "You'll have to get up very early in the morning to get the best of me,"—this recent Americanism probably sprang from the game of "freeze-out" poker. Each player buys a certain stipulated amount of chips, and when he loses them can buy no more, but is "frozen," or, more idiomatically, "froze out," and so the game continues till one man has all the chips. The "froze-outs" would naturally be the subject of facetious inquiry as to the state of the thermometer, and the winner's glee would take some such form as this: "It may be a cold day for you fellows, but it would have to be a good deal colder before I get left." A correspondent of the *American Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. p. 213, strives, however, to give the phrase an old English origin. In the ballad of "Gil Morice" he finds these lines:

Yes, I will gae your blacke errand,
Though it be to your cost;
Sen ye by me will nae be warned,
In it ye sall find frost.

This is ingenious, but has no other merit.

The sun is the great source of light and heat for our earth. If the sun were to go somewhere for a few weeks for relaxation and rest, it would be a cold day for us. The moon, too, would be useless, for she is largely dependent on the sun. Animal life would soon cease, and real estate would become depressed in price.—BILL NYE: *Remarks*.

Cold Shoulder, To turn the, to treat one with *hauteur*, to cut. The phrase seems to have been first used in "The Antiquary" (1816), ch. xxxiii.: "The countess's dislike didna gang farther at first than just showing o' the cauld shoulder." In the glossary Scott explains it as meaning "to appear cold and reserved." In an appreciative article on this subject the *Saturday Review* says, "The graceful use of the cold shoulder fairly deserves to be ranked among the fine arts; while, on the contrary, nothing could be more ungainly than its awkward application. When a tactless man meets the object of his detestation he looks nervously self-conscious, and seems undecided whether to cut or merely slight his enemy. After blushing in a foolish manner, he gives an awkward bow, which, intended to be graceful, is in reality ludicrously clumsy. A casual observer might attribute his singular behavior to shyness rather than hatred. The most successful hand at cold-shouldering is the heartless and listless man, who can put his victim completely out of his mind, and forget his presence, if not his existence, as soon as he has accorded him the coldest of recognitions. Without insinuating that women are more heartless and listless than men, we may observe that they are far greater adepts in this art than the opposite sex. Most men seem more or less ill at ease when they know that they are giving pain to others, but this is by no means invariably the case with women. We might even go so far as to say that ladies sometimes too evidently derive satisfaction from the annoyance of others. They understand the secret of freezing others while preserving their own caloric; but men cannot obtain a like result without first becoming icicles themselves. The lords of the creation, moreover, when wishing to appear dignified, are apt to assume an air of vacant stupidity. They are, in fact, bad actors, and when a man would like to knock another down, he finds it an effort to treat him with cold politeness."—November 16, 1878.

Collaboration, partnership in literature, the coming together of two or more minds in the production of a single work. The thing is at least as old as the Elizabethan drama, when nearly all the leaders worked more or less in partnership, and Shakespeare himself did not disdain to revamp the work of an inferior hand to fit it for the stage. Racine, Corneille, and Molière in France, Cervantes, Caldéron, and Lope de Vega in Spain, all had partners

in some one or more of their numerous productions. Beaumont and Fletcher's is the earliest instance of a partnership that endured for a lengthy period and during all that period produced notable work. One cannot say that conglomerate authorship has usually been a success. It might, indeed, appear that a richer orchestration would result from an harmonious union of several good instruments; but experience seems to teach that the French journalist was right who said that collaboration was never successful save when it was not collaboration. What he meant was that one of the collaborators should do all the work, the other only listen and advise. Two friends live together and pass their evenings side by side in front of a common hearth, a cup of coffee beside them, a cigar between their teeth. One has a fertile imagination, the other has made a study of the stage and stage business. Conversation falls upon the subject of a drama. One composes and writes, the other commends or blames, corrects, gives ideas, throws new light on the subject. That is the ideal collaboration.

Take the case of Labiche. He is a farmer who takes more pride in his carefully-husbanded crops than in the wild oats he has sown on the stage. His happiest hours are spent on his farm at La Solange, where he practises patriarchal hospitality. When he determines to write a vaudeville, his collaborator is summoned to this rural paradise. For several evenings the plot of the proposed play is discussed at table. The art of the collaborator consists in making Labiche talk, in exciting him, in goading him on. Occasionally, of course, he must edge in a reply, furnish a metaphorical spring-board for his wit, his invention, his *esprit*. Labiche abandons himself to his natural genius. He invents scenes and incidents; he makes *bons-mots*. Scene first is complete before the appearance of the *entrées*. When the cheese arrives the act is finished. The collaborator goes up-stairs to his room, writes down all he has heard, and arranges it in orderly sequence. Next day, just before dinner, perhaps with the preparatory glass of absinthe, he reads it all over. Labiche suggests improvements. After soup has been served, he begins again. In a few days the vaudeville is practically finished: the authors leave to the friction of rehearsals the smoothing of all rough edges.

Or there is Alexandre Dumas *filz*. He has no ostensible collaborator. But it is said of him that in very fact he has as many collaborators as he has friends. When a comedy is on the stocks, he takes twenty or thirty people into his confidence, makes them familiar with the scene that embarrasses him, the situation which seems inextricable, leads everybody he meets to talk about it, listens to fresh ideas, and turns them to account.

Not unlike this method is the one proposed by Mr. Besant, the surviving partner of the famous firm of Besant and Rice. He recommends it very strongly to every young literary workman.

I would advise him to find among his friends—cousins, sisters—a girl, intelligent, sympathetic, and quick; a girl who will lend him her ear, listen to his plot, and discuss his characters. She should be a girl of quick imagination, who does not, or cannot, write; there are many such girls. When he has confided to her his characters all in the rough, with the part they have to play all in the rough, he may reckon on presently getting all back again, but advanced. Woman does not create, but she receives, moulds, and develops. The figures will go back to their creator distinct and clear, no longer shivering unclothed, but made up and dressed for the stage. Merely by talking with this girl, everything that was chaotic has fallen into order; the characters, dim and shapeless, have become alive, full-grown, articulate. As in every-day life, so in imaginative work, woman is man's best partner,—the most generous, the least exacting, the most certain never to quarrel over her share of the work, her share of the glory, her share of the pay.

It is noteworthy that Bulwer Lytton recommends substantially the same plan, only he advises that the woman should be several years older than the man, to preclude the possibility of their falling in love. Love he evidently looks upon as the death of collaboration.

Now, as Mr. Besant was himself a member of a successful partnership, his opinions are worth listening to. Let us hear further from him. He believes that the presentment of the story must seem to be by one man. No one would listen to two men telling it together. "We must hear, or think we hear, one voice." Therefore one man must finally revise, or even write, the whole work. And he conceives that the rock on which literary partnership gets wrecked is that each member conceives he must write as much as the other.

For instance, there was sent to me the other day a manuscript novel written in partnership, with the usual request that I would read it and give an opinion on it,—in other words, sacrifice a whole day to the task of making two life-long enemies. The authors of this work (which has not yet seen the light) had arranged their fable and their characters. But unfortunately they made the great mistake of writing it in alternate chapters. Now, the style of one was not in the least like the style of the other; the effect was that of two men taking turns to tell the same story, each in his own way and from his own point of view. Nothing could have been more grotesque, nothing more ineffective. Any one of the characters talked with two voices and two brains; the thing was a horrid nightmare.

One of the two, then, I repeat,—not necessarily always the same one,—must have the revision of the work or the writing of the work.

Can, then, the other man, who has contributed only rough draughts here and there, or even perhaps nothing at all in writing, be called a collaborator? Most certainly he can. Indeed, Mr. Besant explodes into hearty laughter at the general notion of collaboration,—that it is carried on by each man contributing every other word, every other page, or every other chapter.

Doctors disagree, why not literary men? Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed use precisely the method scorned by Mr. Besant. Mrs. Praed has herself told how this is done: "We talk the matter over first, and make a scheme. Then we sketch out chapter by chapter. I write the bones of the chapters I think I can do the most easily, and Mr. McCarthy does the same. Every sentence is joint work. I really don't know which is which, and now I wouldn't work in any other way. You see, our lives are so entirely different that we look at things differently." Mr. McCarthy has always believed that two heads were better than one in novel-writing, provided the two heads represented the two sexes. There's a man's point of view and a woman's point of view, and, in studying humanity, he contends that, to get at nature, both views should be taken.

Scribe's method, as explained to Herr von Pulitz in an interview, was a combination of all the others. Here is how a partnership vaudeville is produced: "One author brings the idea, and the scaffolding of the piece (*charpente*) is then built up by the authors in common, after which the various scenes are distributed among them according to their special qualifications. Often the whole play is written by one author, who afterwards makes alterations in it according to the suggestions of his collaborator. It also frequently happens that the songs in the piece are written by a third man, who has nothing to do with the plot or the dialogue." It is much more difficult, Scribe went on to explain, for two or more authors to join in writing a longer piece. In such cases they have to consult together about the whole of the play, down to the smallest details. When an agreement is arrived at, the execution of the idea is comparatively easy, although it often happens that in the writing of a play things occur which render it necessary to alter the whole plan of the piece. This was the case in writing the "*Contes de la Reine de Navarre*." "My idea was to make the piece a graceful comedy; but my assistant, Legouvé, took up a very serious tone in the second act, and in writing the fifth act he gave the play a tragical catastrophe, which was quite contrary to our agreement. I protested, but we could not agree. We then decided each to write a fifth act and read them to the actors, who would determine by a majority of votes which of the two should be accepted. The actors voted almost unani-

mously in my favor, and my friend Legouv , far from showing any ill humor at the decision, readily assisted me in completing the piece."

Scribe was reproached unfairly—for most of his best plays were written alone—with an inability to stand without help, and when he was received into the French Academy a malicious wit suggested, when he took his seat, that the thirty-nine other chairs ought to be given up to his collaborators. But Scribe was proud of his partnerships, and dedicated the collected edition of his plays to his collaborators.

Among French novelists the most successful instance of a long-continued partnership is that between Erckmann and Chatrian,—a partnership which lasted more than thirty years, and then, just before the death of M. Chatrian, was suddenly and sadly ruptured. They worked much on the plan advocated by Mr. Besant. An outline was arranged. Each was permitted to write all that he thought or felt; but his companion afterwards struck out and rewrote at will. Although the first collaborator was then given an opportunity for further correction or change, he was to some extent bound not to introduce again those things which had been rejected from the first draught.

The most successful single novel ever produced by collaboration was "*La Croix de Berny*," in which Madame de Girardin, Gautier, Sandeau, and Joseph M ry all took a hand. Their plan was one which, instead of merging the individuality of each, called for its distinct expression. For the story is cast in the form of letters between the four characters. Each character was assumed by some one writer. Gautier and Madame de Girardin, as might be expected, bore off the honors, but the other *r les* were well carried out, and the whole affair, while unfolding a situation of strong interest and passion, never loses the engaging element of personality. A similar experiment made in England by nine Englishwomen, including Charlotte M. Yonge, Frances M. Peard, and Christabel Roe Coleridge, proved a failure. Here, also, the novel was cast in epistolary form, and the nineteen characters were divided among the nine authors. But the result is only that we meet with nineteen very dull people.

In placing the Erckmann-Chatrian firm at the head of all French partnerships for the production of fiction, we have not forgotten the Goncourts, who were almost their equals, nor the great establishment founded by Alexander Dumas the elder. But Dumas's shop was, properly speaking, not a firm. He had no partners, but only clerks and assistants. He might not have been able to carry on the immense business he transacted without the aid of these auxiliaries, but the creative hand and brain are always his. Jules Janin, a severe critic on other points, acknowledges so much. "Dumas's books," says Janin, "show the mark of the lion's paw, and, good, bad, and indifferent, bear unmistakable evidences of having issued from the smoky flame of Alexander Dumas." Who does not remember Thackeray's charming defence of his favorite novelist?—

They say that all the works bearing Dumas's name are not written by him. Well? Does not the chief cook have *aides* under him? Did not Rubens's pupils paint on his canvases? Had not Lawrence assistants for his backgrounds? For myself, being also *du m tier*, I confess I would often like to have a competent, respectable, and rapid clerk for the business part of my novels; and on his arrival, at eleven o'clock, would say, "Mr. Jones, if you please, the Archbishop must die this morning in about five pages. Turn to article '*Dropsy*' (or what you will) in *Encyclop dia*. Take care there are no medical blunders in his death. Group his daughters, physicians, and chaplains round him. In Wales's '*London*,' letter B, third shelf, you will find an account of Lambeth, and some prints of the place. Color in with local coloring. The daughter will come down, and speak to her lover in his wherry at Lambeth stairs," etc., etc. Jones (an intelligent young man) examines the medical, historical, topographical books necessary: his chief points out to him in Jeremy Taylor (fol., London, MDCLV.) a few remarks, such as might befit a dear old archbishop departing this life. When I come back to dress for dinner, the Archbishop is dead on my table in five pages; medicine, topography, theology, all right; and Jones has gone home to his family some hours. Sir Chri-

topher is the architect of St. Paul's. *He* has not laid the stones or carried up the mortar. There is a great deal of carpenter's and joiner's work in novels which surely a smart professional hand might supply. A smart professional hand! I give you my word, there seem to me parts of novels—let us say the love-making, the "business," the villain in the cupboard, and so forth—which I should like to order John Footman to take in hand, as I desire him to bring the coals and polish the boots. Ask *me* indeed to pop a robber under a bed; to hide a will which shall be forthcoming in due season; or at my time of life to write a namby-pamby love-conversation between Emily and Lord Arthur! I feel ashamed of myself, and especially when my business obliges me to do the love-passages, I blush so, though quite alone in my study, that you would fancy I was going off in an apoplexy.

This is all very good. Yet it is doubtful if Thackeray could have worked with either an assistant or a collaborator. His genius was too individual, his personality too marked. The modern Anglo-Saxon, moreover, is too shy, too reticent, to unbosom himself even to a single confidant with the unreserve which collaboration calls for. Hence in England we have not many instances of successful collaboration since the time of Queen Elizabeth.

There are, however, a few notable ones in dramatic literature, besides the one afforded by Besant and Rice in fiction. The first successful English burlesque, and the longest-lived of its tribe, was "The Rehearsal," written by the Duke of Buckingham, with more or less assistance from Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, Martin Clifford, and Hudibras Butler. Colman and Garrick combined to produce one of the most popular of English plays, "The Clandestine Marriage." Each, however, claimed almost the entire credit of the production. Colman's story was that "Garrick composed two acts, which he sent to me, desiring me to put them together, or do what I would with them. I did put them together, for I put them in the fire, and wrote the play myself." Garrick, however, was able to produce the first draught of the comedy, showing that the plot was almost entirely his own, and he forced Colman to acknowledge that the character of Lord Ogleby was Garrick's, as well as the levee scene and the whole of the fifth act.

Pope, in his "Essay on Man," is reported by Lord Bathurst, *apud* Hugh Blair, to have merely turned into verse a prose essay furnished him by Bolingbroke. The latter is further said to have openly laughed at the poet for adopting and advocating principles at variance with his known convictions. When Pope's "Iliad" came up, an epigram found its way into print,—

Pope came off clean with Homer, but they say
Broome went before and kindly swept the way.

But this is not true of the "Iliad;" what Broome did for that work was merely to supply a portion of the notes. With the "Odyssey" it was different. Pope, encouraged by the overwhelming success of the former work, determined to take fortune at the flood. Learning that Broome and Fenton were at work on a version of the "Odyssey," he prevailed on them to join him, and the town was informed that Mr. Pope had undertaken a translation, and had engaged the two friends to help him. His "mercenaries," as Johnson rudely calls them, had a much larger share in the performance than "Mr. Pope the undertaker" allowed the world to suspect.

The literary partnership of Addison and Steele was hardly more than a joint editorship of the first of weekly journals, save in the character of Sir Roger de Coverley, a production whose genesis has been thus summed up: "The outlines were imagined and partly traced by Steele; the coloring and more prominent lineaments elaborated by Joseph Addison; some of the background put in by Eustace Budgell; and the portrait defaced by either Steele or Tickell with a deformity which Addison repudiated."

Come early and avoid the rush, an American colloquialism, first used in all seriousness by advertisers who wished to impress the public with the

popularity of their wares and the consequent extent of their business, subsequently caught up and applied humorously, as in the extract,—

A horse-jockey in Aroostook County, Maine, repented of his sharp practices, joined the church, and announced that if he had taken unfair advantage of any one in a horse-trade he would be glad to square things by paying the difference in cash. It was scarcely daylight the next morning when a neighbor, who considered that he had been "roasted" in a swap with the newly-converted jockey, made his appearance at the latter's door, remarking that he had "come early to avoid the rush." The jockey promptly settled the case.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Come off! This bit of American slang, used imperatively and meaning "Desist!" or "Cease!" is relatively new to modern use. It is startling, therefore, to find that it occurs in Chaucer's "Parliament of Fowles" (v. 494) in exactly the modern sense. The birds grow tired of listening to a long discussion among the young eagles; and so at last,—

"Come of!" they cryde, "allas! you will us shende!"

Coming events cast their shadows before. This line in "Lochiel's Warning," by Thomas Campbell, has some kinship with a sentiment in Schiller's "Wallenstein," thus translated by Coleridge:

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

Act v., Sc. 1.

Shelley in his "Defence of Poetry" also has a very similar thought: "Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present." Cicero in his "Divinatio" had already said, "Thus, in the beginning the world was so made that certain signs come before certain events" (lib. i. cap. 52). Mr. H. H. Breen in his "Modern English Literature" thinks that Campbell had in mind Leibnitz's remark, "Le présent est gros de l'avenir," and the comments made thereupon by Isaac D'Israeli. The latter, referring to Leibnitz's words, says, "The multitude live only among the shadows of things in the appearances of the present." And in another passage he couples the word shadow with the word precursor in such a manner (so thinks Mr. Breen) as to express in the clearest language the whole thought attributed to Campbell. The ordinary relation of a shadow to the substance by which it is formed is that of a follower:

Envy will merit as a shade pursue,
But, like the shadow, proves the substance true;

whereas, in the language of D'Israeli, the shadow is made to *precede* the substance. These are his words: "This volume of Reynolds seems to have been the shadow and precursor of one of the most substantial of literary monsters, the 'Histrio-Mastix, or Player's Scourge,' of Prynne, in 1633." A very ingenious bit of reasoning, but it does more credit to Mr. Breen's casual powers than to his critical integrity. Campbell, in short, with the fine alchemy of genius, touched a commonplace and turned it into poetry.

Company. A man is known by the company he keeps, a familiar English proverb which finds its analogue in most other languages. Its probable original is in Euripides: "Every man is like the company he is wont to keep" (*Phaniss.*, Fragment 809). Cervantes has it in this form: "Tell me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art" (*Don Quixote*, Part ii., ch. xxiii.). Goethe says, "Tell me your companions, and I will tell you what you are; tell me what you busy yourself about, I will tell you what may be expected of you" (REIMER: *Table-Talk*). The French proverb is, "Dis-moi qui tu hantes, je te dirai qui tu es." And the German,—

Willst du erkennen den Mann,
So schau seine Gesellschaft an.

The effects of association are pointed out in the familiar proverb, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and its Euripidean corollary, "The company of just and righteous men is better than wealth and a rich estate." (*Ægeus*, Fragment 7.)

Comparisons are odious, a proverb found in the folk-literature of most European nations. That it was in common use at the time of Shakespeare is evident from Dogberry's malapropism (to coin a much-needed word) in "Much Ado About Nothing" (1600), "Comparisons are odorous." The fun of this sentence would be lost upon an audience that was not familiar with the adage. In English literature proper the phrase has been traced back as far as Lyly's "Euphues" (1579), although it is evident it was in common use long before Lyly's time, since Sir John Fortescue (who died about 1485), in his "De Laudibus Legum Angliæ" (fol. 42, ed. 1616), comparing the common and the civil law of the realm, says, "Comparationes vero, Princeps, ut te aliquando dixisse recole odiosæ reputantur." John Lydgate (1375-1461), in his "Bochas" (Book iii. ch. viii.), says, "Comparisons do oftime great grievance." Cervantes, in "Don Quixote" (Part ii., ch. xxiii.), says, "Ya sabe que toda comparacion es odiosa." The second part of "Don Quixote" was not published till fifteen years after "Much Ado About Nothing," but Cervantes seems to be quoting a well-known proverb; and, in fact, the "Dictionary of Proverbs" of the Spanish Academy (1803) gives "Toda comparacion es odiosa" as a proverb quoted by Cervantes, and "probably not original with him." The Italians and the French have similar sayings. The antiquity of the Spanish and Italian proverbs is unknown, but the French undoubtedly goes back as far as the thirteenth century, for Leroux de Lincy, in "Le Livre des Proverbes Français" (vol. i. p. 276), says that in a manuscript collection of that date he found these: "Comparaisons sont haineuses," "Comparaison n'est pas raison."

Compliments. Vanity rules the world, and the value of that subtle titillation of vanity which we call a compliment has been recognized by all men of the world. We are told that Canute rebuked his courtiers for their flattery, but it is not written that he punished them. Probably he secretly rewarded those who pictured him as an anticipatory Mrs. Partington, and who, in spite of the evidence, held on to their belief that he was more than a match for the Atlantic Ocean. The stomach of kings has never proved queasy under any load of flattery, however indigestible it might appear to his rivals. Bacon, indeed, held that princes ought in courtesy to be praised without regard to their deservings, since by investing them with all possible virtues their panegyrists showed them what they should be. But, alas! we should be flattering the flatterers did we attribute to them motives so noble.

To look back upon the compliments showered upon Elizabeth, James I., and Charles II.—the most berhymed and bepraised of English sovereigns—is to be filled with nausea. It is humiliating to find even Spenser and Shakespeare bending their lordly knees to that terrible virago known as Good Queen Bess. Spenser applied the epithet "angel face" to her strong, masculine, but unattractive face." Shakespeare praised her chastity,—the chastity of one whose reputation had at least been questioned,—and spoke of her who was always having some little affair with a man as walking

In maiden meditation fancy free.

Both were outdone by Drayton :

Of silver was her forehead high ;
Her brows two bows of ebony.
Her tresses trussed were to behold
Frizzled and fine in fringed gold.

Two lips wrought out of ruby rock,
 Like leaves to shut and to unlock;
 As portal door to princes' chamber,
 As golden tongue in mouth of amber.
 Her eyes, God wot, what stuff they are!
 I durst be sworn each is a star,
 As clear and bright as wont to guide
 The pilot in his winter tide;

and by Sir John Davies, who rang the changes upon his queen's beauty, wisdom, wit, virtue, justice, and magnanimity in six-and-twenty specimens of acrostic verse, declaring in one of his hymns to Astræa,—

Right glad am I that I now live,
 E'en in those days whereto you give
 Great happiness and glory.
 If after you I should be born,
 No doubt I should my birthday scorn,
 Admiring your sweet story!

James I. was informed that he was as upright as David, as wise as Solomon, and as godly as Josiah. When he returned on a short visit to Scotland, the deputy-clerk of Edinburgh assured him that the very hills and groves, accustomed to be refreshed with the dew of his presence, had, in his absence, refused to put on their wonted apparel, and with pale looks bespoke their misery at his departure from the land. But the "wisest fool in Christendom" was not always caught by this sort of chaff. In a Shrewsbury address to James I., his loyal subjects expressed a wish that he might reign over them as long as sun, moon, and stars should endure. "I suppose, then," observed the monarch, "they mean my successor to reign by candle-light."

Ben Jonson alliteratively styled the First Charles the best of monarchs, masters, and men. That seems to go pretty far. But it was nothing to the compliments which the courtiers and flatterers of the Restoration paid to Charles II. That Merry Monarch was frequently informed that he was God's pattern to mankind,—indeed, so excellent an understudy for the Deity that while he blessed the earth there was small need of the great Protagonist. There is an exquisite but unconscious satire in some verses by a gentleman named Duke, written when this paragon had flown to heaven, to be

Welcomed by all kind spirits and saints above,
 Who see themselves in him, and their own likeness love!

Here is another gem from the same poem:

Good Titus could, but Charles could never say,
 Of all his royal life he lost a day.

Over in France it was even worse. The very clergy played the sycophantic courtier. From the pulpit members of that holy profession were not ashamed to load the royal profligate with panegyrics. They knew, and they knew that their hearers knew, of the scandals of his court, but no one raised a syllable of protest when the most godlike qualities were attributed to the Grand Monarque, when he was described as the one object upon which the eyes of the visible and invisible world were alike bent with approving wonder. Not only the universe, but heaven and the angels were assumed to be mainly occupied in watching the triumphs and magnanimity of Louis and his generals.

We have all of us laughed at the story of Baron Thénard, who, while giving a chemical lecture before Charles X., said, "These gases are going to have the honor of combining before your majesty." A still more snobbish phrase occurs in one of De Bussy-Rabutin's letters. St.-Aignan had lost one of his sons. To console him, Louis XIV. granted him some favor. Thereupon De Bussy-Rabutin wrote, "The favors accorded you by the king show me that his majesty is worthy of the service of all the earth. It is only near him that a parent can find *some pleasure* [*quelque douceur*] in losing his children."

From the cradle to the grave, indeed, Louis XIV was surrounded by flatterers. In the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg there is a sheet of paper, on which as a boy he had transcribed some half a dozen times, in a large unformed hand, a lesson set by his master, "Homage is due to kings; they do what they like." And in his old age, complaining at dinner of the inconvenience of having no teeth, "Teeth?" cried the Cardinal d'Estrées: "who has any?" When he asked Mignard, who was painting his portrait for the tenth time, whether he did not look older, the artist adroitly said, "Sire, it is true that I see some more victories on the forehead of your majesty."

Then there is the sublime *mot* of the Abbé de Polignac, when the king kindly expressed his fears that the courtier was being soaked through. "Sire," replied the abbé, "the rain of Marly does not wet!" But the story is sometimes told in another way, and the phrase put into the mouth of the king himself as a rebuke to a cardinal who followed him grudgingly through a shower.

Madame de Rémusat tells us in her *Mémoires* that though she found no one sufficiently courtier-like to maintain that it did not rain when Napoleon presented the eagles at the Champ de Mars, shortly after his coronation, she met innumerable people who declared that they had not been wetted. She neglects, however, to record Napoleon's philosophic comment to his Minister of Finance, as the rain came pouring down in barrels, reducing silks and velvets to pulp: "There's work for the weavers of Lyons!"

When the Grand Monarque asked what time it was ("Quelle heure est-il?"), he was answered, "Whatever time your majesty desires" ("Il est l'heure que Votre Majesté désire").

A very curious modern parallel to this famous phrase occurs, by the way, in Jäger's "Travels in the Philippines" (1875):

If a traveller gets on good terms with the priests, he seldom meets with any annoyances. Upon one occasion I wished to make a little excursion directly after lunch, and at a quarter-past eleven everything was ready for a start; when I happened to say that it was a pity to have to wait three-quarters of an hour for the meal. In a minute or two twelve o'clock struck; all work in the village ceased, and we sat down to table; it was noon. A message had been sent to the village bell-ringer that the Señor Padre thought he must be asleep, and that it must be long past twelve, as the Señor Padre was hungry. "Il est l'heure que votre majesté désire."—P. 117.

Even children adopted the language of the courts. What could be better than the answer of the young Duc de Maine, the son of Louis, when his royal father chid him for not making better progress in his studies? "Sire, I do not learn more because my tutor gives me a holiday for each victory of your majesty!"

Louis himself, the much-complimented, knew how to compliment. "Sire, I crave your majesty's pardon if I keep you waiting," said the gouty old warrior the Prince de Condé. "My cousin," replied Louis, "do not hurry. It is impossible to move quickly when one is loaded with laurels."

Of famous compliments paid to the fair sex, the supply is so large and dazzling that it is a matter of no small difficulty to pick out the brightest gems; but if the following one was unlooked for, it certainly deserves a place among the best. Fontenelle, when ninety years old, passed by Madame Helvetius without perceiving her. "Ah!" cried the lady, "is that your gallantry? To pass before me without even looking at me!" Now, that was a very neat way of reminding him of her presence without alluding to the semi-blindness that afflicted him. But he proved himself more than her match. "If I had looked at you, madame," replied the old beau, "I could never have passed you at all." As neat a *mot* was uttered by General Romaine. Meeting Lady de Brienz, whom he had known and admired in the loveliness of her youth, he commenced complimenting her. "You forget that I am an old woman," she said at length. "Madame," returned the gallant soldier, "when

our eyes are dazzled by a diamond, it never occurs to us to ask a mineralogist for its history." It is an old reproach against Orientals that they are unable to say pretty things to ladies; but a daughter of Louis XIV., the Princess de Conti, inspired a Moorish ambassador with as gracefully turned a compliment as can be imagined. She had railed against the Mohammedan custom of polygamy, when the Moor thus defended the practice. "Madame," he said, "a plurality of wives is allowed among us because, in our country, we must seek in several women the charming qualities which are here to be found in one." The poet Moore, who never let slip an opportunity of complimenting the fair sex, was in the present instance hardly kind to the husband. Being one day in the company of a beautiful woman, who wore on her bosom a miniature likeness of her spouse, who was the reverse of handsome, he was asked by her "whom he thought the portrait resembled." "I think," said the poet, "it is like the Saracen's Head on Snowhill."

A bold stroke to obtain liberty by means of a compliment was that made by M. de Maupertuis. A prisoner in Austria during the Seven Years' War, he was presented to the Empress, who said to him, "You know the Queen of Sweden, sister to the King of Prussia?" "Yes, madame." "I am told that she is the most beautiful princess in the world." "Madame," replied the cunning prisoner, "I always thought so until to-day." This was as diplomatic as the words and action of the Marquis Medina, a Spanish nobleman. Queen Elizabeth, admiring his elegance, and complimenting him thereon, begged to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier. "Madame," said he, "a lover risks too much on such an occasion; but your majesty's will is law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her, but request your majesty's acceptance of her portrait." He sent her a looking-glass.

Talleyrand was a master of the art of gallantry. He knew how to extricate himself very gracefully from the most embarrassing dilemmas. Once Madame de Staël, wild with jealousy at the dominion which his future wife, Madame Grant, was establishing over his mind, flew at him, overwhelmed him with reproaches, and concluded with, "So you don't love me any more?" "But," he insisted, "I do love you." "Non! non!" she cried, and then, as if to test the truth of the assertion, suddenly exclaimed, "You love me? Come, now: if Madame Grant and I both fell into the water, which would you save?" "Ah, madame, *you* know how to swim," was the wily answer.

In England, few men have ever surpassed Sydney Smith in the art of delicate flattery. On meeting two pretty women, Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuffe, he gallantly exclaimed, "Ah, there you are,—the *cuff* that every one would wear, the *tie* that no one would loose." A beautiful girl walking in his garden exclaimed, on noticing a plant which was in some way injured, "Oh, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection!" "Permit me, then," said the host, taking her hand, "to lead Perfection to the pea."

Very graceful, too, was his acceptance of an invitation from Dickens:

MY DEAR DICKENS,—I accept your obliging invitation conditionally. If I am invited by any man of greater genius than yourself, or one by whose works I have been more completely interested, I will repudiate you, and dine with the more splendid phenomenon of the two.

But this letter finds its parallel in the compliment paid by Lord Clarendon to Sir Matthew Hale. Handing to Sir Matthew the commission for the chief-justiceship, Clarendon very gracefully told him that "if the king could have found out an honester and fitter man for that employment, he would not have advanced him to it."

A sarcasm may often wear the garb of a compliment, and be taken for one by the simple-witted. The Abbé Voisenon once made a complaint that he was unduly charged with the absurd sayings of others. "Monsieur l'Abbé," replied D'Alembert, "on ne prête qu'aux riches."

Louis XIV., who, like many humbler rhymesters, somewhat overrated his poetical powers, showed a copy of verses to Boileau, and asked his candid opinion of them. "Ah, sire," said the poet, "I am more convinced than ever that nothing is impossible to your majesty: you desired to write some poor rhymes, and you have succeeded in making them positively detestable!"

But the sarcasm is often unintentional, as in the case of the gentleman who was complimenting Madame Denis on her acting as Ygaire. "Nay," said the lady, "an actress, to play the part well, should be young and beautiful." "Oh, no; you are a proof to the contrary." Equally awkward and equally well meant was the remark of M. Lalande when seated at dinner between Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël. "How happy I am to find myself seated between wit and beauty!" "And without possessing either," was the Staël's smart rejoinder. A similar remark under similar circumstances is attributed to the Duc de Laval, but in this story the retort from Corinne is said to have been, "That is the first compliment ever paid to my face!"

The following story is told in illustration of East-Indian politeness. A judge, who was a very bad shot, had been out for a day's sport, and on his return the man who went with him was asked, "Well, how did the judge shoot to-day?" "Oh," he replied, "the judge shoot beautifully, but heaven was very merciful to the birds!"

The interchanged compliments between the members of mutual admiration societies have frequently pointed the pens of the satirists. One does not know whether the old fratricidal strife among authors was not preferable to the present more or less hypocritical log-rolling. A single instance must suffice. When Bulwer and Dickens, on July 29, 1865, celebrated at Knebworth the establishment of the short-lived Guild of Literature and Art, the *Saturday Review* characterized the proceedings as "a wonderful match of mutual admiration and laudation." Bulwer called Dickens "a resplendent ornament of literature." Dickens replied that Bulwer was "the brightest ornament of the literary class." Bulwer congratulated the county of Herts on the honor of entertaining so distinguished a visitor. Dickens congratulated himself on being in the house of so great a man, and averred that the county was "already the envy of every other county in England" in possessing that man. The author of "Pelham" eulogized the author of "Pickwick" as one "who has united an unrivalled mastery over the laughter and the tears of millions with as genial and sweet a philosophy as ever made the passions move at the command of virtue." But the author of "Pickwick" would not be distanced in the noble and dignified contest. "Ladies and gentlemen, you know very well that when the health, life, and beauty now overflowing these halls shall have fled, crowds of people will come to see the place where our distinguished host lived and wrote." The comment of the *Saturday Review* is a very sensible one. "This," it says, "is what comes of 'bringing men of letters more familiarly together.' One writer actually reports that Mr. Dickens made a few graceful and dignified remarks. How a man is to be envied who can find only grace and dignity in such an outpouring of rancid adulation! And no doubt the minnows make a few graceful and dignified remarks to one another, just as the Tritons do. So that a Guild of Literature and Art means an institution where, on paying your subscription punctually, you are entitled to be called by the others who have also paid their subscriptions 'a resplendent ornament,' or any other complimentary name to which you have a mind."

Concatenation, or chain verse, a form of poetic ingenuity in which the last word or phrase in each line forms the opening of the succeeding line. Its invention is ascribed to the French poet Lasphrise. The following is from his pen:

Falloit-il que le ciel me rendit amoureux,
 Amoureux, jouissant d'une beauté craintive,
 Craintive à recevoir la douceur excessive,
 Excessive au plaisir qui rend l'amant heureux ?
 Heureux si nous avions quelques paisibles lieux,
 Lieux où plus sûrement l'ami fidèle arrive,
 Arrive sans soupçon de quelque âme attentive,
 Attentive à vouloir nous surprendre tous deux.

Here is an anonymous English example, neither better nor worse than a dozen others :

The longer life, the more offence ;
 The more offence, the greater pain ;
 The greater pain, the less defence ;
 The less defence, the lesser gain :
 The loss of gain long ill doth try,
 Wherefore, come, Death, and let me die.

The shorter life, less count I find ;
 The less account, the sooner made ;
 The count soon made, the merrier mind ;
 The merrier mind doth thought invade :
 Short life, in truth, this thing doth try,
 Wherefore, come, Death, and let me die.

Come, gentle Death, the ebb of care ;
 The ebb of care, the flood of life ;
 The flood of life, the joyful fare ;
 The joyful fare, the end of strife :
 The end of strife, that thing wish I,
 Wherefore, come, Death, and let me die.

In German, Koerner's magnificent "Sword Song" makes a modified use of concatenation at the beginning and end of every stanza.

Confidence Game, Trick, Dodge, or Buck, a familiar expression for a common trick whereby a clever sharper gains the confidence of a greenhorn in order to cheat him. One of the earliest forms of the trick, and probably the one from which it got its name, is that of inviting the victim, a perfect stranger, to come and have a drink, over which the swindler waxes eloquent in praise of his new-found friend, expresses the utmost confidence in him, and, to prove his sincerity, intrusts him with pretended valuables, claiming in return a similar mark of confidence. Of course in the end the sharper walks off with the real valuables of his new-found friend, and the old ones he leaves behind turn out to be bogus. The term confidence-man applied to one who played this game has now been largely superseded by the kindred term Bunco-steerer (*q. v.*).

Conscience. In Shakespeare's "Richard III.," Act v., Scene 3, occurs the line,—

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !

and a little lower down in the same speech,—

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.

It is only in Colley Cibber's altered version that Richard, regaining his manhood, cries out,—

Conscience avaunt ! Richard's himself again !

In "Hamlet," Shakespeare says,—

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
 Act iii., Sc. 1 ;

a line which may or may not be a reminiscence of Pilpay's phrase in his fable of "The Prince and his Minister," "Guilty consciences always make

people cowards;" or of Publius Syrus's maxim (617), "A guilty conscience never feels secure," which are echoed also in the popular proverbs "A guilty conscience needs no accuser," and "Touch a galled horse and he'll wince" (cf. "Hamlet," "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unstrung"). Substantially the same idea is expressed in the Biblical words, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion" (*Proverbs* xxviii. 1). "A clear conscience is a sure card," says Lyly, in "Euphues and his England," p. 207; and Shakespeare calls it,—

A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

Henry VIII., Act iii., Sc. 2.

And again,—

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Henry VI., Part II., Act iii., Sc. 2.

Evidently imitated from Marlowe,—

I'm armed with more than complete steel,—
The justice of my quarrel.

Lust's Dominion, Act iii., Sc. 4.

And in its turn imitated by Pope:

He's armed without that's innocent within.

Epistles, I., Book 1.

"Trust that man in nothing," says Sterne, "who has not a conscience in everything" (*Sermon XXVII.*). George Washington in one of his school-boy copy-books wrote or transcribed the commonplace, hence become famous, "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience." Numerous citations from poetry and prose would support the general view that conscience is the voice of nature or of God speaking to the heart, so long as it is not utterly corrupt. Montaigne, however, asserts that "the laws of conscience, which we pretend to be derived from nature, proceed from custom" (*Essays: Of Custom*); perhaps the first assertion of the doctrine of the experimental philosophers, which in its latest form assumes that conscience represents the accumulated experiences of the race inherited in the form of an instinct.

Conscious water saw its God and blushed. There is a story, told sometimes of Dryden when a school-boy at Westminster, sometimes of an anonymous "school-boy at Eton," that, being required to make a verse on the miracle of Cana, he handed up the single line,—

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.

But the story has no foundation. The author of the sentiment was Richard Crashaw in his Latin epigram on the miracle. Here are the Latin lines and a translation by Aaron Hill:

Unde rubor vestris, et non sua purpura, lymphis?
Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
Numen (convivæ) præsens agnoscite Numen;
Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

When Christ, at Cana's feast, by power divine,
Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine,
"See," cried they, while in reddening tide it gushed,
"The bashful stream hath seen its God, and blushed."

It will be seen that Hill's line differs from the familiar quotation, and does not differ for the better. The line in its present form may be found in one of Heber's poems, without either credit or acknowledgment, and he may have first Englished it in this way. A somewhat similar metaphor is used in an

anonymous poem feigned to have been presented, with a white rose, by a Yorkist to a lady of the Lancastrian faction :

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
It on thy bosom wear ;
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou may'st deign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again.

Consistency's a jewel, a popular saying which cannot be attributed to any particular author. The proverbial and written literature of all countries is full of comparisons between virtue and jewels. In Shakespeare alone we find the following among other instances :

Unless experience be a jewel.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii., Sc. i.

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Othello.

In 1867 some wag attempted to impose on the public the information that this line was from a ballad called Jolly Robin Roughhead, in "Murtagh's 'Collection of Ballads' (1754)." The poet bewails the extravagance of dress, which he considers the enormity of the day, and makes Robin say to his wife,—

Tush, tush, my lass, such thoughts resign,
Comparisons are cruel ;
Fine pictures suit to frames as fine,—
Consistency's a jewel.

But both the ballad and the book turned out to be ingenious figments.

Conspicuous by its absence, a phrase made popular in England by Lord John Russell. In his "Address to the Electors of the City of London," published April 6, 1859, he said of Lord Derby's Reform Bill, which had just been defeated, "Among the defects of the bill, which are numerous, one provision is conspicuous by its presence, and another by its absence." The expression was sharply criticised, and nine days later, in a speech at London Tavern, he justified it thus : "It has been thought that by a misnomer, or a 'bull,' on my part, I alluded to a provision as conspicuous by its absence,—a turn of phraseology which is not an original expression of mine, but is taken from one of the greatest historians of antiquity." This great historian is Tacitus. In his "Annales," lib. iii. cap. 76, describing the funeral of Junia, he thus alludes to the absence of the images of her famous kinsmen Brutus and Cassius : "Sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus eo ipso, quod effigies eorum non videbantur" ('But Cassius and Brutus were the most conspicuous, for the very reason that their effigies were not seen').

J. Chénier, in his tragedy of "Tiberius" (Act i. Scene 1), translating the expression into French, gave it the form which is familiar in English,—

Brutus et Cassius brillaient par leur absence,—

but which had already become familiar in France through its use by the Jansenists when their enemies had succeeded in securing the omission of the names of Pascal and Arnauld from Perrault's "History of Illustrious Men." It was revived, too, in Talleyrand's observation when some one called his attention to the fact that Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna wore no decorations : "Ma foi, c'est bien distingué." The latter story, however, is doubted by historians, and the late Prince Paul Gallitzin received from his uncle, a member of the Congress, quite another version,—namely, that Gallitzin

and Castlereagh entered the council-chamber together, and the latter, noticing a gentleman in plain dress, inquired who he was, and, on being told, "An attaché of the Russian embassy, just arrived from St. Petersburg," exclaimed, "Comment ! un Russe sans décorations ! Il doit être un homme bien distingué !"

Constant in nothing but inconstancy. The context is as follows :

To give the sex their due,
They scarcely are to their own wishes true ;
They love, they hate, and yet they know not why ;
Constant in nothing but inconstancy.

The antithesis is a very familiar one, both in prose and in verse. Here are a few parallel examples :

Fickle in everything else, the French have been faithful in one thing only,—their love of change.—ALISON'S *History of Europe*.

Naught may endure but mutability.

SHELLEY : *Mutability*.

Constancy in love is a perpetual inconstancy which makes our heart attach itself successively to all the qualities of the loved one. This constancy is but an inconstancy arrested and fixed on a single object.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD : *Maxims*, 175.

Le temps, cette image mobile
De l'immobile Eternité.

J. B. ROUSSEAU.

Et rien, afin que tout dure,
Ne dure éternellement.

MALHERBE : *Odes*.

Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
Constancy alone is strange.

ROCHESTER.

The world's a scene of changes, and to be
Constant in Nature were inconstancy.

COWLEY.

Short is the uncertain reign of pomp and mortal pride :
New turns and changes every day
Are of inconstant chance the constant arts.

EARL OF SURREY.

That which was fixt is fled away,
And what was ever sliding, that doth onely stay.

E. BENLOWES : translation from JANUS VITALIS.

Cool of the evening. A nickname given to Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton. The story of its origin is told in various ways, and the inventor of the nickname is sometimes Sydney Smith, sometimes Barmham, and sometimes Count D'Orsay. The most usual story refers it to the latter wag, and runs as follows. Young Milnes was at his club late one afternoon in company with the count, when some one proposed a call on Lady Blessington. "Oh, yes, let's call," chimed in the poet. "I'll go with you." "Indeed," responded Count D'Orsay, loftily : "are you acquainted with her ladyship?" "No, but that's of no consequence. I'll accompany you, my dear fellow." "So you shall, so you shall," retorted D'Orsay, "and I'll introduce you as the Cool of the Evening."

In a letter to Lord Houghton from Sydney Smith, quoted below, the latter expressly denies having ever used the phrase, and the fact that Houghton had addressed a remonstrance to the clerical wit shows the falsity of all the stories which represent him as having received the rebuke in person :

DEAR MILNES,—Never lose your good temper, which is one of your best qualities, and which has carried you hitherto safely through your startling eccentricities. If you turn cross and touchy, you are a lost man. No man can combine the defects of opposite characters. The names of "Cool of the Evening," "London Assurance," and "In-I-go Jones" are, I give you my word, not mine. They are of no sort of importance ; they are safety-

valves, and if you could by paying sixpence get rid of them, you had better keep your money. You do me but justice in acknowledging that I have spoken much good of you. I have laughed at you for those follies which I have told you of to your face; but nobody has more readily and more earnestly asserted that you are a very agreeable, clever man, with a very good heart, unimpeachable in all the relations of life, and that you amply deserve to be retained in the place to which you had too hastily elevated yourself by manners unknown to our cold and phlegmatic people. I thank you for what you say of my good nature. Lord Dudley, when I took leave of him, said to me, "You have been laughing at me for the last seven years, and you never said anything which I wished unsaid." This pleased me.

Ever yours,

SYDNEY SMITH.

Coon, a common abbreviation for raccoon, is also a slang term for a negro, owing, perhaps, to his fondness for the animal. In American politics, coon was a nickname for a Whig, first applied during the Presidential campaign of 1836. Martin Van Buren had been styled an old fox by the Whigs. The Democrats retaliated by calling Henry Clay "that same old coon," and facetiously insinuated that he had been treed by the old fox. The Whigs caught up the epithet and adopted the raccoon as their emblem, painting its picture on their banners and carrying live specimens in their processions.

Coon, A gone. One who is utterly ruined, exhausted, or done for; one who is placed in a hopeless difficulty. Captain Marryat records the following explanation in his "Diary" (1839), which was gravely told him by a Yankee acquaintance. "There is a Captain Martin Scott in the United States army who is a remarkable shot with his rifle. He was raised in Vermont. His fame was so considerable throughout the State that even the animals were aware of it. He went out one morning with his rifle, and, spying a raccoon upon the upper branches of a high tree, brought his gun up to his shoulder, when the raccoon, perceiving it, raised his paw up for a parley. 'I beg your pardon, mister,' said the raccoon, very politely, 'but may I ask if your name is Scott?' 'Yes,' replied the captain. '*Martin Scott?*' continued the raccoon. 'Yes,' replied the captain. '*Captain Martin Scott?*' still continued the animal. 'Yes,' replied the captain; 'Captain Martin Scott.' 'Oh, then,' says the animal, 'I may just as well come down, for *I'm a gone coon.*'"

Another explanation gives the phrase a Revolutionary origin. An American scout dressed himself in a raccoon-skin and ascended a tree to reconnoitre the enemy. While thus engaged, he was surprised by a British soldier, out hunting, and the latter, mistaking him for a genuine coon, levelled his gun to fire. "Hold on!" cried the startled spy; "if you won't shoot, I'll come down. I am a gone coon!" The Englishman, however, was so terrified that he dropped his gun and fled.

I must think of something else as I lie awake, or, like that sagacious animal in the United States who recognized the colonel who was such a dead shot, I am a *gone coon*.—DICKENS: *Reprinted Pieces, Lying Awake*.

Coon, Go the whole, an American equivalent for "go the whole hog."

Coon's age, a long period of time, the coon being popularly supposed to be very long-lived. "I haven't seen you in a *coon's age*" is a common locution in rural America.

Cop or **Copper** (from the slang verb *to cop* or seize, Latin *capio*, or Heb. *cop*, a "hand" or "palm"), a slang word for a policeman. The term copper, of course, has nothing to do with the metal, nevertheless "the professors of slang, having coined the word, associate that with the metal, and as they pass a policeman they will, to annoy him, exhibit a copper coin, which is equivalent to calling the officer *copper*." (*Manchester Courier*, June 13, 1864.)

Copperhead, the popular name for the *Trigonocephalus contortrix*, a venomous American serpent abounding especially in Florida. Unlike the

rattlesnake, it gives no warning of its approach. Hence it is often known as the dumb rattlesnake. The word has been caught up as a nickname for noisy and noiseless enemies, and applied first to the Indians, next to the Dutch colonists (see Irving's "Knickerbocker"), and lastly and more permanently to the anti-war Democrats who resided in the North and sympathized more or less secretly with the South during the civil war.

He lived to cast a dying vote for General Jackson, and his son, the first Dr. Mulbridge, survived to illustrate the magnanimity of his fellow-townsmen during the first year of the civil war, as a tolerated copperhead.—W. D. HOWELLS: *Dr. Breen's Practice*, ch. ix.

Copyright. Under the existing law of the United States, copyright is granted for twenty-eight years, with the right of extension for fourteen more; in all, forty-two years. The term of copyright in other countries is as follows:

Mexico, Guatemala, and Venezuela, in perpetuity.

Colombia, author's life and eighty years after.

Spain, author's life and eighty years after.

Belgium, author's life and fifty years after.

Ecuador, author's life and fifty years after.

Norway, author's life and fifty years after.

Peru, author's life and fifty years after.

Russia, author's life and fifty years after.

Tunis, author's life and fifty years after.

Italy, author's life and forty years after; the full term to be eighty years in any event.

France, author's life and thirty years after.

Germany, author's life and thirty years after.

Austria, author's life and thirty years after.

Switzerland, author's life and thirty years after.

Hayti, author's life, widow's life, children's lives, and twenty years after the close of the latest period.

Brazil, author's life and ten years after.

Sweden, author's life and ten years after.

Roumania, author's life and ten years after.

Great Britain, author's life and seven years after his decease; to be forty-two years in any event.

Bolivia, full term of author's life.

Denmark and Holland, fifty years.

Japan, author's life and five years after.

South Africa, author's life; fifty years in any event.

Cordon bleu. Henry III. of France was elected King of Poland on the day of the Pentecost, and upon the same day, by the death of Charles IX., he succeeded to the throne of France. In token of his gratitude he instituted the order of the Saint-Esprit, limiting the number of knights to a hundred, exclusive of the officers of the order. The collar worn by members of the order upon state occasions was formed of fleur-de-lis in gold, and suspended to it was a cross of eight points, with a dove in the centre; upon the reverse of the cross was a design representing St Michael slaying the dragon. When the collar was not donned, the cross was worn suspended to a piece of blue silk, called the *cordon bleu*. As time went on, it became the custom to call any one who had achieved eminence in his profession a *cordon bleu*. Finally it came to be applied only to cooks. M. Littré remarks that the blue apron formerly worn by cooks may have helped to earn for them this flattering designation.

Corker. This slang phrase is in use in the theatres as a synonyme for a

duffer, one who corks or bottles up another actor's effects, and in the world at large for something or somebody unusually large, remarkable, or excellent, something that closes up or settles a question.

The Crown Prince's lunch-bill was rather a *corker*;
No wonder his Highness refused for to pay.

"Do you love him, Mabel?"

There was an unmistakable ring of triumph in the proud father's voice as he addressed the question to the beautiful, queenly girl who stood with downcast eyes before him.

"Yes," she answered softly, the rich blood mantling her cheek and brow.

"I have told him," rejoined the father, "that I shall interpose no obstacles in his way. If he can win your affections, he has my full and free consent. I may say to you, further, my daughter," he continued, "that in gaining the love of a young man like Harold Billmore you have made a conquest that gratifies my pride as a father and commends itself to my judgment as a man. He is of good family, upright, honorable, high-minded, the possessor of a competence, and in all respects the one whom above all others I should have chosen as the guardian of my only daughter's happiness."

"Yes, papa," she replied, her face lighting up with a smile, "he's a corker!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Corn, I acknowledge the, a colloquial Americanism, meaning "I give in," "I retract," usually in regard to some special point not involving the whole question at issue. Many explanations, more or less obviously manufactured, have been given as to the origin of the phrase. The following, however, has an air of plausibility and may be authentic. In 1828, Andrew Stewart, a member of Congress, said in a speech that Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana sent their hay-stacks, cornfields, and fodder to New York and Philadelphia for sale. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, called him to order, declaring that those States did not send hay-stacks or cornfields to New York for sale. "Well, what do you send?" asked Stewart. "Why, horses, mules, cattle, and hogs." "Well, what makes your horses, mules, cattle, and hogs? You feed one hundred dollars' worth of hay to a horse. You just animate and get upon the top of your hay-stack and ride off to market. How is it with your cattle? You make one of them carry fifty dollars' worth of hay and grass to the Eastern market. How much corn does it take, at thirty-three cents a bushel, to fatten a hog?" "Why, thirty bushels." "Then you put that thirty bushels into the shape of a hog, and make it walk off to the Eastern market." Then Mr. Wickliffe jumped up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I acknowledge the corn."

Corporations have no souls. This legal maxim was first laid down by Sir Edward Coke in the case of *Sutton's Hospital* (10 Rep. 32): "They [corporations] cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed nor excommunicate, for they have no souls." Lord Thurlow subsequently paraphrased this maxim in his own rough way: "You never expected justice from a corporation, did you? They have neither a soul to lose nor a body to kick."

Corruptio optimi pessima (L., "Corruption in the best is the worst corruption"), a phrase much used by the early Latin Fathers of the Church. They applied it originally to bad priests; afterwards it was extended to describe the sins of all who had received grace and were offending against the light; and now it is a general expression, meaning, the better the thing the worse its abuse. And the most curious part of the whole matter is, that in so broadening its application it has really gone round the circle and come back to its starting-point. For there is little doubt that the phrase of the Fathers originated with Aristotle in his "*Ethics of Nicomachus*" (Book viii., ch. x.), where, in speaking of governments, he says that "Tyranny being the corruption of the best form [*i.e.*, of kingly government] is therefore the worst." Elsewhere he uses the same expression in other connections. The idea, of course, is a commonplace that appears in many other forms in literature,—*i.e.*:

For fairest things grow foulest by foul deeds ;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

SHAKESPEARE : *Sonnet XCIV.*, 13.

Would it were I had been false, not you !
I that am nothing, not you that are all ;
I, never the worse for a touch or two
On my speckled hide ; not you, the pride
Of the day, my swan, that a first fleck's fall
On her wonder of white must unswan, undo !

BROWNING : *The Worst of It.*

Cotton to, meaning to like, to take to, to agree with, is often looked upon as a vulgarism, sometimes even as a modern Americanism. Bartlett includes it in his Dictionary. But this common colloquialism, still in use on both sides of the Atlantic, is a survival of a respectable English word. It is found occasionally in the Elizabethan writers, but the earliest example in literature is probably the following, from Thomas Drant's translation of Horace (1567) :

So feyneth he, things true and false
So always minglETH he,
That first with midst, and midst with last,
May cotton and agree.

Cotton is King. This famous ante-bellum cry, with which the Southern slave-holders answered the arguments of the Abolitionists, originated with David Christy as the title of his book "Cotton is King ; or, Slavery in the Light of Political Economy" (1855). James Henry Hammond quoted the phrase in the United States Senate, March, 1858, and it at once became a popular by-word.

Country, Love of. Dr. Johnson, as reported by Boswell, held that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel. Some of the advanced thinkers of to-day (as may be seen *s. v.* CITIZEN OF THE WORLD) are inclined to look upon it as a provincial virtue, now rightly obsolescent in the larger sympathies that crave to enclose the world. Nevertheless, none deny that in the past it has been an effective factor in civilization, and has inspired the true heroic in thought and deed. Goldsmith, in his story of Assan, draws an ideal lubberland where there are no vices, and consequently where the love of country is stigmatized on account of its correlative hatred or contempt of the stranger. But he describes it only to condemn. *He* saw no mere narrowness in the patriot's boast,—

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,—
His first, best country ever is at home.

The Traveller, l. 73.

Nor did Shakespeare, who makes his Coriolanus say,—

Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action,—*Coriolanus*, Act i., Sc. 3,

and puts in Wolsey's mouth the advice,—

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr !

Henry VIII., Act iii., Sc. 2.

Probably here is a reminiscence of Horace's

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,—

which in its turn was a reminiscence of Homer, thus rendered by Pope :

And for our country 'tis a bliss to die.

Iliad, Book xv., l. 383.

So Addison's Cato :

What a pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country !
Cato, Act iv., Sc. 4.

Though the evolutionist looks forward to the time when love of country shall have been merged in a world-love, the United States has been found in the present time as large an entity as the average citizen could compass. Indeed, the dream of the enthusiast of a country which shall know no North, no South, no West, no East, is still little more than a dream. Utterances like the two following, from Robert C. Winthrop, represent rather the unattained ideal than the actual practice of the majority :

Our Country,—whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less,—still our Country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.—*Toast at Faneuil Hall on the Fourth of July, 1845.*

There are no points of the compass on the chart of true patriotism.—*Letter to Boston Commercial Club in 1879.*

A famous patriotic sentiment, embodying a principle whose virtue might be casuistically questioned, was the following, given at Norfolk, Virginia, April, 1816, by Stephen Decatur :

Our country ! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right ; but our country, right or wrong.

There may be a reminiscence here of Cowper :

England, with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country !
The Task, Book ii. : The Timepiece, l. 206.

as in Cowper there is an undoubted reminiscence of Churchill :

Be England what she will,
With all her faults, she is my country still.
The Farewell, l. 27.

Country. We left our country for our country's good. When Young's tragedy of "The Revenge" was acted by convicts at Sydney, New South Wales, in 1796, George Barrington, himself a convict, penned a prologue in which occur the famous lines,—

From distant climes, o'er wide-spread seas, we come,
Though not with much éclat or beat of drum ;
True patriots we, for, be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.
No private views disgraced our generous zeal,
What urged our travels was our country's weal ;
And none will doubt but that our emigration
Has proved most useful to the British nation.

The idea was anticipated by George Farquhar in "The Beaux' Stratagem," written some ninety years before Barrington's prologue. Gibbet, the highwayman, in answer to Aimwell's question, "You have served abroad, sir?" says, "Yes, sir, in the plantations ; 'twas my lot to be sent into the worst of service. I would have quitted it, indeed, but a man of honor, you know— Besides, 'twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad. Anything for the good of one's country ; I'm a Roman for that." Both Farquhar and Barrington, it will be seen, have euphemistic reference to transportation, but the lines are now so frequently applied to any departure from one's native land, whether voluntary or involuntary, that it may be doubted whether the original meaning has not been as completely superseded as the form of punishment to which it obliquely refers. In a complimentary sense the phrase had already been applied to Sir Francis Drake by Charles Fitzgeffry, *circa* 1596 ;

Leaving his country for his country's sake

Coventry, To send one to, to taboo, to ostracize, to boycott,—a colloquial phrase used mainly by English school-boys. Coventry may be a corruption of Quarantine through Cointrie, the ancient form for Coventry. The expression "To send to Quarantine" is found in Swift, but no earlier exemplar of the modern phrase is to be found than 1785, in Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue."

Cow with the iron tail, a humorous colloquialism for a pump, in allusion to the current jest thus alluded to by Dr. Holmes in "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table:" "It is a common saying of a jockey that he is all horse, and I have often fancied that milkmen get a stiff upper carriage and an angular movement that reminds one of a pump and the working of a handle."

Cradle. The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. This English expression is anticipated in the story told by Plutarch of Themistocles, who called his son the most powerful person in Greece. "For the Athenians govern Greece, I the Athenians, my wife me, and my son my wife." In the "Percy Anecdotes" the same story is modernized. A nobleman accosted a lame school-master and asked him his name. "I am R. T.," was the answer, "and the master of this parish." "Why, how so?" "I am the master of the children of the parish, the children are masters of the mothers, the mothers are the rulers of the fathers, and consequently I am the master of the whole parish." There is another sense, of course, in which the proverb may be taken,—a sense beautifully expressed in the Spanish analogue, "What is sucked in with the mother's milk runs out with the shroud."

Cradles rock us nearer to the tomb. In his "Night Thoughts," v., line 718, Young has the lines,—

And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.

Long before Young Bishop Hale had said,—

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave.—*Epistles*, Dec. iii. Ep. 2.

John Dyer's lines are only faintly parallel:

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

Grongar Hill.

Crank. It is said that Donn Piatt claimed to have invented this familiar Americanism, and to have applied it originally to Horace Greeley,—the comparison being to the crank of a hand-organ, which is continually engaged in grinding out the same old tunes. At present the word has a much wider application, and means not merely a man with a hobby, but more especially an eccentric character just hovering on the border-line between sanity and insanity. The word was brought into newspaper prominence at the trial of Guiteau, Garfield's assassin, the most terrible instance of the crank in modern history. A good second was Henry L. Norcross, who, in 1891, killed himself and wrecked Russell Sage's office with a bomb.

The case of dangerous delusion which received more attention in the newspapers than any within the past ten years, except Guiteau, was that of James M. Dougherty, who loved the actress Mary Anderson, and believed that she loved him.

He annoyed her for a long time before he was taken care of by the authorities. His was the same old crank trouble of persecution and exalted ideas. He assured me that he could have married ladies of rank and fortune. He wrote a long treatise to explain all natural phenomena, the creation and all the sciences. He sent President Cleveland a long congratulatory telegram on his election.

He followed Miss Anderson all over this country and Europe, and insisted that when he was in the audience she played to him alone. He carried a big revolver with him, and after he was arrested and taken to Bellevue he gave me a statement to be published in the newspapers. The following were the head-lines :

PIQUED.

MARY ANDERSON VISITS THIS COUNTRY ON THE SLY TO SEE DOUGHERTY.

ROSALIND ON THE RAMPAGE.

AFTER HER JIMMIE, WHILE SUPPOSED TO BE IN A CONVENT IN LONDON.

Though these expressions were common, Dougherty's affection for his adored object was refined. It was a distant and romantic worship, and against his divinity I found he never thought of raising his arm and had no desire to kill her.

But the murderous mania came later. After his actions had become so offensive that he was arrested, examined, and sent to the Flatbush Insane Asylum, he decided to kill fifteen persons who had crossed his path, and on his list was my name. By a perverted logic he led himself to believe this wholesale killing would be justified. He escaped from the institution, you remember, in the fall of last year, but returned and shot and killed Dr. George W. Lloyd, the assistant superintendent. He was convicted of murder in the second degree, and sent to the Asylum for Insane Criminals, after having been sentenced for life to State Prison.

Dougherty was only a crank, but, according to the verdict of a commission which examined him, he was the most dangerous lunatic it was ever their pleasure to see.—MATTHEW D. FIELD, M.D., in *New York World*, December 20, 1891.

Credat Judæus Apella (L., "The Jew Apella may believe this"), a famous phrase in Horace's "Satires," i. 5, 96), still in frequent use as an expression of incredulity. Horace is describing a journey. "At Gnatia," he says, "they strove to persuade us that incense would melt upon the sacred threshold without the aid of fire. The Jew Apella may believe this, not I, for I have learned that the gods live in tranquillity, and if any wonderful thing happens it is not sent by them from the lofty vault of heaven." Apella was a common name among the Jews, whom the Romans regarded as a credulous and superstitious race. Renan, however, explains that it is not credulity which is most striking in the Talmudist Jew: "The credulous Jew, the lover of the marvellous, known to the Latin satirists, is not the Jew of Jerusalem; it is the Hellenized Jew, at the same time very religious and very ill informed, consequently very superstitious. Neither the half-sceptical Sadducee nor the rigorous Pharisee could have been much impressed by the theurgy which was so popular in the apostolic circle. But the Judæus Apella, at whom the Epicurean Horace smiled, was there to believe." (*Les Apôtres*, ch. vi.)

They seem then to have made their option, and to have given some sort of credit to their paper by taking it themselves; at the same time, in their speeches, they made a sort of swaggering declaration, something, I rather think, above legislative competence, that is, that there is no difference in value between metallic money and their assignats. This was a good, stout proof article of faith, pronounced under an anathema by the venerable fathers of this philosophical synod. *Credat* who will—certainly not *Judæus Apella*.—BURKE: *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

Crichton, the Admirable, a name given to James Crichton, a youthful prodigy who was the wonder of his contemporaries. Born in Scotland in 1560, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts when he was only twelve, and of Master of Arts when he was fourteen. At the age of seventeen we find him in Paris, challenging all the most famous scholars and philosophers to a public discussion, at which he held himself ready to answer any question in theology, jurisprudence, medicine, logic, mathematics, or any other science, in any one of the following twelve languages, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Syrian, Slavonic, French, English, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, or Flemish, either in verse or in prose as might be desired. He succeeded in carrying out his boast, to the astonishment of every one, and it was then that the title of Admirable was bestowed upon him. In Rome, in Venice, and in Padua he earned similar triumphs. Nor was he simply distinguished as a scholar; he was an accomplished dancer, fencer, rider, musician, painter, and actor, was handsome in

person, engaging in his manners, and a thorough man of the world. This prodigy was, in 1582, secured by the Duke of Mantua as a tutor for his son, a dissipated and worthless young man. In the year 1583, Crichton, one carnival night, was assailed by three masked men. He succeeded in disarming and unmasking the principal one among them, when, finding that it was his pupil, the duke's son, he knelt down and presented him with his own sword. The unmanly prince at once ran it through Crichton's body.

Crime, — Blunder. "It is worse than a crime,—it is a blunder" ("C'est plus qu'un crime,—c'est une faute"), a phrase attributed to Talleyrand, and characterizing the political murder of the Duc d'Enghien, who was shot by Napoleon's order, March, 1804. But Jacob Fouché, in his *Mémoires*, claims the phrase for himself in the form, "It is more than a crime,—it is a political fault." There is a certain appositeness in the fact that phrases should be interchangeably attributed to Fouché and Talleyrand, inasmuch as Napoleon found a great likeness between them. "Fouché," said the dethroned monarch at St. Helena, "was the Talleyrand of the clubs, and Talleyrand was the Fouché of the drawing-rooms."

Criticism, Curiosities of. If the world at large and if critics themselves would only accept Mr. Andrew Lang's definition of criticism as a more or less agreeable way of airing one's personal preferences, there might be less heart-burning in the literary guild. Criticism has never been an exact art, and can never become so. The critics have their say, and then we turn round and criticise the critics. One age reverses the verdict of its predecessor. Nay, even these temporary verdicts are but the clash of opposing opinions. The strongest hand carries the day for the moment, and then night comes and a new day brings in new conditions. The critic by profession has always been an object of authorial hatred. The envy of the unsuccessful against the successful has been described as the motive power of criticism from the days of the Greek Callimachus to the English Disraeli. Yet when the author tries his hand at amateur criticism he makes no better fist of it than the professional. If Quintilian fell foul of Seneca, if Athenæus treated Socrates as illiterate, if Dionysius of Halicarnassus picked flaws in the style of Xenophon, let us not forget that poets and historians have also misprized and reviled each other, that Horace had no relish for the coarse humor of Plautus, that if the critics of Callimachus were unjust, he too was a critic accused of injustice. Indeed, in Greece the quarrels between poets themselves had become proverbial, and when Plato quotes the lines about "poets hating poets, and potters, potters," he lifts the curtain on a scene of internecine strife.

Take the greatest figure in modern literature. The civilization of the Western world has by a majority vote conferred that distinction upon Shakespeare. But there is still a small but respectable minority who refuse to yield to his spell. In the past there was frequently a respectable majority arrayed against him. And whether a majority or minority, the list was mainly composed of fellow-poets, or at least of authors who were not professional critics.

The earliest voice raised against Shakespeare was that of his contemporary Robert Greene, a dramatist like himself: "Here is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the rest of you, and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only shake-scene in the country." But it may be urged that Greene was poor and old when he penned this, and so had turned critic for the nonce under the rasping influence of jealousy. Well, then, there is Dryden. Shakespeare had been dead too long to be considered as a dangerous rival. Dryden himself, though he wrote criticisms, was only secondarily a critic; he had not failed in literature, but had made a most brilliant and en-

during success. Yet he finds in every page of Shakespeare "either some solecism of speech, or some notorious flaw in sense." He denounces the lameness of his plots, "made up of some ridiculous incoherent story. . . . I suppose I need not name 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre,' or the historical plays of Shakespeare; besides many of the rest, as the 'Winter's Tale,' 'Love's Labor's Lost,' 'Measure for Measure,' which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment." These gems of thought may be found in his "Defence of the Epilogue," a postscript to his tragedy of the "Conquest of Granada." Elsewhere he says that Shakespeare "writes in many places below the dullest writers of our or of any precedent age. Never did any author precipitate himself from such heights of thought to so low expressions as he often does. He is the very Janus of poets; he wears almost everywhere two faces; and you have scarce begun to admire the one ere you despise the other." Of the Elizabethan audiences he writes, "They knew no better, and therefore were satisfied with what they brought. Those who called theirs the Golden Age of Poetry have only this reason for it: that they were then content with acorns before they knew the use of bread."

The "majestic Denham" placed Fletcher above both Jonson and Shakespeare:

In thee full grown
Their graces both appear.

That indefatigable play-goer, Samuel Pepys, accounted "Romeo and Juliet" the worst play that ever he heard; "Othello," a mean thing in comparison with Tuke's "Adventures of Five Hours;" "Twelfth Night," a silly play, not at all relating to the name or day, while with "A Midsummer Night's Dream" he was so dissatisfied that he would never see it again, "for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." Evidently he deemed it even worse than "Romeo and Juliet."

But Pepys only reflected the taste of his time. The critical authority of that epoch, Mr. Thomas Rymer, thought that "in the neighing of a horse or in the growling of a mastiff there is a meaning, there is a lively expression, and I may say more humanity, than in the tragical flights of Shakespeare." Of that great scene between Brutus and Cassius which aroused Macaulay's enthusiasm, Rymer says, "They are put there to play the bully and the buffoon, to show their activity of face and muscles. They are to play for a prize, a trial of skill and hugging and swaggering, like two drunken Hectors for a two-penny reckoning." And his successor on the critical throne, Mr. John Dennis, says that Shakespeare "is utterly void of celestial fire," and his verses are frequently harsh and unmusical. These, of course, were the opinions of mere critics. But Shaftesbury echoes them when he speaks of Shakespeare's "rude, unpolished style, and antiquated form of wit." And Pope, in spite of his hatred for Dennis, evidently agrees with these verdicts when he sneers at

Shakespeare (whom you and every play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will),

and protests against the extravagance of his worshippers:

On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow,
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!

Addison, too, must have shared that opinion, at least in his early days, for he left Shakespeare unnamed in his "Account of the Greatest English Poets" which he addressed to Sacheverell. Hume called Shakespeare "a disproportioned and misshapen giant," and though he is willing to allow that "as a man born in a rude age and educated in the lowest manner" he might be accounted

a prodigy, yet "if represented as a poet, capable of furnishing a proper entertainment to a refined or intelligent audience, we must abate much of this eulogy." It is said that Hume's attack was originally much more vigorous than in its printed form. Lord Kames persuaded him to tone it down, fearing, so Boswell tells us, that the historian "would have been disgraced by confessing total insensibility to what the English nation has so long and so justly admired."

Voltaire, however, was fettered by no such fears. He unhesitatingly styles Shakespeare "a drunken savage," and "Hamlet" a piece so gross and barbarous that it would not be endured by the vilest population in France and Italy. A country bumpkin at a fair, he observed, would express himself with more decency and in nobler language than Hamlet in the famous soliloquy beginning,—

Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt.

Goldsmith attacked another famous soliloquy, that beginning,

To be or not to be, ay, there's the question,—

and, after a good deal of foolish hypercriticism, scores one good point where he shows the absurdity of the phrase, "that bourn from which no traveller returns," in the mouth of Hamlet just after an interview with his father's ghost come piping hot from hell.

"Shakespeare and Milton," said Byron, "have had their rise, and they will have their decline." Again, he sneers at

One Shakespeare and his plays so doting,
Which many people pass for wits by quoting.

Samuel Rogers, the veteran poet, was well known to have had little real admiration for Shakespeare. He would frequently read aloud from Ben Jonson's "Discoveries" the passage referring to the players who boasted that the poet never "blotted out a line," and on the concluding sentence of Jonson's, "Would he had blotted out a thousand!" he always laid a strong emphasis. He one morning challenged the company to produce a passage from Shakespeare which would not have been improved by blotting, and he was with difficulty silenced, after picking many beautiful specimens to pieces, by the one commencing,—

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.

The most notable of recent Shakespeare traducers is Sardou. He directs all the thunders of his artillery against Hamlet, "an empty wind-bag hero," whom Shakespeare has clothed in a dramatic fog, and whom the German critics have stuffed with all their cloudy concepts, with all their uncertain dissertations, with all the smoke in their pipes, with all the besotted obscurity of their beer-cellars. The Ghost is simply ridiculous. He appears to everybody save his wife. Why is he visible to Horatio, to Bernardo, to a lot of indifferent people, and never to the wife who murdered him? What a comic scene is that of the oath! Horatio and Marcellus swear never to reveal what they have seen. Why doesn't Bernardo swear too? Or, rather, what is the use of any one swearing? The doting old ghost has forgotten his posthumous visits to the sentinels of the castle. "As to the philosophy, I find it no better than the plot. People go into ecstasies over the famous soliloquy 'To be or not to be.' I cannot myself know if our souls are annihilated after death or not. But if any one is well informed upon that point, it is Hamlet, who talks every day with his defunct father. I declare, and I repeat, that there is nothing good in the play, in my opinion, except the scene with the actors, the idea of causing to be played before the king and queen a murder similar to that which they had committed, in order to surprise their secret. As to the duel at the end, and the exchange of foils which brings

about the catastrophe, the weakest playwright of to-day would not dare to employ such a method to end his piece."

Milton as well as Shakespeare has found his detractors among many of the most eminent of his contemporaries and successors. Waller contemptuously wrote of his greatest work, "The blind old school-master hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered a merit it hath no other." Winstanley, who wrote the "Lives of the Most Famous English Poets," notes that "his fame is gone out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory will always stink;" truly a pleasant and genial figure of speech. Johnson abused the sonnets, and declared that he would hang a dog who should read "Lycidas" twice. So Boswell tells us. What *Ursa Major* said in print was to the same effect. He declared that no man could have fancied that he read "Lycidas" with pleasure had he not known the author: "The diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers displeasing. Its form is that of a pastoral, easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting; whatever images it can supply are long ago exhausted, and its inherent improbability always forces dissatisfaction on the mind." Pope wrote,—

Milton's strong pinion now not heaven can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;
In quibbles angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school divine.

But, as Coleridge said, Pope was hardly the man to criticise Milton. Nor was Voltaire, who in "Candide" calls Milton "the barbarian who constructed a long commentary on the first chapter of Genesis in ten books of harsh verse," and winds up his diatribe by declaring, "This obscure, eccentric, and disgusting poem was despised at its birth: and I treat it to-day as it was treated in its own country by its contemporaries." Perhaps it may be objected that Voltaire is only speaking dramatically in the person of *Pocourante*. That the sentiments, however, were generally considered his own is evident from Madame du Deffand's congratulations on this very passage. "I hate devils mortally," she writes to Voltaire, "and I cannot tell you the pleasure I have experienced in finding in 'Candide' all the evil you have spoken of Milton. It seemed to me that the whole was my own thought, for I always detested him."

Coleridge saw no good in Sir Walter Scott. "Wretched abortions" is the phrase he flung at "Ivanhoe" and "'The Bride of Ravensmuir,' or whatever its name may be." The poems as well as the novels supply, he thinks, "both instance and solution of the present conditions and components of popularity, viz., to amuse without requiring any effort of thought and without exciting any emotion." Does this explain why, a little later, he said that when he was very ill indeed, Scott's novels were almost the only books that he could read? Or is there evidence here of a change of heart? Towards the poetry he never relaxed. Not twenty lines of it, he said, would ever reach posterity, for it had relation to nothing. This opinion was heartily shared by Landor, who called Scott an ale-house writer, and said of his verse, "It is not to be sung or danced, it is to be jumped." Thomas L. Peacock compared the *Waverley* series to the pantomimes of the stage, with this difference, that the latter were told in music and action, the other in the worst dialects of the English language. "As to any sentence worth remembering, any moral or political truth, anything having a tendency, however remote, to make men wiser or better, to make them think, to make them even think of thinking,—they were both alike."

Johnson could never see anything in Gray. He attacked him in print and in his private conversation. "A dull fellow," he said to Boswell; and when the latter remonstrated,—“he might be dull in company, but surely he was

not dull in poetry,"—Johnson continued, "Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made many people call him great." Of Churchill he remarked, "I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I call him a blockhead still." Fielding also was a "blockhead," and upon Boszy's venturing to express "astonishment at so strange an assertion," Johnson was good enough to explain, "What I mean by his being a blockhead is, that he is a barren rascal." Over and over again he showed his contempt of Swift. Dining once in the company of some friends, the doctor said, dogmatically, "Swift was a shallow fellow, a very shallow fellow." Sheridan, with whom Swift was a favorite, dissented: "Pardon me for differing from you, but I have always thought the Dean a very clear writer." Said Johnson, triumphantly, "All shallows are clear."

Horace Walpole, an acute man and fond of books, was as bitter and prejudiced as Johnson himself. Perhaps that was one reason why he hated Johnson and found nothing better to say of him than that he was a babbling old woman. "Prejudice and bigotry, and pride and presumption, and arrogance and pedantry, are the hags that brew his ink, though wages alone supply his bread." Boswell's book he curtly dismisses as the story of a mountebank and his zany. Of Horace Walpole in his turn, and of his "Mysterious Mother,"—which Byron praised so extravagantly as "a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play,"—Coleridge remarked that it is "the most disgusting, vile, detestable composition that ever came from the hand of man. No one with a spark of true manliness, of which Horace Walpole had none, could have written it." Coleridge accused Gibbon of "sacrificing all truth and reality," called his style detestable, and added, "His style is not the worst thing about him. His history has proved an effectual bar to all real familiarity with the temper and habits of imperial Rome." In Landor's view Gibbon was an old dressed-up fop, keeping up the same sneering grin from one end of his history to the other with incredible fixity. Of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," even his friend Southey said, "It is the clumsiest attempt at German simplicity I ever saw." Mrs. Barbauld rather grotesquely found fault with the same poem, because it was "improbable and had no moral." Coleridge thought it had too much moral. Byron called Spenser a dull fellow, Chaucer obscene and contemptible, and scornfully characterized Wordsworth's masterpiece as

A clumsy, frowzy poem called *The Excursion*,
Writ in a manner that is my aversion.

But Wordsworth could be equally unjust. Dryden's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" seemed to him a "drunken song," and Burns's "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" was "trash! stuff! miserable inanity! without a thought, without an image!"

Horace Walpole called Dante "extravagant, absurd, disgusting: in short, a Methodist parson in Bedlam." Voltaire characterized the "*Divina Commedia*" as stupidly extravagant and barbarous," and said of its author that "his reputation will now continually be growing greater and greater, because there is now nobody who reads him." That is, indeed, the fate of all the immortals, to become classics, or, in other words, books which are much praised and little read because the people who praise them find them unreadable.

In his "Philosophy of the Human Mind" Dr. Thomas Brown has some shrewd remarks about the number of people who willingly join in expressing veneration for works which they would think it a heavy burden to read from beginning to end.

"What will you say," writes Lord Chesterfield, "when I tell you that I cannot possibly read our countryman, Milton, through?" He seems to be in

something of a funk about it. "Keep the secret for me," he begs, "for if it should be known, I should be abused by every tasteless pedant and every solid divine in Europe." Even the great A. K. H. B. candidly acknowledges that he would rather read Mr. Helps than Milton.

Tom Moore declared that he found Chaucer unreadable. Lord Lansdowne acknowledged that he was secretly of the same opinion, but did not dare to speak of it. Charlotte Brontë in her list of *legenda* notes, "For history, read Hume, Rollin, and the 'Universal History,' if you *can*: I never did." Lord Ellenborough, after prolonged and conscientious effort, gave up the "Wealth of Nations" as "impossible to read." "Can you read Voltaire's 'Henriade'?" asked Mr. Senior of M. de Tocqueville. "No, nor can any one else," was the prompt reply. Once at Abbotsford some one remarked on Scott's presence that he had never known any one who had read the "Henriade" through. "I have read it and live," replied Sir Walter; "but, indeed, in my youth I read everything."

Professor Masson, lecturing on Sidney's "Arcadia," acknowledges that nobody not absolutely Sidney-smitten could possibly read it through, and in another lecture on Boyle's "Parthenissa" he boldly and candidly owns that he had not been able to penetrate more than a few pages beyond the introductory sentence, and anon, referring to various old-world worthies who are brought into the story, he adds, "how they came into the story, or what the story is, I cannot tell you, nor will any mortal know, any more than I do, between this and doomsday." Macaulay was an omnivorous reader. Yet Macaulay finds in the "Faerie Queene" one unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness. "Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast." Macaulay himself was not of those few, or he would have known that the Blatant Beast does not die at all, though lamed for the time by Calydore. The last stanza tells us that

Now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state,
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late.

Lessing's epigram is worth quoting :

Klopstock is great, sublime, the German Milton :
All praise the bard, but will they read him?—No,
Us common men who walk without a stilt on,
If you will read, we'll let your praises go.

As the great of the past are often overrated, so the great of the present are as often underrated.

Heine, in his "Essay on the German Romantic School," points out the error of supposing that Goethe's early fame bore any due comparison with his deserts. He was indeed praised for "Werter" and "Goetz von Berlichingen," but the romances of August Lafontaine were in equal demand, and the latter, being a voluminous author, was much more in men's mouths. The poets of the period were Wieland and Ramler, and Kotzebue and Iffland ruled the stage. And when Goethe had established himself in his own country, it was a much harder fight to obtain recognition abroad. In England, Jeffrey thought that he was no gentleman, and denounced "Wilhelm Meister" in the *Edinburgh Review*. Coleridge called "Faust" a series of magic-lantern pictures, and said that much of it "is vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous." De Quincey was even more emphatic: "Not the basest of Egyptian superstition, not Titania under enchantment, not Caliban in drunkenness, ever shaped to themselves an idol more weak or hollow than modern Germany has set up for its worship in the person of Goethe." "'Wilhelm Meister'" is "a puny fabric of baby-houses," "totally without interest as a novel," and abounding with "over-

powering abominations." In France, Victor Hugo fought tooth and nail against the master to whom indirectly he owed so much. "He is a monster, a brute; he never wrote anything worth reading except 'The Robbers,'" cried Hugo one day to a crowd of admirers. Somebody murmured that "The Robbers" was written not by Goethe but by Schiller. "And even that is Schiller's," continued the poet, without any apparent notice of the interruption.

"It is easy," says Colonel Higginson, "for older men to recall when Thackeray and Dickens were in some measure obscured by now-forgotten contemporaries, like Harrison Ainsworth and G. P. R. James, and when one was gravely asked whether he preferred Tennyson to Milnes or Sterling or Trench or Alford or Faber. It is to me one of the most vivid reminiscences of my college graduation that, having rashly ventured upon a commencement oration whose theme was 'Poetry in an Unpoetical Age,' I closed with an urgent appeal to young poets to 'lay down their Spenser and Tennyson' and look into life for themselves. Professor Edward T. Channing, then the highest literary authority in New England, paused in amazement, with uplifted pencil, over this combination of names. 'You mean,' he said, 'that they should neither defer to the highest authority nor be influenced by the lowest?' When I persisted, with the zeal of seventeen, that I had no such meaning, but regarded them both as among the gods, he said, good-naturedly, 'Ah! that is a different thing. I wish you to say what you think. I regard Tennyson as a great calf; but you are entitled to your own opinion.' The oration met with much applause at certain passages, including this one; and the applause was just, for these passages were written by my eldest sister, who had indeed suggested the subject of the whole address. But I fear that its only value to posterity will consist in the remark it elicited from the worthy professor; this comment affording certainly an excellent milestone for Tennyson's early reputation."

Carlyle was denounced as a mountebank, and his style characterized as a travesty of English. Ruskin is now looked upon as one of the great masters of English style, yet he, too, was at first greeted with unmeasured ridicule. "When Browning published his first poem, 'Pauline,'" so Archdeacon Farrar says, "some critic or other called him 'verbose.' Unfortunately,—as he has told us,—he paid too much attention to the remark, and, in his desire to use no superfluous word, studied an elliptic concentration of style which told fatally against the ready intelligibility of 'Sordello' and other later poems." And the archdeacon concludes that "as a general rule an author of any merit or seriousness could not possibly do a more foolish thing than take their advice." Yet one would like to advise him to drop such a pleonasm as "a general rule."

The praise of the critics is frequently as amusing as their blame. "There are," says Gautier, in the preface to "Les Grotesques," "strange fluctuations in reputations, and aureoles change heads. After death, illuminated foreheads are extinguished and obscure brows grow bright." Who, he asks, would to-day believe that the now-forgotten Chaplain passed for long years as the greatest poet not alone of France but of the whole world, and that nobody less potent than the Duchesse de Longueville would have dared to go to sleep over his poem of "La Pucelle"? Yet this was in the time of Corneille, Racine, Molière, and La Fontaine. Locke endorsed the opinion of his friend Molyneux, that, Milton excepted, all English poets were mere ballad-makers beside "everlasting Blackmore." Rimer set Crowley's forgotten epic above Tasso's "Jerusalem." Goldsmith says that the work he would select as the most perfect example of English genius would be the "Rape of the Lock." Hobbes told Sir William Davenant that his poem "Gondibert" would last as long as the Iliad. Yet "Gondibert" is as obsolete as Darwin's "Botanic Garden," which Walpole thought the most delicious poem upon earth. Dr.

Johnson once astonished his hearers by declaring that a description of a temple in Congreve's "Mourning Bride" was the finest he knew,—finer than anything in Shakespeare. Garrick protested in vain. The doctor was not to be moved.

Horace Walpole thought that Mason was a poet "if ever there was one," and expressed a desire for his acquaintance and that of Christopher Anstey, author of "The New Bath Guide." He had no thirst, he added, to know the rest of his contemporaries, "from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith; though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense till he changed it for words and sold it for a pension." Byron crowned Scott as the monarch of the contemporary Parnassus, which was not so very far out of the way, but the pyramid of poets whereof Scott was the apex was oddly enough constructed. Directly below came Rogers, then Moore and Campbell together, and last of all at the widened base "Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge, the rest of πολλοί." His respect for Rogers was inordinate. He called him the "Tithonus of Poetry, immortal already," and condemned himself and all the revolutionary school in comparison with that very faded Tithonus, and the much stronger, but scarcely immortal, Crabbe. And he thought that Horace Walpole was "surely worthy of a higher place than any living author, be he who he may." Hannah More wrote of John Langhorne,—

Long as the rock shall rear its head on high,
And lift its bold front to the azure sky,
Long as these adamantine hills survive,
So long, harmonious Langhorne, shalt thou live.

And another literary blue, the once famous Anna Seward, predicted that "Madoc" would outlive "Paradise Lost."

We may laugh at all the examples, both of praise and of blame, that are here collected. Yet, at least, they are infinitely more valuable than the parrot-like judgments of what are known as cultivated people,—mere echoes of the accepted opinions of the day. The profound and often unconscious insincerity of the people who admire whatever they are told to admire is one of the stumbling-blocks in the way of rightly estimating the value of any great man's work in the world. Shakespeare has delighted many high intelligences, he has offended others. The crowd at various times has thought it was offended or delighted. Is Shakespeare really a great man, or a mighty imposition thrust upon the world? It is not the scholar to whom we can appeal. His books have biassed him. The unfeigned delight of the god in the gallery is more valuable, because more genuine. Yet even that is not final. The god puts "Othello" and "Hamlet" on a par with "Spartacus," and is as much pleased with the last burlesque as with "The Tempest." (See, also, SELF-APPRECIATION AND REVIEWERS.)

Critics. Lord Aldegonde, in Disraeli's "Lothair," propounds the famous question and answer, "You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in Literature and Art!" The phrase was hailed with public rejoicing, for critics never were a popular class. But the critics had their revenge. They showed that the saying was a plagiarism, that it had been anticipated by a shoal of writers. The closest and most recent parallel was found in Balzac's "Cousin Bette," 1846: "Enfin il passa critique, comme tous les impuissants qui manquent à leurs débuts" ("At last he became a critic, like all impotents who fail at their début"). The earliest was in Dryden: "Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors, for they (as the best poet and the best patron said),—

When in the full perfection of decay,
Turn vinegar and come again to play.

Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic." (*Miscellany Poems*, 1693, vol. iii., preface.) A few of the connecting links between Dryden and Balzac may be quoted :

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
Turned Critics next, and proved plain Fools at last.
POPE: *Essay on Criticism* (1711).

Reviewers are usually people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, if they could ; they have tried their talents at one or the other, and have failed ; therefore they turn critics.—COLERIDGE : *Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*.

Reviewers, with some rare exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race. As a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic.—SHELLEY : *Fragment of Adonais*.

Crocodile's tears. Sham tears or hypocritical sorrow,—an allusion to the old superstition that the crocodile, to allure travellers within its reach, sighs and moans like a person in distress. In point of fact, crocodiles do emit loud and plaintive cries, not unlike the mournful howling of dogs. Early and credulous travellers would naturally associate tears with these cries, and, once begun, the superstition would be readily propagated. Both in Latin and in Greek the expression was a common one in proverbial literature. Polydore Virgil, in his "*Adagiorum Liber*" (1498), says that the crocodile "wept at the sight of a man," and, causing him in this way to approach, devoured him. Hence the proverb, crocodile's tears (*lacrymæ crocodili*), applied to those who falsely arouse the pity and charity of men. Erasmus, in his "*Adagia*," quotes both the Latin and the Greek form of the proverb, and in his "*Colloquy on Friendship*" gives a story from Ælian's "*De Animalium Natura*" (early part of the third century) to the effect that the crocodile fills his mouth with water and ejects it in order to make the path slippery for his expected prey. In the "*Adagia*" he explains that the crocodile macerates the skulls of his victims with his tears that he may soften them before eating. Sir John Maundeville, in his "*Voiage*" (1356), among other wonderful things, relates that "in a certain countree" long serpents called crocodiles slew men and ate them, weeping. The same fable is repeated in the account of Sir John Hawkins's voyage (1565), and malodorous comparisons are there made between the tears of the crocodile and the tears of women.

Spenser, in his "*Faerie Queene*," says,—

As when a wearie traveler, that strays
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandering wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
Which, in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore and sheddeth tender teares,
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournfull plight, is swallowed up unwares,
Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an others cares.
Book i., Canto v., Stanza 18.

And Shakespeare,—

Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers.
Henry VI., Part II., Act iii., Sc. 1.

Cross-mark, which persons who cannot write are required to make in lieu of their signatures, was not always a sign of illiteracy. Among the Saxons the mark of the cross as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to take the place of the signature of those who could not. It was, in fact, the symbol of an oath from its holy associations, and was generally known as *the mark*. "God save the mark !" an expression that may be found

in Shakespeare, and is still in current use, was originally a form of ejaculation approaching to the character of an oath.

Cross row or **Criss-cross row**, the name popularly given to the alphabet, because in the ancient hornbooks a rude picture of a cross preceded the letter A. The explanation that the alphabet used to be arranged in the form of a cross is now derided.

The assertion that the alphabet was written or printed in hornbooks in the form of a cross is one that may be moralized on to advantage by explainers of old stories and would-be etymologists. Christ's cross was cruciform, the alphabet was called Christ's cross,—the word "row" being of no consequence when it stops a theory,—therefore the alphabet was in a cruciform shape. Imagination further asks, How could this be done? The answer comes readily, even from one of the meanest capacity: the consonants formed the perpendicular, the vowels the shorter transverse. Q. E. D. Yet all is imagination, and the fact that the cross commenced the alphabetic row is wholly ignored. I say "imagination," for I, like some of your correspondents, doubt extremely whether such an eccentric arrangement as a cruciform one can be found in any hornbook. Our ancestors had various faults, but they were practical, and not faddists; they seldom, too, moved out of a groove. In addition to the examples of hornbooks quoted or representations that I have seen, I would give these: Minsheu, 1617, has "The Chriss-cross (and Christ's cross) Row, or A B C;" Cotgrave, "La croix de par Dieu, The Christ's-cross row, or the hornbook wherein a child learns it;" while Sherwood synonymizes the cross-row with "La croix;" etc., and with "l'Alphabet," this last word being omitted by Cotgrave. Again, Th. Cooper, 1574, and Holyoke's "Rider" speak under "Alphabetum" and "Abecedarium" not of the "cross rows" nor of the "cross," but of "the cross" as synonymous with the alphabet; and Thomasius, 1594, says, "The cross row, or A B C."—*Notes and Queries*.

Crow, Eating. Crow is an unpalatable bird, and "eating crow" is one of the popular phrases to indicate the enforced doing of some unpleasant thing, especially the enforced confession of error, and is analogous to "eating your own words," "eating humble-pie," "eating dirt," etc. Indeed, some wisacres would derive it from the French "manger la crott" (eating dirt or refuse), crott (pronounced *cro*) being the old spelling, thus: "The dirt and *crott* of Paris may be smelt miles off" (Howel's "Londinopolis," 1657). But the American phrase is sufficiently intelligible as it stands, without any far-fetched foreign derivation.

Two stories, good enough to become classic, have entwined themselves around this phrase and profess to give its origin. Both are probably apocryphal, but both are worth preserving.

The first appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* half a century ago, and concerns a thrifty boarding-house-keeper on the Hudson and an indigent patron. Whenever the latter remonstrated at the food he was told he was "too partikler." "I kin eat anything," asserted the autocrat of the table, with a proud consciousness of superiority; "I kin eat crow." The constant repetition of these words wearied the boarder. Finally he resolved to test the old man. Taking his gun with him, he succeeded in bagging a fine, fat old crow. By dint of soft words and filthy lucre he induced the cook to prepare that crow for the table. The cook was a Scotchwoman, and used snuff. He borrowed all she had, and sprinkled it liberally over the crow, gave it an extra turn, and brought it before the host, saying, as he set it down, "Now, my dear sir, you have said a thousand times, if you have said it once, that you can eat crow; here is one very carefully cooked." The old man turned pale for a moment, but, bracing himself against the back of his chair, and with, "I kin eat crow," he began cutting a good mouthful. He swallowed it, and, preparing for a second onslaught, looked his boarder straight in the eye, and ejaculated, "I've eat crow," and took a second portion. He lifted his hands mechanically, as if for a third attack, but dropped them quickly over the region of his stomach, and, rising hurriedly and unsteadily, retreated for the door, muttering, as he went, "but dang me if I hanker arter it."

The other story, which is even better, has been told in a variety of ways, but this is the most finished version :

A Massachusetts regiment during the civil war was encamped near the estate of a wealthy planter. A city-bred private, having shot a tame crow on the planter's ground, was discovered by the owner with the bird in his possession. Seizing the private's musket, which lay on the ground, the irate planter cried, "As you've killed my crow, you've got to eat it." There was no escape, and the private had to eat. After a few mouthfuls, the planter asked, with a grin,—

"How do you like crow?"

"Well," was the reply, "I kin eat it, but I don't hanker arter it."

"All right," said the planter; "you've done pretty well. Here, take your gun and get off."

But no sooner was the gun in the soldier's hands than he pointed it at the planter, saying, "Now you've got to eat your share of crow."

And the planter, swearing and spluttering, was forced to obey. Next day the planter came into camp and reported to the colonel that he had been insulted by a Federal soldier. Strict orders had been issued against insulting or injuring residents. The planter's description served to bring the soldier before the impromptu tribunal.

"Did you ever see this gentleman before?" asked the colonel.

"Oh, ya-as," drawled the soldier: "we—ah—we dined together yesterday."

Crow, To pluck, pull, or pick a. This English phrase, standing alone, meant simply to busy one's self about a matter of no importance, to take trouble for nothing, a crow being a valueless bird. To pluck a crow with one—*i.e.*, to have a quarrel with him—seems to be a natural outgrowth of the older phrase, equivalent to "I have a little affair to settle with him." The unpopular character of the bird would add to the force of the threat. An attempt has been unsuccessfully made to prove that the word crow is a corruption of *croc*, pronounced *cro*, a French word sometimes used for whiskers. So the phrase would mean, "I will pull whiskers with him." From the strictly humorous point of view this etymon has merit. In Ireland, as well as in some parts of America, it seems the proper thing for the threatened party to answer, "And I've got a bag to hold the feathers."

If not, resolve before we go
That you and I must pull a crow.

BUTLER: *Hudibras*.

We'll pluck a crow together.

Comedy of Errors, Act. iii.

Cruelty is clemency. Hamlet was not the first person who said,—

I must be cruel only to be kind.

Act iii., Sc. 4.

The Italians have a proverb, "Sometimes clemency is cruelty and cruelty is clemency," which has been made memorable over all similar allusions because Catherine de Médicis quoted it to still the scruples of her son and nerve him for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Crying at Birth. In the Wisdom of Solomon, vii. 3, occurs this well-known verse: "When I was born, I drew in the common air, and fell upon the earth, which is of like nature, and the first voice which I uttered was crying, as all others do." Lucretius has a parallel passage which may thus be translated:

The infant, as soon as Nature with great pangs of travail hath sent it forth from the womb of its mother into the regions of light, lies, like a sailor cast out from the waves, naked upon the earth, in utter want and helplessness, and fills every place around with mournful wailings

and piteous lamentations, as is natural for one who has so many ills of life in store for him, so many evils which he must pass through and suffer.—*De Rerum Natura*, v. 223.

Shakespeare may have had Lucretius in mind when he wrote,—

Thou must be patient : we came crying hither ;
Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air
We wawle and cry,—
When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools.

Lear.

Among the parallels between Shakespeare and Bacon dwelt on with special insistence by the Baconians is the following, as compared with the above :

What, then, remains but that we still should cry
For being born, and, being born, to die ?

BACON : *The World.*

But the thought is too common to allow the building of any argument on the very slight resemblance. The last line, by the way, occurs in the form,

Not to be born, or, being born, to die,

both in Drummond and in Bishop King. Sir William Jones has translated from the Persian a fine quotation in which the same thought is made to point a noble moral :

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled ;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

On the other hand, Sir Thomas Browne, quoting from Aristotle on "Animals" in his commonplace books, has the query,—

Why, though some children have been heard to cry in the womb, yet so few cry at their birth, though their heads be out of the womb ?

In the same connection he notes that children, according to the same authority, "though they cry, weep not till after forty days, or, as Scaliger expresseth it, *vagiunt sed oculis siccis.*"

Cui bono? This Latin phrase, which really means "Who gains by it?" "To whose advantage is it?" is constantly misapplied in the sense of "What's the good of it?" and in this sense has become authorized by the usage of the best writers and speakers. The origin of the expression was as follows. When Lucius Cassius, a man of stern severity, sat as *quæstor judicii* in a murder trial, he always instructed the judges, or jurymen, to seek for a motive by asking, *Cui bono?* (*i.e.*, *Cui bono fuerit?*) "Who was benefited?" by the crime. The maxim passed into a proverb, and was immortalized by Cicero, who quoted it in the Second Philippic and in the orations for Milo and Roscius.

Cup. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. In one form or other this proverb is found in the folk-sayings of most European countries, and it was current among the Latins and the Greeks. Lycophron tells this story of its origin. Ancæus, son of Poseidon and Alta, was a king of the Leleges in Samos, who took especial pleasure in the cultivation of the grape and prided himself upon his numerous vineyards. In his eagerness he unmercifully overtaxed the slaves who worked there. A seer announced that for his cruelty he would not live to taste the wine from his grapes. The harvest passed safely, and then the wine-making, and Ancæus, holding in his hand a cup containing the first ruby drops, mocked at the seer's prophecy. But the prophet replied, "Many things happen between the cup and the lip." Just then a cry was raised that a wild boar had broken into the vineyard, and the king, setting down his untasted cup, hurried off to direct the chase, but was himself slain by the boar.

Cupar. There is a familiar Scotch saying, "He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar" (quoted in Scott's "Antiquary"), equivalent to "A wilful man will have his way." Cupar being the head-quarters of all the judicial business of Fife County, all disputes were carried there to be settled, and the proverb was applied to the headstrong who would go to law against the advice of elders. There is a story of two men convicted of horse- or sheep-stealing; one was caught and condemned to death; the other escaped arrest till his curiosity led him to go to Cupar to see his friend executed, where he was identified and shared the same fate. The above proverb may have arisen from this incident. Cupar had an excessive number of lawyers in proportion to its population, and litigation seems to have been its chief industry. "Cupar justice" was sometimes used as synonymous with Jeddart justice (*q. v.*).

Cups that cheer but not inebriate,—usually misquoted in the singular. The phrase occurs in Cowper's "Task :—"

And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

The Winter Evening, Book iv., l. 34.

Bishop Berkeley had already applied the epithet to his favorite tar-water, which he describes as "of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate." (*Siris*, par. 217.)

What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea,—

The cups that cheer but not inebriate,

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper,—eggs and a rasher, or rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet!—HAZLITT : *On Going a Journey*.

Curfew. It seems little short of heresy to question the tradition that curfew (Fr. *couvre-feu*) came into England with William the Conqueror, or to combat the good old definition sanctioned by so many authorities, "The ringing of an evening bell, originally a signal to the inhabitants to cover fires, extinguish lights, and retire to rest, instituted by William the Conqueror."

The nursery historian has waxed sentimental over the wrongs of the conquered Saxon, and has conjured up pictures that must be balm to the down-trodden Celt. Even Thomson tells us,—

The shivering wretches at the curfew sound
Dejected sunk into their sordid beds.

But the *couvre-feu* was known before William's time, both in England and on the Continent. He did, indeed, issue an edict on the subject; and although this edict may incidentally have helped to put down the Saxon beer-clubs, which were hotbeds of political conspiracies, its primary aim was as a precaution against fire. That danger was an ever-present one in days of chimneyless wooden houses. The ancient city ordinances of London abound in stringent fire regulations. None of them, however, were more effective than the "cover-fire" bell, which as far back as the time of King Alfred was rung in certain places in England. William's edict rendered compulsory an ancient custom. But it was a wise legislative act, and not a bit of arbitrary tyranny. We find plenty of early traces of the custom or its equivalent, as, for instance, the blowing of a horn at the market-place, in Continental Europe.

It is a curious instance of the conservative tendency of the rural mind in England that the custom of ringing the curfew should have so long survived its original significance.

Curfew is still religiously tolled in many hundreds of towns and villages,

either all the year round, or—which is still more usual—from September to April. No part of the kingdom can claim it as a special proof of its adherence to a primitive simplicity. Geographically considered, its survivals are by no means uninteresting. It tolls from the Isle of Wight in the south, through Kent and Surrey, Middlesex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincoln, York, Durham, and Northumberland, and even across the border, in the Scotch lowlands. And it can be traced again through Cumberland and Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, Stafford, Notts, Leicestershire, Worcestershire, Shropshire, Hertfordshire, Monmouthshire, down to Devon and Dorset. It is, in short, perpetuated all over the kingdom. Here and there it has become identified with local customs. At Newcastle, until it was discontinued, it was the signal for shutting the shops. At Durham, again (where it is tolled at nine o'clock), it heralds the closing of the college gates; while in many Cheshire and Yorkshire villages it has for centuries warned farmers to lock up their cattle for the night. The almost universal hour at which it is tolled is eight o'clock in the evening, although here and there it is rung instead at seven and nine o'clock. In some places, too, there is a morning curfew, a curious variation. At Stow, for instance, it is, or was lately, rung as early as four A.M., and at Tamworth at the more reasonable hour of six. At Waltham in the Wolds, again, a grateful farmer, who was lost in the snow and found his way home by its sound, left a field to endow a five-o'clock curfew forever.

The facts, indeed, plainly show that the custom has kept its hold on the popular sympathies through all the ages. The Pilgrims and the Puritans brought it over with them to New England, where the curfew bell is still rung in many towns and villages. In the "Bells of Lynn," Longfellow appeals to the "curfew of the setting sun" as heard at Nahant; and other allusions are freely found in our native poets.

Cuspidor. It has been suggested that this word was invented by the manufacturers of a new style of spittoon who are credited with a classic wit. The Latin verb *cuspidō* means to sharpen, to point, and seems to give no clue to cuspidor. But there is a noun *cuspis* from the same root, which means a sharp-pointed weapon, a lance, a spit; and here we find the punning origin of the word: thus, *cuspis*, a spit; *cuspidō*, the thing which points the spit. This seems rather far-fetched, the more so that there is a Portuguese verb *cuspir*, to spit, and the nouns from the same root are *cuspo*, spittle; *cuspidor*, a spitter, a spitting man; and *cuspeira*, spitting-box. The Spanish equivalent is *escupidor*, a spitting man. But both the Spanish and the Portuguese words must be referred to the Latin *conspuere*, to spit.

Cut one's stick, to make off, to leave, to escape. This common expression is thought to refer to the cutting of a staff from a hedge or tree on the occasion of a journey. A Latin equivalent is the "Collige sarcinulas" ("Collect the bags") of Juvenal, while a curious though accidental parallel occurs in Zechariah xi. 10, where the cutting of a stick is described as the symbol of breaking a friendly covenant. The phrase is sometimes humorously elaborated into "to amputate one's mahogany."

"Cut down the bloody horde!"

Cried Meagher of the sword,

"This conduct would disgrace any blackamore!"

But the best use Tommy made

Of his famous battle-blade

Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

THACKERAY: *Battle of Limerick.*

In the days of American slavery the advertisements of runaway negroes were embellished with pictures of the fugitives carrying a stick and a bundle over their shoulders.

D.

D, the fourth letter of the English, as of the Latin, Greek, and Phœnician alphabets,—the delta of the Greeks, the dalet, “door,” of the Phœnicians. As the initial of the Latin denarius, the original name also of the English penny, *d.* (lower-case and almost invariably in italic) is used as the sign for penny or pence; *i.e.*, £ *s. d.*, = pounds, shillings, and pence. The triangular shape of the Greek capital Δ gained the name of delta for many triangular spaces or surfaces, and especially for triangular islands or alluvial tracts enclosed within the diverging branches of a river, as the Delta of the Nile, etc.

Dagger Scene in the House of Commons. During the French Revolution, Burke created a dire sensation by suddenly throwing a dagger upon the floor of the House of Commons, vociferating, “There is French fraternity for you! Such is the poniard which French Jacobins would plunge in the heart of our sovereign.” This theatrical exhibition startled the House for a moment, then raised a titter, which expanded into a roar when Sheridan said, “The gentleman has brought his knife with him; but *where’s the fork?*” Twiss, in his “Life of Lord Eldon,” says that “The dagger had been sent to a manufacturer at Birmingham as a pattern, with an order to make a large quantity like it. At that time the order seemed so suspicious that, instead of executing it, he came to London and called on my father at the Secretary of State’s office to inform him of it and ask his advice, and he left the pattern with him. Just after, Mr. Burke called, on his way to the House of Commons, and upon my father mentioning the subject to him, he borrowed the dagger to show in the House. They walked down to the House together, and when Mr. Burke had made his speech, my father took the dagger again and kept it as a curiosity.”

Dago. This word, now generally applied to Italians all over the United States, originated in Louisiana, where it at first denoted people of Spanish birth or parentage, but was gradually extended so as to apply to Italians and Portuguese also. It is undoubtedly a corruption of Diego (James), a common name among Spaniards, San Diego being their patron saint.

Daisy, in American slang, a humorous and sometimes a sarcastic term of endearment or admiration. It may have had its origin in Dickens’s “David Copperfield,” where Steerforth says to young Copperfield, “David, my daisy, you are so innocent of the world. Let me call you my daisy, as it is so refreshing to find one in these corrupt days so innocent and unsophisticated. My dear Copperfield, the daisies of the field are not fresher than you.”

Damn with faint praise. This expressive phrase occurs in Pope’s famous characterization of Addison as Atticus:

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
* * * * *
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer,
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

Prologue to the Satires.

There is a faint anticipation in Wycherley’s “Double Dealer,” “and libels everybody with dull praise.” But a closer parallel is in Phineas Fletcher,—

When needs he must, yet faintly then he praises ;
 Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises :
 So marreth what he makes, and praising most, dispraises.

The Purple Island, Canto vii.

Damnation, Distilled. Robert Hall, according to his biographer, Gregory, being once asked for a glass of brandy and water, indignantly replied, "Call things by their right names ! Glass of brandy and water ! That is the current, but not the appropriate name ; ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation !" Was he thinking of Pythagoras, of whom Diogenes Laertius said, "He calls drunkenness an expression identical with ruin" ? Or of Cyril Tourneur in "The Revenger's Tragedy" ?

A drunkard clasp his teeth and not undo 'em
 To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.

Damned to everlasting fame. In Pope's "Essay on Man," Epistle iv., are the much-quoted lines,—

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind ;
 Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame !

The third line is taken from Cowper's rendition of a line in Virgil,

Charmed with the foolish whistling of a name.

Georgics, Book ii.

Pope has again employed the epigrammatical paradox of the fourth line in his "Dunciad," Book iii. :

All crowd who foremost may be damned to fame.

It may also be found in Savage :

May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
 And glorify what else is damned to fame.

Character of Foster.

Dance. To dance attendance, to wait upon another, to be at his beck and call, to be servile or unduly obsequious. The reference is to the ancient custom at marriages when the bride was forced to dance with all who asked her : "Then must the poore bryde kepe foote with all dauncers, and refuse none, how scabbed, foule, droncken, rude, and shameless soever he be" (CHRISTEN : *State of Matrimony*, 1543).

I had thought
 They had parted so much honesty among them
 (At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer
 A man of his place, and so near our favor,
 To dance attendance on their lordship's pleasures.

Henry VIII., Act v., Sc. 2.

"To lead one a pretty dance," said especially of a giddy or uncongenial wife, to make one enjoy what is known as "a parrot and monkey time,"—the allusion being to the complicated dances of the past, when all followed the leader through a maze of evolutions. To make another dance to one's music or at one's bidding, meaning to have him under your thumb, is a reference to the myths and legends of magic rods or musical instruments, which set all the bystanders or listeners to dancing whether they wished it or not. It is said that shortly before Bismarck's retirement, the Emperor William II. found him in the royal nursery fiddling with great glee, while the little princes and princesses were dancing. "That is the fourth generation of Hohenzollerns whom you have made dance to your music," was William's dry comment.

Dance of Torches, a dance performed at the royal palace in Berlin on all weddings in the royal family of Prussia, the torch-bearers being the ministers of state and the highest court *chargés*. Here is a description of the dance as

performed at the marriage festivities of the Prince of Prussia with the Princess of Bavaria, December 3, 1821. The musicians having first been placed on the stage of solid silver, in the White Hall, the newly-married pair, preceded by six lieutenant-generals and six ministers of state, two by two, all holding white torches, made the tour of the hall, saluting the company as they went. The princess then gave her hand to the king or emperor, the prince to the queen, the king to the queen-mother, and the reigning queen to Prince Henry, and the princes and princesses following, led up the dance in like professional manner. Then followed another curious ceremony, the distribution among the guests of the bride's garter. Of course the real garter is usually not sufficient to give more than a shred of a fibre of the material composing the garter, and instead of it, pieces of silk, three inches long, woven in the colors of the bride's hose, stamped with her monogram and a crown and fringed with silver, are distributed.

Dancing days are over. A popular locution, meaning that youth and its follies and pleasures are over. It occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher and in Shakespeare :

My dancing days are done.

The Scornful Lady, Act v., Sc. 3.

For you and I are past our dancing days.

Romeo and Juliet, Act. i., Sc. 5.

Dare not do an ill thing. Plutarch, in his essay "Of Bashfulness," tells us that Xenophanes said, "I confess myself the greatest coward in the world, for I dare not do an ill thing." Was this in Macbeth's mind when he said (Act i., Sc. 7),—

I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more is none ?

and again, in Act iii., Sc. 4, addressing Banquo's Ghost,—

What man dare, I dare ;
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.

Pope has a fine line in his translation of the "Odyssey" (Bk. ii., l. 305),—

And what he greatly thought, he nobly dared ;

which Lowell has imitated :

And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.
Commemoration Ode.

Dare, To take a. A colloquial expression, meaning to receive a challenge without accepting it, still surviving in the Middle States, and locally in other parts of the United States and in England. It has good literary authority at its back, as the verb to dare, or to give the dare, in the sense of to challenge, to provoke to action, especially by implying a lack of courage to accept a challenge, is found in Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar.

SHAKESPEARE: *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act i., Sc. 2.

I whipt him for robbing an orchard once when he was but a child,—
"The farmer *dared* me to do it," he said ; he was always so wild.

TENNYSON: *Rispaik*.

It was not consonant with the honor of such a man as Bob to take a dare ; so against first one and then another aspiring hero he had fought, until at length there was none that ventured any more to "give a dare" to the victor of so many battles.—EDWARD EGGLESTON: *The Graysons*, ch. x.

Dark Ages, a vague and misleading title applied to those ages of which Coleridge happily says that we are in the dark. Though the degree of intelligence was different at different points of the Middle Ages, no one who has studied that epoch with any attention could assert that there was throughout Western Europe a dead level either of intellectual life or of the absence of intellectual life in any given century.

He [Taylor] still calls the Middle Ages, during which nearly all the inventions and social institutions whereby we yet live as civilized men were originated or perfected, a Millennium of Darkness on the faith of certain long past Pedants, who reckoned everything barren because Chrysoloras had not yet come, and no Greek roots grew there.—CARLYLE, on *Taylor's Survey of German Poetry*, originally published in 1831.

Dark horse, an unforeseen or compromise candidate in a political contest. The term is borrowed from the turf. There is a custom among racing-men of training a horse in secret, or "keeping him dark," so that his powers may be unknown to the betting world until the very day of the race. Hence jockeys frequently say that "the dark horse will win the race." It is not a far cry from jockeydom to the world of politics.

The first favorite was never heard of; the second favorite was never seen after the distance post, all the ten-to-ones were in the rear, and a dark horse which had never been thought of rushed past the grand-stand in sweeping triumph.—DISRAELI: *The Young Duke*.

Darkest hour is just before dawn, an old English proverb which expresses more poetically the homelier adages, "When things are at the worst they soonest mend," "When bale is highest, boot is nighest," "The longest day will have an end," "After a storm comes a calm," and finds an equivalent in other languages, as in French, "By dint of going wrong all will come right;" in Italian, "Il is the eve of well;" in Persian, "It is at the narrowest part of the defile that the valley begins to open," and in Hebrew, "When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes." That the nights, as a rule, are darkest just before dawn is doubtless true, for the moon has then reached far on to the western horizon, while the sun is still below the eastern horizon.

Cowper says,—

Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have past away.
The Needless Alarm.

And Shakespeare,—

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Macbeth, Act I., Sc. 3.

Similar testimonies to the curative power of time abound in literature.

Darkness visible. Milton successfully uses a daring phrase in "Paradise Lost" (Bk. i., l. 62),—

Yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible.

This has been often imitated, notably by Browning:

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound.

Théophile de Viau, a contemporary of Milton, has the line,—

On n'oit que le silence, on ne voit rien que l'ombre,

("One hears nothing but silence, one sees nothing but darkness"), which is so close a parallel to the Miltonic phrase that it suggests something more than coincidence.

Dash it! This expletive, which looks as if it might be a fellow-euphemism with blank it, or a substitute for — it, literally means Confound it! from the now obsolescent sense of to dash = to confound, to abash. The interjection

comes to us immediately through the French *deshait, dehait, dehet*, affliction, misfortune, and in old English appears in the form *datheit* or *dahet* :

*Dahet habbe that ilke best
That fuleth his own nest.*

The Owl and the Nightingale.

The verb was still used in this sense in the time of Pope :

*Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car.
Imitations of Horace, II., i. 107.*

Dauphin of France. This title was given to the eldest son of the King of France under the Valois and Bourbon dynasties. The Counts of Albon and Grenoble assumed the title of Counts of Vienne, of whom Guy VIII. is said to have been surnamed *Le Dauphin*, because he wore a dolphin as an emblem on his helmet or shield. The surname remained to his descendants, who were styled Dauphins, and the country which they governed was called Dauphiné. Humbert II. de la Tour de Pisa, the last of the Dauphin dynasty, gave up his sovereignty by treaty to King Philippe de Valois in 1349. From that time the eldest son of the King of France was styled Dauphin. Since the dethronement of the elder branch of the Bourbons in 1830 the title of Dauphin has been disused. The last who bore it was the Duke of Angoulême, son of Charles X.

Day after the fair, an English proverbial expression (recorded by Heywood, "Proverbs," Part I., ch. viii.), meaning too late. Collins, the poet, was once in love, and as the lady was a day older than himself, he used to say, jestingly, that "he came into the world a day after the fair."

Day. Better the day better the deed, an English proverb, finding its analogue in the French "*Bon jour, bon œuvre*," or less concisely, "*Aux bons jours les bonnes œuvres*." The evident meaning is that the goodness of a good deed is enhanced by its being done on a good day,—i.e., a Sunday or holy day. But it is often jestingly perverted to mean that a bad or questionable action is sanctified by being done on a Sunday. Chief Justice Holt made use of the expression in Sir William Moore's case (2 *Raymond's Reports*, 1028) on application for discharge out of custody of a prisoner taken on a Sunday: "The judges of the Common Pleas are of another opinion, but I cannot satisfy myself with their reasons. I think the better day the better deed." Matthew Henry, a pronounced Sabbatarian, paraphrases the proverb, "The better day, the worse deed," in his Commentaries: Genesis iii.

Day, I have lost a (L., "*Diem perdidi!*"). This was the exclamation of the Emperor Titus (known to his admirers as the "Delight of Mankind"), which, Suetonius tells us, was made one night at supper, on reflecting that he had done nothing for any one that day.

*"I've lost a day,"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.*

YOUNG: Night Thoughts, II., l. 99.

In the preface to Nichol's work on "Autographs," among other albums noticed by him as being in the British Museum is that of David Krieg, with Jacob Bobart's autograph and the verses,—

Virtus sua gloria.

*"Think that day lost whose descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done."*

Bobart died about 1726. He was a son of the celebrated botanist of that name. But the quotation-marks in which the lines are enclosed indicate that they were copied and not original. In Staniford's "Art of Reading," third

edition, p. 27 (Boston, 1803), the lines occur in the more familiar and more rhythmical form,—

Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

The precept of Pliny, "Nulla dies sine linea" ("No day without a line"), applies the same sentiment to literary workers. Chamfort says, "The most completely lost of all days is that on which one has not laughed."

Dead man, or **Dead marine**, a colloquialism for an ~~empty~~ bottle, possibly in humorous recognition of the fact that the spirits have departed. But the French also have the same phrase, *un corps mort*, a dead body, for which there can be no punning pretext. A famous old drinking-song has this chorus :

And he who will this toast deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

William IV., when Duke of Clarence, once inadvertently used the phrase, "Remove the dead marines," in the presence of an officer of that corps. "What does your Highness mean by marine?" was the slightly indignant query. "I mean by marine," replied the prince, with ready tact and courtesy, "a good fellow who has done his duty and is prepared to do it again."

Dead men's shoes, a common locution for property which can only be claimed after the present owner's death. Waiting for dead men's shoes means looking forward for an inheritance.

And 'tis a general thought that most men use,
But yet 'tis tedious waiting dead men's shoes.

PHINEAS FLETCHER : *Poems*.

Dead-Sea fruit, a common metaphor for hollow and unsatisfactory pleasures. The reference is to the apple of Sodom, the familiar name of a species of yellow fruit which grows on the borders of the Dead Sea. It is extremely beautiful to the eye, but bitter to the taste and full of small black grains, not unlike ashes. Hence a wide-spread, though erroneous, belief that nothing can flourish in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea, a belief at least as ancient as Tacitus : "Whatever the earth produces, whether by the prolific vigor of nature or the cultivation of man, nothing ripens to perfection. The herbage may shoot up and the trees may put forth their blossoms ; they may even attain the usual appearance of maturity, but, with this florid outside, all within turns black and moulders into dust." (*History*, v. 7.)

Greedily they plucked
The fruitage, fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed ;
This more delusive not the touch, but taste
Deceived ; they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chewed bitter ashes, which th' offended taste
With spattering noise rejected.

MILTON : *Paradise Lost*.

Like to the apples on the Dead-Sea shore,
All ashes to the taste.

BYRON : *Childe Harold*, iii. 34.

Like Dead-Sea fruits that tempt the eye
But turn to ashes on the lips.

MOORE : *Lalla Rookh* : *The Fire-Worshippers*.

Dear me! a colloquial expression of mild surprise or pity, is plausibly derived from the Italian *Dio mio!* My God ! or from the less obvious French *Dieu me!* (*aide*,) God help me ! But for neither etymon is there any external evidence. The negro expression which spelled phonetically would be *deah-me-suz* and

is frequently pronounced as a single word is merely the darky equivalent for Dear me, sirs !

Aunt Chloe.—Yes, Rastus, it were a sad case ; one o' de saddes' dat I come across. De boy was jes' runnin' across de railroad track, bringin' home a watabmillion from mahket. When he crossed de track he sot down, absent-minded like, to plug de million ter see if it were ripe, an' a train come along and cut off both his legs.

Uncle Rastus.—Deah me, suz ; ain't dat tarrible ? Did you heah if de million was ripe ?—*America.*

Death. An interesting collection might be made of the euphemisms which poets and philosophers have invented to cover up the ugly fact of death. "Jam vixisse" ("He has lived"), said Cicero. And another favorite Roman phrase of unknown parentage was "Abiit ad plures" or "ad majores" ("He has gone to the majority"). (See MAJORITY.) "Not lost, but gone before," was Seneca's phrase, which has been transferred literally by Matthew Henry to his "Commentaries : Matthew ii.," and adopted with slight change by Samuel Rogers :

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves,—not dead, but gone before,—
He gathers round him.

Human Life.

So Thackeray in the "Roundabout Papers :"

Those who are gone, you have. Those who departed loving you, love you still ; and you love them always. They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true : they are only gone into the next room ; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will close upon you, and you will be no more seen.

So Charles Lamb in his poem of "Hester" (stanza 7) :

Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore.

Nancy Priest Wakefield has,—

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've gone to the further side.

The idea of a river is, of course, a survival of the pagan myth of the river Styx, which divided the dead from the living,—“He has crossed the Styx” being another famous classical euphemism. Bunyan adapts the old myth to Christian uses when he makes his Pilgrim cross the river. Horace calls death the supreme journey, “supremum iter” (*Carmina*, II., xvii.) ; and the general idea of journeying hence is expressed in the following locutions from various sources, sacred and profane :

To depart.—*Philip.* i. 23.

To go hence and be no more.—*Psalms* xxxix. 13.

I shall go the way whence I shall not return.—*Job* xvi. 22.

That undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns.—SHAKESPEARE : *Hamlet.*

Their going hence.—SHAKESPEARE : *King Lear.*

Illic unde regant redire quenquam.—CATULLUS.

“Slept with his fathers” occurs thirty-five times in the Old Testament. The comparison of sleep with death is, in fact, a universal one from its very obviousness. “To fall asleep,” “to fall on sleep,” is frequently met with in the New Testament. “Longa quies et ferreus somnus,” says Virgil. Here are a handful of similar examples from the moderns :

Death is an eternal sleep.—*Inscription which Joseph Fouché caused to be placed on all the Parisian cemeteries.*

To die, to sleep.—SHAKESPEARE : *Hamlet.*

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.—SHAKESPEARE : *Macbeth.*

That sweet sleep which medicines all pain.—SHELLEY : *Julian and Maddalo.*

And here, grouped together, are a few miscellaneous euphemisms :

Put off this tabernacle.—2 *Pet.* i. 14.

Shuffled off this mortal coil.—SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*.

Go down into silence.—*Psalms* cxv. 17.

The safe port, the peaceful, silent shore.—SOAME JENYNS.

Into the silent land.—J. G. VON SALIS.

Fleeth as a shadow.—*Job* xiv. 2.

Death is the shadow of life.—TENNYSON: *Love and Death*.

Fugere sub umbras [to flee under the shadows].—VIRGIL.

The idea of the equality of death, it may here be interjected, is common property. A few instances will suffice :

Death makes equal the high or low.—HEYWOOD: *Be Merry, Friends*.

As men we are all equals in the presence of death.—PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim I*.

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.—JAMES SHIRLEY: *Cupid and Death*.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—GRAY: *Elegy*.

Death is an equal doom

To good and bad, the common lot of rest.

SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, II., Canto i., 59.

But to go on with our examples :

That dark inn, the grave.—SCOTT: *Lord of the Isles*, vi. 26.

The dark house.—MACAULAY: *Essays*.

The long home.—*Eccles.* xii. 5.

Gathered unto his people.—*Gen.* xlix. 33.

Gave up the ghost.—*John* xix. 30.

As the flower of the grass he shall pass away.—*James* i. 10.

The way of all the earth.—*Josh.* xxiii. 14.

Popular proverbs of this sort usually have a grotesque flippancy about them,—e.g. :

To stretch the leg.

To kick the bucket.

To go to kingdom come.

To hop the twig.

To pass in your checks (a poker term).

It would seem that the Homeric phrase *μή τι πάθῃ*, which, with various inflections, occurs both in the "Iliad" and in the "Odyssey," is exactly equivalent to the English euphemism "if anything should happen to him," used daily by people who have no idea they are quoting Homer.

Mark Twain, in "Roughing It," has collected a number of Western equivalents :

"You see, one of the boys has gone up the flume——"

"Gone where?"

"Up the flume,—throwed up the sponge, you understand."

"Thrown up the sponge?"

"Yes; kicked the bucket."

"Ah,—has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

"Return! I reckon not. Why, pard, he's dead!"

"Yes, I understand."

* * * * *

"It's all up, you know, it's all up. It ain't no use. They've scooped him."

"Scooped him?"

"Yes,—death has."

Death, Call no man happy until his. This sentence is said to have been uttered by Solon to Cræsus, King of Lydia (HERODOTUS: *Clio*, 32), which Cræsus repeated when he was on the funeral pyre (87), and thereby

obtained pardon from Cyrus. It is quoted at the end of "*Œdipus Rex*" by Sophocles.

Death, One of the new terrors of. Arbuthnot writing to Swift, under date January 13, 1733, apropos of the death of their mutual friend Gay, says, "Curll (who is one of the new terrors of death) has been writing letters to everybody for memoirs of his life." Curll was in the habit of issuing catch-penny "*Lives*" or "*Remains*" on the decease of any eminent person. The phrase was resurrected or hit upon independently by Sir Charles Wetherell at a banquet given by the Benchers of the Inner Temple to the King of Holland. In describing the guests, he said of Lord Campbell, author of "*The Lives of the Chancellors*," "Then there is our noble and biographical friend who has added a new terror to death" (so quoted in Lord St. Leonard's printed corrections to Campbell's "*Lives*," 1869). Curiously enough, Campbell (vol. vii. p. 163) ascribes the phrase to Brougham: "Brougham delivered a very warm panegyric upon the ex-chancellor, and expressed a hope that he would make a good end, although to an expiring chancellor death was now armed with a new terror." Brougham must have been plagiarizing, for he himself ascribed the *mot* to Wetherell. A more complimentary phrase is attributed to Erskine. "My lord," said Dr. Parr to Erskine, whose conversation had delighted him, "should you die first, I mean to write your epitaph." "Dr. Parr," was the reply, "it is a temptation to commit suicide."

Death or Glory, the motto of an English regiment, the Seventeenth Lancers. On the saddle-cloths and sabre-taches of its officers is borne the piratical symbol of a skull and cross-bones, with the words "or glory" beneath it. During one of the German campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough this regiment was surprised by a sudden attack of French cavalry. It was early morning, and the men were engaged in grooming their horses. There was no time to saddle them. Mounting bareback at a moment's notice, the regiment charged and repulsed the enemy, the colonel leading the onset with the cry, "Death or glory!" Then it was they assumed the motto and symbol. The regiment took part in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and on their colors are the names "Alma," "Balaklava," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol."

Death, There is no. One of Longfellow's most popular poems is "*Resignation*," whose most popular stanza runs as follows:

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call Death.

The last line is a reminiscence of the Latin phrase "*Mors janua vitæ*" ("*Life is the gate of Death*"). A poem persistently attributed to Bulwer Lytton, but really written by J. L. McCreery and first published in *Arthur's Home Magazine* for July, 1863, begins as follows:

There is no Death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

In these extracts we have the Christian view of death as the beginning of immortality. The more subtle and mystic view of the Oriental dreamers is faithfully mirrored in Emerson's "*Brahma*:"

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

The cautious and tentative outlook of pagan philosophy finds expression in a fragment of Euripides quoted by Diogenes Laertius :

Who knows but that this life is really death,
And whether death is not what we call life?

That was a very comfortable phase of mind into which Thales, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, had argued himself. He held that there was no difference between life and death. "Why, then," said a friend, "do you not die?" "Because it *does* make no difference."

Deaths, A thousand. Young, in "Night Thoughts," Night III., has the lines,—

Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.

Evidently a reminiscence of Shakespeare :

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

In his statistics Young may also have dimly remembered Massinger :

Death hath a thousand doors to let out life.
A Very Woman, Act v., Sc. 4.

Though this in turn is imitated from the more appalling statement,—

Death hath ten thousand several doors
To let out life.

WEBSTER : *Duchess of Malfi*.

Beaumont and Fletcher are more modest even than Massinger :

Death hath so many doors to let out life.
Custom of the Country, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Debt to Nature. This euphemism for death is very common on the tombstones of the early part of this century. An early appearance in literature is in Francis Quarles :

The slender debt to Nature's quickly paid,
Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made.
Emblems, Book ii.

Fuller has words nearly similar in his sermon "Life out of Death :—" "What is thy disease,—a consumption? indeed a certain messenger of death; but know, that of all the bailiffs sent to arrest us for the debt of nature, none useth his prisoners with more civility and courtesie." Gay caught a faint echo of the sentiment, and annexed it to Macheath's song before the noble captain was about to go to Tyburn :

The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged, a terrible show!
I go undismayed, for death is a debt,—
A debt on demand,—so take what I owe!

Dedications. The practice of dedicating books is obsolescent. It has now little meaning : at best it is only a tribute of respect or affection either to a private friend or a public character. In its origin it meant far more than this. When readers were few, writers trusted to the patronage of some great person, and the dedication was the means of recommending a book to his protection, or of expressing that gratitude which was a lively sense of favors to come. Antoine Furetière, the French lexicographer, said that the inventor of dedications must certainly have been a beggar; and Young agrees with him :

All other trades demand,—verse-makers beg;
A dedication is a wooden leg.
The Universal Passion, Satire 4, l. 191.

That inventor's name, however, is lost in the twilight of antiquity. The old Romans—Horace, Virgil, Cicero, Lucretius—all dedicated their works to some friend or patron. He, in return, was expected to render some equivalent in coin or kind. The practice of Augustus (naturally a very frequent dedicatee) was sometimes a little less than kind. If he thought the verses good, he rewarded the writer; if not, he returned the compliment made him with some verses of his own. He must have rated his poetical powers very low! With the revival of learning the practice of dedications was revived. But at first it does not seem that any interested motives underlay them. The dedications of the great Aldus, for example, in his *editiones principes* of the classics, are models of simplicity, dignity, and self-respect. Caxton's are more florid and eulogistic. Thus, he addresses the Duchess of Somerset as "right noble puyssant and excellent pryncesse my redoubted lady my lady Margarete duchesse of Somercete, moder unto our naturel and soverayn lord and most crysten Kynge henry ye seuenth."

But those were the days when royalty and nobility commanded adulation, which was given and received with a simple and touching faith on both sides. Many authors, especially in Spain and in Italy, showed that they were not in search of treasures, this side of heaven at least, by dedicating their books to the Almighty or some special member of the Trinity, or to the Virgin Mary or a patron saint. This example was sparingly imitated in England, the most notable instance being that of James I., who dedicated a book (his answer to Conrad Vorstius's treatise on the nature and attributes of God) to our Saviour in the following terms:

To the Honour of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ the Eternal Sonne of the Eternal Father the onely ΘΕΑΝΘΡΩΠΙΟΣ, Mediatour and Reconciler of Mankind, In signe of Thankfulness, His most humble and most obliged Servant, James, by the Grace of God, King of Greate Britaine, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Doeth dedicate and consecrate this his Declaration.

There is an odd story that the printer, knowing the chronic impecuniosity of the monarch, refused to print his book unless he first got his money down. He had been less cautious, perhaps, if some opulent earthly magnate had been chosen as the patron.

Gradually the advantages to be gained by persistent flattery of the great and the wealthy appealed to the business side of the great poetic heart. Rich and titled fools were pleased to earn the fame of a Mæcenæ, and willingly paid the trumpeter of their virtues, though rather according to the loudness of his notes than with any nice critical appreciation as to whether his instrument were gold or brass. Not always, however. For when Ariosto rang a blast in honor of Cardinal Ippolite of Este on the same horn which had produced the golden melodies of his "Orlando Furioso," and hastened to lay the book and the dedication at his patron's feet, the only reward he got was the slighting query, "Dove diavolo, Messer Ludovico, avete pigliato tante coglionerie?" ("Where in the devil, Messer Ludovico, did you pick up so much rubbish?") Ariosto had his revenge, indeed. The cardinal's query has survived, its winged words have borne his name down to the contempt of posterity as a mean and stingy soul who had no relish for the good, the true, and the beautiful. Perhaps he saw the great truth which Bishop Hurd afterwards emphasized when he likened authors to the architect of the tower of Pharos, who inscribed his name on the marble, but had it encrusted over with stucco, and on that stucco placed the name of the reigning prince.

Sometimes patrons became active seekers for dedicatory taffy in lieu of passive recipients. Erasmus, in his "Praise of Folly," is not unduly severe upon certain "seemingly great and wise men, who, with a new-fashioned modesty, employ some paltry orator or scribbling poet to flatter them with

lies and shams, and yet the persons thus extolled shall bristle up and peacock-like bespread their plumes, while the impudent parasite magnifies the poor wretch to the skies, and proposes him as complete pattern of all virtues, from each of which he is yet as far distant as heaven itself from hell."

Oldmixon, complaining of the same thing, notes as a further reason for annoyance that this practice led to a strange choice of patrons, without regard to their character or capacity. Thus, "we often find a Discourse of Politicks addressed to a Fox-hunter, a Treatise of Gardening to a Citizen of London, a piece of Divinity to a General of the Army, a Poem to a Judge, and a Play to a Stockjobber." James I., according to his own account in the dedication of his "Meditation on the Lord's Prayer," made a great point of the appropriateness of his choice. For this present work he can find no one more fit than the Duke of Buckingham: "For it is made upon a very short and plaine prayer, and therefore the fitter for a courtier: For courtiers, for the most part, are thought neither to have list nor leesure to say long prayers, liking best *courte messe and long disner*. But to confess the truth now in earnest, it is the fitter for you that it is both short and plaine."

So Erasmus ingeniously found something apposite in dedicating his "Praise of Folly" to Sir Thomas More: "How! what maggot, say you, put this in your head? Why, the first hint, sir, was your own surname of More, which comes as near the literal sound of the word [*μωρία*] as you yourself are distant from the signification of it, and that, in all men's judgments, is vastly wide."

In spite of protest and example, however, the slavish adulation of seventeenth-century dedications, especially after the period of the Restoration, cannot be looked back upon without shame and astonishment. Even so fine a gentleman as John Evelyn, dedicating a translation of Freart's book on architecture to Charles II. (1664), indulges in a stream of outrageous rhapsody, in the course of which he likens the Merry Monarch to "the Divine Architect," informs him that he was "designed of God for a blessing to this nation," and predicts that his name "will be famous to posterity, and when those materials fail, the benefits that are engraven in our hearts will outlast those of marble."

Then there is John Dryden, who has been rightly taken to task by Samuel Johnson. While acknowledging that he did not want examples among his predecessors or companions among his contemporaries, the sturdy old moralist insists that "in the meanness and servility of hyperbolical adulation I know not whether since the days in which the Roman emperors were deified he has ever been equalled, except by Aphra Behn in an address to Eleanor Gwyn."

Here is the concluding portion of the dedication to "The Indian Emperor" addressed to Anne, Duchess of Monmouth:

Your Grace has not only a long time of youth in which to flourish, but you have likewise found the way by an untainted preservation of your honour to make that perishable good more lasting: And if Beauty, like wines, could be preserved by being mixed and embodied by others of their own natures, then your Grace's would be immortal, since no part of Europe can afford a parallel to your noble lord in masculine beauty and in goodness of shape. To receive the blessings and prayers of mankind you need only to be seen together: We are ready to conclude that you are a pair of angels sent below to make virtue amiable in your persons or to set to poets when they would pleasantly instruct the age by drawing goodness in the most perfect and alluring shape of nature.

And here is a portion of that address to Nell Gwyn which Mrs. Aphra Behn prefixed to her "Feign'd Curtizans" (1679), and which Dr. Johnson deemed more than a match for Dryden at his worst:

So excellent and perfect a creature as yourself differs only from the divine powers in this: the offerings made to you ought to be worthy of you, whilst they accept the will alone. Who can doubt the power of that illustrious beauty, the charm of that tongue, and the great-

ness of that minde, which has subdu'd the most powerful and glorious monarch of the world; and so well you bear the honours you were born for, with a greatness so unaffected, an affability so easie, an humour so soft, so far from pride or vanity, that the most envious and most disaffected can finde no cause or reason to wish you less.

It was in ridicule of this and similar adulations of the king's mistress that Wycherley dedicated his "Plain Dealer" to one Mother B——, a famous (or infamous) woman of the town.

The author was often put to strange shifts if he quarrelled with his patron, or, especially, if that patron came to public grief while the work was passing through the press. The squally times of the Revolution made it an especially difficult task for the time-server to trim his sails. Samuel Pepys has a delightful passage in his Diary where he pictures himself making his way with all haste to St. Paul's Church-yard, "to cause the title of my English 'Mare Clausum' to be changed, and the new title, dedicated to the king, to be put to it, because I am ashamed to have the other seen dedicated to the Commonwealth." Bishop Walton was equally astute, but, as befitted his exalted rank in the Church, was betrayed into no unseemly or undignified haste. His Polyglot Bible had been dedicated to Cromwell. When Charles II. ascended the throne, the praises of the grateful author were calmly and quietly transferred to the ruling sovereign.

As authors grew more slavish, they exacted a higher price for selling themselves into bondage. Whereas literary men of the Elizabethan era had been glad to get two pounds for a dedication, the bookmen of the Restoration expected and received from twenty to fifty guineas, and the dramatists from five to twenty guineas, according to the rank and liberality of the patron. Nay, cunning plans were resorted to for multiplying patrons and fees alike, by affixing a different dedication to every division of the work. So Thomson's "Seasons" has a dedication for each Season. A strange lack of business acumen, to divide the year into seasons instead of months or days! Almost one might suspect that he lived in the epoch celebrated by Emerson:

Or over the wild Time coined itself
Into calendar months and days.

Young's "Night Thoughts," again, had a dedication for seven out of the nine Nights. This was piling it on. Nevertheless it was aboveboard. What shall we say of one Thomas Jordan, who prefixed high-flown dedications to his books with blanks for the name, the blanks being separately and surreptitiously filled in by a hand-press, so that there was a special dedicatee for every copy and multitudinous fees for the whole edition? Nay, it is recorded that Mr. Jordan found an avatar in very recent years,—that a decade or so ago a Berlin sharper dedicated two thousand copies of an historical compilation to as many different tradesmen, sent each his special copy, and had no trouble in collecting a small sum from each.

Pope has the credit of having put an end to the old abject dedication and inaugurated a better reign; but it should not be forgotten that Pope had found a more profitable system of patronage, by getting lordly and wealthy subscribers for his books, who helped him to build up his Twickenham House and his Grotto, to lay out his Quincunx and plant his vines,—from which palatial retirement he ever afterwards sneered at literary hacks and learned want. Were the subscriptions always voluntary? We all remember Rogers's joke when asked if he were reading the table of contents of a volume he held in his hand: "No; the table of discontents," showing the list of subscribers. Nevertheless, the independence of literature begins from Pope's time. Otway had formerly boasted that he was the first to make an epistle dedicatory to his bookseller,—adding that it was just, "for he paid honestly for the copy." Johnson subsequently gave his tribute to booksellers as "generous, liberal

men," and Boswell, in an oft-quoted passage, adds that "he considered them as the true patrons of literature,"—only a half-truth, after all, for they can claim, and they pretend to claim, no more than Otway's bookseller,—“to pay honestly for the copy.” The financial partner in an enterprise need not be made ridiculous by the title of patron.

The revolution started by Pope was a gradual one. Traces of the old system still lingered in Sterne's time, to add point to the dedicatory jest in his "Tristram Shandy," where the accustomed page was left blank but for the inscription "To be let or sold for fifty guineas." Indeed, so recently as 1815 a Perthshire author, to a book that passed through at least three editions, prefixed a dedication as grovelling and abject as the worst example in the very worst periods of authorial servility:

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Breadalbane. May it please your lordship, with overpowering sentiments of the most profound humility I prostrate myself at your noble feet, while I offer to your lordship's high consideration those very feeble attempts to describe the indescribable and ineffable beauties of your lordship's delicious estate of Edinample. With tumid emotions of heart-distending pride, and with fervent feelings of gratitude, I beg leave to acknowledge the honor I have to serve so noble a master, and the many advantages which I, in common with your lordship's other menials, enjoy from the exuberance of your princely liberality. That your lordship may long shine with refulgent brilliancy in the exalted station to which Providence has raised you, and that your noble family, like a bright constellation, may diffuse a splendor and glory through the high sphere of their attraction, is the fervent prayer of your lordship's most humble and most devoted servant, —.

In losing their grossness dedications have lost most of their picturesque interest. It is not often that a modern dedication arrests the attention. Yet a few exceptions may be cited, either for their intrinsic value or their associations. Byron's "Hours of Idleness" was inscribed to the Earl of Carlisle from "his obliged ward and affectionate kinsman, the author." This is the gentleman who in the first edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" is thus alluded to:

On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle.

But, alas! between the first and the second edition the affectionate kinsmen had fallen out. The new Roscommon was deposed from his pedestal and put in the pillory:

No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
The paralytic puling of Carlisle.

The inscription of "The Corsair" to Thomas Moore, of "The Prophecy of Dante" to the Countess of Guiccioli, and of "Sardanapalus" to Goethe, are especially noteworthy among Byron's dedications for gallantry or dignified courtesy. But the seventeen stanzas dedicating "Don Juan" to Southey, stanzas originally suppressed, but now restored to a place in Byron's works, are thoroughly discreditable to his taste and his judgment.

Shelley's poetical dedication of "The Revolt of Islam" to his second wife, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, is a noble bit of verse, and ranks with Brown-ing's dedication of his "Men and Women" ("One Word More"), and Tennyson's inscription to the Queen, prefixed to his "Idylls," as the finest efforts of this kind in the language.

Dickens was sometimes very happy, as in the dedication of "Master Humphrey's Clock" to the poet Rogers:

MY DEAR SIR,—Let me have *my* pleasures of memory in connection with this book, by dedicating it to a poet whose writings all the world knows are replete with generous and earnest feeling, and to a man whose daily life (as all the world does not know) is one of active sympathy with the poor and humblest of his kind.

But there is something more than a mere well-turned compliment in the few lines which Sir William Napier prefixes to his "History of the Peninsular War:—"

To Field-Marshal the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. This history I dedicate to your Grace because I have served long enough under your command to feel why the soldiers of the Tenth Legion were attached to Cæsar.

There is a deep pathos in Sir William Stirling Maxwell's dedication of the "Annals of the Artists of Spain;" "These pages, which I had hoped to dedicate to my father, are now inscribed in affectionate homage to his memory."

Equally pathetic, but too long to quote entire, is J. Stuart Mill's dedication of his "Liberty:" "To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer and in part the author of all that is best in my writings,—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward."

Coventry Patmore's dedication of his "Angel in the House" is the best thing in the book :

This Poem
is inscribed
to

the memory of Her
By whom and for whom I became a poet.

Thackeray dedicated his "Paris Sketch-Book" to a tailor who had lent him money, and "Pendennis" to Dr. John Elliotson, the Dr. Goodenough of the novel itself, who during its composition had saved the author from a serious sickness, and "would take no other fee but thanks."

A notable dedication was that of Landor's "Hellenics" to Pope Pius IX. in 1847, inspired by the liberal and progressive attitude of that sovereign during the first years of his reign. But Landor in succeeding years lost his admiration for Pius.

Deeds, not words, a phrase found in literature in Fletcher's "Lover's Progress," Act iii., Sc. 4, in "Hudibras," Part i., Canto 1, etc. Shakespeare has,—

'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :
And yet words are no deeds.

Henry VIII., Act iii., Sc. 2.

Plutarch credits to Democritus the saying, "Words are but the shadows of actions" (*Of the Training of Children*). In closing a sermon on "Good Works vs. Good Words" in the parish church of St. Andrews, on August 25, 1872, Dean Stanley quoted the following lines, explaining that it was doubtful if they were written by one of the earliest deans of Westminster or by one of the earliest Scotch Reformers :

Say well is good, but do well is better ;
Do well seems the spirit, say well is the letter ;
Say well is godly and helps to please,
But do well is godly and gives the world ease ;
Say well to silence sometimes is bound,
But do well is free on every ground ;
Say well has friends, some here, some there,
But do well is welcome everywhere.
By say well man to God's word cleaves,
But for lack of do well it often leaves.
If say well and do well were bound in one frame,
Then all were done, all were won, and gotten were gain.

See, also, **ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.**

Deliberates. The woman that deliberates is lost. This line occurs in Addison's "Cato," Act iv., Sc. 1 :

When love once pleads admission to our heart
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast),
The woman that deliberates is lost.

(Dr. Holmes humorously paraphrases this, "The woman who *calc'lates* is

lost.”—explaining that the italicized word is “a vulgarism of language which, I grieve to say, is sometimes heard even from female lips.”) Perhaps Addison had in mind the French proverb, “Château qui parle, femme qui écoute, sont prêts à se rendre” (“The castle that parleys and the woman who listens are ready to surrender”).

Another change on the same idea is thus rung by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in her poem “The Lady’s Resolve,” written on a window-pane soon after her marriage, in 1713 :

While vain coquettes affect to be pursued,
And think they’re virtuous if not grossly lewd,
Let this great maxim be my virtue’s guide,—
In part she is to blame that has been tried.
He comes too near that comes to be denied.

This, however, is a bald plagiarism from Sir Thomas Overbury :

Woman’s behavior is a surer bar
Than is their No! That fairly doth deny
Without denying. Thereby kept they are
Safe even from hope. In part to blame is she
Which hath without consent been only tried.
He comes too near that comes to be denied.

A Wife, st. 36.

The line

She half consents who silently denies,

which occurs in Dryden and Mulgrave’s translation of Ovid’s “Helen to Paris,” seems also to be a reminiscence of Overbury.

Della Cruscan, or Della Crusca School, the sobriquet given to a certain school of English poetasters which, during the poetical interregnum at the end of the eighteenth century, persuaded the world for a brief period that it had a divine right to rule. The school originated in 1784 in Florence. An English bachelor of thirty, Robert Merry by name, whose pretensions to literature had secured his admission into the Italian Accademia della Crusca (Academy of the Sieve), started a sort of mutual admiration society among the English residents of Florence. They styled themselves the “Oziosi” (colloquially, the Lazybones), and did their little best to earn the title. The leading spirits, besides Merry himself, were Mrs. Piozzi, who had been driven from England by the impertinent and unmerited obloquy that followed her second marriage, and Messrs. William Parsons and Bertie Greathead, one a flirtatious bachelor, the other the recently-wedded husband of a beautiful wife. They all wrote verses, largely consisting of an interchange of compliments, and kept an album in which the verses were preserved. A selection baptized the “Arno Miscellany,” and printed for private distribution, was within the circle of that privacy received so rapturously that a subsequent collection called “The Florence Miscellany” was kindly given to the world at large in 1785. Here is a sample from a poem contributed by Mr. Merry as his essay in a friendly competition to produce something “that should excite horror by description :”

While slow he trod this desolated coast,
From the cracked ground uprose a warning ghost,
Whose figure, all confused, was dire to view,
And loose his mantle flowed of shifting hue;
He shed a lustre round, and sadly pressed
What seemed his hand upon what seemed his breast,
Then raised his doleful voice, like wolves that roar
In famished troops round Orcas’ sleepy shore,

and so on. Such as it was, however, the book proved a success. Readers shuddered, laughed, or thrilled as they were bidden, the leading magazines copied the gems of the collection, the eyes of literary England were turned upon Florence. A year or two later the society broke up, and its members

returned to their native shores. Here Mr. Merry continued his literary labors by publishing, June, 1787, a poem called "The Adieu and Recall to Love" in the columns of *The World*. The poem was signed "Della Crusca," partly as a proud reminder of his connection with the Florentine Academy, partly, perhaps, as a gentle hint that he strove to make his verses all wheat and no chaff. This poem, which after all was not so very bad, but only strained and artificial, attracted the attention of Mrs. Hannah Cowley, famous as the author of "The Belle's Stratagem," a play that deservedly retains its hold upon the stage. She shall tell the story herself: "The beautiful lines of the 'Adieu and Recall to Love' struck her so forcibly that, without rising from the table at which she read, she answered them [the answer, it may be interjected, was printed in *The World* under the signature Anna Matilda]. Della Crusca's elegant reply surprised her into another, and thus the correspondence most unexpectedly became settled. Anna Matilda's share in it had little to boast; but she has one claim of which she is proud, that of having been the first to point out the excellence of Della Crusca,—if there can be merit in discerning what is so very obvious." This explanation appears in the preface to her collected poems. Now let us summon a witness on the other side. Mr. William Gifford, of whom more anon, thus succinctly gives the story of Della Crusca's poetical liaison with Laura Matilda. "While the epidemic malady was spreading from fool to fool, Della Crusca came over and immediately announced himself by a sonnet to Love [it was not a sonnet, by the way], Anna Matilda wrote an incomparable piece of nonsense in praise of it; and the two great luminaries of the age, as Mr. Bell calls them, fell desperately in love with each other. From that period not a day passed without an amatory epistle, fraught with lightning and thunder, *et quicquid habent telorum armamentaria celi*. The fever turned to frenzy, Laura, Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thousand nameless names, caught the infection, and from one end of the kingdom to another all was nonsense and Della Crusca." The Mr. Bell alluded to was the publisher whom these authors mainly affected, and who also issued a selection, entitled first "The Poetry of the World," and afterwards "The British Album," which ran through several editions. Here is the publisher's advertisement:

Two beautiful volumes this day published, embellished with genuine portraits of the real Della Crusca and Anna Matilda, engraved in a very superior manner from faithful pictures, under the title of "The British Album," being a new edition, revised and corrected by their respective authors, of the celebrated poems of Della Crusca, Anna Matilda, Arley, Laura, Benedict, and the elegant Cesario, "the African Boy;" and others, signed The Bard, by Mr. Jerminham; General Conway's elegy on Miss C. Campbell; Marquis of Townshend's verses on Miss Gardiner; Lord Derby's lines on Miss Farren's portrait.

The only pseudonym in the list which it is of much interest to decipher still remains a mystery. It is to "Arley" that we owe the admittedly excellent ballad of "Wapping Old Stairs," which first appeared in *The World* for November 29, 1787, and shines, a solitary pearl, in the pages of the "British Album."

The reviews, magazines, and newspapers all greeted the book with wild applause. One critic said that Anastasia's poem on the "Nightingale" was superior to Milton. Greathead equalled Shakespeare. Cesario outdid Pope. Este was "incomparable,"—the comparisons having all been exhausted by the others. Yet the very titles of many of the poems were enough to condemn them. A certain Mr. Vaughan, under the alluring name of "Edwin," wrote melancholy poems on the death of a bug, the flight of an earwig, the misfortunes of a cockchafer. Another expended pathos and fancy in celebrating the demise of a tame mouse, "which belonged to a lady who saved its life, constantly fed it, and wept at its approaching death. The mouse's eyes dropped

out of its head, poor mouse ! the day before it died." And here is how the event was celebrated :

This feeling mouse, whose heart was warmed
By Pity's purest ray,
Because her mistress dropt a tear,
Wept both her eyes away.

By sympathy deprived of light,
She one day's darkness tried :
The grateful tear no more could flow,
She liked it not, and died.

May we, when others weep for us,
The debt with interest pay,
And when the generous founts are dry,
Revert to native clay.

While the Della Cruscan mania was at its height, William Gifford, then a young and unknown man, came out with a satire upon it called "The Baviad." It had some sarcastic vigor and more Billingsgate raciness. At all events it captured the town, and with its successor, "The Mæviad," proved a heavy blow to the delinquents. Perhaps Gifford, with a not unnatural vanity, believed its effect was greater than it really was. He notes that Bell, the printer, accused him of bespattering nearly all the poetical eminence of the day. "But on the whole," he continues, "the clamor against me was not loud, and was lost by insensible degrees in the applause of such as I was truly ambitious to please. Thus supported, the good effects of the satire (*glorioso loquor*!) were not long in manifesting themselves. Della Crusca appeared no more in 'The Oracle,' and if any of his followers ventured to treat the town with a soft sonnet, it was not, as before, introduced by a pompous preface. Pope and Milton resumed their superiority, and Este and his coadjutors silently acquiesced in the growing opinion of their incompetency and showed some sense of shame." Gifford's judgment has been accepted by posterity. Yet it is not quite in accordance with contemporary testimony. Seven years after the publication of the "Baviad," Mathias remarks that "even the Bavian drops from Mr. Gifford's pen have fallen off like oils from the plumage of the Florence and Cruscan geese. I am told that Mr. Greathead and Mr. Merry yet write and speak, and Mr. Jerningham (poor man !) still continues 'sillier than his sheep.'" Indeed, Laura Matilda's dirge in the "Rejected Addresses" is a standing monument of the vitality of Della Cruscanism more than twenty years after its supposed death-blow. The serpent was scotched, not killed; it finally died a natural but lingering death.

Deluge, After us the (Fr., "Après nous le déluge"). This nonchalant expression, which has become historical partly from its truth, partly from its vivid expression of the selfishness and recklessness of the epoch when it was uttered, is attributed to Madame de Pompadour. "In the midst of the contemptible deceptions and frivolities of the court of Louis XV.," says Sainte-Beuve, "a vague and sinister foreboding haunted the king, like anticipated remorse. 'After us the deluge,' said the marquise. 'Things will last our time,' rejoined the careless king." A very similar expression, "After me the deluge," has been ascribed to Prince Metternich, but here there is a notable distinction of meaning, the Austrian diplomat making a mournful, if egotistic, prophecy of great political and social evils, against which he considered his own policy to be the only possible barrier; while the Pompadour meant "Let us make the most of our chances, for an awful reaction is at hand." The French Revolution was the answer to Madame. Horace's "*Carpe diem*" ("Enjoy the present day," *Odes*, I., xi. 8), and Isaiah's scornful "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die" (xxii. 13), are phrases of the same order; but a much closer

analogy may be found in the line of an unknown Greek poet frequently quoted by Tiberius: "After my death, perish the world by fire." "Nay," said his successor, Nero, "let it happen in my lifetime;" and he laid Rome in ashes.

Deuce. This term, in the expression "the Deuce!" *i.e.*, the Devil, comes, like the latter word, from the same root as the Latin *Deus*, God (see BUGABOO), and as the synonyme for two, in cards and other games, from the Latin *duo*, through the French *deux* (old Fr. *deus*). It is doubly strange that the common superstition should imagine there is luck under a deuce, not only because of the modern association with the fiend which has overridden the root-meaning, but because two has always been looked upon as an unlucky number, as the first of the series of even numbers. The Pythagoreans regarded the unit as the good principle, the *duad* as the evil one.

God hates the duall number, being known

The luckless number of division:

And when He blessed each severall day, whereon

He did His curious operation,

'Tis never read there, as the fathers say,

God blest His work done on the second day.

HERRICK: *Noble Numbers*.

Devil, A candle to the. The French have the familiar phrase, "A candle to God [or to St. Michael] and another to the devil." Did it spring from or did it suggest that famous picture executed, as Brantôme tells us, by order of Robert de la Marck, which represented St. Michael triumphing over Satan, with Robert himself kneeling before them, a candle in each hand, and a scroll issuing from his mouth, "If God will not aid me, the devil surely will not fail me"? More likely the proverb is older than the picture, as it is a Christian recrudescence of Virgil's line,—

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo,—

i.e., "If I cannot bend the celestials to my purpose, I will move hell." On the same principle a discreet gentleman in the early days of Christianity always took care to salute the statue of Jupiter, never knowing, as he explained, when he might come into power again. So, also, the Spaniard on his death-bed, when his confessor spoke of the torments wherewith the devil afflicted the lost, feebly remonstrated, "I trust his lordship is not so cruel." The holy man was shocked. "Excuse me," said the penitent, "but I know not into what hands I may fall; and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words." The Scotch say, "It's gude to hae friends in heaven and hell." The Scotch and the Irish alike are careful to call the fairies, even the malignant ones, "the good people," or "the men of peace," so as to conciliate their good will. The ancients also avoided any expressions which might prove obnoxious to the unseen powers of evil. Thus, they spoke of the Furies as Eumenides, or benign goddesses, and the stormy Black Sea was called the Euxine, or the hospitable.

Devil and the deep sea, Between the, a sort of rough-and-ready equivalent for the old classic saying, "Between Scylla and Charybdis," which is at least as old as the early part of the seventeenth century. It is used, for example, by Colonel Munro in his "Expedition with Mackay's Regiment" (1637). In an engagement at Werben, between the forces of Gustavus Adolphus and the Austrians, Munro, serving on the Swedish side, found his men exposed to the fire of Swedish gunners who had not given their pieces the proper elevation. In his own phrase, they were "betwixt the devil and the deep sea,"—*i.e.*, exposed to danger from friends as well as foes. So an officer was sent to the batteries with a request that the guns should be raised. There is a passage in Shakespeare which seems to have reference to some earlier form of the same phrase:

Thou'dst shun a bear ;
But if thy flight lay towards the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth.

King Lear, Act iii., Sc. 4.

There is just a possibility that the expression may originally have been a nautical one (cf. *DEVIL TO PAY*, *infra*), in which case a choice between "the devil" and the deep sea might indeed be an awkward one.

Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose, often incorrectly given with the substitution of "quote" for "cite," is from "The Merchant of Venice" (Act i., Sc. 3). Elsewhere Shakespeare has put the same thought in other words :

In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?

Merchant of Venice, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Devil has all the good tunes. When, in 1740, Charles Wesley wanted airs for some of his peculiar metres, he pertinently asked, "Why should the devil have all the good tunes?" and straightway appropriated a number for hymnal purposes. But at that time the divergence between sacred and secular music was not so great as it is now. The most popular airs were in a minor key ; sung slowly, they had a lugubrious and even funereal sound. Therein lay their great charm. Set to words of merriment, or buffoonery, or even downright obscenity, they added the spice of contrast, to which the grave faces and tones of the singers pungently contributed.

Devil overlooking Lincoln, a familiar English proverb of uncertain origin. It is applied to a jealous critic or backbiter.

Some fetch the original of this proverb from a stone picture of the Devil, which doth or lately did overlook Lincoln Colledge. Truly the architect intended it no further than for an ordinary Antick, though beholders have since applied those ugly looks to curious persons repining at the prosperity of their neighbors. To return to our English proverb, it is conceived of more antiquity than either of the fore-named colledges, though the secondary sense thereof lighted not unhappily, and that it related originally to the Cathedral church in Lincoln.—FULLER : *Worthies* : Oxford.

Devil's Own, the nickname of the Temple Company, a London militia company.

George III. was in high health and excellent spirits. When the "Temple Companies" had defiled before him, His Majesty inquired of Erskine, who commanded them as lieutenant-colonel, what was the composition of that corps. "They are all lawyers, sire," said Erskine. "What! what!" exclaimed the King, "all lawyers? all lawyers? Call them 'The Devil's Own,'—call them 'The Devil's Own.'"
And "The Devil's Own" they were called accordingly. Even at the present day this appellation has not wholly died away. Yet, notwithstanding the royal parentage of this peasantry, I must own that I greatly prefer to it another which was devised in 1860. It was then in contemplation to inscribe upon the banner of one of the legal companies, "Retained for the Defence."—EARL STANHOPE : *Life of Pitt*.

Devil to pay and no pitch hot, a slang phrase for a condition of great embarrassment and confusion, an emergency for which no preparation has been made, appears to be a corruption of the nautical expression, "Hell's to pay," etc., *hell* being in this case a portion of the hold of a smack left partly free of access to sea-water, in which freshly-caught fish are thrown and thus kept alive. It is, of course, highly important that the bulkheads, etc., about "hell" should be kept water-tight, and this is done by calking with oakum and "paying" with hot pitch, as in the outer seams of the vessel.

Devil was sick. There is a famous distich frequently held to be a translation of Rabelais,—

The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be ;
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

Though it does occur in Urquhart and Motteux's translation of "Gargantua" (Book iv, ch. xxiv.), it is an interpolation. All that Rabelais does is to quote the Italian proverb "Passato il pericolo, gabbato il santo" ("When the danger is passed the saint is mocked"). The English lines have been dubiously traced to an anonymous Latin couplet,—

*Ægrotat dæmon, monachus tunc esse volebat;
Dæmon convaluit, dæmon ut ante fuit:*

which is not half so pithy as the English, and therefore suggests a translation rather than an original. The same moral is enforced in Clough's lines quoted under ATHEISM; in the English proverb "The chamber of sickness is the chapel of devotion;" and in the anonymous quatrain,—

God and the Doctor we alike adore,
But only when in danger, not before;
The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten and the Doctor slighted.

This is a free rendering of the Latin epigram,—

*Intransit medici facies tres esse videntur
Ægrotanti: hominis, Dæmonis, atque Dei.
Cum primum accessit medicus dixitque salutem,
"En Deus" aut "custos angelus," æger ait.
Cum morbum medicina fugaverit, "Ecce homo," clamat:
Cum poscit medicus præmia, "Vade Satan!"*
JOHN OWEN OF OXFORD (quoted):

which has been imitated also by Quarles:

Our God and soldier we alike adore
E'en at the brink of ruin, not before;
After deliverance both alike requited,
Our God's forgotten and our soldier's slighted.

Dictionary. Bailey, a dictionary-maker himself, tells us that Julius Scaliger, in certain fits of princely contempt for his calling as a philologist, was used to thank God that he had put it into the hearts of some men to make dictionaries. This was what Artemus Ward would call sarkkasm. What Scaliger really thought, or what he really thought he thought, is shown by those well-known lines wherein he declares that when any particularly atrocious criminal was to be disposed of he should be set at work to make dictionaries:

*Lexica contextat; nam (cætera quid memors?) omnes
Pœnarum facies hic labor unus habet.*

Yet Scaliger's thanksgiving is a thoroughly reasonable one if taken seriously. Indeed, words of a similar import were written in all good faith over the dictionaries in Oxford in the sixteenth century, when lexicons were chained in the school-houses as Bibles were in the churches, by reason of their costliness and rarity. And most of us would re-echo the thanksgiving with equal good faith.

The history of dictionaries may seem an unprofitable subject. Yet it is full of gladsome interest and of the vitalizing spirit of humor. Before dictionaries were, letters had their small diffusion *viva voce*. Saul, come to grief over a verbal stumbling-block in a manuscript, asked Gamaliel for the short interpretation that should clear the way. By the lip was solved the mystery proceeding from the lip; for within the portico or academe, in the cloister or under the shade of the hill, sat Pedagogus amid his disciples, and the lip was near. At length some scholastic of broader mind than common bethought him, during the absence of his flock, of lightening the labors of both. Going carefully over his treasured manuscript, probably of his own copying, he would single out the hard words and write above them the meaning, the exposition, the *gloss*. At the very first word which this pioneer of the old world so glossed the seed was sown of the new-world dictionaries; and there has been

no stop to the growth of this seed till the tree from it has spread its thick and wide branches as far as they have spread and are still spreading to this very day.

But such glosses, even when traced in beautiful red ink over the difficult words, defaced the skilled beauty of goodly manuscripts. Gradually it grew to be a habit to place the glossed words in a separate list at the end. Soon the glosses of this or that man grew to have special value, and were re-copied on a special manuscript. Then, as rival glosses had their separate and distinct charm, a number of glosses were pieced together, adding the glory and the occasional bewilderment of variety. The glosses now became known as glossaries, or lexicons, and, like the Glossary of Varro, dedicated to his contemporary Cicero, or the Lexicon of Apollonius the Sophist, in the first century, elucidating the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, represented the labors of many predecessors reduced to order by one master-mind. Here was the manner and form of the modern dictionary. Taking great leaps, and making no note of the intermediate progress, we come to the Lexicon of Suidas, compiled in the tenth century, where the plan was first used of giving extracts from the poets and historians it explained to explain them still further, and next to the Dictionary of Johannes Crestonus, in Greek and Latin, printed in 1483, a further development. And now the subject becomes so large and varied that we must confine ourselves to one branch,—the history of the English dictionary.

The first English dictionary proper was a thick folio volume published by Richard Huloet in 1552. Other dictionaries had been issued before, but they were of the Latin, French, or other alien tongues. This was the first dictionary to give English definitions to English words, though it added thereto the Latin and French synonymes, unless, indeed, the French is not in good Richard's knowledge, when it is incontinently omitted. Here is his manner: "Pickers or thieves that go by into chambers, making as though they sought something. *Diætarii*. Ulpian. *Larrons qui montent jusques aux chambres, faisant semblant de chercher quelque chose.*"

A similar plan was followed in the first edition of John Baret's "*Alvearie, or Triple Dictionarie in Englyshe, Latin and French,*" first issued in 1573, and seven years later reprinted, with the addition of Greek, as a *Quadruple Dictionarie*. The title of this second edition stated, quaintly enough, that it was "newlie enriched with varietie of Wordes, Phrases, Proverbs, and diuers light-some obseruations of Grammar." In the Greek portion, however, the book labored under some disadvantages, thus naïvely set forth by Baret himself: "As for Greeke, I could not ioyn it with every Latin word, for lacke of fit Greeke letters, the printer not having leasure to provide the same."

It was probably this dictionary which was alluded to in the records of the Boston (England) Corporation, under date 1578: "That a dictionarye shall be bought for the scollers of the Free Scoole, and the same boke to be tyed in a cheyne, and set upon a deske in the scoole, whereunto any scoller may have accesse, as occasion shall serve."

The first dictionary confined entirely to the English language was Robert Cawdrey's "*Table Alphabeticall, conteyning and teaching the true writing and understanding of hard usuall English Wordes.*" It is a thin little volume because confined to one language, and limited, as indeed were all its predecessors, to hard words. Cawdrey evidently had little faith in the intelligence of his reader, for he thus innocently instructs him in the use of his book: "If thou be desirous (gentle reader) rightly and readily to understand and to profit by this table, and such like, then thou must learn the alphabet, to wit, the order of the letters as they stand, perfectly without book, and where every letter standeth: as (*b*) neere the beginning, (*n*) about the middest, and (*f*) toward the end."

Cotgrave's "*French and English Dictionary,*" published in 1611, made many

notable strides over all predecessors. Its definitions were fuller, and its author added illustrations from current proverbs and sayings. "A Bundle of Words" he calls it, in a fatherly, fondling fashion, and tells his reader, "I (who am no God or angel) have caused such overslips as have yet occurred to mine eye or understanding to be placed neere the forehead of this Verball Creature." See how his fertile brain worked: *Aller* is defined as "To goe, walke, wende, march, pace, tread, proceed, journey, travell, depart," with twoscore picturesque illustrations, as "*Aller à S. Bezet*, To rest in no place; continually to trot, gad, wander up and down." "*Tout le monde s'en va à la moustarde*,—'Tis common, vulgar, Divulged all the world over (said of a book), Wast paper is made of it, Mustard-pots are stopped with it (so much the world esteems it)."

Henry Cockeram's "English Dictionarie," 1623, is full of fun. It is primarily a dictionary of current vernacular, and the author somewhat apologetically explains that he imagined "Ladies and Gentlewomen, young schollers, clarkes, merchants," etc., desirous of a refined and elegant speech, would like an expositor of "vulgar words, mocke words, fustian termes ridiculously used in our language," so as to gather therefrom "the exact and ample word" which would fit them to shine. So he tells them that rude is vulgar, and allows them the alternative of *agresticall*, *rusticall*, or *immorigerous*; that *To weede* is vulgar, the choice word being *To sarculate*, *To diruncinate*, or *To averuncate*; that the phrase *To knock one's legs together* is vulgar, and should be called, choicely, *To interfere*.

Among the successors of Cockeram may be briefly mentioned Blount's "*Glossographie*," 1656; Edward Phillips's "*New World of Words*," 1658 (Phillips, by the way, was a nephew of John Milton); Bailey's "*Universal Etymological English Dictionary*," 1721, notable as the first attempt to present all words, easy as well as "hard," slang as well as euphemistic, current as well as obsolete; the anonymous "*Gazophylacium Anglicanum*," in 1689; Thomas Dyche's Dictionary, in 1723; and John Wesley's little Dictionary, in 1753.

Though John Wesley modestly informed the reader on his title-page that he considered he had produced "the best English Dictionary in the world," and adds, "many are the mistakes in all the other English dictionaries which I have yet seen, whereas I can truly say I know of none in this,"—nevertheless, it was only two years later, in 1755, that the first really valuable lexicon of the language appeared, in Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous Dictionary, and threw all its predecessors and rivals into the shade.

Of course, even Dr. Johnson's work is valueless in these days, save as a landmark in English literature. Its definitions are often inadequate, and sometimes erroneous. They have no present use as philology, though the massive individuality which informs them keeps them alive as art. The etymology is absurd. That science has only thrown off its swaddling-clothes within the last few years. Coleridge says that more knowledge of more value might sometimes be learned from the history of a word than from the history of a campaign. But the history must be genuine history. Even in Coleridge's day it was the wildest guess-work. The value of the historical method in philological research is a recent discovery. The ancient lexicographers used calmly to jump at the conclusion that any word or words in a foreign language which remotely suggested an English word was the parent of the latter.

Thus, the author of the "*Gazophylacium Anglicanum*" derives *hassock* from "the Teutonic *hase*, an hare, and *socks*, because hare-skins are sometimes woven into socks, to keep the feet warm in winter." "*Haslenut*," with equal acumen, is derived from the word *haste*, "because it is ripe before wall-nuts and chestnuts." The author says of his work that "the chief reason why I busied myself herein, was to save my time from being worse employed."

Johnson himself was fond of similar exploits. He derives *motley* from

moth-like, "or, of various colors resembling a moth," and spider from *spy-dor*,—the insect that watches the dor or humble-bee. You remember the famous story about the derivation of *curmudgeon*? Johnson received from some unknown source a letter deriving the word from *cœur méchant*, or wicked heart,—a wild enough guess, which pleased the doctor so much that he adopted it, giving due credit to "unknown correspondent." Twenty years later, Dr. Ash, preparing a dictionary of his own, was struck by this gem, and transferred it to his own pages. But, wishing all the glory of the discovery for himself, he gave no credit to Johnson, and informed a wondering world that *curmudgeon* was formed from *cœur*, "unknown," and *méchant*, "correspondent."

The Rev. Frederick Barlow, in his "Complete English Dictionary," published in two volumes in 1772, suggests that "pageant" is derived from "*payen géant*, Fr., a pagan giant, a representation of triumph used at the return from holy wars; of which the Saracen's head seems to be a relique." In the same book "sash" is sagely derived from "*sçavoir*, Fr., to know, because worn for the sake of distinction."

But Rev. G. W. Lemon, master of Norwich Grammar-School, who in 1783 published "A Derivative Dictionary of the English Language," carries off the honors as a philological humorist. He referred everything to the Greek, even such common, every-day words as "scratch-candle," "link-boy," and "crutched friars." A story that was current in the mouths of contemporary jesters is hardly a burlesque. Alderman Beasley, of Norwich, was a ponderous gentleman whom Mr. Lemon worried unsuccessfully for a subscription: so in revenge he coined the following etymology for obesity: "The exclamation of people who see a certain Norwich Alderman: 'Oh Beasley! oh beastly!! o-besity!!'" The story added that the alderman was informed of this libel in time, obtained an injunction against its publication, and so the sheet was cancelled.

A very wise man was Rev. Thomas Dyche, who eschews all etymologies, because, in the first place, they are very often so uncertain, and, secondly, they are useless to "those persons that these sort of books are most useful to."

There is much humorous interest of a quiet and ruminative sort to be gleaned from the definitions as well as the etymologies of the early dictionaries.

Henry Cockeram defines "pole" as "the end of the axle-tree whereon the heavens do move;" "an idiote" is "an unlearned asse;" a "labourer" is a "swinker;" and "a heretick" is sketched more roundaboutly, but with a clear assertion of the right of private opinion, as "he which maketh choice of himselfe what poynts of religion he will believe and what he will not." Then, from classic times, the "Olympic games" are "solemn games of activity," and "Amphitrite" is not, as usual, the goddess of the sea, but the "sea" itself.

Still funnier are the natural history definitions. A baboon is said to be "a beast like an ape, but farre bigger;" a lynx is "a spotted beast—it hath a most perfect sight, insomuch as it is said that it can see thorow a wall." The account of the salamander reads like an elaborate joke: "A small, venomous beast, with foure feet and a short taile; it lives in the fire, and at length, by his extreme cold, puts out the fire." An ignarus is a still quainter zoological curiosity, inasmuch as at night-time "it singeth six kinds of notes, one after another, as, la-sol-me-fa-me-re-ut."

Dictionaries, indeed, embody many curious superstitions about animals. Richard Huloet gravely describes the cockatrice as "a serpent, called the Kyng of Serpentes, whose nature is to kyll wyth hyssynge only." "The Barble," says Henry Cockeram, is "a Fish that will not meddle with the baite untill with her taile she have unhooked it from the hooke." Bullokar, after a column and a half descriptive of the crocodile, ventures the further

information that "he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then will eat up the head too. . . I saw once one of these beasts in London, brought thither dead, but in perfect forme, of about 2 yards long," a detail of personal experience which shows what was tolerated and even expected in a dictionary at that time. Bailey continues his predecessor's natural history with the same delightful simplicity. The Unicorn Whale is "a fish eighteen foot long, having a head like a horse and scales as big as a crown piece, six large fins like the end of a galley oar, and a horn issuing out of the forehead nine feet long, so sharpe as to pierce the hardest bodies," and the Lorient or Golden Oriole "a bird that, being looked upon by one who has the yellow jaundice, cures the person and dies himself." Fenning, who is more conservative, defines Lorient merely as "a kind of bird," which is only an example among many of the eminently satisfying nature of the information these old dictionaries often supply.

In many cases the explanations given by our dictionary-makers are pure blunders. Edward Phillips defines a gallon as "a measure containing two quarts;" and again, a quaver is stated to be "a measure of time in musick, being the half of a crotchet, as a crotchet the half of quaver." Dr. Johnson's original definition of *pastern* as "the knee of a horse" was a remarkable blunder. When questioned on the point, he candidly attributed it to the right cause,—ignorance. It was corrected in subsequent editions. Dr. Ash, in his Dictionary of 1775, under "esoteric" explains it as merely an incorrect spelling for "exoteric." But Johnson had neither exoteric nor esoteric. Another of Ash's amazing entries was "Bihovac, rather an incorrect spelling for bivoac," while the right word, Bivouac, is left out altogether. His geography also was weak, for he states that "Aghrim is a town in Ireland, in the County of Wicklow, and Province of Leinster." Todd's edition of Johnson, excellent work as it is, is not entirely free from blunders. He oddly explains "coaxation" as "the art of coaxing," instead of the croaking of frogs. Webster, in his first issue, has some curious mistakes in cricketing terms. The wicket-keeper, he says, is "the player in cricket who stands with a bat to protect the wicket from the ball," and a long-stop is "one who is sent to stop balls sent a long distance."

Remarkable also is the personal animus which is apparent in most of these old dictionaries. Their authors rejoiced if they could belabor an adversary or laud their own fads or ridicule some pet aversion while pretending to define a word.

Thus, Wesley defines Methodist as "one that lives according to the method laid down in the Bible;" and a "Swaddler is a nickname given by the Papists in Ireland to true Protestants." And who are true Protestants? Methodists, again, of course. Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," tells us that this curious nickname was first applied to a Methodist preacher by a Catholic, who, being unfamiliar with the gospel, thought the words "swaddling-clothes" extremely ridiculous, and so coined the epithet "swaddler" for the preacher.

Richelet, author of an early French dictionary (1698) which also has much of this enriching flavor of personality, remarks under the head of *Épicier*, or grocer, that "these people wrap some of their merchandise in gray paper, or in a few sheets of wretched books, which one sells to them because one has been unable to sell them to others. The translation of Tacitus by the little man d'Ablandcourt has had this misfortune." Richelet is cautious enough to express this lexicographic remark as follows: "*Le Tuc, du petit A. a eu ce malheur.*"

Dr. Johnson defines oats as "a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." A Puritan is "a sectary pretending to eminent purity of religion." A Whig is "the name of a fac-

tion," but a Tory is "one who adheres to the antient constitution of the state and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England, opposed to a Whig." Pensioner is "a slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master" (this definition was recalled with much glee by the doctor's enemies when he himself became a pensioner of the state). An excise is "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid."

The commissioners of excise were very indignant at being characterized as wretches, and consulted with the attorney-general whether an action for libel would lie. He decided it would, but deemed it advisable that they should let the matter rest.

After all, Dr. Johnson, who in the same dictionary defined *lexicographer* as "a writer of dictionaries; a harmless drudge that busies himself in tracing the origin and detailing the signification of words,"—Dr. Johnson was quite willing to turn the tables against himself. But why dictionaries? the captious might ask. Only another error,—one of thousands, misprints, misstatements, slips of the pen and of the memory, which Johnson with all his patience and learning could not avoid, and some of which, such is the solidarity of dictionaries, have been copied with rare patience and pertinacity by his successors. Thus, down to 1890, at least, almost every dictionary repeated Johnson's amusing misprint of *adventive* for *adventive*.

Some of his definitions are remarkable for the Johnsonian ponderosity with which he obscures a subject while attempting to elucidate it. The champion instance is *net-work*, which runs as follows: "Anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections."

Definitions that sound equally humorous to the layman abound, of course, in technical works. When one learns that a boil is "a circumscribed subcutaneous inflammation, suppurating, with a central core, a *furunculus*," one is either amused or alarmed; and when one find out that a kiss is "the anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction," one realizes with the New Paul of Mr. Mallock the solemnity of human pleasures.

But the most famous definition in philological history (to be Hibernian) is one that never appeared. When the Forty Immortals were engaged upon the Dictionary of the French Academy the word *crab* (or, as some authorities assert, *lobster*) came up for a gloss. The following was offered by one of the number: "A little red fish that walks backward." Furetière, a dictionary-maker himself, objected. "Gentlemen," he said, "the definition is no doubt a very clever one. But it is open to three objections. In the first place, the animal is not a fish; in the second place, it is not red until boiled; in the third place, it does not walk backward." The objection was sustained. An ingenious but rather casuistical effort, however, has been made to rehabilitate it in public esteem. The climax of the crab's life, it has been urged, is only reached when he is red,—for only after cooking do most of our race know him; he is purified and made whole by fire. Theologians recognize him as a fish, and he is eaten as such, on Fridays, by the devoutest Catholics. Even the ichthyologically learned must admit that if he is not scientifically a fish, a scale-fish, with the flesh outside and the bones inside, he is a sort of fish, a "variation," as science terms him, a shell-fish which, in his eccentric but kindly nature, prefers to wear the bones outside and keep the flesh nicely packed away for the convenience of the epicure. And as to his mode of progression, so great and fishy an authority as the melancholy Dane says, "If, like a crab, you could walk backward."

A joke might appear to be the last thing one would seek in a dictionary. Yet Johnson's definition of *lexicographer*, already given, might be classed as such. And his skit at his friend, whose real name was Malloch, but who

desired to be known as Mallet, had a wicked spice of humor in it. Defining *alias*, he says, "A Latin word, signifying otherwise; as Mallet, *alias* Malloch—that is, otherwise Malloch."

Even puns, and very bad puns, have found their way into the most ponderous lexicons. Nothing could be worse than the entry in Adam Littleton's Latin Dictionary; "Concurro, to run with others; to run together; . . . to *con-cur*, *con-dog*." But this has sometimes been explained as a clerical blunder. Littleton was dictating the definition to his secretary, who, a little hard of hearing, stopped to ask, "Con—what?" "Con-cur," said the doctor, testily, adding "con-dog" as a further explanation, and the secretary, scared, perhaps, by the tempest he had raised, meekly put down both the word and the pun by which its meaning was emphasized. Even the ponderous Liddell and Scott run Mr. Littleton a hard race when they say, under sycophant (literally, an informer against those who exported *figs*), "The literal sense is not found in any ancient writer, and is perhaps a mere figment."

To the credit of Liddell and Scott, this ghastly attempt at a joke appeared only in four editions, when, yielding to the pressure of public opinion, the word figment was changed to invention.

An unconscious joke of a better quality occurs in the Century Dictionary, under the heading "Question, to pop the. See Pop," which has the additional merit of being excellent advice.

Die in the last ditch. When William, Prince of Orange (afterwards William III. of England), was elected Stadtholder of the United Netherlands in 1672, and found himself in the midst of a war with England and France, he was asked by the Duke of Buckingham whether he did not see ruin impending over his country. "Nay," he answered, "there is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin. I will die in the last ditch." (HUME, ch. lxxv.) And, rejecting all terms of peace, he checked the invasion of the French by opening the sluices and flooding large tracts of land, drove them from Holland in 1674, made honorable terms with England, and finally, after varying fortunes, brought the war to a successful close by a treaty with France in 1678.

Digito monstrari (L., "To be pointed out by the finger"), a familiar phrase from Persius's "Satires," i. 28, the context being, "It is a fine thing to be pointed out with the finger, and hear it said, That is he!" Hazlitt, in his essay "On the Disadvantages of Intellectual Superiority," after telling how some of his friends failed to relish his very best things and other people condemned him altogether, goes on to ask, "Shall I confess a weakness? The only set-off I know to these rebuffs and mortifications is sometimes in an accidental notice or involuntary mark of distinction from a stranger. I feel the force of Horace's *digito monstrari*,—I like to be pointed out in the street, or to hear people ask in Mr. Powell's court, Which is Mr. Hazlitt? This is to me a pleasing extension of one's personal identity. Your name so repeated leaves an echo like music on the ear: it stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet." Was he wrong in his reference (the context seems to indicate this), or was he thinking of that passage in Horace's "Ode to Melpomene," "That I am pointed out by the fingers of passers-by [Quod monstror digito prætereuntium] as the stringer of the Roman lyre is entirely thy gift: that I breathe and give pleasure, if I do give pleasure, is thine"?—a sentiment which Thomas Moore has paraphrased:

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone:
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.
Dear Harp of my Country.

Diner-out of the highest lustre. This epigrammatical description (frequently misquoted "of the first water"), which has been turned against Sydney Smith himself, was applied by the witty divine to George Canning, who was at the time secretary of state for foreign affairs. "Providence has made him a light, jesting, paragraph-writing man, and that he will remain to his dying day. When he is jocular he is strong; when he is serious he is like Samson in a wig,—any ordinary person is a match for him. Call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems to me as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey. That he is an extraordinary writer of small poetry and a diner-out of the highest lustre, I do most readily admit. But you may as well feed me with decayed potatoes as console me for the miseries of Ireland by the resources of his *sense* and his *discretion*. It is only the public situation which this gentleman holds which entitles me or induces me to say so much about him. He is a fly in amber; nobody cares about the fly, the only question is, How the devil did it get there?"—SYDNEY SMITH: *Peter Plymley's Letters*.

I have never forgotten what happened when Sydney Smith—who, as everybody knows, was an exceedingly sensible man, and a gentleman, every inch of him—ventured to preach a sermon on the "Duties of Royalty." The *Quarterly*, "so savage and tartarly," came down upon him in the most contemptuous style, as "a joker of jokes," a "diner-out of the first water," in one of his own phrases; sneering at him, insulting him, as nothing but a toady of the court, sneaking behind the anonymous, would ever have been mean enough to do to a man of his position and genius, or to any decent person even.—O. W. HOLMES: *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

Dinner-bell. A sobriquet which his fellow-parliamentarians bestowed on Burke, whose eloquence on great occasions was hardly more extraordinary than his indefatigable energy and interest in all matters before the House. In the days when he wearied everybody with details, and, as Goldsmith happily put it,—

Too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining,—

a large number of the members actually did betake themselves to that occupation, which circumstance earned for the great orator the title of "The Dinner-Bell." A member, who was just going into the House on one of these occasions, meeting Selwyn and some others coming out, inquired, "Is the House up?" "No," replied Selwyn; "but Burke is."

Dirty linen. In a furious speech made to the Chamber of Deputies during the crisis which followed the disasters of 1814, Napoleon said, "If you have complaints to make, take another occasion, when, with my counsellors and myself, we may discuss your grievances and see if they have any foundation. But this explanation must be in private; for dirty linen should be washed at home, not in public" ("car c'est en famille, ce n'est pas en public, qu'on lave son linge sale"). These very words, however, had been addressed by Voltaire to the Encyclopædists. An equally famous use of the term "dirty linen," though with another application, occurred in a letter (1752) from Voltaire to General Manstein, who had asked him to revise some papers he had written on Russia: "The king [Frederick] has sent me some of his dirty linen to wash; I will wash yours another time" ("Voilà le roi qui m'envoie son linge à blanchir; je blanchirais le vôtre une autre fois"). The reference was to some poems which Frederick had submitted to Voltaire for critical emendation. Frederick used to excuse all his own mistakes of grammar and rhetoric by saying, "We must leave him the pleasure of finding some fault." But he was not magnanimous enough to forgive the cruel phrase of Voltaire. Its repetition at court was one of the main causes which threw the French philosopher into disfavor. Napoleon's phrase is identical in spirit

with the English proverb "It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest," a proverb that was old even in the time of old John Skelton :

Old proverbe says,
That byrd ys not honest
That fyleth his owne nest.

Poems against Garneshe.

Discord, a harmony not understood. This definition occurs in Pope's "Essay on Man," and embodies a very familiar thought. In one form or another it may be found in all literature, ancient as well as modern. Here are a few illustrative examples :

Quid velit et possit rerum concordia discors.

(What the discordant harmony of circumstances would and could effect.)

HORACE : *Epistle I.*, xii. 19.

Discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay.—SPENSER.

The world is kept in order by discord, and every part of it is a more particular composed jar. And in all these it makes greatly for the Master's glory that such an admirable harmony should be produced out of such an infinite discord.—FELTHAM : *Resolves*.

For discords make the sweetest airs,
And curses are a kind of prayers.

BUTLER : *Hudibras*.

Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.

DENHAM : *Cooper's Hill*.

Till jarring interests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mixed state.
Such is the world's great harmony that springs
From order, union, full consent of things.

POPE : *Essay on Man*, Ep. iii., l. 293.

It is from contraries that the harmony of the world results.—SAINT-PIERRE : *Etudes de la Nature*.

You had that action and counteraction which, in the natural and the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers, draws out the harmony of the universe.—BURKE : *Reflections on the French Revolution*.

Apropos of the quotation from Burke, Henry H. Breen, in his "Modern English Literature," says, "This remarkable thought Alison, the historian, has turned to good account; it occurs so often in his disquisitions that he seems to have made it the staple of all wisdom and the basis of every truth." He might have said substantially the same of Carlyle.

Discretion is the better part of valor. This proverbial phrase is merely a misquotation of Falstaff's phrase, "The better part of valor is discretion" (*Henry IV., Part I.*, Act iv., Sc. 2). The first edition of this play was published in 1598. Beaumont and Fletcher, in "A King and No King" (1611), Act iv., Sc. 3, have, "It showed discretion, the best part of valor." But they were arrant plagiarists and frequently stole from Shakespeare. The conclusion of Bacon's essay on "Boldness" may be taken in illustration of the sentiment in its better form : "Boldness is ever blind, for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences; therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution," etc. In its more questionable form take the familiar quatrain,—

He that fights and runs away
May turn and fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again.

A curious story anent the above quotation is told in Collet's "Relics of Literature" (1820) : "These lines are almost universally supposed to form a part of 'Hudibras;' and so confident have even scholars been on the subject that in 1784 a wager was made at Bootle's of twenty to one that they were to be found in that inimitable poem. Dodsley was referred to as the

arbitrator, when he ridiculed the idea of consulting him on the subject, saying, 'Every fool knows they are in "Hudibras."' George Selwyn, who was present, said to Dodsley, 'Pray, sir, will you be good enough, then, to inform an old fool, who is at the same time your wise worship's very humble servant, in what canto they are to be found?' Dodsley took down the volume, but he could not find the passage; the next day came, with no better success; and the sage bibliopole was obliged to confess 'that a man might be ignorant of the author of this well-known couplet without being absolutely a fool!' Indeed, the nearest approach to the couplet in "Hudibras" is in Book iii., Canto 3 :

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

The sense, of course, is embodied here. But then the sense is not Butler's alone, but is shared by a long series of predecessors, dating all the way back to the Greek, 'Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχίσεται' ("He who flees will fight again"), which is ascribed to Menander. In its Latin form, "Qui fugiebat, rursus præliabitur," it is quoted by Tertullian in his book on "Persecution" (ch. x.), which contains an answer in the negative to the question of his friend Fabius, "Is it right to avoid persecution by flight or bribery?" A paraphrase of this imputed saying of Menander's is found in Archilochus, Fragment 6, quoted by Plutarch in "Customs of the Lacedæmonians." It has been thus translated :

Let who will boast their courage in the field,
I find but little safety from my shield.
Nature's, not honor's, law we must obey :
This made me cast my useless shield away,
And by a prudent flight and cunning save
A life, which valor could not, from the grave.
A better buckler I can soon regain ;
But who can get another life again ?

In one form or another the idea constantly reappears in literature,—viz. :

That same man that runnith awaie
Maie again fight an other daie.

ERASMUS : *Apothegms*, 1542 (translated by Udall).

Souvent celui qui demeure
Est cause de son méchef.
Celuy qui fuit de bonne heure
Peut combattre derechef.

(Often he who remains is the cause of his own undoing. He who flies at the right time can fight again.)

JEAN PASSERAT : *Satyre Ménippée* (1594).

Qui fuit peut revenir aussi ;
Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi.

(He who flies can also return ; but it is not so with him who dies.)

SCARRON (1610-1660).

Ray, in his "History of the Rebellion" (1752), and Goldsmith, in "The Art of Poetry on a New Plan" (1761), quote the quatrain, the first as it is given above, the second in the slightly different form,—

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day ;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.

But the authorship is unknown.

Distance lends enchantment to the view. This familiar expression occurs at the opening of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope :

Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky ?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

It was Byron who first asked whether the origin of this couplet was not to be found in Dryer's "Grongar Hill:"

As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear.

But, indeed, the idea may be traced through a succession of poets all the way back to Diogenes Laertius: "The mountains, too, at a distance appear airy masses and smooth, but when beheld close they are rough" (*Pyrrho*). Here are a few of the intermediate links:

As distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.
GARTH: *The Dispensatory*, Canto iii.

We're charmed with distant views of happiness,
But near approaches make the prospect less.
YALDEN: *Against Enjoyment*.

Love is like a landscape, which doth stand
Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.
ROBERT HEGGE: *On Love*.

A goodly prospect, tempting to the view;
The height delights us, and the mountain-top
Looks beautiful because 'tis nigh to heaven.
OTWAY: *Venice Preserved*.

There is also a passage in Collins's "Ode to the Passions" which ascribes to sound the effect attributed by Campbell to sight:

Pale Melancholy sat apart,
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul.

Divide et impera (L., "Divide and rule,"—*i.e.*, create dissensions among your subjects, set one against the other, and you assure yourself the sovereignty). This was the motto of Louis XI.

When it was demanded by the lords and commons what might be a principal motive for them to have good success in Parliament, it was answered, "Eritis insuperabiles, si fueritis inseparabiles. Explosum est illud diverbium: divide et impera, cum radix et vertex imperii in obedientium consensu rata sunt" ["You will be insuperable if you are inseparable. That maxim is exploded, divide and rule, for the very root and essence of government lies in the consent of the obedient"].—COKE: *Institutes*, iv. 35.

Divide and rule, the politician cries;
Unite and lead, is watchword of the wise.
GOETHE: *Sprüchwörtlich*.

Divine right of kings, specifically, the doctrine of the Stuarts and their legal or clerical advisers, that the king was such by special dispensation of Providence, and that treason or disloyalty was consequently an offence not only against him but against God Almighty. This, of course, is merely a survival of the primeval superstition that kings were gods. The principle as enunciated by the Stuarts was never generally acknowledged by Englishmen. James I. found it a useful argument to supplement a notorious defect of hereditary title, which he was unwilling to strengthen by an acknowledgment that he owed his throne to election by the nation. He found the Tory or conservative element eager to endorse him in his most extravagant claims. Indeed, the Tudors had already found the loyalty of this class quite willing to tolerate the fiction that they were the Lord's anointed. But there had always been a robust undercurrent of feeling, in the middle classes especially,

which resisted the encroachments of royalty and upheld the right of revolution in extreme cases. The Plantagenets had never gone so far as the Tudors, and the Tudors had never gone so far as the Stuarts. The extreme doctrine of divine right which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Richard II. is an anachronism :

Not all the waters in the wide rough sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king :
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.

These words belong not to the fourteenth century, but in germ, perhaps, to the closing years of the sixteenth and the commencement of the seventeenth. It is noticeable also that it is the mere fact of kingship, and not hereditary right, which is insisted upon. So, in "Hamlet," the usurper and murderer, Claudius, holds himself secure, for that

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.

Act iv., Sc. 5.

Shakespeare, writing in these instances as a politician rather than as a poet, could not identify divine right with hereditary title, in which both Elizabeth and James I. were lacking. The revolutions against Charles I. and James II. were the practical answer to their claims, and with the final expulsion of the Stuarts, and the establishment of a Whig king in William III., the doctrine died a natural death. In the reign of Queen Anne we find it turned into ridicule by Pope in the well-known line, which sums up all its absurdity with rare epigrammatic force,—

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.

Dunciad, Book iv., l. 188.

The beginnings of this claim to Divine Right go back ages beyond the "Zeus-nurtured kings" of Homer, and spring almost undoubtedly from the well-nigh universal custom of ancestor-worship. Modern anthropology has made it quite clear to us that all over the world, whatever great gods may be worshipped as well, the smaller gods of every tribe and every family are its own dead ancestors. But while each family sacrifices to its particular predecessors,—the house-father offering up gifts on behalf of the household to his own father and remoter progenitors,—the tribe as a whole sacrifices to the ghosts of its deceased kings ; and the living king, their descendant and representative, becomes accordingly the natural priest of this common tribal worship. . . . The belief in the quasi-divine nature of kings dies out very slowly. It is Christianized and transformed, but not destroyed. The King of Obbo, who calls his people together in times of drought, and demands goats and corn of them if they want him to mend the weather,—"No goats, no rain : that's our compact," says his majesty,—the King of Obbo has his final counterpart in the Stuart belief that bad seasons fell upon the people as a punishment for their participation in the sin of rebellion. The magical power of early chieftains over demons and diseases survived late in modern England in the practice of touching for king's evil. The sacred person of the sovereign remains sacred to this day before the English law. And if the Egyptians and Peruvians held their Pharaohs or their Incas to be incarnate deities, it was in the age of Voltaire himself that Bossuet dared distinctly to say, "Kings are gods, and share in a degree the divine independence." These are not mere scraps and tags of courtly adulation, as one is at first tempted nowadays to believe : the closer one looks at them, the more clearly does one see that they are actually survivals of thought and feeling from the days when the king was in reality the living god, and the god was in reality the dead king.—GRANT ALLEN, in *Cornhill Magazine*.

Doctors disagree. Pope's lines are well known,—

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt like you and me ?

Moral Essays, Ep. iii.

In the first line Pope is simply versifying a common proverb. Cuthbert Bede writes to *Notes and Queries* (March 10, 1883), "In a manuscript on a theological subject, apparently written about a century ago, I came upon another ver-

sion of this proverbial saying. The writer was treating of the various views of commentators on a certain subject, and then says, 'This is a case

When Doctors disagree
Then are Disciples free.'

Perhaps this variation may be worth noting."

Dog. Give a dog an ill name and hang him. This seems to be a more modern version of the proverb given by Ray in the form, "He that would hang his dog gives out first that he is mad," and explained thus: "He that is about to do anything disingenuous, unworthy, and of evil fame first bethinks him of some plausible pretence." The Spanish proverb corresponds exactly with Ray's, "Quien á su perro quiere matar rabia le ha de levantar;" and so does the Italian "Qui vuol ammazar il suo cane, basta che dica ch'è arrabbiato," and the French "Qui veut noyer son chien, l'accuse de la rage." The German "Wenn man den Hund schlagen will, findet man bald ein Stecken" has its exact equivalent in that other English proverb, "It is easy to find a stick if you want to beat a dog." But the saying which heads this article has modified its meaning into "As well hang a dog as give him a bad name," and, indeed, is not unknown in that verbal dress. The same sentiment reappears in the English "He that hath an ill name is half hanged," and the more daring French "Rumor hangs the man" ("Le bruit pend l'homme").

Dog, The under. The phrase "The under dog in the fight" seems to be a modern one, and may have been derived from the once well-known song by David Barker, which ran as follows:

THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

I know that the world, that the great big world,
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me,—and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or am right,—
I shall always go in for the weaker dog,
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, that the great big world,
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I shall never pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said,
Or 'twere better I'd said it incog.;
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here is luck to the under dog!

The song, it will be seen, though excellent in sentiment, is hardly what one would call a poetical gem. Yet it is worth saving as a curiosity and as the presumable original of a common phrase. Of course the song *might* have been written to fit the phrase. An edition of Mr. Barker's poems was published in 1876 by Samuel S. Smith & Son, of Bangor, Maine.

Dolce far niente. This phrase, frequent enough in English literature, does not seem to occur in any Italian author of note. Howells says that he found it current among Neapolitan lazzaroni, but it is not included in any col-

lection of Italian proverbial sayings. There are several Latin expressions from which it may be a more or less remote descendant. Thus :

Illud jucundum nil agere ("That pleasant condition of doing nothing").—*PLINY'S Letters*, viii. 9.

Dulce est desipere in loco ("It is agreeable to revel on a fit occasion").—*HORACE: Odes*.

A writer in the English *Notes and Queries* (fifth series, vol. x. p. 448) suggests that the phrase is an incorrect form for "*Il dolce non far niente*,"—or, "The amiable man does nothing,"—which, though not convincing, is possible. The proverbial literature of every country is full of sayings in which amiability is rightly classed among the vices.

Dollar and Dollar-mark. Dollar, the word and the thing, was officially adopted into the coinage of the United States by the resolution of Congress passed on July 6, 1785, which provided that the money unit of the United States shall be a dollar. But Uncle Sam may coin the thing, he did not coin the name. It is not a distinctive American word. One may find it duly entered in Bailey's Dictionary of 1745. Nay, it may be traced farther back than Bailey's time. Shakespeare uses it repeatedly. In "*Macbeth*," for example, are these lines :

Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at St. Colme's Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

In Shakespeare's time there was no English coin known as a dollar. Numismatists are aware that an English dollar was struck off for the first and the last time in 1804. It is known as the Bank of England dollar. Where, then, did Shakespeare find the word dollar? It is merely a corruption of the German *thaler*. That, in its turn, originally meant something belonging to or coming from a vale or valley,—the first thalers having been coined about 1486 in the Bohemian valley of Joachimsthal. They corresponded quite closely to the modern American dollar. Under Charles V., Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, and Lord of Spanish America, the German thaler became the coin of the world.

The origin of the dollar-mark is not quite so easy of solution. Indeed, it cannot be said that it has yet been satisfactorily solved. Many explanations have been offered. All are plausible, none are convincing. The most usual one claims that the mark comes from the letters U. S., which used to be prefixed to the Federal currency, and which afterwards in the hurry of writing were run into each other. Another explanation makes it a corrupted form of the notation §, denoting a piece of eight reals, or, as the dollar was formerly called, a piece of eight. A more learned and ingenious explanation traces the dollar-mark all the way back to primeval antiquity. From prehistoric times pillars have been used to signify strength and sovereignty. In ancient Tyre they were revered as sacred symbols. Tyrian coins bore two pillars as supporters of the general device. When Meleanthus, the Tyrian explorer, founded the city known in modern times as Cadiz, he planted there the Tyrian symbols of sovereignty, and built over them a temple to Hercules. In due course as Cadiz gained power and wealth the pillars of Hercules became her metropolitan emblem, and the name acquired further fame from being given to the two mountains that stand at the entrance to the Mediterranean.

When Charles V was crowned Emperor of Germany he incorporated the Imperial and Spanish arms, the pillars of Hercules being made supporters of the device. The standard piastre coined in the Imperial mint at Seville gained the name of "*colonnato*," or "*pillar piece*," from the pillars prominent in its device, which were entwined with a scroll. The representation of the pillars so entwined grew in time to be the accepted symbol of the coin. Thus the

dollar-mark is a resuscitation of an old Spanish symbol, and that in its turn was the revival of an older custom. For though the Tyrians were not the first to coin money, they were foremost in giving it general circulation; their coinage was the currency of the world, and its device the recognized money symbol. The pillar pieces of Charles V were the legitimate descendants of the pillar pieces of the Tyrians. Another curious, though accidental, analogy between the Spanish and the American dollar is suggested by the name which the former gave to their coin,—*piastre*. Now, this means a plaster, and the word plaster or shiplaster is a well-known slang term for a paper dollar, used especially during the Revolutionary and civil wars.

Dollar would go further in those days. When William M. Evarts was Secretary of State he accompanied Lord Coleridge on an excursion to Mount Vernon. Coleridge remarked that he had heard it said that Washington, standing on the lawn, could throw a dollar clear across the Potomac. Mr. Evarts explained that a dollar would go further in those days than now. Shirley Brooks, however, had anticipated Evarts, in the following *jeu d'esprit*:

It seems that the Scots
Turn out much better shots
At long distance than most of the Englishmen are:
But this we all knew
That a Scotchman could do,—
Make a small piece of metal go awfully far.

SHIRLEY BROOKS: *Homage to the Scotch Rifles, by a
Spiteful Competitor.*

But substantially the same jest was made almost one hundred years before by Foote. Garrick and Foote were leaving the Bedford coffee-house together, when Garrick dropped a guinea. "Where can it have gone?" said Foote, after they had hunted for it awhile. "Gone to the devil, I think," said Garrick, impatiently. "Well said, David!" cried Foote; "let you alone for making a guinea go further than anybody else!" Foote was continually girding at Garrick for his parsimony,—unjustly, as Johnson insisted. "Garrick," said Foote, "walked out with the intention of doing a generous action, but, turning the corner of a street, he met the ghost of a halfpenny, which frightened him." When once asked how he could place Garrick's bust on his bureau, Foote replied, "I allow him to be so near my gold because he has no hands."

Don't see it. In Stone's "Life of Sir William Johnson," ii. 337, it is stated that a distinguished Mohawk Indian, Abraham, at the treaty at Fort Stanwix, in 1770, said to Sir William, "You told us that we should pass our time in peace, and travel in security; that trade should flourish, and goods abound, and that they should be sold to us cheap. This would have endeared all the English to us; *but we do not see it.*" This is apparently the first use of this now familiar phrase.

Double entendre, a word or phrase with a double meaning, one of which is indelicate or at least obscure. The expression has been coined out of two French words, *double*, "double," and *entendre*, "to hear." But it is not French, for it is unknown in France, and sounds as absurd to a French ear as the literal "double to hear" would to an English ear. The nearest Gallic equivalent would be *un mot à double entente*, "a word with a double meaning;" but even that would not have the ulterior sense which we have read into the manufactured phrase. And although the expression has been domesticated in English, has been used by good writers, and may be found in good dictionaries, it is so gross a blunder that one cannot help hoping the common usage which has sanctioned it so far will eventually yield to reason and common sense.

Doubt. Theodore Parker used to say, "The *credo* of a fool is not worth the *abnogo* or *dubito* of a man." The same thought occurs in Tennyson :

There lives more truth in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

In Memoriam, xcvi. st. 3.

Doughfaces. A term of contempt applied by the Abolitionists to the Northern Democrats who sympathized with slavery. It was afterwards merged into the more expressive term "Copperheads." In the "Memoirs of Thurlow Weed," ii. 427, it is stated that this term was originally applied to that branch of the Democracy who lived in the North and yet approved of the caucus measure passed in 1838 which required all bills pertaining to the holding of slaves to be laid on the table without debate. This measure identified the party as it then existed with the slave-holding interest.

John Randolph is also quoted as having called the "baser sort of Northern demagogues" doughfaces. Randolph, however, spelled the word d-o-e, in allusion to the timid animal that shrinks from seeing its own face in the water. (*Memorial of George Bradburn*, Boston, 1883.)

Downing Street, famous in London as the street whereon stands the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, was, strangely enough, named after a native American. George Downing, born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1624, graduated at Harvard College in 1642, and soon after went to England and became chaplain to Okey's regiment of the Parliamentary army. Oliver Cromwell, taking a fancy to the young man, made him resident minister at the Hague, where he ingratiated himself with the exiled Stuarts. After the Restoration, he was made a baronet in 1663, and in 1667 Secretary to the Treasury, building himself a fine house in what Strype calls a "pretty open place, having a pleasant prospect into St. James's Park, with a Tarras-walk." He subsequently built other houses there, and thus made the street, which is only a New York "block" in length. In 1684 he died, and his baronetcy expired with his grandson in 1764. Lee, Lord Lichfield, bought one of Downing's houses, and forfeited it to the crown when he fled from England with James II. in 1688. George I. gave it to the Hanoverian minister, Baron Bothmar, for life, and on the latter's death George II. offered it to Sir Robert Walpole, who would accept it only as an official residence, to be forever attached to the office of First Lord of the Treasury. As the First Lord of the Treasury has usually been Prime Minister as well, Downing Street is often figuratively spoken of as the English government. Thus, Hillard says, "Let but a hand of violence be laid upon an English subject, and the great British lion which lies couchant in Downing Street begins to utter menacing growls and shake his invisible locks."

Draw. This word, from its multiplicity of meanings, has been a boon to the punster. Thus, when Charles Mathews was asked what he was going to do with his son, who had been destined for an architect, "Why," answered the comedian, "he is going to draw houses, like his father." A similar joke, credited to various wags, represents each as asked, when informed that some one drew very well, "Can he draw an inference?" Below a few more instances are collated :

I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child I once drew a small cart-load of turnips over a wooden bridge. The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention.—C. F. BROWN: *Artemus Ward's Lecture*.

TO A RICH LADY.

I will not ask if thou canst touch
The tuneful ivory key :
Those silent notes of thine are such
As quite suffice for me.

I'll make no question if thy skill
 The pencil comprehends :
 Enough for me, love, if thou still
 Canst draw—thy dividends.

Punch.

"You didn't know I drew? I learnt at school."
 "Perhaps you only learnt to draw your sword?"
 "Why, that I can, of course—and also corks—
 And covers—haw! haw! haw! But what I mean,
 Fortification—haw! in Indian ink,
 That sort of thing—and though I draw it mild,
 Yet that—haw! haw!—that may be called my *forte*."
 "Oh fie! for shame! where do you think you'll go
 For making such a heap of foolish puns?"
 "Why, to the Punjaub, I should think—haw! haw!
 That sort of job, you know, would suit me best."

C. J. CAYLEY: *Las Alforgas*.

Droit de grenouille. When the lord in France had a son and heir born, the peasants were obliged to watch all night beating the ponds, so that the frogs should not disturb the baby; this was called *droit de silence des grenouilles*. Dickens makes mention of it in his "Tale of Two Cities," where the dying peasant-boy denounces the nobles: "You know, doctor, that it is among the rights of these nobles to harness us common dogs to carts and drive us. You know that it is among their rights to keep us in their grounds all night, quieting the frogs, in order that their noble sleep may not be disturbed. They kept him out in the unwholesome mists at night, and ordered him back into his harness in the day."

Ducks and drakes is, in the words of an old author quoted by Brand, "a kind of sport or play with an oyster-shell or stone thrown into the water, and making circles yer it sinke." If the stone emerges once it is a duck, and increases in the following order:

- 1, 2, A duck and a drake,
- 3 And a halfpenny cake,
- 4 And a penny to pay the old baker;
- 5 A hop and a scotch
 Is another notch,
- 6 Slitherum, slatherum, take her.

From this game probably originated the phrase "making ducks and drakes with one's money,"—*i.e.*, throwing it away heedlessly. An early instance of the use of the phrase may be found in Strode's "Floating Island," Sig. C. iv. Butler, in "Hudibras" (Canto iii. line 30), makes it one of the important qualifications of his conjurer to tell

What figured slates are best to make
 On wat'ry surface duck or drake.

A somewhat similar game was known among the Romans, and is alluded to by Minucius Felix and other ancient writers.

I remember in Queen Elizabeth's time a wealthy citizen of London left his son a mighty estate in money, who, imagining he should never be able to spend it, would usually make "ducks and drakes" in the Thames with twelve-pences, as boys are wont to do with tile-sherds and oyster-shells. And in the end he grew to that extreme want that he was fain to beg or borrow sixpence; having many times no more shoes than feet, and sometimes "more feet than shoes," as the beggar said in the comedy.—HENRY PEACHAM: *The Worth of a Penny*; or, *A Caution to Keep Money*, London, 1647.

Dude (feminine, **Dudine** or **Dudette**), in American slang, a swell or masher, the personification of clothes and nothing else. The term probably arose from the colloquial English duds or dudes (Scotch duddies), meaning clothes. Thus, Thackeray says, "Her dresses were wonderful, her bonnets marvellous. Few women could boast such dudes." Shakespeare, in "The

Merry Wives of Windsor," Act iii., Sc. 5, speaks of a "bucke of dudes,"—i.e., a bucket-shaped basket for carrying clothes to wash. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* humorously suggests a still more ancient origin: "In the 'Eunuchus' of Terence, Act iv., Sc. 4, l. 15, it is written,—

Ita visus est

Dudum quia varia veste exornatus fuit,—

which literally translated into English would read, 'He seemed a dude, because he was decked out in a vest of many colors.' " In sober fact, the earliest literary appearance of the word dud or dude as applied to a person is in *Putnam's Magazine* for February, 1876: "Think of her? I think she is dressed like a dud; can't say how she would look in the costume of the present century." This would seem to dispose of the claims put forward by the friends of Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, of New York, that one day sitting at the Union Club window he saw a much overdressed youth with a mincing gait parading along Fifth Avenue, whereupon one of the clubmen in concert with Mr. Oelrichs began humming an accompaniment to the step, thus: "Du da, de, du-du, du, de, du." "That's good!" said Mr. Oelrichs; "it ought to be called a dude." And dude it has been called ever since.

Census Enumerator.—Have you any children?

Old Plainsman.—Yes; two.

Census Enumerator.—Sons or daughters?

Old Plainsman.—Neither, confound 'em! They're both dudes.—*Chicago Light.*

Dumb Ox, or **Sicilian Ox**, or **Great Dumb Sicilian Ox**, a nickname given to St. Thomas Aquinas by his companions in the monastery at Cologne, because of his Pythagorean taciturnity, his sleek corpulence, and his plodding industry. His master, Albertus Magnus, not knowing himself what to think, took occasion one day before a large assemblage to interrogate him on very profound questions, to which the disciple replied with so penetrating a sagacity that Albert turned towards the youths who surrounded his chair, and said, "You call brother Thomas a 'dumb ox,' but be assured that one day the noise of his doctrines will be heard all over the world."

Lucifer. Of a truth it almost makes me laugh
To see men leaving the golden grain,
To gather in piles the pitiful chaff
That old Peter Lombard thrashed with his brain,
To have it caught up and tossed again
On the horns of the Dumb Ox of Cologne.

LONGFELLOW: *Golden Legend.*

More complimentary titles which the saint won in later days, or posthumously, were Doctor Angelicus ("Angelic Doctor"), Doctor Mirabilis ("Wonderful Doctor"), the Father of Moral Philosophy, the Fifth Doctor of the Church, and the Second Augustine,—all tributes to his learning, eloquence, and logic.

Dun is a word now whose meaning is known to every one who understands the English language. About the beginning of the century a constable in England named John Dun became celebrated as a first-class collector of bad accounts. When others would fail to collect a bad debt, Dun would be sure to get it out of the debtor. It soon passed into a current phrase that when a person owed money and did not pay when asked, he would have to be "Dunned." Hence it soon became common in such cases to say, "You will have to Dun So-and-so if you wish to collect your money."

Dunmow Flitch. At the church of Dunmow, in Essex County, England, a flitch of bacon used to be given to any married couple who after a twelve-month of matrimony would come forward and make oath that during that time they had lived in perfect harmony and fidelity. The origin of the custom is lost in the mists of antiquity. By some it is dubiously referred to Robert

Fitzwalter, a favorite of King John, who revived the Dunmow Priory at the beginning of the thirteenth century; but it seems quite as likely that the good fathers themselves, rejoicing in their celibacy, instituted the custom as a jest upon their less fortunate fellows. The earliest recorded case of the awarding of the flitch is in 1445, when Richard Wright, of Badbury, Norfolk, a laborer, claimed and obtained it. But that there had been earlier cases of similar success is clearly evidenced by this couplet in Chaucer's "Wife of Bath:"

The bacon was not fet for them, I trow,
That some men have in Essex at Dunmow.

The custom seems to have lapsed and been revived from time to time at considerable intervals until 1763, when the lord of the manor discountenanced it, and removed what were known as the "swearing-stones," upon which the couple knelt to take the requisite oaths. In 1855, however, Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist, himself the author of a story called "The Dunmow Flitch," resolved to revive the custom, and a couple of flitches were in that year given away with much burlesque ceremony. But the popular interest could not be reawakened, and though in 1877 and in 1880 the flitch was again contested for, the contemporary reports tells us that "the attendance was poor and the true joyous spirit was absent." The custom of awarding a prize of this sort for wedded faithfulness is not peculiar to Dunmow. For a century the abbots of St. Meleine, in Bretagne, gave the flitch; and a like trophy, with a gift of meal or corn, was enjoined to be given by the charter of the manor of Whichenouvre, in Stafford, granted in the time of Edward III. The manors of Whichenouvre, Scirescot, Redware, Netherton, and Cowler were held of the earls of Lancaster by Sir Philip de Somerville on condition that he should maintain and sustain one bacon flyke to be given to every man or woman after the day and year of their marriage were past, provided they could subscribe to certain conditions too long to reprint. Addison sets forth the whole charter in the *Spectator*, No. 607, October 15, 1714.

At Dunmow the form of the oath as it has come down to us, evidently recast by a comparatively modern hand, is as follows:

You shall swear by the custom of your confession
That you never made any nuptial transgression,
Since you were married to your wife,
By household brawl or contentious strife;
Or since the parish clerk said amen
Wished yourself unmarried again;
Or for a twelvemonth and a day
Repented not, in thought, any way;
But continued true and in desire
As when you joined hands in holy choir;
If to those conditions, without any fear,
Of your own accord, you will freely swear,
A gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it home with love and good leave,
For this is our custom at Dunmow well known.
The sport is ours, the bacon's your own.

It is said that at the conclusion of the first year of Queen Victoria's reign the flitch was sent her in recognition of her rightful claims, but was returned on the grounds that it "was not an article in use in her majesty's kitchen."—*Notes and Queries*, seventh series, x. 234.

Durance vile. This phrase is to be found in Burns's "Epistle from Esopus to Maria:"

In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep!

But the same expression was used by W Kenrick in his "Falstaff's Wed-

ding," published in 1766. It is also to be found in Burke's "Thoughts on the Cause of the Recent Discontents," published in 1773: "It will not be amiss to take a view of the effects of this royal servitude and durance vile." Before either of these, however, Shakespeare, in the "Second Part of King Henry IV.," Act v., Sc. 4, makes Pistol say, "In base durance and contagious prison;" and in "King John," Act iii., Sc. 4, occurs the phrase "In the vile prison."

Dust. A slang term for money, possibly because made of gold-dust, though the term may have been influenced by the essential worthlessness of what philosophers call dross. "Down with the dust" is an old equivalent for "Hand out your money." Dean Swift, so the story runs, once preached a charity sermon at St. Patrick's, Dublin, the length of which disgusted many of his auditors: which coming to his knowledge, and it falling to his lot soon after to preach another sermon of the like kind in the same place, he took special care to avoid falling into the former error. His text on the second occasion was, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." The Dean, after repeating his text in a more than commonly emphatical tone, added, "Now, my beloved brethren, you hear the terms of this loan; if you like the security, down with your dust."

Dust in the eyes, To throw, to bewilder, to confuse with specious argument. The metaphor is so obvious that it might seem futile to trace it to any particular source. Yet it is not improbable that it was first used with special reference to the common military expedient resorted to among others by Epaminondas. Wishing to steal a march upon the Lacedæmonians near Tegea and seize the heights behind them, he made sixteen hundred of his cavalry move on in front and ride about in such manner as to raise a great cloud of dust, which the wind carried into the eyes of the enemy, under cover whereof he executed a successful flank movement and carried his point (POLYÆNUS: *Stratagems*, ii. 3, 14). The same authority mentions that Cæsar wrested Dyrrachium from Pompey in a similar manner. And Plutarch credits the stratagem to Sertorius.

Dutch courage, artificial courage inspired by intoxicating drink, the adjective Dutch being a play upon the name "hollands," or Holland gin.

Pull away at the usquebaugh, man, and swallow Dutch courage, since thine English is oozed away.—KINGSLEY: *Westward Ho!* ch. xi.

"Dutch defence" is a sham defence, probably influenced by the fact that Dutch courage is a sham courage.

I am afraid Mr. Jones maintained a kind of Dutch defence, and treacherously delivered up the garrison without duly weighing his allegiance to the fair Sophia.—FIELDING: *Tom Jones*, ch. ix.

Dutch uncle, To talk like a, a proverbial phrase, meaning to talk severely, to reprove sharply. The Dutch were held to be unusually severe in their military discipline, and an uncle, from the time of the Roman *patrus*, like a stepfather, has always been held to be a sorry substitute for a dead father. Horace, in his third Ode, xii. 3, has the phrase "dreading the castigations of an uncle's tongue" ("metuentes patruæ verbera linguæ"). But there may also be some etymological connection with the phrase "Dutch cousin," a humorous perversion of "cousin-german."

Dutchman, I'm a. Dutchman is here a term of humorous self-depreciation, but the phrase, a familiar one in England, and not unknown in America,

is mainly used to indicate an impossible contingency. It is thus explained by Luke the miller to Maggie Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss": "Nay, miss, I'n no opinion o' Dutchmen. My old master, as war a knowin' man, used to say, says he, 'if e'er I sow my wheat wi'out brinin', I'm a Dutchman,' says he; and that war as much as to say as a Dutchman war a fool, or next door."

I hereby give notice that I shall strike for wages. You pay more to others, I find, than to me; and so I intend to make some fresh conditions about Yellowplush. I shall write no more of that gentleman's remarks except at the rate of twelve guineas a sheet, and with a drawing for each number in which his story appears,—the drawing two guineas. Pray do not be angry at this decision on my part; it is simply a bargain, which it is my duty to make. Bad as he is, Mr. Yellowplush is the most popular contributor to your magazine, and ought to be paid accordingly; if he does not deserve more than the monthly nurse, or the Blue Friars, I am a Dutchman.—WM. M. THACKERAY: *Letter to James Fraser, proprietor of Fraser's Magazine.*

E.

E, the fifth letter and second vowel in the English alphabet. In Phœnician the name of the sign was *he* (doubtfully explained as meaning "window"), and it was used simply as an aspirate; in Greek it was first utilized for a vowel sound, originally as either long or short. Later the double value was abandoned, and *e* was restricted to denoting the short sound, as in English *met*. The double value was restored in Latin, and has been retained in most modern alphabets. In English the letter does duty for a larger variety of sounds than in any other language, and is, moreover, used as an orthographic auxiliary to modify other sounds while its own value is suppressed,—*e.g.*, in such words as *like*, *mute*, etc., where it governs the sound of *i* and *u*, and as *manageable*, where it preserves the soft sound of the *g*, etc. It is, consequently, the most overworked letter in the alphabet. Decipherers of cryptograms, for instance, have discovered that when the cryptogram is a simple one, the first step is to look upon the sign or symbol which makes its appearance most frequently as standing for *e*.

E pluribus unum ("One from many"), the Latin motto on American coins and on the obverse of the great seal of the United States. The motto was originally proposed on August 10, 1776, by the committee of three—Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson—who had been appointed to prepare a device for the seal. But the device itself being rejected, it was not until June 20, 1782, that the motto was adopted as part of the second and successful device submitted by Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress. (See **SEAL**.) In 1796, Congress further ordained that the legend should appear on one side of certain specified coins. Both on the seal and on the coins it is inscribed upon a scroll issuing from an eagle's mouth. The phrase "**E pluribus una**" or "**unus**" is found in various classical authors. In "*Moretum*," a poem ascribed to Virgil, the species of pottage which forms at once the title and the subject is described as being made of various materials which the peasant grinds up in a pestle. Then, says the poet,—

It manus in gyrum : paullatim singula vires
Deperdunt proprias ; color est *e pluribus unum*.

Horace asks (*Epistle* ii. 2, 212), "*Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?*" Juvenal has a like locution. For nearly half a century before our Union, English magazines had carried the motto "**E pluribus unum**" or "*una*," by way of noting that the new publication was the work of many hands.

It was an early and favorite idea that many and various streams had flowed into the alembic, from which the heat of war distilled a matchless Union, *E pluribus unum*.—TALCOTT WILLIAMS, in *American Notes and Queries*, i. 204.

E pluribus unum. One from many. That is, one State or Nation—one Federal Republic—from many Republics, States, or Nations.—ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS: *War between the States*, i. 404.

E pur si muove (It, "Nevertheless it does move"). This famous phrase, put into the mouth of Galileo, is an undoubted fabrication. The good old story, in its integrity, ran, that Galileo was thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition for teaching that "the sun is the centre of the world, and immovable, and that the earth moves, and also with a diurnal motion," that he was tortured and his eyes put out, and that he was forced to recant in a hair shirt, but as he rose from the kneeling posture in which he had signed his recantation he whispered to a friend, "*E pur si muove*." The facts in the case as now generally accepted are, that Galileo was held in detention in the palace of the Inquisition for doctrines uttered in 1632, that though he justly resented the curtailment of his liberty he was handsomely lodged and treated with the utmost consideration, that in 1633 the council decided that Galileo be absolved from all the penalties due to his heresies provided he first solemnly abjured them, that but seven of the ten cardinals composing the council signed this sentence, and that Galileo humbly professed his recantation, whereupon Urban VIII. exchanged imprisonment for temporary banishment near Rome, and afterwards to Siena. The famous phrase "*E pur si muove*" was never uttered,—though it may very well be assumed to be a representation in words of what must have been Galileo's thoughts at the time. Its first appearance in print has been traced to the "*Lehrbuch der philosophischen Geschichte*," published at Würzburg in 1774: "Galileo was neither sufficiently in earnest nor steadfast with his recantation; for the moment he rose up, when his conscience told him that he had sworn falsely, he cast his eyes on the ground, stamped with his foot, and exclaimed, '*E pur si muove*.'"

In conclusion, it may be added that Catholics claim, with Bergier, that Galileo was not persecuted as a good astronomer, but as a bad theologian: "*il ne fut point persécuté comme bon astronome, mais comme mauvais théologien*" (*Dictionnaire Théologique*, 1789). Protestants, however, and others who are loath to lose such polemical capital as is still afforded by the story, claim that the sentence on Galileo included a statement that his views were philosophically false. Into the merits of this controversy it would be useless to enter.

Eagle as an emblem. From ancient times the eagle as the king of birds has been looked upon as the symbol of royal or imperial power. It was the ensign of the Babylonish, Persian, and Etruscan kings, as well as of the Ptolemies and the Seleucides. It was also adopted by the Roman Republic in B.C. 87, when a silver eagle poised on a spear, with a thunder-bolt in its claws, was placed on the military standards borne at the head of the legions. The emperors retained the symbol, Hadrian changing the metal from silver to gold. An eagle was always let fly from the funeral pyre of an emperor, to bear his soul up to Olympus. Hence the eagle has become especially associated with imperialism, and when Napoleon dreamed of universal conquest he revived the golden eagle of his Roman predecessors on his standard. Discontinued under the Bourbons, it was restored by a decree of Louis Napoleon in 1852. A two-headed eagle, as a sign of double empire, was first used by the Byzantine Cæsars to denote their control both of the East and of the West. The double eagle of Russia came into being with the marriage of Ivan I. to a Greek princess of the Eastern Empire, and that of Austria when

the Emperor of Germany took the title of Roman Emperor. Prussia and Poland also have each an eagle, the one black, the other white.

The American eagle is the native bald eagle, and was first adopted on the seal of the United States (see SEAL) on June 20, 1782, against the bitter opposition of Franklin. The latter looked upon it as a Cæsarean emblem, and wanted to know what was the matter with the wild turkey, as being more distinctly American and a bird *sui generis*. Nevertheless, the eagle was accepted not only on the seal but on the first coin issued by the United States in 1795, and on a majority of the subsequent coins. He usually looks inebriated but defiant, often wears a shield for a chest-protector, and sometimes shakes in his beak what looks like a ring of nice country sausages. Franklin was always fond of poking fun at this ornithological monstrosity, as in the following extract, referring to the eagle borne on a badge which had been presented to the Society of the Cincinnati :

Others object to the bald eagle as looking too much like the dindon, or turkey. For my part, I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country : he is a bird of bad moral character ; he does not get his living honestly ; you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labor of the fishing hawk, and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish and is bearing it to his nest the bald eagle pursues him and takes it from him. Besides, he is a rank coward ; the little king-bird attacks him boldly. He is therefore by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the king-birds from our country. I am on this account not displeased that the figure is not known as a bald eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is in comparison a much more respectable bird, and withal a true native of America. He is, besides (though a little vain and silly, it is true, but not the worse emblem for that), a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards who should presume to enter his farm-yard with a red coat on.

Nevertheless, the eagle had things all its own way, and is still rapturously hailed as the "national bird" and "the bird of freedom" by the school of orators who indulge in what is familiarly known as spread-eagleism or buncombe.

In Christian iconography the eagle is the symbol of St. John the Evangelist, who is often represented on its back soaring up to heaven and gazing unblinkingly at the sun. We find the eagle grouped with the ox, the symbol of St. Luke, the lion of St. Mark, and the angel, or human form, of St. Matthew, in frescos, illuminations, carving, and sculpture, from the fifth century onward. St. Jerome, in the fourth century, in his commentary on the vision of the prophet Ezekiel (i. 5), declares the four winged creatures mentioned by the prophet, and also by St. John in Revelation (iv. 7), to be the symbols of the four evangelists. By the seventh century their use as Christian symbols had become universal in East and West.

It became the custom quite early to represent the four symbols of the evangelists supporting the *ambon*, from which the deacon reads the gospels, the acts of the martyrs, etc., and later the pulpit and lecturn, which developed out of the ambon. In many cases the place of honor, immediately under the desk, was given to the eagle, the emblem of St. John, soaring above all others, according to the old Latin verse,—

Quatuor hæc Dominum signant animalia Christum ;
Est Homo nascendo, Vitulusque sacer moriendo,
Et Leo surgendo, cœlos Aquilaque petendo.

The outspread wings of the eagle naturally supported the reading-desk : thus, when the lecturn took the place of the *ambon*, there was room for the eagle only, and he retains his place on the lecturns in Catholic and Anglican churches.

Eagle, So the struck. The eagle struck with the dart winged with his own feathers is a familiar figure in literature. Byron has it, in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in the lines commemorative of Kirke White :

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart :
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
 He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
 While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

On the Death of Kirke White.

Waller says, in his "Lines to a Lady singing a Song of his own Composing,"—

The eagle's fate and mine are one,
 Which on the shaft that made him die
 Espied a feather of his own
 Wherewith he'd wont to soar so high.

Moore uses the same figure :

Like a young eagle who has lent his plume
 To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
 See their own feathers plucked to wing the dart
 Which rank corruption destined for their heart.

Corruption.

Æschylus has it thus :

So, in the Libyan fable, it is told
 That once an eagle, stricken with a dart,
 Said, when he saw the fashion of the shaft,
 "With our own feathers, not by others' hands,
 Are we now smitten."

The Myrmidons, Fragment 123, Plumptre's translation.

Julian the Apostate adopted as his arms the figure of an eagle struck with an arrow feathered with his own plumes (*propriis configimur alis*).

Ear, In at one, and out of the other, a colloquial saying, denoting inattention, heedlessness of good advice, in which sense it is most virulently applied in the speech of older people to younger who have failed to profit by their admonitions ; children particularly are supposed to have a vacuum between the ears, permitting the free passage of a great deal of useful knowledge and wise counsel, without creating the desired impression, in which cases the phrase vents the chagrin of the tutor or counsellor. Nevertheless, after the manner of proverbs and wise saws, which ever hunt in couples for their victim, the couples being generally of opposite, often of flatly contradictory, nature, even so the feebleness of the retentive faculty of the very young person is, proverbially speaking, made up for by the acuteness and capacity of the receptive, as the saying is, "Little pitchers have big ears," or "Small pitchers have wyde eares," as in Heywood's "Proverbs."

Charles Lamb sat next to some chattering woman at dinner. Observing that he did not attend to her, "You don't seem," said the lady, "to be at all the better for what I have been saying to you." "No, ma'am," he answered ; "but this gentleman at the other side of me must, for it all came in at one ear and went out at the other."*—Enchiridion of Wit.*

Ear, Wrong sow by the. This forcible if inelegant *mot* has a venerable antiquity. It is in the "Proverbs" of John Heywood, 1546, from which we can infer this "effectual proverbe" was then long familiar to the English tongue. Ben Jonson uses it in "Every Man in his Humor," Act ii., Sc. 1, "He has the wrong sow by the ear," in the sense of "he reckons without his host," which is the accepted and ordinary significance of the phrase. They have the same phrase in Spain. When the valiant Don Quixote makes his ferocious charge into what he believes to be a mighty army with neighing horses and blaring trumpets, but which Sancho Panza clearly enough perceives to be only a flock of bleating sheep, the latter calls to the knight in the midst of his furious onset,—

Are you mad, sir? there are no giants, no knights, no cats, no asparagus, no golden quarters nor what-d'ye-call-thems. Does the devil possess you? You are leaping over the hedge before you come to the stile. You are taking the wrong sow by the ear.—Part I., Book iii., ch. iv., Motteux transl.

While all England was discussing the effort of King Henry VIII. to induce Clement VII. to grant him a divorce from his wife, Catherine of Aragon, Thomas Cranmer, who was then a doctor of divinity at Cambridge, suggested that the question of the legality of a marriage with a deceased brother's wife should be submitted to the universities of Europe. When the king heard of the suggestion he is said to have exclaimed, "He has got the right sow by the ear!" and caused him to be sent for and made his emissary to the universities.

The Romans had a proverbial expression somewhat similar in form, which occurs in Terence :

As the saying is, I have got a wolf by the ears.
Phormio, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Its meaning, however, as is apparent, was entirely different, it being a proverb for a position of extreme danger or difficulty, like our "catching a Tartar;" accordingly, as Suetonius relates, it was used by Tiberius, who, from the fear of the dangers threatening him at all hands, affected to refuse the imperial power, and when urged thereto would reply, "I have got a wolf by the ears."

Early to bed, early to rise. Proverbial philosophy is full of the benefits and advantages to be derived from early rising. One of the best-known forms which this proverbial wisdom has taken is the couplet,—

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.
FRANKLIN: *Poor Richard* for 1735,

who may have got it from Clarke, "Paræmiologia" (1639).

The Muses love the morning, as does the goddess Copia, and "To rise with the lark" at "the breezy call of incense-breathing morn," "sweet with charm of earliest birds," is coupled with all manner of benefits, material and intellectual (thus, "The early bird catches the worm"); on the contrary, rising late is followed by disadvantages innumerable,—*e.g.* :

He that rises late must trot all Day, and shall scarce overtake his Business at night.—*Poor Richard* for 1758.

Or, according to the saying of Archbishop Whately,—

Lose an hour in the morning, and you will be all day hunting for it.

The "serving-man" is not quite so sure of all this wisdom, who declares,—

My hour is eight o'clock, though it is an infallible rule, "Sanat, sanctificat, et ditat, surgere mane" ("That he may be healthy, happy, and wise, let him rise early").—*A Health to the Gentle Profession of Serving-Men*, 1598 (reprinted in the *Roxburghe Library*), p. 121.

And Sancho Panza is quite sure the philosophers are wrong :

Heaven's help is better than early rising.—*Don Quixote*, Part II., ch. xxxiv.

A father exhorting his son to rise early in the morning reminded him of the old adage, "It's the early bird that picks up the worm." "Ah," replied the son, "but the worm gets up earlier than the bird."—*Jest-Book*.

Ears burning. In his "Vulgar Errors" Sir Thomas Browne tells us, "When our cheek burneth or ear tingleth, we usually say that somebody is talking of us, which is an ancient conceit, and ranked among superstitious opinions by Pliny." He supposes it to have proceeded from the notion of a "signifying genius or universal Mercury that conducted sounds to their distant

subjects, and taught us to hear by touch." According to an old English proverb, whose second line is slightly ambiguous, the sign is,—

Left for love and right for spite ;
Left or right, good at night.

In case it be the right ear, the sufferer to this day is advised to pinch it, when the person speaking spitefully will immediately bite his or her tongue. In Wiltshire it is customary to cross the ear with the forefinger, and to say,—

If you're speaking well of me
I wish you to go on,
But if you're speaking ill of me
I wish you'll bite your tongue.

Allusions to the superstition are common in English literature :

I suppose that day her ears might well glow,
For all the town talked of her, high and low.

HEYWOOD: *Proverbs*.

That I do credit give unto the saying old,
Which is, whenas the eares doe burne, something on thee is told.
The Castill of Courtesie, 1582.

What fire is in my ears !
Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., Sc. 1.

One ear tingles ; some there be
That are snarling now at me.
HERRICK: *Hesperides*.

As to the third example, the exclamation uttered by Beatrice after overhearing the conversation in the bower between Hero and Ursula, there is a dispute among the authorities, Schmidt and a few others holding that no allusion is intended to the proverbial saying, but that Beatrice simply means, "What fire pervades me by what I have heard !"

Earth. Of the earth, earthy. From St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians :

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. (1 Cor. xv. 22.) The first man is of the earth, earthy : the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy : and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. (*Ibid.* 47-49 incl.)

Alva, when asked by Charles V about an eclipse of the sun which occurred in 1547, during the battle of Mühlberg, replied, "I had too much to do on earth to trouble myself with the heavens." The phrase has come to be used adjectively to denote grossness, or want of refinement, but it is also used in its literal sense :

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed.
TENNYSON: *Maud*, XXII., Stanza 2.

Earth a hell, Making, or Hell on earth, a life or condition of extreme misery or torment.

Shakespeare has,—

Oh, hell ! to choose love by another's eyes.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i., Sc. 1.

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

* * * * *
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?

Henry VI., Part I., Act v., Sc. 5.

Burns writes,—

Cursed be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
Who has no will but by her high permission ;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession ;
Who must to her his dear friend's secrets tell ;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.

The Henpecked Husband.

Byron uses the phrase to describe the joyless life of self-deprivation of the ascetic or hermit :

Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.

Childe Harold, Canto i., Stanza xx.

The dialogue between Faustus and Mephistopheles is an early illustration of the use of the term hell to describe a condition rather than a place :

Faust. Where are you damned ?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell ?

Meph. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it ;
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells
In being deprived of everlasting bliss ?

MARLOWE : *Faustus*.

Moore has almost the identical thought :

Let the damn'd one dwell
Full in sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven and feeling hell !

Lalla Rookh : *The Fire-Worshippers*.

And so has Milton :

Nor from hell
One steps no more than from himself can fly
By change of place.

Paradise Lost, Book iv., l. 21.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

Ibid., Book i., l. 254.

The last with reminiscences of Sir Edward Dyer's "My mind to me a kingdom is."

A place of vice is called a hell,—e.g., gambling-hell.

Earth, He wants the, a slangy colloquialism, applied to one making unreasonable or impertinent demands ; also, as an adjective, denoting intense greed or selfishness.

"Want something, sir?" the grinning steward cried

To one who moaned and tossed upon his berth.

"Oh, Lord," the sea-sick passenger replied,

"I only want the earth."

Texas Siftings.

At the last even the most arrogant must content themselves with the allotted six feet, even though they be not driven to the extremity of craving it as a boon, like Wolsey, who,

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye :
Give him a little earth for charity !

Henry VIII., Act. iv., Sc. 2.

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !

When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;

But now, two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough.

Henry IV., Part I., Act v., Sc. 4.

And these quotations bring to mind the curious verbal analogy between the Americanism and the old saying, still locally extant in England, when an unburied corpse becomes offensive, that it is "calling out loudly for the earth." The phrase was evidently in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote,—

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Julius Cæsar, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Ease in writing, except it be understood as that ease and flow of style which is the perfection of art, is probably a pleasant fiction, or is a notion born of folly or affectation.

Piger scribendi ferre laborem ;
Scribendi recte, nam ut multum nil moror.—HORACE.

(Too indolent to bear the toil of writing ; I mean of writing well ; I say nothing about quantity.)

He was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together : And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.—HEMINGE AND CONDELL : *Address to the great Variety of Readers*, in the first folio Shakespeare, 1623.

Often turn the style [correct with care] if you expect to write anything worthy of being read twice.—HORACE.

For though the Poet's matter, Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion. And that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses anvil : turn the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame ;
Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.

BEN JONSON : *Lines to the memory of my beloved, the Author*, prefixed to the folio Shakespeare of 1623.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

POPE : *Essay on Criticism*, Part ii., l. 16a.

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.

POPE : *Imitations of Horace*, Book ii., Ep. i., l. 108.

You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's curst hard reading.

SHERIDAN : *Clio's Protest*.

To be a well-favored man is a gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature. Write me down an ass.—DOGBERRY.

Charles Lamb was shown by Richman one of Chatterton's forgeries. In the manuscript there were seventeen different kinds of *e*'s. "Oh," said Lamb, "that must have been written by one of the

'Mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.'

East, About, an American colloquialism, used originally by natives of the Eastern States who had emigrated West, to express satisfaction with their new surroundings. The emigrant dubs the men and things that he approves of "about east,"—*i.e.*, "about right,"—and looks upon that as the highest term of approval. Major Jack Downing's famous phrase, "I'd go east of sunrise any day to see sich a place," has frequently been cited as an evidence of the enthusiastic (though quaintly exaggerated) love borne the East by its sons.

The late Mr. Horace Mann, in one of his public addresses, commented at some length on the beauty and moral significance of the French phrase *s'orienter*, and called on his young friends to practise upon it in life. There was not a Yankee in his audience whose problem had not always been to find out what was *about east*, and to shape his course accordingly. This charm which a familiar expression gains by being commented, as it were, and set in a new light by a foreign language, is curious and instructive.—LOWELL : *Biglow Papers* : Introduction.

Easy accession, a once famous phrase in American politics, based on the custom observed in the early history of the country for a newly-elected President to hand the portfolio of State to the next most prominent man in his party. Hence the Secretary of State came to be looked upon as in some sort the heir-apparent to the Presidency. Nominating conventions respected this tacit claim. It was in this way that Madison succeeded Jefferson, and Monroe Madison, and John Quincy Adams Monroe. But after a quarter of a century the people and the politicians began to murmur at what had come to be known as the "easy accession." One of the evidences of this discontent was the charge made against Henry Clay that he had obtained the office of Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams by bargain and corruption. Instead, therefore, of finding the position a stepping-stone to the Presidency, it proved a stumbling-block to Clay. Though he received the nomination, he was defeated by Andrew Jackson, and the practice dubbed the easy accession came to a natural end.

Eat to live; live to eat. "Meal, please your majesty, is half a penny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing," replied Socrates to King Archelaus's invitation to leave the dirty streets of his native city and come live with him at his sumptuous court.

"We eat to live : not live to eat." This last remark is attributed to Socrates by Diogenes Laertius and Athenæus, both of whom quote it. According to Plutarch, what Socrates said was, "Bad men live that they may eat and drink, whereas good men eat and drink that they may live."

Molière has the same expression in "L'Avare :—" "According to the saying of the philosopher of old, il faut manger pour vivre, et non pas vivre pour manger" (Act iii., Sc. 5).

Socrates, however, is not with the majority.

Fielding, in "The Miser," Act iii., Sc. 3, renders the phrase from "L'Avare" incorrectly, and probably with malice prepense,—

We must eat to live *and* live to eat.

The Scripture sometimes leans to the side of the sybarites :

I commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry.—*Ecclesiastes* viii. 15.

This material enjoyment, however, is at the cost of the spiritual :

To be in both worlds full
Is more than God was, who was hungry here ;
Wouldst thou His laws of fasting disannul ?
Enact good cheer ?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it ?
Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it ?

GEORGE HERBERT : *The Temple : The Sise.*

Byron, following Arrian, gives this version of a supposed inscription of the Assyrian king :

Sardanapalus,
The king, and son of Anacyndaraxes,
In one day built Anchialus and Tarsus.
Eat, drink, and love ; the rest's not worth a fillip.

Sardanapalus, Act i., Sc. 2.

We conclude with an extract from Burns and one from Owen Meredith :

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it ;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thanket.

BURNS : *The Selkirk Grace.*

We may live without poetry, music, and art ;
 We may live without conscience, and live without heart ;
 We may live without friends ; we may live without books ;
 But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
 He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving ?
 He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving ?
 He may live without love,—what is passion but pining ?
 But where is the man that can live without dining ?

OWEN MEREDITH : *Lucile*, Part I., Canto ii., Stanza 24.

Eating one's heart, a strong but unpleasant expression for the self-corroding mental and moral disquiet which seeks no relief in disburdening itself. Bacon, in his essay "Of Friendship," refers the phrase to Pythagoras : "The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true : *Cor ne edito*,—eat not the heart. Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts." Bacon's authority is probably Plutarch, who, in "De Educatione Puerorum," 17, ascribes the "parable" to Pythagoras, explaining it as a prohibition "to afflict our souls and waste them with vexatious cares."

Spenser, in "Mother Hubberds Tale," has the lines,

Full little knowest thou that hast not bide,
 What hell it is in suing long to bide :
 * * * * *
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares ;
 To eat thy heart with comfortlesse dispaire ;

and Bryant in his "Iliad," Book i., l. 319,—

But suffered idleness
 To eat his heart away.

The humorous phrases "to eat one's hat" and "to eat one's head" have no real analogy with the sterner phrase, but are mere modes of instancing something impossible of achievement.

There was a shopman who used always to say to my nurse, "If this stuff doesn't wear, or doesn't wash," etc., "*I'll eat my hat*." And then, afterwards, if she complained of a stuff so bought, I used to say, "Oh, do go and tell him he was wrong ; I should so like to see him eat his hat !" It was impressed on me as being one of my earliest lessons in the double meaning of "sayings," for my importunities at last brought the revelation, "Nonsense ! he doesn't mean he would really eat it ; it is just because he *couldn't* eat it that he made me believe the stuff would wash."—R. H. BUSH, in *Notes and Queries*, seventh series, iii. 94.

"I'll eat my head." This was the handsome offer with which Mr. Grimwig backed and confirmed nearly every assertion he made ; and it was the more singular in his case because, even admitting, for the sake of argument, the possibility of scientific improvements being ever brought to that pass which will enable a man to eat his own head in the event of being so disposed, Mr. Grimwig's head was such a particularly large one that the most sanguine man alive could hardly entertain a hope of being able to get through it at a sitting, to put entirely out of the question a very thick coating of powder.—*Oliver Twist*, ch. xiv.

Echo Verses. These are verses constructed so that the last syllable or syllables of each line, being given back as it were by an echo, form a reply to the line itself or a comment upon it. In one of his very amusing papers on "False Wit," Addison has some hard words for this form of literary trifling. "I find likewise," he says, "in ancient times the conceit of making an Echo talk sensibly and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer, it would be in Ovid, where he introduces the echo as a nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a voice (*Metamorphoses*, iii. 379). The learned Erasmus, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an echo who seems to have been an extraordinary linguist, for she answers the person she talks with in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. Hudibras, in ridicule of this false

kind of wit, has described Bruin bewailing the loss of his bear to a solitary echo, who is of great use to the poet in several distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verse and furnishes him with rhymes."

The verses alluded to as in "Hudibras" run as follows :

He beat his breast and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony bear,
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poets' splay-foot rhymes.
Quoth he, "O whither, wicked bruin,
Art thou fled ? to my"—Echo, "*Ruin.*"
"I thought thou 'adst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear." Quoth Echo, "*Marry queb.*"
"Am I not here to take thy part ?
Then what has quailed thy stubborn heart
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled ?
Nor did I ever wince or trudge it
For thy dear sake." Quoth she, "*Mum budget.*"
"To run from those thou hadst o'ercome
Thus cowardly." Quoth Echo, "*Mum !*"
"Yet shame and honor might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail ;
For who would grudge to spend his blood in
His honor's cause ?" Quoth she, "*A puddin' !*"

In spite of Butler, however, in spite of Addison (who himself, by the way, composed an Echo song of indifferent merit), the practice is not unamusing, and it has had the sanction of many great names in the past. It is even said that in the lost tragedy of "Andromeda" the great Euripides condescended to trifling of this kind. Certainly the Greek Anthology reveals some specimens, notably an epigram of Leonidas (Book iii. 6) and a short poem commencing,—

α' Ἀχὺ φίλα, μοι συγκαταίνεσον τί.—β τί ;
(“Echo ! I love : advise me somewhat.—What ?”)

Martial has an epigram on the practice, which shows it was known among the Romans, though the extant Latin examples are all of modern date, as, for instance, the noted Latin distich made in England after the meeting of the Synod of Dort, in 1618 :

Dordrecht synodus, nodus ; chorus integer, æger ;
Conventus, ventus ; sessio stramen,—amen.

In France, from the time of Joachim Dubellay to that of Victor Hugo, echo verses have been written by men of light and leading. Here are a few lines from the famous dialogue between Echo and a lover, written by the former, which has been the model for numerous similar efforts in other languages :

Qui est l'auteur de ces maux advenus ?—Venus.
Qu'étois-je avant d'entrer en ce passage ?—Sage.
Qu'est-ce qu'aimer et se plaindre souvent ?—Vent.
Dis-moi quelle est celle pour qui j'endure ?—Dure.
Sent-elle bien la douleur qui me point ?—Point.

As to Victor Hugo, he has written a ballad, "The Burgrave's Hunt," which consists of two hundred echo verses like the following :

Daigne protéger notre chasse,
Chasse.
De monseigneur saint Godefroi,
Roi.
Si tu fais ce que je désire,
Sire,
Nous t'édifions un tombeau
Beau.

In England echo verses were especially popular with the quaintly "conceited" writers of the seventeenth century. George Herbert, of course, tried his hand at one :

HEAVEN.

O who will show me those delights on high?
Echo—I.
 Thou, *Echo*? Thou art mortal, all men know.
Echo—No.
 Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo—Leaves.
 And are there any leaves that still abide?
Echo—Bide.
 What leaves are they? Impart the matter wholly.
Echo—Holy.
 Are holy leaves the *Echo*, then, of bliss?
Echo—Yes.
 Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?
Echo—Light.
 Light to the mind: what shall the will enjoy?
Echo—Joy.
 But are there cares and business with the pleasure?
Echo—Leisure.
 Light, joy, and leisure! but shall they persevere?
Echo—Ever.

The following dialogue may not be a better poem than Herbert's, but it is far more apt and ingenious as question and answer. It is taken from a curious volume entitled "Hygiasticon: or the Right Course of Preserving Life and Health unto extream old Age: together with Soundnesse and Integritye of the Senses, Judgement, and Memorie. Written in Latine by Leonard Lessius, and now done into Englishe. 24mo, Cambridge, 1634."

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A GLUTTON AND ECHO.

Glutton. My bellie I do deifie.
Echo. Fie!
Gl. Who curbs his appetitè's a fool.
Echo. Ah fool!
Gl. I do not like this abstinence.
Echo. Hence!
Gl. My joy's a feast, my wish is wine.
Echo. Swine.
Gl. We epicures are happie truly.
Echo. You lie.
Gl. Who's that which giveth me the lie?
Echo. I.
Gl. What! *Echo*, thou that mock'st a voice?
Echo. A voice.
Gl. May I not, *Echo*, eat my fill?
Echo. Ill.
Gl. Will't hurt me if I drink too much?
Echo. Much.
Gl. Thou mock'st me, nymph; I'll not believe't.
Echo. Believe't.
Gl. Dost thou condemn, then, what I do?
Echo. I do.
Gl. I grant it doth exhaust the purse.
Echo. Worse.
Gl. Is't this which dulls the sharpest wit?
Echo. Best wit.
Gl. Is't this which brings infirmities?
Echo. It is.
Gl. Whither will't bring my soul? canst tell
Echo. T'hell.
Gl. Dost thou no gluttons virtuouse know?
Echo. No.
Gl. Wouldst have me temperate till I die?
Echo. Ay.

Gl. Shall I therein finde ease and pleasure?

Echo. Yea, sure.

Gl. But is't a thing which profit brings?

Echo. It brings.

Gl. To mind or body? or to both?

Echo. To both.

Gl. Will it my life on earth prolong?

Echo. Oh long!

Gl. Will't make me vigorous until death?

Echo. Till death.

Gl. Will't bring me to eternal blisse?

Echo. Yes.

Gl. Then, sweetest Temperance, I'll love thee.

Echo. I love thee.

Gl. Then, swinish Gluttonie, I'll leave thee.

Echo. I'll leave thee.

Gl. I'll be a belly-god no more.

Echo. No more.

Gl. If all be true which thou dost tell,

They who fare sparingly fare well.

Echo. Farewell.

Here is a Royalist effort to make Echo throw her voice on the side of Charles I. during his struggle with the Parliamentarians :

What wantest thou, that thou art in this sad taking?

Echo—A king.

What made him first remove hence his residing?

Siding.

Did any here deny him satisfaction?

Faction.

Tell me wherein the strength of faction lies?

On lies.

What didst thou when the king left his Parliament?

Lament.

What terms wouldst give to gain his company?

Any.

What wouldst thou do if here thou mightst behold him?

Hold him.

But wouldst thou save him with thy best endeavor?

Ever.

But if he comes not, what becomes of London?

Undone.

Echo shows herself even more fiercely anti-Puritan in the following, which D'Israeli tells us was recited at the end of a comedy played by the scholars of Trinity College, Cambridge, in March, 1641 :

Now, Echo, on what's religion groundred?

Roundhead!

Whose its professors most considerable?

Rabble!

How do these prove themselves to be the godly?

Oddly.

But they in life are known to be the holy.

O lie!

Who are these preachers, men or women-common?

Common!

Come they from any universitie?

Citie.

Do they not learning from their doctrine sever?

Ever.

Yet they pretend that they do edifie;

O fie!

What do you call it, then, to fructify?

Ay.

What church have they, and what pulpits?

Pits!

But now in chambers the Conventicle;

Tickle!

The godly sisters shrewdly are belied,
 Belied !
 The godly number then will soon transcend.
 End !
 As for the temples, they with zeal embrace them.
 Rase them !
 What do they make of bishops' hierarchy ?
 Archie !
 Are crosses, images, ornaments their scandal ?
 All.
 Nor will they leave us many ceremonies,
 Monies.
 Must even religion down for satisfaction,
 Faction.
 How stand they affected to the government civil ?
 Evil.
 But to the king they say they are most loyal.
 Lye all !
 Then God keep king and State from these same men.
 Amen !

The following are from no less a hand than Dean Swift :

A GENTLE ECHO ON WOMAN.

Shepherd. Echo, I ween, will in the woods reply,
 And quaintly answer questions. Shall I try ?
Echo. Try.
Shep. What must we do our passion to express ?
Echo. Press.
Shep. How shall I please her who ne'er loved before ?
Echo. Be fore.
Shep. What most moves women when we them address ?
Echo. A dress.
Shep. Say, what can keep her chaste whom I adore ?
Echo. A door.
Shep. If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.
Echo. Liar.
Shep. Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by her ?
Echo. Buy her.
Shep. When bought, no question I shall be her dear.
Echo. Her deer.
Shep. But deer have horns : how must I keep her under ?
Echo. Keep her under.

Lover. Say, what will turn that frisking coney
 Into the toils of matrimony ?
Echo. Money !
Lover. Has Phœbe not a heavenly brow ?
 Is it not white as pearl—as snow ?
Echo. Ass ! no !
Lover. Her eyes ! Was ever such a pair ?
 Are the stars brighter than they are ?
Echo. They are !
Lover. Echo, thou liest, but can't deceive me ;
 Her eyes eclipse the stars, believe me—
Echo. Leave me !
Lover. But come, thou saucy, pert romancer,
 Who is as fair as Phœbe ? answer !
Echo. Ann, sir.

A tragic story is connected with the next example on our list. It formed a part of that "treasonable" pamphlet, "Germany in its Deepest Humiliation," which the Nuremberg bookseller Palm published in the spring of 1806. The treason consisted in criticisms on the policy of Napoleon, then at the height of his power. Palm was arrested, conveyed to Brunau, tried by court-martial on August 26, condemned without being allowed the privilege of pleading his own cause either in person or by attorney, sentenced to death, and shot on the day of his trial. Subsequently, at St. Helena, Napoleon sought to palliate

this high-handed outrage and throw the blame on other shoulders : " All that I recollect is, that Palm was arrested, by order of Davoust, I believe, tried, condemned, and shot, for having, while the country was in possession of the French and under military occupation, not only excited rebellion among the inhabitants, and urged them to rise and massacre the soldiers, but also attempted to instigate the soldiers themselves to refuse obedience to their orders, and to mutiny against their generals. *I believe* that he met with a fair trial." (*Voice from St. Helena*, vol. i. p. 432.)

Here is a translation of the Echo poem :

BONAPARTE AND THE ECHO.

Bonaparte. Alone, I am in this sequestered spot not overheard.
Echo. Heard!
Bon. 'Sdeath! Who answers me? What being is there nigh?
Echo. I.
Bon. Now I guess! To report my accents Echo has made her task.
Echo. Ask.
Bon. Knowest thou whether London will henceforth continue to resist?
Echo. Resist.
Bon. Whether Vienna and other courts will oppose me always?
Echo. Always.
Bon. O Heaven! what must I expect after so many reverses?
Echo. Reverses.
Bon. What! should I, like a coward vile, to compound be reduced?
Echo. Reduced.
Bon. After so many bright exploits be forced to restitution?
Echo. Restitution.
Bon. Restitution of what I've got by true heroic feats and martial address?
Echo. Yes.
Bon. What will be the fate of so much toil and trouble?
Echo. Trouble.
Bon. What will become of my people, already too unhappy?
Echo. Happy.
Bon. What should I then be, that I think myself immortal?
Echo. Mortal.
Bon. The whole world is filled with the glory of my name, you know?
Echo. No.
Bon. Formerly its fame struck this vast globe with terror.
Echo. Error.
Bon. Sad Echo, begone! I grow infuriate! I die!
Echo. Die!

The following verses, of uncertain date and authorship, are not altogether without merit :

If I address the Echo yonder,
 What will its answer be, I wonder?
Echo—I wonder.

O wondrous Echo, tell me, *blest*,
 Am I for marriage or celibacy?
Echo—Silly Bessy.

If then to win the maid I try,
 Shall I find her a property?
Echo—A proper tie.

If neither being grave nor funny
 Will win the maid to matrimony?
Echo—Try money.

If I should try to gain her heart,
 Shall I go plain, or rather smart?
Echo—Smart.

She mayn't love dress, and I, again, then
 May come too plain, and she'll complain then?
Echo—Come plain, then.

To please her most, perhaps 'tis best
To come as I'm in common dressed?

Echo—Come undressed.

Then, if to marry me I tease her,
What will she say if that should please her?

Echo—Please, sir.

When cross nor good words can appease her—
What if such naughty whims should seize her?

Echo—You'd see, sir.

When wed she'll change, for Love's no stickler,
And love her husband less than liquor?

Echo—I then lick her.

To leave me then I can't compel her,
Though every woman else excel her.

Echo—Sell her.

The doubting youth to Echo turned again, sir,
To ask advice, but found it did not answer.

Here is another production, also anonymous, but obviously of later date than the other, which, indeed, it imitates :

EGO AND ECHO.

I asked of Echo, t'other day.
Whose words are few and often funny,
What to a question she should say
Of courtship, love, and matrimony.
Quoth Echo, plainly, " Matter o' money."

Whom should I marry? Should it be
A dashing damsel, gay and pert,
A pattern of consistency,
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
Quoth Echo, sharply, " Nary flirt."

What if, a-weary of the strife
That long has lured the gay deceiver,
She promised to amend her life
And sin no more—can I believe her?
Quoth Echo, with decision, " Leave her."

But if some maiden with a heart
On me should venture to bestow it,
Pray, should I act the wiser part,
To take the treasure or forego it?
Quoth Echo, very promptly, " Go it."

But what if, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
She vows she means to die a maid,
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, very coolly, " Let her."

What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's dear, delicious chain
So closely that I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly, " Get out."

But if some maid with beauty blest,
As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,
Will share my labor and my rest
Till envious Death shall overtake her?
Quoth Echo (*sotto voce*), " Take her."

We will close our list with a handful of *jeux d'esprit*. The first appeared in the *Sunday Times* in 1836, when the Orpheus of Music was charming all London at exorbitant rates :

What are they who pay three guineas
To hear a tune of Paganini's?

Echo—Pack o' ninnies.

The second, which appeared in 1886, is attributed to an echo that haunts the Sultan's palace at Constantinople. Abdul Hamid is supposed to question it as to the intentions of the European powers and his own resources :

L'Angleterre?
Erre.
L'Autriche?
Triche.
La Prusse?
Russe.
Mes principautés?
Otées.
Mes cuirassés?
Assez.
Mes Pashas?
Achats.
Et Suleiman?
Ment.

The other two tell their own story :

I'd fain praise your poem, but tell me, how is it,
When I cry out, "Exquisite," Echo cries, "Quiz it!"

What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?—Write.
What is necessary for a farmer to assist him?—System.
What would give a blind man the greatest delight?—Light.
What is the best counsel given by a justice of the peace?—Peace.
Who commit the greatest abominations?—Nations.
What cry is the greatest terrifier?—Fire.
What are some women's chief exercise?—Sighs.

Eclipse first, the rest nowhere, the famous declaration made by Captain O'Kelley at Epsom, May 3, 1769, when the horse Eclipse distanced the field. It has passed into a familiar illustration.

Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has distanced all competitors so decidedly that it is not worth while to place them. Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere.—MACAULAY : *Review of Croker's Boswell's Johnson*.

Ecrasez l'infâme! ("Crush the infamous thing!") the motto adopted by Voltaire :

I end all my letters with "Crush the infamous thing," just as Cato always said, "Such is my opinion, et delenda est Carthago."—*Letter to D'Alembert*, June 23, 1760.

Explaining the meaning of his term more definitely,—

I want you to crush the infamous thing, that is the main point. It is necessary to reduce it to the state in which it is in England; and you can succeed in this if you will.—*Ibid*.

Furthermore he writes,—

By the *infâme* you will understand that I mean superstition; as for religion, I love and respect it as you do ("Vous pensez bien que je ne parle que de la superstition; car pour la religion, je l'aime et la respecte comme vous").

A quotation from a letter of D'Alembert to Voltaire, May 4, 1762, shows that *infâme* was understood by them to be of the feminine gender, agreeing with *chaise* understood :

Écrasez l'infâme, me répétez-vous sans cesse. Ah, mon bon Dieu, laissez-la se précipiter elle-même, elle y court plus vite que vous ne pensez.

As the fight grew hotter and the combatants more numerous, he settled upon *Écrasez l'infâme* as the battle-cry of the faithful. He rang all the changes upon these words. Sometimes he used them in jest: often with passionate vehemence. Not unfrequently, in the haste of finishing his letter, he would abbreviate the words to *Écr. l'Inf.*, and sometimes he would repeat this abbreviation many times in the same letter. Occasionally he would write, in the only corner left, *E. l'I.* And what was this infamous thing which he was so passionately desirous of crushing? And why this access of zeal, in the decline of his life, when he was panoplied about from dangerous attack by a splendor of reputation and princely opulence never before enjoyed, still less won, by a poet? This question is one which demands an explicit answer. The *Infâme* of Voltaire was not religion, nor the Christian religion, nor the Roman Catholic Church. It was religion claiming supernatural authority, and enforcing that claim by pains and penalties. . . . It was the most ancient and powerful of all alliances, that of the medicine-man and the chief, with modern means and appliances to assist both.—PARTON: *Life of Voltaire*, vol. ii. p. 287.

Delenda est Carthago ("Carthage must be destroyed"), the words referred to above by Voltaire, are the words with which the elder Cato always ended his speeches, whatever the subject might be, and thus incited the Romans to the third Punic war.

He drank great quantities of absinthe of a morning, smoked incessantly, played roulette whenever he could get a few pieces, contributed to a small journal, and was especially great in his hatred of *l'infâme* Angletterre. *Delenda est Carthago* was tattooed beneath his shirt-sleeves. Fifiue and Clarisse, young milliners of the students' district, had punctured this terrible motto on his manly right arm.—THACKERAY: *The Newcomes*, vol. i. chap. xxxiv.

Edelweiss means "noble whiteness" or "noble purity;" its tender star-shaped flowers are familiar to all Alpine tourists. The plant is scarce and very partial. It is found in the Engadine, seldom in the Bernese Oberland, and has particular corners and mountains that it affects. This scarcity and partiality gave to the edelweiss a somewhat unhealthy notoriety. The rarer it became, the more ambitious was the tourist to possess it. Every cockney hat was adorned with the curious bloom, purchased, not by laborious and perilous enterprise, but for a few centimes. Edelweiss was sold by the handful at Interlaken, Chamouni, and Grindelwald. Guides, porters, and boys were tempted to rifle the mountain of its peerless flowers. When the rage for "art greens" broke out in England, æsthetic young ladies crowned themselves with wreaths of these soft petals, or even appeared at fancy balls in the character of *The Alps*, smothered in edelweiss. At last the Swiss government determined to put down by law the wholesale destruction of this popular flower. It was rapidly disappearing from the country, when an enactment made it penal to take a plant up by the roots. The dignity and importance of legislation gave a new impetus to the interest that was attached to the plant, and going in search of the edelweiss has again become as attractive a source of danger as any to be found in Switzerland.

Edge-tools, There's no jesting with. The line is from Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Little French Lawyer," Act iv., Sc. 7. Tennyson has a similar phrase:

You jest: ill jesting with edge-tools.
Princess, ii.

The wisdom thus embodied has found other modes of expression,—e.g., Don't monkey with the buzz-saw, a rather slangy but forcible American colloquialism.

Égalité, a sobriquet popularly given to Philip, Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Philippe, because he sided with the revolutionary party and was fond of quoting their motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Nevertheless the

republicans doubted the sincerity of a prince's conversion, and sent him to meet the great leveller Death on the guillotine (1793).

Eggs. Dr. De Morgan holds that the proverb "As sure as eggs is eggs" (always quoted in this ungrammatical form) is a corruption of the logician's announcement of identity, "*X* is *X*." "From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, from *X* to *eggs* hardly so much." (*Notes and Queries*, third series, vi. 203.)

Egypt, a sobriquet applied to the southern portion of the State of Illinois, —a figurative allusion to the Egyptian darkness of ignorance and immorality that was anciently credited to this section. But a more honorable explanation is that the extreme fertility of the soil made it the only portion of Illinois to escape the corn-famine of 1835, whence inhabitants of neighboring regions went down, as of old they went down into Egypt, to buy and carry back corn.

Elephant, To see the, American slang, to see life, to see the world, especially the underside of life and the world. There is at least a very interesting connection between this phrase and an East Indian custom mentioned by Montaigne. Quoting from Arrian's "History of India," ch. xvii., he tells us that, though chastity was held in high esteem in India, a married woman was allowed to part with her honor in exchange for an elephant, and indeed gloried in the fact that she was so highly estimated. Barrère and Leland mention as another possible origin for the phrase an old ballad of a farmer, who while driving his mare along the highway met with a showman's elephant, which knocked him over, spilt his milk, and destroyed his eggs. The farmer consoled himself for his loss by reflecting that he had at least seen the elephant. And he said,—

*Now in future no one can declare
That I've not seen the elephant,—neither the mare.

Elzevirs, the general name given to the productions of the famous printing-house founded by Lewis Elzevir in Leyden, his first publication bearing date 1583. By an interesting coincidence, the last of the Aldines is dated 1583. Thus the new house obscurely arose just when their great predecessor was declining. Aldines and Elzevirs are always linked together as the two chiefest glories of the bibliophile. Yet there are notable contrasts in the histories of the two great houses and in their publications. Aldus was a member of a great family, with a princely love of learning for its own sake. The Elzevirs were merely successful tradesmen,—crafty money-grabbers, who pilfered and pirated whenever they had a chance. And even Heinsius, the scholar who supplied what Aldus had and the Elzevirs lacked, a knowledge of letters, was a distinctly unlovable character, full of malice and all uncharitableness. The Dutch house, therefore, has none of the picturesque interest of the Venetian. Nevertheless their editions are typographically as well as intrinsically beautiful. They have always run a very close race with the Aldines, and at certain moments have even distanced them in the favor of bibliomaniacs.

There were fourteen Elzevirs in all. The first was Lewis. His sixth son, Bonaventure, struck out in the line which has given the Elzevirs their peculiar eminence when, in 1629, he commenced the publication of cheap and neat editions of the classics in duodecimo. After the death of Daniel Elzevir, in 1680, at Amsterdam, the firm rapidly degenerated in the hands of Abraham (the second), great-grandson of the founder of the house, and came to an inglorious end at his death, in 1712.

There are Elzevirs and Elzevirs, as the beginner in bibliography soon learns to his cost. And then there are Elzevirs which are not Elzevirs. Not

only are many of the genuine publications of the house practically worthless (the "good dates" range only from about 1626 to 1680, and not all the "good dates" are borne by valuable examples), but it comforteth the soul to know that these pirates were themselves pirated. Spurious Elzevirs are as thick as blackberries. More than one hundred and fifty are known to experts. There are many little niceties also about the editions which no one could intuitively know unless he were afflicted with some form of hereditary bibliomania. Thus, the most desirable of all Elzevir rarities is the *Cæsar* of 1635, the acknowledged masterpiece of the house. Bookmen grow rapturous over the type, the ornaments, the paper, the printing, the purity of the text. Now, there were three impressions of this masterpiece issued in the one year, 1635. The last two correct the only imperfection in the first issue, where pages 149, 335, and 475 are by mistake printed as 153, 345, and 375 respectively. These are worth comparatively little. The right *Cæsar* with the wrong pages is worth anywhere from twenty to fifty pounds. Another anomaly: the *Cæsar* is the acknowledged masterpiece of the Elzevirs, therefore it is the most highly prized? Not a bit of it: at least not by bibliomaniacs. An entirely valueless cookery-book, "*Le Pâtissier François*," printed by Lewis and Daniel Elzevir in 1665, sold some years ago for four hundred pounds. Yet it is only a rare book in the sense that it is extremely scarce in the market. At least forty copies are known to exist.

Ember-days (in Latin, *Jejuna quatuor tempora*, "the four fasting seasons"), the English name for the periods of fasting and prayer which the Catholic and other liturgical Churches have appointed to be observed respectively in the four seasons of the year. They are the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent, after Whit-Sunday, after September 14, and after December 13. The weeks in which these days fall are called **Ember-weeks**. Never was a term better contrived for an etymological pitfall than this. Bailey, rushing in with that cheerful alacrity which affords its quota of merriment to the more fearsome philological angel of to-day, derives it "from a custom anciently of putting *Ashes* on their heads on those Days, in Token of Humility." But no such custom ever existed. It is a pure invention to account for the name. Others assert that the Ember-days are so called because they occur in Dec-ember and Sept-ember, forgetting that they occur also in months that have no such convenient ending. A still more ancient authority, Tarlton, in "*Newes out of Purgatorie*," describes how in his imaginary place of torture "One pope sat with a smock sleeve about his necke, and that was he that made the imbering weekes, in honour of his faire and beautiful curtizen Imbra" (p. 64 in Shakespeare Society reprint). Dr. Murray, who thinks it not wholly impossible that the word may have been due to popular etymology working upon some vulgar Latin corruption of *quatuor tempora* (cf. German *Quatember*, Ember-tide), prefers the derivation from the Old English *ymbryne*, period, revolution of time. No doubt a fancied connection with dust and ashes has influenced the modern form.

Emblematic, Figurate, or Shaped Poems. There is pity, or even forgiveness, for all forms of human folly, imbecility, error, and crime. Yet the makers of what are known by any one of the above titles strain the divinity of forgiveness to an almost diabolic tension. A famous saint, variously specified by various hagiologists, used to say, "There, but for the grace of God, goes Anthony of Padua," or what not, when he saw a thief, a murderer, or other malefactor brought to the bar of justice. But no one has ever said, "There, but for the grace of God, goes Brown," or Jones, or Robinson, when some addle-pated versifier has been caught red-handed in the act of "shaping" a poem. No one, save a hardened criminal of this type, has ever been willing

to admit that his heart, however unregenerate, however unaided from above, would stray naturally into these devious paths of dulness. Though one's better self may revolt at the grotesque horrors of the mediæval hell, one feels that not even the theological mind has ever conceived of a punishment severe enough to castigate these trespassers on our patience. And as we must long in vain for a new Dante to consign them to some as yet unimagined deep of deeps, one rejoices at the castigation, severe in itself, yet mild in comparison, which the critics have occasionally inflicted. Our heart goes out with a great leap of joy to honest Samuel Butler when he takes Edward Benlowes, formerly known as "the excellently learned," places him across his paternal knee, and trounces him in the following fashion: "There is no feat of activity, nor gambol of wit, that ever was performed by man, from him that vaults on Pegasus to him that tumbles through the hoop of an anagram, but Benlowes has got the mastery of it, whether it be high-rope wit or low-rope wit. He has all sorts of echoes, rebuses, chronograms, etc. As for altars and pyramids in poetry, he has outdone all men that way; for he has made a gridiron and a frying-pan in verse, that besides the likeness in shape, the very tone and sound of the words did perfectly represent the noise that is made by these utensils. When he was a captain, he made all the furniture of his horse, from the bit to the crupper, in the beaten poetry, every verse being fitted to the proportion of the thing; as the *bridle of moderation*, the *saddle of content*, and the *crupper of constancy*; so that the same thing was both epigram and emblem, even as the mule is both horse and ass." (*Character of a Small Poet.*)

Rare Ben Jonson too has his fling at these pattern-cutting poets, who he says could fashion

A pair of scissors and a comb in verse.

Dryden has scoffed at them, and Addison has gibbeted them above all other offenders on the pillory which he constructed for the manufacturers of false wit. But what is the method of this offence? It consists in pieces of verse so constructed, by due arrangements of short and long lines, as to exhibit the shapes of certain physical objects, such as bottles, glasses, axes, fans, hearts, eggs, saddles, a pair of gloves, a pair of pot-hooks, a pair of spectacles. And, alas that we must acknowledge it, in spite of the degradation of the offence, great names in the past, great names even in the immediate present, must be grouped among the offenders. Indeed, so highly was it thought of at one time that the very name of the reputed inventor has been preserved to us. Let us hasten to place it beside that of the rash youth who fired the Ephesian dome. Simmias of Rhodes (flourished about B.C. 324),—how does that look on the same line as Erostratus?

He has left us three good-sized poems cast in these Procrustean moulds, "The Wings," "The Egg," and "The Hatchet." The shape of every stanza in each poem corresponds with its title. So greatly were these esteemed in the seventeenth century that an Italian named Fortunio Liceti compiled an encyclopædia (published in Paris, 1635) whose contents were entirely devoted to the exploitation of their beauties.

Classic antiquity has left us other evidences of the fact that these outrages had a certain vogue even at the most flourishing period of Greek poetry. To the honor of the Augustan age of the Romans it should be added that the Latin specimens that have come down to us belong to the decadence of the Empire or to mediæval times. The only portion of the globe where emblematic verses still survive is in the East, especially in China and Japan, where we are told that they are still held in high esteem, so that poems are still fashioned in the form of men's faces or the bodies of cows or other animals. The following curious specimen is given by Mr. W R. Alger as an effort of Hindoo ingenuity. The lines of this erotic triplet are so arranged

that the first represents a bow, the second its string, the third an arrow aimed at the heart of the poet's *Dulcinea*.

to pierce, like fire, thy too reluctant heart.

O lovely maid, thou art the fairest slave in all God's mart!

One kiss I send,

Those charms to win, with all my empire I would gladly part.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the golden age of emblematical poetry in Europe. And heading the list of English word-torturers stands so good and great a man as George Herbert. We quote two specimens, and then pass on with our eyes veiled, to avoid gazing too intently on a good man's shame :

THE ALTAR.

A BROKEN ALTAR, Lord, Thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears :

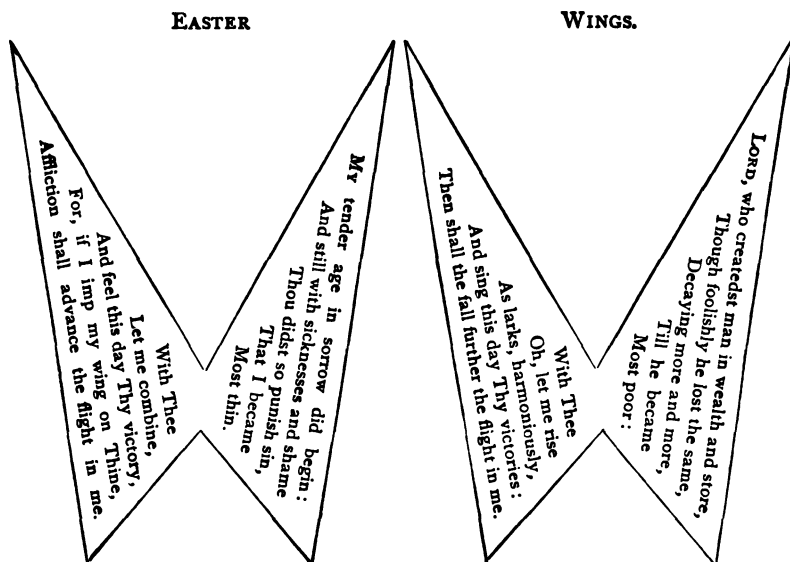
Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame ;
No workman's tool hath touch'd the
same.

A HEART alone
Is such a stone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise Thy name :

That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise Thee may not
cease.

Oh, let Thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,
And sanctify this ALTAR to be Thine.

The next is quaint enough, but one has to make believe a good deal in order to detect the emblematic resemblance :



The following anonymous effort explains itself to the eye at once :

THE CROSS.

Blest they who seek,
While in their youth,
With spirit meek,
The way of truth;
To them the sacred Scriptures now display
Christ as the only true and living way.
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make them heirs of endless bliss in heaven;
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Saviour's grace.

For them He bore
His Father's frown;
For them He wore
The thorny Crown;
Nailed to the Cross,
Endured its pain,
That His life's loss
Might be their gain.
Then haste to choose
That better part,
Nor dare refuse
The Lord thy heart,
Lest He declare,
"I know you not,"
And deep despair
Should be your lot.

Now look to Jesus, who on Calvary died,
And trust on Him alone who there was crucified.

The following appears to us, on the whole, the best in the language :

ODE TO AN OLD VIOLIN.

Torn,
Worn,
Oppress'd, I mourn !
Bad,
Sad,
Three-quarters mad !
Money gone,
Credit none ;
Duns at door,
Half a score ;
Head in pain,
Rack'd again ;
Children ailing,
Mother railing,
Billy whooping,
Betsy crouching,
Besides poor Joe
With festered toe.
Come, then, my fiddle,
Come, my time-worn friend,
With gay and brilliant sounds
Me sweet though transient solace lend.
Thy polished neck in close embrace
I clasp while joy illumines my face.
When o'er thy strings I draw my bow,
My drooping spirit pants to rise ;
A lively strain I touch,—and lo !
I seem to mount above the skies.
There on Fancy's wings I soar,
Headless of the duns at door.
'Oblivious all ! I feel my woes no more ;
But skip o'er the strings,
As my old fiddle sings,
"Cheerily, O merrily go !
Presto ! good master,
You very well know,
I will find music,
If you will find bow,
From *g* up in alto, to *G* down below."
Fatigued, I pause to change the time
For some *adagio* solemn and sublime.
With graceful action moves the sinuous arm ;
My heart, responsive to the soothing charm,
Throbs equally, whilst every health-corroding care
Lies prostrate, vanquished, by the mellifluous air.
More and more plaintive grown, my eyes with tears o'erflow,
And Resignation mild soon smooths my wrinkled brow.
Reedy Hautboy may squeak, wailing Flauto may squall,
The Serpent may grunt, and the Trombone may bawl ;
But thou, my old Fiddle, art prince of them all.
Could e'en Dryden return thy praise to rehearse,
His Ode to Cecilia would seem rugged verse.
Now to thy case, in flannel warm to lie,
Till called again to pipe thy master's
eye.

Here, as an offset, we give a specimen where all the rules of the game, such as they are, are violated. The sole ingenuity in this form of literary trifling consists in so adjusting the length of poetical lines that the printer by merely following "copy" will produce the desired emblem or figure. But the subjoined example is simply prose arbitrarily broken up into appropriate lengths, the whole ingenuity being on the part of the printer. Yet such specimens are not uncommon in England.

THE WINEGLASS.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who
 hath contentions? Who hath wounds
 without cause? Who hath redness
 of eyes? They that tarry long
 at the wine! they that
 go to seek mixed wine!
 Look not thou upon the
 wine when it is red,
 when it giveth
 its colour
 in the
 cup,
 when it
 moveth itself
 aright.
 At
 the last it
 biteth like a serpent,
 and stingeth like an adder!

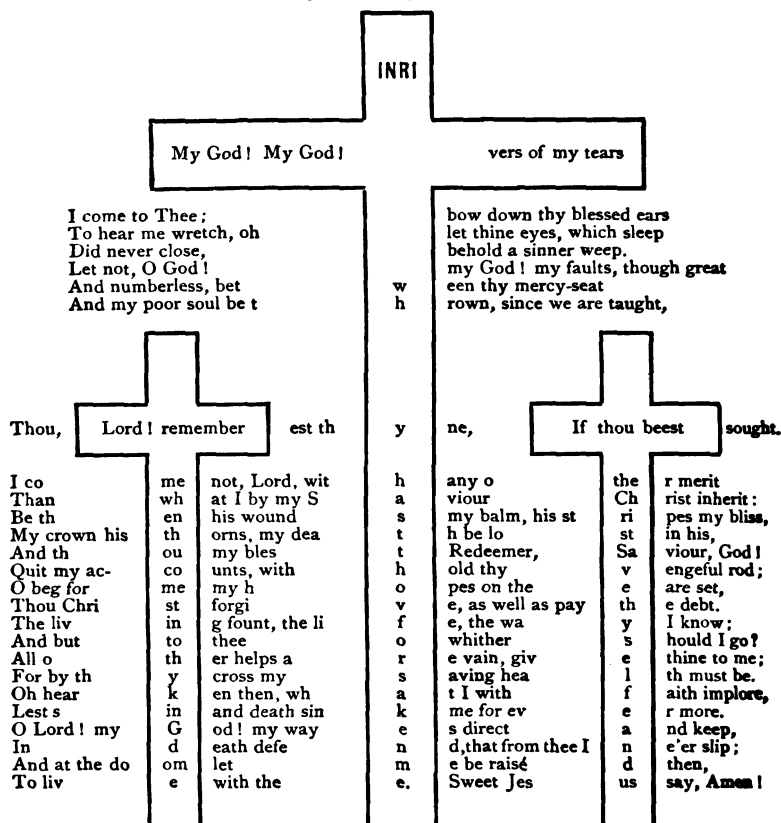
The French rarely offend in this fashion. Pannard, who was an expert, has given us an emblematic wineglass which *is* a wineglass, for it could be printed in no other shape without violating its poetical integrity:

Nous ne pouvons rien trouver sur la terre
 Qui soit si bon ni si beau que le verre.
 Du tendre amour berceau charmant,
 C'est toi, champêtre fougère,
 C'est toi qui sers à faire
 L'heureux instrument
 Où souvent pétille,
 Mousse, et brille
 Le jus quirend
 Gai, riant,
 Content.
 Quelle douceur
 Il porte au cœur!
 Tot
 Tot
 Tot
 Qu'on m'en donne
 Vite et comme il faut,
 Tot
 Tot
 Tot
 Qu'on m'en donne
 Vite et comme il faut.
 L'on y voit sur ses flots chéris
 Nager l'allégresse et les ris.

A rhomboidal dirge, by George Wither, is good enough of its kind:

Farewell,
 Sweet groves, to you
 You hills that highest dwell,
 And all you humble vales, adieu!
 You wanton brooks and solitary rocks,
 My dear companions all, and you, my tended flocks!
 Farewell, my pipe! and all those pleasing songs whose strains
 Delighted once the fairest dancing nymphs upon the plains.
 You discontents, whose deep and over-deadly smart
 Have without pity broke the truest heart,
 Sighs, tears, and every sad annoy,
 That erst did with me dwell,
 And others joy.
 Farewell!

The last example on our list is this remarkable triumph of ingenuity on the subject of the Crucifixion. Mr. Bombaugh gives it in his "Gleanings for the Curious," and calls it a curious piece of antiquity. But the structure of the verse, the metre, and the rhythm indicate that it is not earlier than the last half of the seventeenth century, and may be much more recent :



Fully to enjoy all the varied beauties of this masterpiece an explanation is necessary. The middle cross represents our Saviour; those on either side, the two thieves. On the top and down the middle cross is our Saviour's expression, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" and on the top of the cross is the Latin inscription "INRI,"—Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum,—*i.e.*, Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. Upon the cross on the right hand is the prayer of one of the thieves,—*"Lord! remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."* On the left-hand cross is the saying, or reproach, of the other,—*"If thou beest the Christ, save thyself and us."* The versification begins at the top of the middle cross,—*"My God! My God! In rivers of my tears."* The whole is a piece of tolerable verse, which is to be read across all the columns, making as many lines as there are letters in the alphabet. The authorship is unknown.

Emendation, Conjectural. The ways of the critic, especially when commenting on a difficult passage in his favorite author, are full of instruction to the learned, of gladsome delight to the curious. Sometimes he insists on reading all sorts of subtle meanings into this or that line, and then stands aghast with admiration at the greatness of the mind that could think the things he himself has invented for it. Sometimes he gives it up in despair, and decides that the author never did say what has been attributed to him, but that the mistake of an amanuensis or a printer has been allowed to go forth to the world unchallenged. Then he sets himself the task of discovering what it was that the author did say. Occasionally, it must be owned, he suggests a felicitous alteration. The author may or may not have said this, but the alternative proposed is what the author ought to have said. There is no finer instance than the passage "a babbled of green fields" in the description of Falstaff's death (*Henry V.*, Act ii., Sc. 3). The folio has "a table of green fields," which is mere nonsense in spite of all efforts to elucidate it. Pope conjectured that this was a stage direction addressed to a property-man named Greenfields which had somehow got mixed up with the text. This is not a joke; indeed, it imposed upon Johnson. It was Theobald who made sense and poetry out of the passage by turning "a table" into "a babbled."

But more frequently the shoe has shifted,—the commentator has put his foot into it. A note in Bell's edition of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," Part I., supplies an instance. The editor's ear is offended by the line

By natural instinct they change their lord.

This, he says, is the only line in which the melody is flattened into prose. He suggests that a slight alteration would redeem the metre :

How they by natural instinct change their lord.

The silliness of this note is equalled only by its impertinence. The line is metrically perfect as it stands. Natural has its three full syllables, and instinct is accented on its second syllable, the usual method in Dryden's time, as in Shakespeare's.

The champion instance, however, is supplied by Dr. Bentley's famous (or infamous) edition of Milton. It was issued in 1732, and contained no less than a thousand conjectural emendations of the text. The word *emendations* should be pronounced with a distinct sarcastic emphasis which can be only faintly indicated by italics. Bentley's premiss, his original proposition, was as follows. Milton, as every one knows, was blind when he produced the "Paradise Lost." He dictated it to an amanuensis. Now, it is obvious that through mistake or inadvertence the amanuensis might frequently have set down a word similar in sound to that dictated by the poet, but of very different signification. So far we can follow the argument with a clear conscience. But when the doctor goes on to urge further that the amanuensis may have interpolated whole verses of his own composition into the poem without the poet's being any the wiser, we can only reply that the bare fact is a possibility, but that there is no evidence, intrinsic or extrinsic, to support it. And when, accepting this wild possibility as a fact, he goes on to imagine what it was that Milton really did say, and substitutes those imaginings in lieu of the lines as they stand in the book, we cry out at this marvellous exhibition of editorial vanity and impertinence. And the trouble is increased when we find the doctor putting his clumsy hoof into the very choicest parterre of Miltonic fancy and trampling the flowers into a tangled mess of absurdity. Nor are our outraged feelings soothed by the extraordinary mixture of effrontery and vanity in the statement that, in the absence of manuscripts to collate, he must rely on his own "sagacity" and "happy conjecture."

To take a few examples. Milton is describing how Satan's speech was received by the fallen angels :

He spake ; and, to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim : the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell ; highly they raged
Against the Highest ; and fierce with grasped arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

A forcible and splendid passage. Not a word but carries exactly the right sound and the right sense. Not an epithet could be changed without loss. The doctor, however, thinks otherwise. In the second line he substitutes *blades* for *swords*, in the fifth *swords* for *arms*, in the sixth *walls* for *vault*. The first and second emendations are bad enough, the third utterly ruins a noble conception.

But worse remains behind. One of the finest lines in Milton is this :

No light, but rather darkness visible.

This expression shocks the doctor, who brings his sagacity to bear upon it and produces this happy conjecture :

No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom.

The seventy-fourth line of the same book offends the nice critical taste of this iconoclast :

As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.

His ear rebels at what he considers a "vicious verse." He would away with it altogether and in its stead insert the following line of his own composition :

Distance which to express all measure fails.

In the second book there is this fine phrase :

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements.

One can hardly understand the densely prosaic structure of the mind which would seek to destroy every particle of poetry by changing the first line thus :

Then, as 'twas well observed, our torments may
Become our elements.

One other instance must suffice. It is as flagrant as any, and is supported by a curious bit of reasoning which should be commended to the careful attention of all emendators.

At the conclusion of Adam's interview with the angel, Milton says,—

So parted they, the angel up to heaven
From the thick shade ; and Adam to his bower.

Now for the doctor's argument : "After the conversation between Adam and the angel in the bower, it may be well presumed that our first parent waited on his heavenly guest at his departure to some little distance from it, till he began to take his flight towards heaven." *Therefore* the poet could not with propriety say that the angel parted from the thick shade—*i.e.*, the bower—to go to heaven. And if, on the other hand, Adam attended the angel no farther than the door or entrance of the bower, then "how could Adam return to his bower if he never left it?" By a happy conjecture the doctor succeeds not only in vindicating the grand old gardener's respect for the social amenities, but in securing the logical integrity of the verse, as thus :

So parted they, the angel up to heaven,
Adam to ruminate on past discourse.

It is pleasant to know that this edition of Milton was received with a chorus of derision in its own day, and was forthwith cast into the limbo of oblivion,

where only the delvers in forgotten curios have disturbed it. The following epigram was of contemporary origin :

ON MILTON'S EXECUTIONER.

Did Milton's prose, O Charles ! thy death defend ?
A furious foe, unconscious proves a friend ;
On Milton's verse does Bentley comment ? know
A weak, officious friend becomes a foe,
While he would seem his author's fame to further,
The murderous critic has avenged thy murder.

Pope's lines are better known :

Bentley, long to wrangling schools confined,
And but by books acquainted with mankind,
To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,
He makes them write what never poet writ.

Bentley was not the only person who sought to amend Milton. Atterbury was congratulated on "a happy reading which vindicated Milton from degrading his style by a very vile pun :"

And brought into this world (a world of woe) ;

the happy reading consisting in the parentheses, which utterly destroy the meaning of the line. What German critic was it who amended Shakespeare as follows ?—

Finds tongues in trees, stones in the running brooks,
Sermons in books, and good in everything.

One of the finest hymns in the English language is Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light." But comparatively few people know it in its integrity. Properly, it consists of three verses. A fourth, which may be found in most Protestant Episcopal hymnals, was added by Dr. Bickersteth, the author of "Yesterday, To-Day, and Forever." The genuine verses, moreover, have in various American compilations been tinkered out of shape and harmony. Below will be found the correct and the incorrect versions, the incorrect being printed in italics :

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Send kindly light amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

And lead me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
The night is dark, and I am far from home

Lead Thou me on.

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

The distant scene ; one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on ;

Shouldst lead me on !

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

Lead Thou me on.

Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,

I loved day's dazzling light, and spite of fears

Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still

So long Thy power hath blessed me, surely still

Will lead me on

'Twill lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow, till
 The night is gone,
The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Dr. Charles S. Robinson, who first printed the incorrect version in his collection originally (1862) known as "Songs of the Church," but since re-baptized "Songs of the Sanctuary," has been blamed for all the emendations. But in a letter to the *Congregationalist* shortly after Newman's death, Dr. Robinson pleads guilty only to the change of the first line: "Who changed that second line to 'And lead me on;' who put 'day's dazzling light' in the place of 'the garish day;' who left off the two commas before and after 'light,' so beginning the word without a capital to personify it; who concluded that 'surely still 'Twill' was any better than 'sure it still Will;' who ingeniously got rid of 'moor and fen,' or 'crag and torrent,' and smoothed down everything to the traditional 'dreary doubt' and the ordinary 'pain and sorrow,'—I am sure I cannot conjecture. None of that 'tinkering' was done in our shop." The copy of the hymn as it first came into his hands contained all these changes. It had been sent to him with a package of other clippings by "one of the highest authorities in the Church," who invited his special attention to this above all the others, but could give him no information as to the authorship. Dr. Robinson's friend then went on to remark that when he found it the piece had evidently been much obscured by a printer's mistake concerning one word in what must have been sent to him in manuscript. "I recall his look as, in his characteristic and fastidiously tasteful way," says Dr. Robinson in the *Congregationalist*, "he proceeded to point out that in writing the letter L many persons formed it very much like an S; then also the letter n when closed up at the top resembled an a; so the compositor had most likely missed the significance, for as a fact the line began with what destroyed the whole meaning,—'Lead, kindly Light, amid.' This would have to be corrected so that it might read, 'Send kindly light amid the encircling gloom;' then something might be made of it for a hymn, and it could be put in the portion of the book for the choir to set to music. I thought the piece was very beautiful; nobody over this side of the water had ever told us who composed the poetry. This was nearly a whole generation ago. I put it joyously into my book, and eventually, doing the best I could with a very awkward metre, had it set to a simple chant, and it became popular with the leading singers around town. All this time the Rev. John Henry Newman, who put it into *Lyra Apostolica*, was living in Birmingham at peace, in ignorance of my blunder. Very likely he died in utter obliviousness of any 'impertinence' of an American compiler who took his three verses wandering around nameless."

The mistake made by Dr. Robinson and his friend was, after all, a pardonable one. For in the version as they received it the first line made nonsense in connection with the second:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 And lead me on!

But in the true reading, and especially under the original title, "The Pillar of the Cloud," it would have been mere dulness to misunderstand it. New Testament exposition has taught that it was the second person of the Trinity who led Israel through the wilderness in the form of a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. That by Light Cardinal Newman meant Christ is further evidenced by the stanzas in another of his hymns:

Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
 Implore we, bending low,
 That He, the uncreated Light,
 May guide us as we go.

And while the hours in order flow,
 O Christ, securely fence
 Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
 The gate of every sense.

An excellent satire on critical emendation is contained in Franklin's story of how he was applied to for an inscription by one John Thompson, just setting up in business as a hatter. Franklin composed the following sign: "John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money." But one friend said, "It is too long; nobody will stop to read it; besides, it is tautology, because a person who makes a hat is a hatter." Out came the word *hatter*. The next friend appealed to objected, "If you say for ready money, very few people will enter your shop." The objection was sustained and the offending words elided. "Nay," cried a third critic, "nobody will care a farthing who makes the hats, so long as they are good." So the words *makes and* were crossed out. "John Thompson sells hats" remained. The last friend said, "It is ridiculous to tell people you sell hats, for nobody will think you such a fool as to give them away." Finally nothing was left but "John Thompson." In conclusion, Franklin remarks that this experience decided him never again to write anything that would be subjected to the revision of others.

"Who was that silly body," asked the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, "that wanted Burns to alter 'Scots wha hae,' so as to lengthen the last line, thus?—

'Edward!' chains and slavery.'"

And in his humorous way he goes on to invent an appropriate anecdote. He had been applied to for a poem to be read at a certain celebration. Understanding that it was to be a festive and convivial occasion, he had ordered himself accordingly. But it seems that the president for the occasion was what is called a teetotaler. So back came the poem, corrected and amended, with the following letter:

DEAR SIR,—Your poem gives good satisfaction to the committee. The sentiments expressed with reference to liquor are not, however, those generally entertained by this community. I have therefore consulted the clergyman of this place, who has made some slight changes, which he thinks will remove all objections, and keep the valuable portions of the poem. Please to inform me of your charge for said poem. Our means are limited, etc., etc.,

Yours with respect,

Here it is, with the slight alterations:

Come! fill a fresh bumper,—for why should we go
 logwood
 While the ~~nectar~~ still reddens our cups as they flow!
 decoction
 Pour out the ~~rich juices~~ still bright with the sun,
 dye-stuff
 Till o'er the brimmed crystal the ~~rubies~~ shall run.
 half-ripened apples
 The ~~purple-globed clusters~~ their life-dews have bled;
 taste sugar of lead
 How sweet is the ~~breath of the fragrance they shed!~~
 rank poisons *wines!!!!*
 For summer's ~~last-recess~~ lie hid in the ~~wines,~~
 stable-boys smoking long-nines
 That were garnered by ~~maiden who laughed through the vines,~~

scowl howl scoff sneer

Then a ~~smile~~, and a ~~glass~~, and a ~~toast~~, and a ~~cheer~~,
 strychnine and whiskey, and ratsbane and beer,
 For all the ~~good wine~~, and we've some of it here
 In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
 Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all !
 Long live the ~~gay servant~~ that laughs for us all !

In the recent editions of the "Autocrat" Dr. Holmes mentions a British Reviewer who was quite indignant at the treatment this "convivial song" had received. No committee, he thought, would dare to treat a Scotch author in that way. "I could not help being reminded of Sydney Smith, and of the surgical operation he proposed in order to put a pleasantry into the head of a North Briton."

Emerald Isle. This epithet was first applied to Ireland by Dr. William Drennan, in the following lines :

When Erin first rose from the dark-swelling flood,
 God blessed the green island ; he saw it was good.
 The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled, it shone,
 In the ring of this world the most precious stone.

* * * * *

Arm of Erin, prove strong ; but be gentle as brave,
 And, uplifted to strike, still be ready to save ;
 Nor one feeling of vengeance presume to defile
 The cause or the men of the Emerald Isle.

Stanza on *Erin* in *Glendalloch, and other Poems*.

The allusion is to the brilliant green of the herbage and foliage of Ireland.

Eminence, Bad. The term is first used by Milton, who has,—

High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 * * * * *
 Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
 To that bad eminence.

Paradise Lost, Book ii.

It is curious to note that while Satan by repute of supreme wickedness is raised to eminence, eminence *per se* is sufficient to raise the repute of badness :

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—SWIFT: *Thoughts on Various Subjects*.

Empire State. This popular name for the State of New York was not, as has been fancied, assumed by its citizens out of State pride or vanity. It was inferentially given to it by General Washington. In his reply to the address of the Common Council of New York City, signed by "James Duane, Mayor," and bearing date December 2, 1784, he says, "I pray that Heaven bestow its choicest blessings on your city ; that a well-regulated and beneficial commerce may enrich your citizens, and that your State (at present the seat of Empire) may set such examples of wisdom and liberality as shall have a tendency to strengthen and give a permanency to the Union at home, and credit and respectability abroad."

Lo ! the Empire State is shaking
 The shackles from her hand ;
 With the rugged North is waking
 The rugged sunset land !

J. G. WHITTIER.

End, The beginning of the, the answer ascribed to Talleyrand when asked by Napoleon, after the battle of Leipsic, what was his opinion of the state of things. "It seems to me, Sire, that this is the beginning of the end"

("Il me paraît, Sire, que c'est le commencement de la fin"). Those who are not disposed to believe that this cynical remark was made to his sovereign, whose fortunes were beginning to wane, may be inclined to think that a current opinion during the Hundred Days was fastened on Talleyrand, who, on his part, while often astonished at these compliments to his genius, never refused the paternity of a *bon-mot* when it was found apt and just—after the event. The phrase, however, has been attributed also to Lally-Tollendal and to Marshal Augereau, who is said to have used it when the French army started from Moscow on that disastrous retreat in which he bore himself so gallantly. Shakespeare has a curious coincidence of expression, though not of thought :

That is the true beginning of our end.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v., Sc. 1.

"End," here, seems to be used in the sense of "aim." But as the line occurs in the burlesque prologue, whose humor consists in its intentional mispunctuation, scholars are not quite at one as to the precise reading of the passage. Here is the context, mispunctuation and all :

If we offend it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,

But with good will. To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you.

Some critics would do away even with the verbal resemblance to Talleyrand by punctuating thus :

To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning. Of our end

Consider—then. We come, but in despite

We do not come, etc.

The very commencement of our finite life, according to Bacon, is the beginning of the end (see, also, CRADLE) :

So much of our life, as we have discovered, is already dead ; and all those hours which we share, even from the breasts of our mothers, until we return to our grandmother the earth, are part of our dying days, whereof even this is one, and those that succeed it are of the same nature, for we die daily.—*On Death*.

Ends well, All's well that, a proverb common to all languages, which has been made especially famous as the title of one of Shakespeare's plays. Probably its first appearance is the Latin "Si finis bonus est, totum bonum erit" ("If the end be well, all is well") of the "Gesta Romanorum," first printed about 1463. In Heywood's "Proverbs" (1546) we have the modern form,—

All is well that endes well,

besides two contradictory phrases, which, taken together, at least emphasize the fact that the beginning is a small matter in comparison with the end :

A hard beginning maketh a good ending,

and

Of a good beginning cometh a good ending.

Gower had previously endorsed the latter saying :

He that well his warke beginneth

The rather a good ende he winneth.

Confessio Amantis.

Enemy. "Nobody's enemy but his own," or "Himself his worst enemy," is a phrase now generally used to describe an amiable but not impressive personality,—the kindly ne'er-do-well who never willingly injures his neighbor, but whose faults react partly on himself and more largely upon his family. He often degenerates into that still lower type known as "everybody's friend,"

who by endeavoring to please every one pleases no one. The phrase seems to have originated with Anacharsis the Scythian, who gave it a very wide application. Being asked what animal he esteemed most hostile to man, he replied that he thought every man his own worst enemy. Anacharsis, a brother of King Saulius of Thrace, was a wise and learned prince, who came to Athens while Solon was framing his laws, and acquired such repute for sagacity that he is sometimes enumerated among the seven sages of Greece. He it was who, being asked why he had no children, replied that he loved children too much, and who being reviled as a barbarian said, "By race, perhaps, but not by breeding."

Eager to get, but not to keep, the pelf,
A friend to all mankind—except himself.

JAMES WORDSWORTH: *Epitaph on himself.*

Engine. The history of this word is a philological curiosity. From Greek *gignere*, "to beget," and Latin *ingenium*, "engine" meant, in mediæval English, and occasionally indeed down to the eighteenth century, simply mother-wit or native talent. Thus Chaucer, "If man hath sapience thre, memorie, engin, and intellect also" (1589); Puttenham, "Such made most of their works by translation few or none of their own engine." Then it meant natural disposition, temper, as in Fairfax's Tasso, "His fell ingine his grauer age did somewhat mitigate." It had contemporaneously the sense of skill in controversy, ingenuity; also, in a bad sense, artfulness, cunning, trickery. From this it came to mean the product of ingenuity, an artifice, contrivance, device; and the transition thence to a mechanical contrivance, machine, implement, tool, was easy. The original engine, as a machine, was usually something used in warfare or in torture, as the rack, or in hunting, as a snare, net, trap, etc. The invention of the steam-engine has specialized the word and rendered obsolete all previous uses.

England expects every man to do his duty. Nelson's signal to the fleet before the battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805. The story has been told in various ways. Pasco's version may be accepted as the truest. He was Nelson's flag-lieutenant on the Victory. Nelson came to him on the poop, and, after ordering certain signals to be flown, gave these further directions: "Mr. Pasco, I wish to say to the fleet, 'England confides that every man will do his duty.'" And he added, "You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action." Pasco replied, "If your lordship will permit me to substitute *expects* for *confides*, the signal will soon be completed, because the word *expects* is in the vocabulary and *confides* must be spelt." Nelson, hastily, but with an air of satisfaction, said, "That will do, Pasco; make it directly." James, however, in his "Naval History," vol. iii. p. 392, says the signal first ordered by Nelson was, "Nelson expects every man to do his duty." He quotes Captain Blackwood, who commanded the Euryalus during the engagement. As it stands, the sentiment is a pretty enough bit of patriotic bombast. Dickens's humorous comment was, that if England expects every man to do his duty "she is the most sanguine and most disappointed country in the world."

England is the paradise of women, the purgatory of servants, and the hell of horses, an ancient Italian proverb. Sometimes the further epithet "a prison for men" is added. Grose, in the collection of proverbs added to the 1811 edition of his "Provincial Glossary," thus discourses on the saw: "The liberty allowed to women in England, the portion assigned by law to widows out of their husbands' goods and chattels, and the politeness with which all denominations of that sex are in general treated,

join to establish the truth of this part of the proverb. The furious manner in which people ride on the road, horse-racing, hunting, the cruelties of postilions, stage-coachmen, and car-men, with the absurd mutilations practised on that noble and useful animal, all but too much prove the truth of this part of the adage. But that this country is the purgatory of servants I deny; at least, if it ever was it is not so at present; I fear they are rather the cause of bringing many a man to that legal purgatory, the gaol."

England. The air of England is too pure for a slave, words attributed to Lord Mansfield by Lord Campbell in his "Lives of the Chief Justices:" "Lord Mansfield first established the grand doctrine that the air of England is too pure to be breathed by a slave" (vol. ii. p. 418). He refers to Lord Mansfield's decision in the case of James Somerset, a negro slave from Jamaica, who, coming to England in the company of his master, claimed his freedom, and was brought into court on a writ of habeas corpus. It was decided in that case that a slave could not exist in England, and that the moment he touched English soil he was a free man, and the negro was set at liberty. No words such as those attributed, however, occur in the report of the decision in the case (see Lofft's Reports, p. 2).

In the account of the hearing given in the "State Trials," Mansfield is made to say,—

Every man who comes into England is entitled to the protection of the English law, whatever oppression he may heretofore have suffered, and whatever may be the color of his skin:

Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus.

State Trials, vol. xx. p. 1.

It was Hargrave who, in his argument in the case, May 14, 1772, spoke of England as "a soil whose air is deemed too pure for slaves to breathe in."

Cowper has versified the phrase in his lines,—

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free!
They touch our country and their shackles fall.

The Task, Book ii.: *The Timepiece*, l. 40.

The same legal doctrine was applied to France by Bodinus, a French jurist born in the first years of the sixteenth century:

Servi peregrini, ut primum Galliæ fines penetraverunt eodem momento liberi sunt.

("Foreign slaves, as soon as they come within the limits of France, are free.")

BODINUS, lib. i., cap. 5.

In the celebrated case of Dred Scott, however, a negro slave who had been carried by his master from Missouri into Illinois, thence to the Territory of Wisconsin, and back again to Missouri, and to whose case it was endeavored to apply the same legal maxim, Chief-Justice Taney, of the Supreme Court of the United States, asserted that

For more than a century before the Declaration of Independence the negroes had been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations, and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect.

English as she is spoke. In the year 1882 there was published in England a little book under this title, which contained selections from a certain gem of literature, originally published at Paris in 1862 as "O Novo Guia em Portuguez e Inglez" ("The New Guide to Portuguese and English"). Simultaneously Mark Twain republished in America a new edition of the complete work, with prefatory notes. The book had long been out of print, though known to book-collectors and frequently referred to in magazines. Its many and obvious merits were now for the first time made known to the public at

large, which eagerly acknowledged them and clamorously sought to possess itself of the volume, to gloat over them at leisure.

The unique character of the work consists in the fact that its author, who openly proclaimed himself as Joze de Fonseca, had manufactured it by securing a book of French dialogues, which, with the aid of a dictionary, he put word by word into English. Of that tongue he knew nothing, and, what is more astonishing, learned nothing, even during the progress of his labors. There resulted a farrago of mistakes, a jumble of English and Portuguese constructions, over which the beaming self-conceit of the author spreads, to borrow from Carlyle, "like sunshine on the deep sea." Never was linguist in better humor with himself. In his very preface he begins by comparing his book, to its own great advantage, with all its predecessors in the same line: "The *Works* which we were conferring for this labour, find use us for nothing; but those what were publishing to Portugal, or out. They were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little acquainted in the spirit of both languages. It was resulting from that corelessness to rest these *Works* fill of imperfections and anomalies of style; in spite of the infinite typographical faults which sometimes invert the sense of the periods. It increase not to contain any of those *Works* the figured pronunciation of the english words, nor the prosodical accent in the portugese; indispensable object whom wish to speak the english and portuguese languages correctly."

Consequently the author felt that "A choice of familiar dialogues, clean of gallicisms and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious portuguese and brazilian Youth; and also to persons of other nations that wish to know the portuguese language."

And having set himself the task of filling this long-felt want, having avoided all the distressing faults and imperfections of his predecessors, he confidently anticipates the approbation of the public: "We expect then who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptance of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

To begin with the vocabulary, among the "Defects of the Body" are enumerated "a blind," "a lame," "a squint-eyed," and so on. The process here is intelligible, however. The professor of languages has simply followed the French idiom, and used nouns as adjectives. But such "Degrees of Kindred" as "gossip mistress," "the quarter-grandfather," and "quarter-grandmother" require elucidation, as also do such nice differentiations of meaning as are implied in the terms "a relation, an relation, a guardian, an guardian." We give up the first batch; in the second Senhor Fonseca possibly reads *a* as the masculine, *an* as the feminine, of the indefinite article. Under the head of "Eatings," one's appetite is scarcely stimulated by such a menu as "some wigs," "some marchpanes," "a little mine," "an amelet," even with such "Seasonings" as "some pinions," "some verjuice," or "some hog's lard," and washed down with such "Drinkings" as "some paltry wine." A devout Catholic would be shocked to find himself set down to a *maigre* diet of such "Fishes and Shellfishes" as "Hedgehog," "Snail," "Wolf," and "Torpedo."

Pass we on now to the Familiar Phrases. Almost at the outset we are met with the pertinent query, "Have you understand that he says?" and when, a line or two farther down, we meet the mysterious direction, "Sing an area," we confess that we have not understand. A few more examples must suffice:

At what purpose have say so?
That are the dishes whose you must be and to abstain.
This girl have a beauty edge.
It must never to laugh of the unhappies.

Probably not. The conversationalist is evidently one of the unhappies, for

elsewhere we are told, "He laughs at my nose, he jest by me," and then follow in quick succession the alarming statements,—

He has spit in my coat.
He has me take out my hairs.
He does me some kicks.
He has scratch the face with hers nails.

Then, thanks be to heaven, the tables are turned, and the very next entry informs us,—

He burns one's self the brains ;

which is reassuring when you reflect that it is a literal rendition of "*Il se brûle la cervelle*." Yet the slain knows not that he is slain. A little lower down the tale of bloodshed and sudden death is resumed :

He was fought in duel.
They fight one's selfs again (*Ils se battent ensemble*).
He do want to fall (*Il manque de tomber*).
He was wanting to be killed.

Evidently he was. Is it to this truculent gentleman that a little lower down the advice is given,—

Take attention to cut you self ?

One is glad to know that the conversationalist survives all these dangers. In the "Familiar Dialogues" one accompanies him on "The walk." He is something of a poet, a lover of nature. "You hear the birds gurgling?" he asks, and then rapturously exclaims, "Which pleasure! which charm! The field has to me a thousand charms." He visits his tailor and jauntily asks, "Will you do me a coat?" The tailor, not a bit taken aback, replies in the Socratic fashion, "What cloth will you do to?" That little matter is arranged. The tailor engages to bring the coat "the rather that be possible." But evidently he procrastinates. For when at last it is delivered the messenger is met with the stern rebuke, "You have me done to expect too," a bold version of "*Vous m'avez fait trop attendre*." The tailor makes excuse, "I did can't to come rather." When the conversationalist goes "For to ride a horse" we detect in him the same carping spirit. "Here is a horse who have a bad looks. He not sall know to marsh, he is pursy, he is foundered. Don't you are ashamed to give me a jade like this? He is undshoed, he is with nails up; it want to lead to the farrier." Nevertheless he mounts. And then trouble begins. "Never," screams the rider, "never I was seen a so bad beast; she will not nor to bring forward, neither put back." The stableman, evidently agitated, begins a running fire of advice. "Strek him the bridle," he cries. "Hold him the reins sharters. Pique stron gly, make to marsh him." "I have pricked him enough. But I can't make him to marsh," replies the indignant client. "Go down, I shall make marsh," says the dealer scornfully, and the incensed equestrian rejoins, "Take care that he not give you a foot kicks." For aught we know, the stableman may hide some devilish sarcasm under the incoherent surrejoinder, "Then he kicks for that I look? Sook here if I knew to tame hix," which brings to an inglorious end our conversationalist's attempt for to ride a horse.

The pupil, having by this time acquired a choice stock of phrases, with a select and well-weeded vocabulary, is next taught to practise the epistolary style after the best models. And who are these models? Madam of Sevigné and Madam of Maintenon. One specimen from the former lady must suffice :

MADAM OF SEVIGNÉ AT THEIR DAUGHTER.

I write you every day : it is a jay which give me most favourable at all who beg me some letters. They will to have them for to appear before you, and me i don't ask better. That shall be given by M. D—. I don't know as he is called ; but at last it is a honest man, what seems me to have esprit, and that me have seen here together.

Next comes a fund of entertaining anecdotes, so ingeniously worded that they might readily be used to set the table on a roar.

Physicians, as we all know, do not always follow their own prescriptions. On this head the Portuguese compiler has a good story to tell, and he tells it in his own idiomatic way :

A physician eighty years of age had enjoined of a health unalterable. Their friends did him of it compliments every days. "Mister doctor," they said to him, "you are admirable man. What you make then for to bear you as well?" "I shall tell you it, gentlemen," he was answered them: "and I exhort you in same time at to follow my example. I live of the product of my ordering, without take any remedy who I command to my sick."

Where all are good it seems a work of supererogation to select. But space is limited, and we must confine ourselves to a few :

One eyed was laid against a man which had good eyes that he saw better than him. The party was accepted. "I have gain over," said the one eyed; "why I see you two eyes, and you not look me who one!"

Cæsar seeing one day to Roma, some strangers, very riches, which bore between her arms little dogs and little monkeyes and who was carressign them too tenderly was ask, with so many great deal reason, whether the women of her country don't had some children?

A lady, which was to dine, chid to her servant that she had not used butter enough. This girl, for the excuse him selves, was bring a little cat on her hand, and told that she came to take him in the crime, finishing to eat the two pounds from butter who remain. The lady took immediately the cat, was put into the balances, it had not weighed theat one an half pound.

Two friends who from long they not were seen meet one's selves for hazard. "How do is there?" told one of the two. "No very well," told the other, "and i am married from that I saw thee." "Good news." "Not quit, because I had married with a bad woman." "So much worse." "Not so much great deal worse; because her dower was from two thousand lewis." "Well, that comfort." "Not absolutely, why i had employed this sum for to buy some muttons which are all deads of the rot." "That is indeed very sorry." "Not so sorry, because the selling of hers hide have bring me above the price of the muttons." "So you are indemnified." "Not quit, because my house where i was disposed my money, finish to be consumed by the flames." "Oh, here is a great misfortune!" "Not so great nor i either, because my wife and my house are burned together!"

The whole concludes appropriately with a choice collection of "Idiotisms and Proverbs." Again we can only cull at random :

A thing is tell, another is make.
The walls have hearsay.
Spoken of the wolf, one sees the tail.
There is not any ruler without a exception.
He is like the fish into the water.
To come back at their muttons.
He is not so devil as he is black.
What come in to me for an ear yet out for another.
The stone as rolls not heap up not foam.
Help thy that God will aid thee.
It want to take the occasion for the hairs.

All of which, though possibly not so idiomatic as the originals which they pervert, are certainly more idiotic.

But it is not Senhor Fonseca alone who has subjected the English language to rough treatment.

"Here they spike the English," an announcement that actually appeared in a Paris shop-window, might be taken as an appropriate motto for many strange and murderous onslaughts on the English tongue. English was badly spiked by the baker in the Palais Royal who announced, "Maccaroni not baked sooner ready," and by the barber in the Rue St.-Honoré who made an attempt to attract foreign custom by the statement, "Hear to cut off hare, in English fashion." M. Oliver, a French conjurer, was another desperate offender. In his programme he offers "to perform an infinity of Legerdemains," such as "the cut and burnt handkerchieve who shall take up their

primitive forms; the watch thrown et nailed against the wall by a pistol shot, the enchanted glass wine, the handsome Elsinä in her trunk, some low automaton who will dance upon a rope and shall do all the most difficult tricks," the whole to conclude with "a Phantasmagory disposed in a manner as not to frighten the ladies."

"Articulation without swipe" is the puzzling commendation that accompanies the description of a weighing-machine, and of a bathing-girdle the awful statement is made that "the person, the bathing-tub, and the machine are forming one inseparable piece."

A certain M. Hercelle-Leruste recently put forth a highly mysterious circular. It aims to describe the virtues of the "unparalleled bathing-room, dressing-rooms and of showers-baths, united system Hercelle-Leruste." Despite the assistance of a rudimentary illustration of the improved bath-room, it is doubtful whether the full merits of the system will ever be comprehended from the circular. However, it is dimly apparent that the invention is in the nature of what is known here as a geyser, or instantaneous water-heater, and that improved ventilation is a special feature. So much being premised, we can follow the sense, though withholding our approval from the literary form of the sentence promising "a foot-bath, sitting-bath, and any one else bath, heating itself in a minute, without which smoke spread itself over room, thing which has never existed." Still intelligible, though still weak in accident, is M. Hercelle-Leruste's explanation of how "persons having some bathing-rooms" may alter said rooms for the reception of his apparatus, even in the case of a person "residing in house which be not the property of her." "I will construct this room," the inventor continues, "to make remove when she will wish all the objects same the invisible pipes and reservoirs, all to make remove."

One is tempted to ask, why this partiality for the feminine sex? Why, oh, why does not this benefactor of his kind offer his services also to the poor male householder residing in house which be not the property of him? why may not he too enjoy a foot-bath, sitting-bath, or any one else bath? But then we remember that *personne* in the chivalrous French tongue is feminine, and that the good Hercelle-Leruste, with nice grammatical discernment, is gallantly attempting to make the English pronominal adjective agree with its antecedent. And now follows a financial paragraph, from whose obscurity we can see no escape by conjectural emendation or otherwise: "All is foreteen it and cheaply, because this elegant room can do it from seven hundred francs including reservoirs, as much as ten thousand francs if one desire it, since one eat now a daysmake, all seenes and to bay there he desired draperies."

Many and curious are the personal advantages and the comforts that attach to a bath filled by this water-heater. For example, "We undress ones self afresh without to be seen of some persons that are in this room," and we can "be served in this room egally without be seen." Best of all, it is a sort of enchanted room, where everything comes of itself. "Being there for bath or something else, being undressed and having forgotten of linen or any one else, you ask them without any inconvenience with a speaking-trumpet, these objects come to you you take them and nobody seen you."

Be there any sceptics? M. Hercelle-Leruste invites verification. "Gone at my residence,"—this is the engaging form in which he issues his invitation,—"There you will can see work it."

Baths and bathing-establishments seem indeed to prompt to tortuous English. The card of an old inn at Paris announces, "Salines baths at every o'clock," and a bath-keeper at Basle informs his English visitors that "in his newly-erected establishment, which the owner recommends best to all foreigners, are to have ordinary and artful baths, Russia and sulphury bagnois,

pumpings, artful mineral waters, guaze lemonades furnished apartments for patients."

It seems to be inevitable that whenever a foreign word has a double meaning the foreigner seeking its English equivalent will stumble on the wrong alternative and thus produce delicious confusion. It is staggering at first to find an English advertisement in a French paper which reads, "Castle to praise presently," and you do not recover from your surprise until you remember that the French verb *louer* means either to praise or to let. The literal rendition of *château*, by "castle," and the substitution of presently for immediately, are minor errors that lend an artistic and fully-rounded completeness to the whole sentence. In a similar way, when an Amsterdam refreshment-house announces "upright ginger beer," you read the adjective back into the original Dutch and find that *oprecht* means genuine as well as upright.

A dentist at Honfleur "renders himself to the habitations of these wich honor him with their confidence and executes all wich concerns his profession with skill and vivacity." A vivacious dentist would not necessarily invite the confidence of his patients.

The "Proliferous Top," whatever that may be, is accompanied by this set of instructions:

Roll the string in the pulley and draw: put the mother top on the little ones which are scattered about purposely one after the other; it is sufficient for putting them in motion. Count number brought. The top goes in every manner that is wished according to the chances of positions or the skill of persons. The proliferous top is not only an attractive toy, but it is a healthy and agreeable pastime. Moreover it is the ingenious work of a learned physician who has travelled in various countries, and has for a long time meditated on the causes and effects which have the most influence on human constitution with regards both to health and intelligence.

An English "Guide to Amsterdam," published in Holland, claims to be prepared by an Englishman. Here is how this pseudo-Englishman handles his own language. He is speaking of the customs of the inhabitants on Sundays and holidays:

They go to walk outside the town gates; after this walk they hasten to free public play gardens, where wine, thea, etc., is sold. Neither the mobility remains idle at these entertainments. Every one invites his damsel, and joyously they enter play gardens of a little less brilliancy than the former. There at the crying sound of an instrument that rents the ear, accompanied by the delightful handle-organs and the rustic triangle, their devoirs are paid to Terpischore. Everywhere a similitude of talents; the dancing outdoes not the music.

In a hotel at the top of the Rigi the following announcement gives great satisfaction: "Misters the venerable voyagers are advertised that when the sun him rise a horn will be blown." That announcement sufficiently prepares the visitor for the following entry in the wine list: "In this hotel the wines leave the traveller nothing to hope for." The style of the following is legal in its precision: "It is clearly understood that the combustion of every kind of wooden work which belongs to the entity of the shelter is strongly forbidden, so that if it happened to be caused damage of any kind from the part of the travellers or guides, the latter one will be made responsible. At this purpose every one is requested to notify those eventual damages made on the shelter huts and in the same time if it is possible." As Polonius says, "entity of the shelter" and "eventual damages" are good.

The following is copied from a card for English visitors prepared by the host of an establishment in the neighborhood of Pompeii. It will reveal the secret of its meaning to no casual reader:

That hotel opened since a few days is renowned for the cleanness of the apartments and linen; for the exactness of the service and for the excellence of the true French cookery. Being situated at a proximity of that regeneration, it will be propitious to receive families whatever, which will desire to reside alternately in that town, to visit the monuments new

found and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air. That establishment will avoid to all travelers, visitors of that sepulchral city and to the artists (willing to draw the antiquities) a great discordance occasioned by the tardy and expensive contour of the iron way. People will find equally thither a complete sortiment of stranger wines, and of the kingdom, hot and cold baths, stables and coach houses, the whole with very moderate price. Now, all the applications and endeavors of the host will tend always to correspond to the tastes and desires of their customers, which will acquire without doubt to him in that town the reputation whom he is ambitious.

The darkest portion of the above is that which refers to the tardy and expensive contour of the iron way. The mystery is partly cleared up, however, when one discovers that the iron way is literal English for *chemin de fer*, the railroad.

Japan and China yield some remarkable specimens. The following are as good as any :

The trees cutting, birds and beasts killing, and cows and horses setting on fire at the ground belonging to the government are prohibited.

(Signed) OSAKA FU.

A sweetmeat-maker, named Yeck Chee, published the accompanying notice :

The undersigned of Kingloong to manufacture the Best quality of Sweetmeats, Soy, etc. Which is composed of the finest materials formerly for sold by the merchant of Loanqua during many years, and renowned between the farthest and the nearest. At present the Loanqua is on leave a trust because he was deceitful and loss of the payment, hereafter for sale the sweetmeats, but by the Kingloong self, as in his own signed request that all patronize of the gentle men to inspect the undersigned. Whoever should be mistaken to the counterfeit goods from Loanqua, it will surely not concerning of Kingloong. KINGLOONG (Signed). The New Merchant is Yeck Chee.

But the garden-spot of the world for exotic English is surely India. The natives of that country have a natural love for exuberant rhetoric, which when conjoined with imperfect knowledge of the meaning of words leads to the most amazing results.

Lady Dufferin tells us that when she resided at Bhurtpore a Hindustani gentleman addressed her by letter as "Honored Enormity."

One man during an examination was told to write an essay upon the horse, which he did in the following brief item : "The horse is a very noble animal, but when irritated he ceases to do so." "Progress and Poverty" was thus outlined by another essayist : "The rich man welters on crimson velvet, while the poor man snorts on flint." It is a Punjab school-master who gives us this sample of epistolary English :

HON. SIR : I am most anxious to hear you are sick. I pray to God to see you soon at R— in a state of triumph. The climate is very good and proves unhealthy. No deputy commissioner complains ever for want of climate. If you also come here I think it will agree with your state. An information expectant or reversionary respecting your recovery state is expected, and I shall be thankful to you.

A very amusing petition was once addressed to the English House of Commons by R. D. P. Romohandra Rae, manager of the Peshwa Charitable Institution at Nayeghat, Benares. It is too long to quote entire, but we can make room for the reasons which actuated him to appeal to their "lordships" of the House of Commons as follows :

The applicant believes that no desire can originate within us if its fulfillment is not desired by Providence and to have further proof which can be universally acknowledged is that the whole world when in its infancy would not have called for nourishment if the all-wise Contriver had not arranged for so palpable and nourishing a diet. The applicant would arrive to this conclusion that this intense desire of asking from the government what belongs to him must have arisen owing to its fulfillment being decided by the Almighty. The earth is called the mother of all things, not because she produces, but because she maintains and nurses what she produces. Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Empress of India, being termed as Queen Mother, would never like to act like Esop's earth, which would not nurse the plant of another ground, although never so much improved by reason that plant was not of its own production.

Their "lordships" must have been highly astonished to find themselves described as "endowed with all the perfections and blessings of nature."

A notice posted in a Lahore hotel has a very truculent sound :

Gentlemen who come in hotel not say anything about their meals they will be charged for, and if they should say beforehand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner, are if they say that they not have anything to eat, they will be charged, and if not so, they will be charged, or, unless they bring it to the notice of the manager, and should they want to say anything, they must order the manager for, and not any one else, and unless they not bring it to the notice of the manager, they will be charged for the least things according to hotel rate, and no fuss will be allowed afterward about it. Should any gentleman take wall-lamp or candle-light from the public rooms, they must pay for it without any dispute its charges. Monthly gentlemen will have to pay my fixed rate made with them at the time, and should they absent day in the month, they will not be allowed to deduct anything out of it, because I take from them less rate than my usual rate of monthly charges.

But the finest specimen of Hindoo English—unsurpassed and unsurpassable—is the memoir of Onoocool Chunder Moorkerjee, judge of the High Court of India, which his nephew published in Calcutta shortly after the death of the biographee in 1871. It is only to be regretted that its length precludes our copying it entire.

At the very start we scent the rich treat that is in store for us. Our hearts warm within us as we read that this admirable man, "by dint of wide energy and perseverance, erected a vantage ground above the common level of his countrymen,—nay, stood with the rare, barring few on the same level with him, and sat arrayed in majestic glory, viewing with unparalleled and mute rapture his friends and admirers lifting up their hands with heartfelt glee and laudation for his success in life."

His father died when Onoocool was very young, and "unfortunate blind bargains and speculations" by an elder brother soon reduced the family to so low an ebb that "it was threatened with Barmecide feasts." Thereupon "Onoocool Chunder was pressed by his mother to search for an employment. 'All love the womb that their first beings bred,' and Justice Moorkerjee was not out of the pale of it. There cannot be a greater instance of self-denial than a mother endures during the whole existence of her offspring. Nothing in the world can make her facetious when her child is not so, and nothing in the world can make her lugubrious when her child is not so. Ergo, on the contrary, a mother is loved and respected in every age."

Ergo, on the contrary, the filial Onoocool determined to obey his mother. He was successful in finding employment. He was eventually admitted to the bar. His power of arguing a question with "capacious, strong, and laudable ratiocination and eloquence" soon brought him in an income, which he used "to extricate his family from the difficulties in which it had lately been enwrapped, and to restore happiness and sunshine to those sweet and well-beloved faces on which he had not seen the soft and fascinating beams of a simper for many a grim-visaged year."

It is pleasant to follow this brilliant career. In 1870, Choonder accepted a seat in the Legislative Council of Bengal, his selection for this honor being characterized as "most judicious and tip-top." Within the year he resigned from the council to accept a judgeship. "His elevation created a catholic ravishment throughout the dominion under the benign and fostering sceptre of great Albion." But, alas! he did not live long to enjoy his success. Eight months later, while delivering a judicial opinion, he felt a slight headache, "which gradually aggravated and became so uncontrollable that he felt like a toad under a harrow." "All the well known doctors of Calcutta did what they could, with their puissance and knack of medical knowledge, but it proved after all as if to milk the ram! His wife and children had not the mournful consolation to hear his last words, he remained *sotto voce* for a few hours and then went to God at about 6 p.m." With one graphic stroke the

biographer pictures the despair of the family: "The house presented a second Babel or a pretty kettle of fish." Nor was the mourning confined to the house. "All wept for him, and whole Bengal was in lachrymation—and more I shall say, that even the learned judges of the High Court heaved sighs and closed it on its Appellate and Original Sides."

Here is a pleasing description of the judge's personal appearance: "When a boy he was filamentos; but gradually he became plump as a partridge. His dress was unaffected—he used to wear Dhotee and Chadur on all occasions except when going to court, office, or to see any European gentleman, or attending any European party. And even on going to see a Nautch or something of the like I have never seen him in a dress fine as a carrot fresh scraped, but *esto perpetuum* in Pantaloon and in satin or broad-cloth Chapkan, with a Toopee well quadrate to the dress." He was a faithful Hindoo, and charitable withal, but judicious in his charities. "The Hon'ble Mookerjee did bleed freely, but he was not a leviathan on the ocean of liberality; the mode of assignment of his charities was to such men as we truly wish, and recommend, and exsuscitate enthusiastically. He used to give monthly something to many relicts who had no hobbarday-hoy even to support them, and had no other source of sustenance left to them by their consort."

English, The King's, or Queen's, an epithet first used in connection with some verb, as to abuse, deface, or murder the king's English, and apparently suggested by phrases like "to deface the king's coin." The term has been traced no further back than "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (1598), where it is put in the mouth of mistress Quickly:

I pray thee go to the casement and see if you can see my master, Doctor Caius, coming; if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.—Act i., Sc. 4.

Dr. Caius, the Frenchman in the play, and Evans the Welshman, "Gallia et Guallia," succeed pretty well in their efforts to murder the language. In "Love's Labor's Lost," Costard comments on the wonderful linguistic feats of Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel, the pedantic school-master and preacher, and the fantastic Spaniard Armado:

They have been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps.—Act v., Sc. 1.

Per contra, Spenser speaks of

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
Faerie Queen, Book iv., Canto ii., St. 33:

and of his friend Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson says,—

A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,
Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not adorn.
[Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.]

Epitaph on Goldsmith.

Enigma (Gr. *αἰνύγμᾱ*, a "riddle" or "dark saying;" from *αἶνός*, a "fable," a "saying"), the earliest form of the riddle, which has since burgeoned out so luxuriantly into the cognate forms of charades, rebuses, conundrums, etc. The enigma has been differentiated from these other flora of the recondite by the definition which makes it a description, perfectly true in itself, but so ingeniously couched in metaphorical language that the sense is not obvious, so that when put in the form of a question it shall stimulate the curiosity and yet baffle the would-be interpreter. In the great majority of cases it might in fact be called a metaphor or a poetical similitude reversed. Primeval poetry,—the sagas in the North, Hesiod's epics in the South,—poetry in which it was a point of honor to call nothing by its right name, illustrates this premiss most effectively. The ship, for example, is the sea-horse. Now, reverse the

process. Instead of calling the ship the sea-horse, ask what is the horse that carries men over the sea. There you have an enigma. Nay, in many primitive poems the two processes are wedded, and the metaphor is put in the form of an enigma, which is immediately answered. A beautiful example is furnished in the opening of the Servian "Hassan Aga," which Goethe has resuscitated :

What white form is shimmering on yon lea ?
Is it snow or is it swans we see ?
Snow ? it would have melted in the ray.
Swans ? long since they must have flown away.
Snow it is not, swans it cannot be ;
'Tis the tent of Hassan Aga shining.

MANGAN : *Translated from Goethe.*

Again, there is a familiar enigma which is common, in one form or another, to all primitive nations : "What runs faster than a horse, crosses water, and is not wet ?" The sun. Now, this is identical with one of the most famous metaphors in literature, a metaphor whose many avatars in the pages of poets, philosophers, and divines will be found duly chronicled under SUN. To repeat a single instance, it is thus expressed by Bacon : "The sun, which passeth through pollutions, and itself remains as pure as before."

Samson's riddle was an enigma : so was that of the Sphinx. Though Samson afterwards became a judge, one cannot hold that his riddle was a fair one : "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." This referred, as all will remember, to a dead lion in whose mouth certain bees had made their honey. Now, it required for its solution too large a knowledge of antecedent circumstances. No wonder his wife's people could not in three days expound the riddle. The Sphinx really played fairer : "What is that animal which in the morning goes on four feet, at noon on two, and in the evening on three ?" Answer, Man. Here morning, noon, and evening are metaphors of infancy, manhood, and age, and there is a further metaphorical use of the word feet, which is applied in one place to the hands, and in another to a staff, used for support and progress.

The ancient Greeks were very fond of riddles of this sort. One Clesbulina, nicknamed Eumetis, the wise woman, was especially famous in her day, insomuch that a comedy was named after her, "The Clesbulinas." One cannot help breathing a sigh over the disappearance of what must have been a magnificent collection of classical chestnuts. Clesbulina's enigma about the cupping-glass, or rather cupping-brass, won her especial renown :

I saw a man glue brass upon another man.
So close the two
Together grew
That you would say
One blood were they.
Now read my riddle if you can.

Another ancient riddle is credited to Cleobolus, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece : "A father had twelve children, and each child had thirty sons and daughters, the sons being white and the daughters black, and one of these died every day, and yet became immortal." Is not this identical with the riddle which Necbatano, King of Egypt, proposed to Lycerus, King of Babylon, in that war of riddles which Planudes has celebrated ? The Babylonish monarch had always been a winner in these contests, because he had Æsop at his court, and Æsop was more than a match for his adversary. But at last Necbatano conceived he had a clincher. "There is a grand temple," he said, "which rests upon a single column, which column is encircled by twelve cities ; every city has against its walls thirty flying buttresses, and each buttress has two women, one white and one black, that go round about it in turns. Say what that temple is called." It did not take Æsop long to crack this

nut : "The temple is the world, the column is the year, the twelve cities are the months, the thirty buttresses are the days, the two women are light and darkness."

In "The Booke of Merry Riddles" which Shakespeare mentions in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," we meet our old friend in another form :

I have a tree of great honour,
Which tree beareth both fruit and flower ;
Twelve branches this tree hath nake,
Fifty-two nests therein he make,
And every nest hath birds seven,
Thanked be the King of Heaven ;
And every bird hath a divers name :
How may all this together frame ?

And in a more recent "Recueil de Calembours" published in France, the same recondite jest makes once more its perennial appearance :

Un père a douze fils, chacun d'eux en a trente,
Moitié blancs, moitié noirs ?
L'an, les mois, les jours, les nuits.

The Abbé Boilat has described some engaging traits of the Wolofs, a simple but jocular race who inhabit Senegal. It is their nightly custom to sit in the moonlight or fire-light, propounding aboriginal enigmas to one another, amid peals of laughter. If a riddle is guessed a shout goes up, "He has told the truth !" If not, the Wolof method of giving it up is to grasp the chin and cry, "In the name of the God of truth." And this is the style of riddle propounded : "What runs long in the sun and casts no shadow ?" Does the reader grasp his chin ? Do we hear an appeal to the eternal verities ? We leap to his assistance with the answer,—The road. Again, "Who are the comrades that fight all day and never hurt each other ?" The tongue and the teeth. One cannot help envying the capacity for merriment which can extort laughter out of such elementary epigrams. Yet the country-folk everywhere, the young barbarians in our nurseries, nay, our polished ancestors, and the classical ancients, have or had an equally rudimentary sense of humor. Many of the riddles still current are just as primitive as any we have quoted. No doubt our arboreal ancestors shook their sides and wagged their prehistoric tails over precisely the same jests,—after the megatherium and the dodo had done with them. Indeed, some of Shakespeare's quibbles belong to the same class. (Does not Ruskin wistfully marvel at the readiness of Elizabethan audiences to be amused ?) All seem to proceed from the wondering child-like intellect, just awakened to recognition of the fact that there are analogies in nature, and giving the ready guerdon of admiration or laughter to the more spacious intellects among them who had shown that human relations might be predicated of inanimate things, either in jest or earnest. The mind with a humorous bias made enigmas, the serious mind made metaphors,—that is to say, poems. There is a legend that the Father of Poetry was done to death by an enigma,—a further illustration of the close connection between the two classes of literature. Asking some fishers of Ios what luck they had had, the wandering minstrel was told, "What we caught we threw away, what we could not catch we kept." Fleas, not fishes, had been the quest of these merry men on that particular day. Homer puzzled himself into some classic form of paresis, and finally gave up both the riddle and the ghost. But the riddle survived to puzzle posterity. Symposius, in the seventh century, put it into Latin verse. Pierre Grognet did it into old French :

Ce que je prens, je pers et tiens,
Ce qui s'enfuyt ay et retiens.

It has spread over the world. One of its latest avatars is the following : "He

loves her ; she has a repugnance to him, and yet she tries to catch him ; and if she succeeds, she will be the death of him."

Aulus Gellius, in his twelfth book of "*Noctes Atticæ*," goes into ecstasies over a *scirpus*, or what the Greeks call an *enigma*, "which I lately found ; ancient, by Hercules I and exceedingly crafty, composed in three iambic verses." It is really worth quoting for its utter inanity :

Semel, minusve, an bis minus, non sat scio
An utrumque eorum, ut quondam audivi dicere
Jovi ipsi regi noluit concedere.

("I know not whether it was once less, or twice less, or both the latter added together, who, as I once heard, was unwilling to yield even to King Jove himself.")

"I leave this unanswered," says Gellius, "to sharpen the conjectures of my readers in their investigations,"—probably the earliest instance of a fashion now much in vogue in journals and magazines of leaving the solution to the next number. But Gellius is merciful. "He who is tired of investigating," he adds, "may find the answer in the second book of M. Varro to Marcellus on the Latin language."

The answer is *Terminus* (*ter-minus*). Ovid declares that all the crowd of gods gave place to Jove, except *Terminus*, who held his ground. So the author of the riddle doubts whether it was once less, or twice less, or thrice less (*ter-minus*,—*i.e.*, the two latter added together), who, as he once heard, was unwilling to yield to King Jove himself. The force of bathos could no further go.

There have been epochs when enigmas and other forms of riddles were especially in vogue. Always these epochs marked a recurring season of intellectual awakening. Such an epoch there was at the first glimmering of new dawn towards the close of the seventh century and the beginning of the eighth. This was probably the age of *Symposius*, author of a collection of Latin riddles, as it certainly was of *Aldhelm*, Bishop of Sherborne, and of *Tatwine*, Archbishop of Canterbury, both of whom followed in the footsteps of *Symposius*.

One example shall suffice from each. Here is *Symposius* on the bookworm :

I have fed upon literature, yet know not a letter ; I have lived among books, and I am none the more studious for it ; I have devoured the Muses, yet up to the present time I have made no progress.

Aldhelm yields this upon the alphabet :

We are seventeen sisters voiceless born ; six others, half-sisters, we exclude from our set ; children of iron, by iron we die, but children too of the bird's wing that flies so high ; three brethren our sires, be our mother as may ; if any one is very eager to hear, we tell him, and quickly give answer without any sound.

That is to say, seventeen consonants and six vowels : made with iron style and erased with the same, or else made with a bird's quill ; whatever the instrument, three fingers are the agents ; and we can convey answer without delay even in situations where it would be inconvenient to speak.

And lastly, here is *Tatwine* on an "Eagle-lecturn,"—in almost literal translation :

Angelic food to folk I oft dispense,
While sounds majestic fill attentive ears,
Yet neither voice have I nor tongue for speech.
In brave equipment of two wings I shine,
But wings withouten any skill to fly :
One foot I have to stand, but not a foot to go.

It is probably to this epoch also (though some would claim a much higher antiquity) that the most famous of all enigmas is to be referred, the "*Ælia Lælia Crispis*," an inscription preserved at Bologna, which has puzzled the wisest heads, and has finally been given up as insoluble.

ÆLIA LÆLIA CRISPIS,

Nec vir, nec mulier, nec androgyna ;
 Nec puella, nec juvenis, nec anus ;
 Nec meretrix, nec pudica ;
 Sed omnia :
 Sublata neque famo, nec ferro, neque veneno :
 Sed omnibus ;
 Nec cœlo, nec aquis, nec terris ;
 Sed ubique jacet.
 Lucius Agatho Priscus,
 Nec maritus, nec amator, nec necessarius ;
 Neque mœrens, neque gaudens, neque flens ;
 Sed omnia :
 Hanc neque molem, neque pyramidum, neque sepulchrum,
 Scit et nescit quid posierit.
 Hoc est sepulchrum intus cadaver non habens ;
 Hoc est cadaver sepulchrum extra non habens ;
 Sed cadaver idem est, et sepulchrum sibi.

Which may be rendered as follows :

ÆLIA LÆLIA CRISPIS,

Neither man, nor woman, nor hermaphrodite ;
 Neither girl, nor boy, nor old woman ;
 Neither harlot nor virgin ;
 But all of these :
 Destroyed neither by hunger, nor sword, nor poison ;
 But by all of them :
 Lies neither in heaven, nor in the water, nor in the ground ;
 But everywhere.
 Lucius Agatho Priscus,
 Neither husband, nor lover, nor kinsman ;
 Neither sad, nor glad, nor weeping ;
 But all together ;
 This, neither funeral pile, nor pyramid, nor tomb,
 He knows and knows not what he has erected.
 This is a tomb having no corpse within it ;
 This is a corpse having no tomb without it ;
 But corpse and tomb are one and the same.

Various interpretations have been offered, some better than others, but none good. It has even been shrewdly suspected that there is no interpretation,—that the puzzle is a mere hoax. Rain-water, the so-called *materia medica*, the philosopher's stone, a dissected person, a shadow, an embryo,—these and other suggested explanations all fall to the ground. There seems to be some color of reason to Professor Schwartz's suggestion that the Christian religion is the true answer, referring, in proof, to Galatians iii. 28 : "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female ; for we are all one in Christ Jesus." But after the superficial likeness to the text has been acknowledged, it is hard work to find the other analogies.

Better remember the fate of Homer, and desist from any further cudgelling of the brain.

The period of the Renaissance was a great era for the enigma. Numerous collections of all forms of riddles were put forth in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Some were eclectic, some ostensibly original. Among the latter the efforts of the Abbé Cotin are especially famous. In England, at a later period, Swift and others followed Cotin's example in acknowledging their borrowings. The majority of riddles before Cotin's time had been anonymous.

Among these *anonyma*, however, are some that have won for themselves the glory of perennial quotation. Sometimes they are only fair, sometimes they are very bad. Never mind : they are classics, and not the most cursory history of the enigma would be complete without them.

Let us dip into that celebrated book of riddles already mentioned as spoken

of by Shakespeare in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Act i., Sc. 1). It is called, with that blatant boastfulness which is such an amusing characteristic of antique titles, "The Booke of Merry Riddles, together with proper Questions and Witty Proverbs to make pleasant pastime; no less useful than be-hoovefull for any yong man or child, to know if he be quickwitted or no."

Do you want to find out if you be quick-witted? Then unriddle me this, an it please you:

Two legs sat upon three legs and had one leg in her hand; then in came foure legs and bare away one leg; then up start two legs and threw three legs at foure legs, and brought again one leg.

The answer is full of picturesque detail, and runs as follows:

That is, a woman with two legs sat on a stoole with three legs, and had a leg of mutton in her hand; then came a dog that hath foure legs, and bare away the leg of mutton; then up started the woman and threw the stoole with three legs at the dog with foure legs, and brought again the leg of mutton.

Would you prefer a poetical riddle? Your taste shall be gratified:

He went to the wood and caught it,
He sat him down and sought it;
Because he could not finde it,
Home with him he brought it.

Solution: "That is a thorne: for a man went to the wood and caught a thorne in his foote, and then he sate him downe, and sought to have it pulled out, and because he could not find it out, he must needs bring it home."

Ah there, old truepenny! You see it has turned up once more,—the same old jest that worried Homer into a premature grave.

Here are some famous bits of inanity preserved in Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes of England:—

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head, and no eyes.
(A pair of tongs.)

Thirty white horses upon a red hill.
Now they champ, now they tramp, now they stand still.
(Teeth and gums.)

Old mother Twichett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.
(A needle and thread.)

Little Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.
(A candle.)

The next has more merit:

What's that which all love more than life,
Fear more than death or mortal strife?—
That which contented men desire,
The poor possess, the rich require,
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?
(Nothing.)

In a speech on the embargo which John Adams delivered in Congress in 1806, he made apt use of "an old riddle on a coffin, which I presume we all learned when we were boys:—"

There was a man bespoke a thing,
Which when the maker home did bring,
That same maker did refuse it,
The man that spoke for it did not use it,
And he who had it did not know
Whether he had it, yea or no.

Mr. Adams considered this "as perfect a representation of the origin, progress, and present state of this thing called non-intercourse as it is possible to be conceived." True, if non-intercourse be established, the similitude would fail in one particular. The tenant of the coffin did not know his state. "But the people of the United States will be literally buried alive in non-intercourse, and realize the grave closing on themselves and on their hopes, with a full and cruel consciousness of all the horrors of their condition."

The constituents of the alphabet have supplied an inexhaustible fund of material for enigma-composers. An early instance is this by Swift on the Vowels :

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features ;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

Two famous examples,—masterpieces in their kind,—each depending on the power of a single letter in the construction of syllables and words, were attributed in a vague way to Lord Byron,—a well-deserved tribute to their elegance and skill in versification. Both were afterwards shown to be the composition of Miss Catherine Fanshawe. She penned them in an album some time in the year 1814, while visiting at Deepdene, the beautiful seat of "Anastasius" Hope, where Disraeli wrote "Coningsby." The first is on the letter 'H' :

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell ;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed ;
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
It assists at his birth and attends him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth
In the heaps of the miser is hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
It prays with the hermit, with monarchs is crowned ;
Without it the soldier, the sailor, may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whisper of conscience 'tis sure to be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned ;
'Twill soften the heart, but, though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear ;
But in short, let it rest like a delicate flower.
Oh, breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

The companion is too long to quote entire, and we must content ourselves with three stanzas :

I am not in youth, nor in manhood or age,
But in infancy ever am known.
I'm a stranger alike to the fool and the sage,
And though I'm distinguished on history's page,
I always am greatest alone.

I'm not in the earth, nor the sun, nor the moon ;
You may search all the sky, I'm not there ;
In the morning and evening, though not in the noon,
You may plainly perceive me, for, like a balloon,
I am always suspended in air.

Though disease may possess me, and sickness, and pain,
 I am never in sorrow or gloom.
 Though in wit and in wisdom I equally reign,
 I'm the heart of all sin, and have long lived in vain,
 Yet I ne'er shall be found in the tomb.

There is a famous enigma, which is attributed sometimes to Lord Chesterfield, and sometimes to Miss Anna Seward, the once famous Swan of Lichfield. It is even added that the latter lady left by will the sum of one thousand pounds to any who should guess it. One form of it is in twenty-two lines, another in fourteen. The longer runs thus :

The noblest object in the works of art,
 The brightest scenes which nature can impart ;
 The well-known signal in the time of peace,
 The point essential in a tenant's lease ;
 The farmer's comfort as he drives the plough,
 A soldier's duty, and a lover's vow ;
 A contract made before the nuptial tie,
 A blessing riches never can supply ;
 A spot that adds new charms to pretty faces,
 An engine used in fundamental cases ;
 A planet seen between the earth and sun,
 A prize that merit never yet has won ;
 A loss which prudence seldom can retrieve,
 The death of Judas, and the fall of Eve ;
 A part between the ankle and the knee,
 A papist's toast and a physician's fee ;
 A wife's ambition and a parson's dues,
 A miser's idol, and the badge of Jews.
 If now your happy genius can divine
 A corresponding word for every line,
 By the first letter plainly may be found
 An ancient city that is much renowned.

Three or four attempted solutions of this are extant, but none is quite satisfactory.

Here is a rather pretty fancy by no less a man than Schiller :

A bridge weaves its arch with pearls
 High over the tranquil sea ;
 In a moment it unfurls
 Its span, unbounded, free.
 The tallest ships with swelling sail
 May pass 'neath its arch with ease ;
 It carries no burden, 'tis too frail,
 And when you approach it flees.
 With the flood it comes, with the rain it goes,
 And what it is made of, nobody knows.
 (The rainbow.)

Cowper the poet, in a letter to so grave and dignified a gentleman as the Rev. John Newton, propounds the following enigma :

I am just two and two ; I am warm, I am cold,
 And the parent of numbers that cannot be told ;
 I am lawful, unlawful, a duty, a fault ;
 I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought ;
 An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
 And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.
 (A kiss.)

Long before Cowper, Sir Thomas Wyatt had indited this graceful triplet on the same theme :

A lady gave me a gift she had not ;
 And I received her gift which I took not ;
 And if she take it again I grieve not.

Charles James Fox was not averse to lightening the cares of statesmanship

with an occasional bit of nonsense. Here is one of the riddles that have been ascribed to him :

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
Employed while others sleep ;
What none would like to give away,
And none would like to keep.
(A bed.)

And Canning, too, who indulged in all sorts of freaks of verse, did not omit the riddle. Here is an excellent one on the word "caress :"

A word there is of plural number,
Foe to ease and tranquil slumber ;
Any other word you take
And add an s will plural make.
But if you add an s to this,
So strange the metamorphosis,
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

Entangling Alliances. This phrase originated with Thomas Jefferson. The anxious avoidance of "entangling alliances" has been the characteristic of the foreign policy of the United States throughout their political history.

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political ; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations,—entangling alliances with none ; the support of State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies ; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad ; . . . freedom of religion ; freedom of the press ; freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus ; and trial by juries impartially selected,—these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation.—JEFFERSON : *First Inaugural Address*, March 4, 1801.

Entente Cordiale (Fr., "A friendly or cordial understanding ;" but the French phrase is not only neater but heartier in its meaning), an expression which seems to have been coined by Louis Philippe, or at least was first made proverbial by his use of it in a speech from the throne in January, 1843, to express the friendly relations existing between France and England. A compliment was implied to Guizot, who had been sent as ambassador to England in 1840, and was now minister of foreign affairs. Douglas Jerrold's comment on the phrase was, "The best thing I know between France and England is the sea." (*The Anglo-French Alliance*.)

There was not only no originality but no desire for it—perhaps even a dread of it, as something that would break the *entente cordiale* of placid mutual assurance.—LOWELL : *Among my Books*, first series, p. 339.

Envelopes. Before Sir Rowland Hill introduced the penny-post, envelopes were sparingly used in England, as double postage was charged for one piece of paper enclosed in another, however thin each might be, and however light the letter. Even the smallest clipping from a newspaper, enclosed in a letter, implied a double charge. So soon as this rule came into operation, and so long as it continued in force, only franked letters were enveloped, although it had formerly been regarded as a mark of respect to use an envelope, and a mark of etiquette in writing to a superior.

The penny-post was established January 10, 1840, and the use of envelopes became common after May 6 of that year, when stamped and adhesive envelopes were issued by the post-office. The first envelope-making machine was invented by Edwin Hill, brother of Rowland. His and De la Rue's machine for folding envelopes was patented March 17, 1845.

So far as is known, the idea of post-paid envelopes originated early in the reign of Louis XIV. of France, with M. de Valfyer, who, in 1653, established

a private post with royal approval, and placed boxes at the corners of streets for the reception of letters enclosed in envelopes which were sold at offices established for that purpose. Valfyer had also artificial *formes de billet*, or notes applicable to ordinary business communications, with blanks to be filled up by pen with such special matter as the writer desired. One such *billet* has, by a fortunate misapplication, been preserved to our time. Péliisson, the friend of Madame de Sévigné (and of whom she said that "he abused man's privilege of being ugly"), was tickled by this skeleton form of correspondence, and filled up the blanks of such a *forme* with a letter to Mademoiselle de Scudéry, addressing her, according to the pedantic fashion of the time, as "Sappho," and signing himself "Pisandre." This *billet* is still extant, and is probably the oldest existing example of a prepaid envelope.

In the English State Paper Office is a letter addressed to the Right Hon. Sir William Trumbull, Secretary of State, by Sir James Ogilvie, and dated May 16, 1696. It is now attached to its envelope, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ inches, cut nearly the same as our modern ones. The next known example is an autograph letter (in an envelope) of Louis XIV. to his son by Madame de Montespan, the Comte de Toulouse, Admiral of the Fleet at the siege of Barcelona. It is dated Versailles, April 29, 1706, and written, sealed, and addressed by the royal hand. Le Sage, in his "Gil Blas" (Book iv., ch. v.), published 1715, in describing the epistolary correspondence of Aurora de Guzman, makes one of his characters say that, after taking two *billets*, "elle les cacheta tous deux, y mit une *enveloppe*, et me donna le paquet." In the British Museum there is an envelope, exactly like those now in use, with an ornamental border, bearing date 1760, from Madame de Pompadour to the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, and a letter from Frederick of Prussia, addressed to an English general in his service, dated at Potsdam, 1766, folded in an envelope of coarse German paper similar in form to modern ones, except that it opens at the end, like those used by lawyers for deeds, instead of at the top.

An early allusion to envelopes in English literature is to be found in Swift's "Advice to Grub Street Verse-Writers," 1726, wherein he playfully twits Pope for his small economies, which betimes led him to write his verses on bits of paper left blank or written on only one side. He tells them to have their verses printed with *wide margins*, and then

Send them to paper-sparing Pope,
And when he sits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

It has, however, been conjectured that this did not refer to anything resembling our modern envelope, which could have been of little use to Pope, but to a half-sheet of paper used as a cover. Be that as it may, an old family in Yorkshire preserves an envelope exactly like the square modern pattern, sent from Geneva in 1750. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1811, is a copy of a letter from Father O'Leary, of which it is said, "the envelope being lost, the exact address cannot be ascertained;" and Charles Lamb writes to Bernard Barton, March 20, 1826, "When I write to a great man at the Court End, he opens with surprise a naked note such as Whitechapel people interchange, with no sweet degrees of envelope. I never enclosed one bit of paper in another, nor understood the rationale of it. Once only I sealed with a borrowed seal, to set Walter Scott a-wondering, signed with the imperial quartered arms of England, which my friend Field bears in compliment to his descent in the female line from Oliver Cromwell. It must have set his antiquarian curiosity upon watering."

While the use of envelopes was still uncommon, people frequently cut and folded such for their own convenience, using a card-board model. In *Blanch-*

ard's "Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L." (died 1838), the poetess asks to have sent her "slate-pencils, a quire or so of small colored note-paper, and a pasteboard pattern of letter envelopes."

Epigrams. To devise a definition wide enough to include the vast multitude of little poems which at one time or another have been honored with the title of epigram, and precise enough to exclude all others, would be hopeless. In strict accordance with its Greek etymology from *ἐπιγράφειν*, "to inscribe," it originally was a commemorative allusion to some remarkable event or individual, or the accompaniment to votive offerings. Such compositions were termed epigrams,—*i.e.*, inscriptions, indicating simply the purpose for which they were intended,—*viz.*, to be inscribed or engraved on monument, statue, or building; they were generally poetically worded. Such a composition, from the very nature of the material on which the eulogy was to be engraved, must necessarily be brief, and the restraints attendant upon its publication concurred with the simplicity of Greek taste in prescribing conciseness of expression, pregnancy of meaning, purity of diction, and singleness of thought, as the indispensable conditions of excellence in the epigrammatic style. The transition in the use of the term was easy from this, its original application, to verses never intended for such a purpose, but assuming for artistic reasons the epigraphical form, and giving utterance to thoughts which might have served as inscriptions. Thence to verses expressing, with some of the terseness and precision of an inscription, a striking, delicate, or ingenious thought, was but another step.

Of epigrams in the first sense the lines of Simonides, commemorative of Leonidas and his army, engraved on the pillars set up at Thermopylæ at the command of the Amphictyonic Council, are a famous example, with their union of chaste simplicity and perfect beauty:

Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to her laws, we lie.

Here is one upon Ladas, a famous runner, of whose swiftness the most extravagant accounts were given:

If Ladas ran or flew, in that last race,
Who knows?—'twas such a devil of a pace.

To this another couplet was added:

Scarce was the starting-rope withdrawn, when there
Ladas stood crowned, yet had not turned a hair.

Coming now to the non-monumental epigrammatic poems, here are a few of the more strictly epigraphic in form:

Himself he slew, when he the foe would fly—
What madness this, for fear of death to die!
MARTIAL.

I cannot tell thee who lies buried here;
No man that knew him followed by his bier;
The winds and waves conveyed him to this shore;
Then ask the winds and waves to tell thee more.
ANONYMOUS.

To stone the gods have changed her—but in vain;
The sculptor's art gave her to breath again.

ANONYMOUS: *On a Statue of Niobe.*

And this by Antipater of Sidon on the Messenian Aristomenes, a brave and determined enemy of Sparta, whose life, it is said, was saved by an eagle when the Spartans had thrown him into a pit. The opening lines are addressed to the eagle, who replies,—

"Majestic bird! so proud and fierce,
 Why tower'st thou o'er that warrior's hearse?"
 "I tell each godlike earthly king,
 Far as o'er birds of every wing
 Supreme the lordly eagle sails,
 Great Aristomenes prevails.
 Let timid doves, with plaintive cry,
 Coo o'er the graves where cowards lie;
 'Tis o'er the dauntless hero's breast
 The kingly eagle loves to rest."

Leyden's Translation.

But, having gone thus far, further classification of what the ancients would admit as epigrams is as hopeless an effort as the attempt at a definition. With them it is one of the most catholic of literary forms. Given the essentials of brevity and unity of idea, it lends itself to the expression of almost any feeling or thought. It may *not* be an idyl, yet may be descriptive, as is this of Paulus Silentiarius describing the gardens of Justinian on the banks of the Propontis:

Here strive for empire o'er the happy scene
 The nymphs of fountain, sea, and woodland green:
 The power of grace and beauty holds the prize
 Suspended even, to her votaries,
 And finds amazed, where'er she casts her eye,
 Their contest forms the matchless harmony,

Dodd: The Epigrammatists:

which is markedly distinct from an idyl in the coherence of the several parts, and in a singular converging of all to a common point, the expression of the idea of harmony in apparent contention. Here is one by an unknown hand, descriptive of the statue of a dancing Bacchante:

Stop that Bacchante! See, though formed of stone,
 She's gained the threshold! Stop her, or she's gone.

The epigram may be an elegy, a satire, or a love-poem in miniature; an embodiment of the wisdom of the ages, or a *bon-mot* set off with a couple of rhymes:

The cool, low-babbling stream,
 'Mid quince-groves deep,
 And gently rustling leaves,
 Bring on soft sleep.

SAPPHO.

Fair marble, tell to future days
 That here two virgin sisters lie,
 Whose life employed each tongue in praise,
 Whose death gave tears to every eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
 Together as they grew they shone,
 So much alike, so much the same,
 That death mistook them both for one.

Saturday Review, vol. xx. p. 507.

My fair says, she no spouse but me
 Would wed, though Jove himself were he;
 She says it, but I deem
 That what the fair to lovers swear
 Should be inscribed upon the air,
 Or in the running stream.

CATULLUS.

Why so coy, my lovely maid?
 Why of age so much afraid?
 Your cheeks like roses to the sight,
 And my hair as lilies white;
 In love's garland, we'll suppose
 Me the lily, you the rose.

ANACREON.

O Bruacus, cease our aching ears to vex
 With thy loud railing at the softer sex ;
 No accusation worse than this could be,
 That once a woman did give birth to thee.
 ACILIUS.

The broad highway to poverty and need
 Is, much to build and many mouths to feed ;

or this, which suggests Ben Jonson's song, "Drink to me only with thine eyes :"

The wine-cup is glad ! Dear Zenophilé's lip
 It boasts to have touched when she stooped down to sip.
 Happy wine-cup ! I wish that, with lips joined to mine,
 All my soul at a draught she would drink up like wine ;

or a little gem like this, than which there is nothing more perfect of its kind in any literature ; the translation is by Lord Nugent :

I loved thee beautiful and kind,
 And plighted an eternal vow ;
 So altered are thy face and mind,
 'Twere perjury to love thee now ;

or this, by the Syrian, Meleager of Gada, which has been often imitated :

A hue and cry for Love ! The wild one's fled !
 Just now at dawn he left his rosy bed.
 Glib is his tongue ; the lad sheds pretty tears ;
 Fleet is his foot, his heart unknown to fears.
 Around his smile a dash of scorn he flings ;
 His quiver-bearing back is girt with wings.
 I cannot name his sire, for earth and sky
 And sea the bold brat's parentage deny.
 Nowhere is he a favorite. Yet beware !
 Perchance e'en here for hearts he lays his snare.
 Yes ; there's his ambush ! Mark him where he lies !
 Archer, I spy thee in yon maiden's eyes !

All of these exquisite thoughts, expressed in such chaste and elegant language, would have to be covered by any definition of the epigram as understood by the collectors of that string of gems—literally, that posy of flowers—which has come down to us known as the Greek Anthology, from which, indeed, most of the preceding are culled.

Its catholicity included even anagrams, and probably would find a place for this ingenious curiosity, a parody on the noted grammatical line *Bifrons atque Custos, Bos, Fur, Sus, atque Sacerdos*. The author, curiously enough, was a Canterbury clergyman :

BIFRONS ever when he preaches ;
 CUSTOS of what in his reach is ;
 BOS among his neighbors' wives ;
 FUR in gathering of his tithes ;
 SUS at every parish feast ;
 On Sundays, SACERDOS, a priest.

No less would it for the following lines from the Arabic :

Two parts of life ; and well the theme
 May mournful thoughts inspire ;
 For ah ! the past is but a dream,
 The future—a desire !

and no less for these from the Persian, by Sir William Jones :

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st, whilst all around thee smiled ;
 So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
 Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep,—

one of the oldest epigrams in existence, as it is also one of the most

beautiful. It is true that they do not agree in all points with the well-known definition,—

An epigram should be, if right,
Short, simple, pointed, keen, and bright,—
A lively little thing!
Like wasp with taper body, bound
By lines—not many—neat and round;
All ending in a sting.

But this is a modern definition, according to which an epigram must be a little poem whose hum, charming as it does the ear, must, like

The bees of Trebizond,
That from the sunniest flowers which glad
With their pure smile the garden round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad,

end with that peculiar sting which is now looked for in a French or English epigram; the want of this in the old Greek compositions doubtless has caused them to be looked upon as tame or tasteless. The true or the best form of the early Greek epigram does not aim at wit or seek to produce surprise, and although this element is present in some, it was not, as now, deemed an essential. Their simplicity is perhaps their most striking feature.

In Roman hands the epigram excelled in pungency; it is the Roman satirists to whom we are indebted for the idea that it should have a spice of malice.

Omne epigramma sit instar apis : sit aculeus illi,
Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui,—

chants the Latin poet, or, as he has been felicitously rendered into English,—

Three things must epigrams, like bees, have all,—
A sting, and honey, and a body small.

But, though men of high literary genius, the great Latin epigrammatists Catullus and Martial could not easily divest themselves, in this kind of verse, of the old Roman *sylvestris animus*, and forget the freedom of the early Fescennine license, and hence too much of what they have left behind is vitiated by brutality and obscenity. On the subsequent history of the epigram, indeed, Martial has exercised an influence as baneful as it is extensive, and he may be counted as the far-off progenitor of a host of verses the scurrility of which would put himself to blush. Nevertheless, among much that is simply coarse and brutal, there may be found in Martial many epigrams which for polish and rapier-pointed, if malicious, pungency are unsurpassed :

Petit Gemellus nuptias Maronillæ,
Et cupit, et instat, et precatur, et donat.
Adeone pulchra est? Imo foedius nil est.
Quid ergo in illa petitur et placet? Tussit.

The effect of this epigram lies in the sudden *tussit* ("she coughs"), which stops the hurried questions, bringing them down as with a pistol-shot. The rendering of the same by G. H. Lewes happily preserves the effect :

Gemellus wants to marry Maronilla,
Sighs, ogles, prays, and will not be put off.
Is she so lovely? Hideous as Scylla!
What makes him ogle, sigh, and pray? Her cough!

And here is another, with the genuine waspish characteristic of the stinging tail :

While in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting siren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured!
But when the candles entered, I was cured!

Equally pointed, if less delicate, is the sarcasm directed against the doctor turned undertaker,—

Nuper erat medicus, nunc est vespillo Diabus ;
Quod vespillo facit, fecerat et medicus,—

which probably inspired Boileau to write the delicious couplet,—

Il vivait jadis à Florence un médecin,
Savant hableur, dit-on, *et célèbre assassin*.

More in the gnomic vein are his lines reproving suicide :

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death—the brave lives on.

If brevity is the soul of wit, the following monostich must be deemed perfect :

Pauper videri vult Cinna—et est pauper.

("Cinna pretends to be poor—and is what he pretends.")

But the happiest conceit of Martial is that contained in the following. Pætus, condemned to die and ordered by the emperor to slay himself, the heroic wife, Arria, having seized the knife and stabbed herself, even in death feels no other pain than that which Pætus is now about to inflict upon himself :

When Arria from her wounded side
To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
"I feel not what I've done," she cried ;
"What Pætus is to do—I feel!"—

which Gray probably had in mind when he composed the "Epitaph on Mrs. Clark :

In agony to death resigned,
She felt the wound she left behind.

Scaliger, in the third book of his "Poetics," divides epigrams into five classes : the first takes its name from *mel*, or honey, and consists of adulatory specimens ; the second from *fel*, or gall ; the third from *acetum*, or vinegar ; and the fourth from *sals*, or salt ; while the fifth is styled the condensed, or multiplex. The classification is fanciful and of no practical value. Of the exceedingly numerous specimens of this style of composition, the most numerous are the variety which might be arranged under the rubric salt, with more or less admixture of gall and vinegar. Such, for instance, would be Scaliger's own

The sot Loserus is drunk twice a day,
Bibinus only once ; now of these say,
Which may a man the greatest drunkard call ?
Bibinus still, for he's drunk once for all ;

or this, on Pope Paul II., by Jean de Cisinge (better known as Janus Pannoniensis, who was a great favorite with the pope, and was made a bishop at twenty-six) :

"Holy" I may not, "Father" I may call
Thee, since I see thy daughter, Second Paul ;

which play upon "Father" calls to mind that delightful little bit on "Pius Æneas" by Mr. James Smith :

Virgil, whose magic verse enthalls,
(And who in verse is greater ?)
By turns his wand'ring hero calls
Now *pius* and now *pater*.
But when, prepared the worst to brave
(An action that must pain us),
Queen Dido meets him in the cave,
He dubs him *dux Trojanus*.
And well he changes thus the word
On that occasion, sure :
Pius Æneas were absurd,
And *pater* premature.

Of the "salt" and "vinegar" epigram the French are doubtless the best cultivators, and many of their best authors have earned no small celebrity in this department. The French language lends itself more readily than any other to the neat and sparkling expression of thought: for instance,—

Eglé, belle et poëte, a deux petits travers :
Elle fait son visage, et ne fait pas ses vers.

Faire le visage is to paint; hence the point of Lebrun's couplet does not come out distinctly in the translation:

For but two faults our fair poet Eglé the worse is :
She makes her own face, though she don't make her verses!

Lebrun alone, notwithstanding Rapin's dictum, that a man ought to be content if he succeeded in writing one really good epigram, is the author of upwards of six hundred, and a very fair proportion of them would pass muster with Rapin himself.

Piron, who said of himself, in the mock-epitaph composed when he failed of admission to the "Académie," that he was nothing,—not *even* an "Academician,"—

Ci-git Piron, que ne fut rien :
Pas même Académicien,—

("Here lies Piron, a man of no position,
Who was not even—an Academician"),—

was, according to Grimm, "une machine à saillies, à épigrammes et bon-mots." He had been the life-long satirist of the French Academy. He had called them "the invalids of wit," had described them as "forty with the wit of four." Yet in 1750 he sought to be elected to a vacancy. When asked what he would say if successful, he replied, "Only three words, 'Thank you, gentlemen,' and they will answer, 'It is not worth mentioning'" ("Il n'y a pas de quoi"). He failed, and consoled himself with the thought, "I could not make thirty-nine think as I do, still less could I think as thirty-nine do." Three years later he was elected, but Louis XV., through the influence of Madame de Pompadour, annulled the election, and substituted a pension of one thousand louis. Thereupon Piron sent his will to the Academy, with the well-known epitaph inscribed upon it.

Voltaire, among his myriad many-pointed things, wrote nothing happier than this little verse on "Killing Time," where "Time" is supposed to speak:

There's scarce a point whereon mankind agree
So well as in their boast of killing me;
I boast of nothing, but when I've a mind
I think I can be even with mankind.

The following, also, is a rendering of a French original:

On death, though wit is oft displayed,
No epigram could e'er be made,
Poets stop short, and lose their breath,
When coming to the *point* of death.

ANONYMOUS.

Which not only has a point, but plays upon it.

Perhaps more than elsewhere has the epigram been recognized in France as the weapon of political and literary warfare. Victor Hugo's first thought, when in exile, was to score his betrayer in verse; and from the publication of his terrible "Châtiments," the empire of the perjured saviour of society, of the Dutch champion of the Latin race, was, to the literary men whom Hugo left behind, a despotism tempered by epigrams.

There is less salt than vinegar in the epigram on Charles II.,—

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one,—

and he betrayed a good deal of equanimity and good sense when he very wittily turned it by saying, "That is very true, for my words are my own, my actions are my ministry's." Neither is there much Attic flavor in the "deadly thrust" of Young at Voltaire, when, the latter having in Young's presence decried Milton's genius, and ridiculed particularly the personification in "Paradise Lost" of Death, Sin, and Satan, the Englishman retorted,—

Thou art so witty, wicked, and so thin,
Thou art at once the Devil, Death, and Sin.

In Germany the epigram was cultivated with a *penchant* to moral reflections by Logau, under the name of "Sinngedichte," but particularly and with success by the bright keen intellect of Lessing. According to Lessing, it is not enough that a poem be terse, short, illuminating in a flash a single point or thought; it must be characterized by the epigraphic form: "A true epigram should consist of two parts: first, that which raises our expectation, and secondly, the satisfying fulfilment. For example, in the distich of Piron above quoted, the first line raises our expectation. Why should Piron tell us that he is nobody? And if he is nobody, what then? But the second line makes the witty writer's meaning clear, and we are pleased and satisfied as by an inscription."

Ci-git ma femme : ah, qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos,—et pour le mien !

("Beneath this stone my wife doth lie :
Now she's at rest, and so am I !")

BOILEAU.

Here, too, the curiosity is excited in the same manner. Of course it is reposeful for the good woman to lie there; why should he be at the pains of telling us that? but the words "et pour le mien" give an unexpected and happy turn to the matter; they come with the effect of the unexpected, and answer our curiosity, raised by the telling us such an evident thing. And good for his own repose, too! We laugh and are satisfied. The epigram need not be in the nature of an epitaph; any other matter will do, so it has the requisite formal elements,—the expectation raised and satisfied by a striking or pleasing answer. We quote one of Lessing's "Sinngedichte," on the shoemaker who forsook the last and turned to making poems:

Es hat der Schuster Franz zum Dichter sich entzückt,
Und was er früher that, das thut er noch—er flickt !

which may be roughly rendered,—

Old cobbler Wax, the poets he would match ;
He changed his trade, and yet kept on—to patch.

The flower of the epigram came late into the garden of English literature, and there remains much to be done in the way of cultivation before it will be brought to full bloom; although it is true there are a few good epigrams in the language. Henry Parrot, in "Springes to catch Woodcocks" (1613), likened the epigram to cheese, in the simile,—

We make our epigrammes, as men taste cheese,
Which has his relish in the last farewell ;

which is a woful fall from the bee with its honey and sting. Harrington, who was contemporary with him, is still remembered by his lines,—

Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason ?
For if it prospers, none dare call it treason.

John Owen, a Welshman, an Oxonian and poor country school-master, was prolific, if not always happy. Among his Latin epigrams, published in 1620, was one which gained for his book a place on the Index, and lost him a legacy :

An Petrus fuerit Romæ, sub iudice lis est :
Simonem Romæ nemo fuisse negat.

(" If Peter ever was at Rome,
By many has been mooted ;
That Simon there was quite at home,
Has never been disputed.")

Ben Jonson in his "Underwoods" has many small gems which might be classed as epigrams in the wider sense of the word. There are a few similar in Spenser, and many in Herrick. Cowley, Waller, Dryden, Young, and Goldsmith are occasionally successful, in a way, in their epigrammatical attempts. Swift's bludgeon was too heavy. It is all gall and vinegar with him, as in this on his own deafness :

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burden grown ;
No more I hear my church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell ;
At thunder now no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a cart ;
And, what's incredible, alack !
No more I hear a woman's clack.

Than Pope, whose name is identified with the epigrammatical spirit in our literature, none has proved himself more to the manner born. His antithetical couplets are a veritable string of epigrams, but too often have too much the characteristic of the hornet rather than the bee, and he confounded wit and scurrility. His epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton, however, is worthy of inclusion in the most select collection :

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night ;
God said, Let Newton be,—and all was light.

This epitaph was not engraved on the monument in Westminster Abbey, but a prose Latin inscription was preferred, and the couplet condemned as irreverent.

Addison rather improved on his Latin prototype in his paraphrase of the lines "To a Capricious Friend:"

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

The singular death of Molière, who, while playing the rôle of a dying man in one of his own comedies, was seized with a mortal illness, and, being carried off the stage, died in a few hours, is commemorated in the following quaint lines :

Within this melancholy tomb confined,
Here lies the matchless ape of human kind,
Who while he labored with ambitious strife
To mimic death, as he had mimicked life,
So well, or rather ill, performed his part,
That Death, delighted with his wondrous art,
Snatched up the copy, to the grief of France,
And made it an original at once.

The number of lampooning epigrammatic verses directed against the common foibles, the painting women and the soporific parson, the rascally lawyer and the quack doctor, the miser and the plagiarist, are legion, and these topics have been worn threadbare with them. Very few are worth quoting. Here is one by Samuel Bishop which is above the average :

A fool and knave, with different views,
For Julia's hand apply ;
The knave to mend his fortune sues,
The fool to please his eye.

Ask you how Julia will behave?—
 Depend on't for a rule,
 If she's a fool, she'll wed the knave,
 If she's a knave, the fool;

and one on a certain ponderous gentleman with heavy tread :

When Edwards walks the streets, the paviors cry,
 "God bless you, sir!" and lay their rammers by.

Here are a few more on the most diverse subjects :

MARRIAGE IN HEAVEN.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend dean,
 "What reason can be given,
 Since marriage is a holy thing,
 Why there is none in heaven?"
 "There are no women," he replied.
 She quick returns the jest,—
 "Women there are, but I'm afraid
 They cannot find a priest."

DODSLAY.

WOMAN.

When Adam, waking, first his lids unfolds
 In Eden's groves, beside him he beholds
 Bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, and knows
 His earliest sleep has proved his last repose.

QUID PRO QUO.

"Marriage, not mirage, Jane, here in your letter :
 With your education, you surely know better."
 Quickly spoke my young wife, while I sat in confusion,
 "'Tis quite correct, Thomas : they're each an illusion."

ON THE PICTURE OF A LOQUACIOUS SENATOR.

A lord of senatorial fame
 Was by his portrait known outright ;
 For so the painter played his game,
 It made one even yawn at sight.
 "'Tis he, the same,—there's no defect
 But want of speech," exclaimed a flat ;
 To whom the limner, "Pray, reflect
 'Tis surely not the worse for that."

ANONYMOUS.

TERMINER SANS OYER.

"Call silence!" the judge to the officer cries ;
 "This hubbub and talk, will it never be done?
 Those people this morning have made such a noise,
 We've decided ten causes without hearing one."

ABUNDANCE OF FOOLS.

The world of fools has such a store
 That he who would not see an ass
 Must bide at home, and bolt his door,
 And break his looking-glass.

LA MONNOYE.

THE WORLD.

"Tis an excellent world that we live in
 To lend, to spend, or to give in :
 But to borrow, or beg, or get a man's own,
 'Tis just the worst world that ever was known."

The following epigram, composed in his eighteenth year, on his grandmother's beard, cost Coleridge a legacy of fifty pounds, for "she had the 'barbarity' to avenge it by striking me out of her will," wrote the poet :

So great the charms of Mrs. Monday,
 That men grew rude a kiss to gain ;
 This so provoked the dame that one day
 To Pallas' power she did complain.
 Nor vainly she addressed her prayer,
 Nor vainly to that power applied ;
 The goddess bade a length of hair
 In deep recess her muzzle hide :
 Still persevere ! to love be callous !
 For I have your petition heard ;
 To snatch a kiss were vain (cried Pallas),
 Unless you first should shave your beard.

From a manuscript note written by Coleridge in a volume of "Omniana," by Southey and Coleridge (1812).

Lord Erskine proved himself an epigrammatist of no mean order when, on the removal of a distinguished counsellor from a house in Red Lion Square, and an ironmonger's becoming its occupant, he wrote the following epigram on the change :

This house, where once a lawyer dwelt,
 Is now a smith's. Alas !
 How rapidly the iron age
 Succeeds the age of brass !

and the following on "French Taste" from his hand is excellent :

The French have taste in all they do,
 Which we are quite without ;
 For Nature, that to them gave *gout*,
 To us gave only gout.

John Gibson Lockhart produced the following epigram upon Lord Robertson, better known as "Peter" or Patrick Robertson :

Here lies the Christian, judge, and poet Peter,
 Who broke the laws of God, and man, and metre.

This he sent to his friend as part of a review, printed though never published, on the learned lord's poem entitled "Italy." The second line effectively demolishes all the pretensions put forth in the first. But Lockhart meant only a jest, and as such, after a little preliminary alarm, it was accepted by its good-natured victim.

Thomas Moore is responsible for the following :

Of all speculations the market holds forth,
 The best that I know, for the lover of pelf,
 Is to buy Marcus up at the price he is worth,
 And sell him at that which he sets on himself.

Byron thought Samuel Rogers's epigram on Ward (Lord Dudley) unsurpassable :

Ward has no heart, they say ; but I deny it.
 He *has* a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

With these may be classed the epigram "on a lady who kept her bank-notes in her Bible :"

Your Bible, madam, teems with wealth ;
 Within the leaves it floats.
 Delightful is the sacred text,
 But heavenly the notes.

The following sprouted on American soil, and will pass muster in a very good company. The first is on a lady who published a volume of shocking bad verse :

Unfortunate lady, how sad is your lot !
 Your ringlets are red, your poems are not ;

the other is on a parvenu :

Not one of Lamb's choice epigrams doth Shoddy know ;
 Still, in their place, he gives us *épigrammes d'agneau* !—

which is not only a very excellent epigram of the satirical variety, but is a very good bilingual pun as well. To appreciate it one must understand that in the French culinary art "*épigrammes*" is the name for chops, and that hence "*épigrammes d'agneau*" means lamb-chops, as well as epigrams of Lamb.

In surveying the true requisites which a developed literary taste demands in the modern epigram, it must be admitted, much contrary criticism *non constat*, that besides the "little mite of a body" and the "honey" it must have a point, a climax; in other words, the "sting." The common error, however, is that the "sting" must be biting, malicious, or sarcastic; and in their anxiety to provide their efforts with this termination most of the epigrammatists have quite forgotten the "honey." The sting, while demanded by the canons of the art, need not be malicious nor sarcastic; it need not even be witty.

If this definition of the epigram excludes from the category such exquisite bits as the lines addressed by St-Evremond, who could still see charms in the gifted Ninon de l'Enclos in her later years,—

No, no,—the season to inspire
A lover's flame is past ;
But that of glowing with the fire
As long as life will last,—

or this in another vein, which is given as "a nearly perfect nineteenth-century specimen of the fine old form of Greek epigram, which did not depend upon any particular point in one part, but is point all over:" it is a distich on one of the Eton Fellows,—one Bethell,—a well-meaning, loud, not very solid preacher, who was bursar of the college,—

Didactic, dry, declamatory, dull,
The bursar Bethell bellows like a bull,—
MATHEWS: *Wit and Humor:*

and while we may have to give up Landor's

On love, on grief, on every human thing,
Time sprinkles Lethe's waters with his wing.—

and possibly even this,—

I will not love !
 These sounds have often
 Burst from a troubled breast ;
 Rarely from one no sigh could soften,
 Rarely from one at rest.—

yet we can still cite as examples which satisfy all requirements the following charming four-line epigram by Aaron Hill, a now all-but forgotten seventeenth-century poet :

MODESTY.

As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief, *does it all*;

or these fugitive lines of Coleridge :

Acquaintance many, and conqaintance few,
But for inqaintance I know only two;—
The friend I've wept with, and the maid I woo.

The following, which we are proud to claim as American, appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1891 :

DISTINCTION.

When past Oblivion's pale the throng upstarts,
Seek we the shade and a few quiet hearts.

A RHYME OF LIFE.

Doest think it was for nothing that "to-morrow"
The Muse from oldest time has linked with "sorrow"?

THE DERELICT.

He drifts along as his lost Genius becks,
A wreck of Fate, and fated source of wrecks.

OPINION.

In gulf—or pool—their fathom-line they sink,
And still they strive to think what they *do* think.

NODDING CRITICS.

You saw good Homer nod? But I saw you;
Asleep you were! (Some say that I slept, too.)

In presenting them, the author, warning the neophyte of the difficulties to be met and overcome in composing a perfect epigram, and the care he must exercise to get its ingredients into the composition in their due proportion, says, "For the 'honey' without the 'sting' results in a diminutive lyric, while the 'sting' without the 'honey' produces a mere philippic in two lines. If the present adventurer shall be found simply to have been tossed from one alternate danger to the other, at least he begs to cover his retreat under an old, serviceable, and ingenious borrowing in which none of the three requisites is lacking: 'Video meliora, proboque; deteriora sequor.'"

He is probably too modest, for at least one of the examples given, which we have reserved to the last, seems the ultimate perfection, the very sublimation of the epigrammatic muse: here are Spartan brevity, Attic salt, a little body, sweet honey, and a sting in the "laugh:"

AN AUTOGRAPH.

He wrote upon the sand his autograph;
A little wave erased it with a laugh.

Epitaphs, Curiosities of. The oldest extant epitaphs are the Egyptian, written on the sarcophagi. But they are brief and pointless. They give only the name and rank of the deceased, and a prayer to Osiris or Anubis. The Greek and Roman epitaphs are much more interesting. The former are the finest in the world. In connection with the inferior Roman they have furnished the germ idea of most of the mortuary inscriptions of modern times. Thus, the lines of Leonidas of Tarentum, which, after commemorating Crethon's wealth and power, conclude with the reflection,—

This man,
Envi'd of all, now holds of all a span,—

have been the fruitful parent of infinite variations of the same theme, as, for example, in the lines from Henry II.'s epitaph:

To me, who thought the earth's extent too small
Now eight poor feet, a narrow space, are all.

Or take one of Meleager's epitaphs, which has been thus versified by S. H. Merivale:

Hail, universal mother! Lightly rest
On that dead form,
Which when with life invested ne'er oppressed
Its fellow-worm.

Martial has imitated this; and either to Martial or Meleager are referable the many modern variations on the same theme, thus parodied in the mock inscription to Sir John Vanbrugh, architect as well as playwright:

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Callimachus wrote an epitaph on Saon which is also well known :

Beneath this stone Acanthian Saon lies,
In holy sleep : the good man never dies.

The last section of the second line has been copied and recopied on tombstone after tombstone, until it may almost rank with such a perennial favorite as "Afflictions sore long time he bore." Sometimes the whole epitaph is copied, with a change of name. It is carved, for example, on Bishop Madan's tomb, with "pious bishop" in lieu of "Acanthian Saon." As to the reiterated conceit in memorials to infants, that if death cuts short their joys it also cuts short their sorrows, it has its germ in an epitaph by Lucian.

"Thou art not dead, but gone to a better land," from a Greek epitaph found in Rome, is our "Not dead, but gone before." On the other hand, the sceptical "I was not. I am not. I grieve not," reminds one of the epitaphs which Professor William K. Clifford composed for himself; and nothing in any modern infidel is more sweeping than this :

Traveller, pass not by this inscription, but stand, and hear, and learn something before you pass on. There is no boat to Hades, no boatman Charon, no dog Cerberus, but all the dead are bones and dust and nothing else.

A Roman husband, after mentioning the years, months, days, and even hours that he and his departed wife had lived together, concludes, "On the day of her death I gave the greatest thanks before God and men." Is not this the direct ancestor of the much-quoted epitaph in Père-la-Chaise?—

Ci-gît ma femme : ah ! que c'est bien
Pour son repos, et pour le mien !

Nay, that most famous epitaph in all literature, that in which Shakespeare implores that his bones shall remain undisturbed,—

Good frend, for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Blest be y^e man y^e spares thes stones,
And curst be he y^e moves my bones,—

even this is but a mild echo of the terrible denunciations which Roman epitaphs frequently pronounced upon those who violated the sanctity of the tomb, *e.g.* :

I give to the Gods below this tomb to keep, to Pluto, and to Demeter, and Persephone, and the Erinnyes, and all the Gods below. If any one shall disfigure this sepulchre, or shall open it, or move anything from it, to him let there be no earth to walk, no sea to sail, but may he be rooted out with all his race. May he feel all diseases, shuddering, and fever, and madness, and whatsoever ills exist for beasts or men, may these light on him who dares move aught from this tomb.

Such is the conservative tendency of the epitaph-maker that even old sepulchral forms were retained long after they had lost their significance, such as the initials D. M. (Diis Manibus), or the ejaculation Siste, viator, "Stop, passenger," which constituted an integral part of all Latin epitaphs. The latter lost its appropriateness out of Rome, where private burial-places were usually ranged along the side of the public roads, so that travellers to and from the Eternal City passed for miles through an almost uninterrupted succession of tombstones.

For a long time, also, the Roman language remained the proper mortuary language both in England and in Continental Europe. The few British epitaphs that survive from the eleventh and twelfth centuries are in Latin. Between 1200 and 1400, French epitaphs are not uncommon. The oldest epitaph in English, found in a church-yard in Oxfordshire, dates from the year 1370. To modern readers it would be unintelligible, not only from its antique typography but from its obsolete language. The first two lines run as follows, and they may be taken as a sample of the whole : "Man com & se how schal

alle dede be : wen yow comes bad & bare : noth hav ven we away fare : all ys werines yt ve for care." The modern reading would be, "Man come and see how shall all dead be : when you come poor and bare : nothing have when we away fare : all is weariness that we for care."

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the epitaph first began to assume a distinct literary character. But the prejudice in favor of a dead language still survived. In a conservative mind like that of Dr. Johnson it was so deeply intrenched, that when Reynolds, Sheridan, Warton, and others petitioned him to write an English inscription for Goldsmith's tomb, he indignantly replied, "he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription."

It must be acknowledged that there is no small poverty of thought in the mass of modern epitaph-writers. Only a meagre proportion make contributions to literature. Among these, two by Ben Jonson stand pre-eminent. They are constantly misquoted. In his collected works they appear in endless variants. But this is exactly how they read on the tombs :

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE, SISTER TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse :
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Wise and virtuous, good as she,
Time will throw his dart at thee.

ON ELIZABETH L——.

Would'st thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which, in life, did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault;
One name was Elizabeth,
Th' other let it sleep with death;
Fitter when it died to tell,
Than that it lived at all.—Farewell !

Pope's epitaphs were once highly admired. But they are too cold and artificial for the modern taste. Perhaps the best is that on John Gay, beginning,—

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

But these opening lines are stolen from Dryden :

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

Elegy on Mrs. Killigrew.

Another, on Harcourt, is short and quotable :

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art ! draw near ;
Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear,
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.

The last line is derived from a phrase so familiar in Latin epitaphs that finally it grew, like R. I. P., to be indicated stenographically, thus : *De Qua N. D. A. N. Mortis*,—(*i.e.*, *De qua nullum dolorem accepi nisi mortis*,—"who never grieved me except by her death").

Excellent in its way is the following by Sir Henry Wotton on Sir Albertus Moreton and his wife :

He first deceased : she for a little tried
To live without him—liked it not—and died.

And the following anonymous verses on an infant have much merit :

Just to her lips the cup of life she pressed,
Found the taste bitter, and refused the rest.
She felt averse to life's returning day,
And softly sighed her little soul away.

These quaint lines have a picturesque vigor. They are, or used to be, on a tomb in Tiverton church-yard, dated 1419 :

Hoe hoe who lyes here
'Tis I the goode erle of Devonsheere
With Kate my wyfe to mee full dere
Wee lyved togeather fyfty-fve yere
That wee spent wee had
That wee left wee lost
That wee gave wee have.

A later version is quoted in Addison's "Spectator," and many variants are to be found all over England. Carlyle was fond of quoting the last three lines. But they, too, come from the Latin :

Extra fortunam est, quidquid donatur amicis,
Quas dederis, solas semper habebis opes.
(" Who gives to friends so much from Fate secures,
That is the only wealth forever yours.")

MARTIAL.

Garrick's epitaph on Quin, in the Abbey Church at Bath, has been copied oftener than it has been exceeded. Few are entitled to rank in a higher class :

The tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charmed the public ear, is heard no more ;
Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake before the tongue, what Shakespeare writ.
Cold is that hand which ever was stretched forth,
At friendship's call, to succor modest worth.
Here lies JAMES QUIN !—Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last !

The last line is especially famous. It has frequently been quoted as from Shakespeare. Indeed, Webster's Dictionary attributed it to him. But though Hamlet's phrase is analogous, it is not quite the same : "Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come."

In an essay on epitaphs which Dr. Johnson wrote for the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1740), he especially recommends brevity and simplicity. The same advice is hinted at in the anonymous epigram,—

Friend, in your epitaphs I'm grieved
So very much is said ;
One-half will never be believed,
The other never read.

"O Rare Ben Jonson," in Westminster Abbey, is quaint, as well as simple and brief. "*Exit* Burbage," over the grave of that celebrated actor, is shorter still, and professionally characteristic. "Miserrimus," on the tomb of a nameless occupant in Worcester Cathedral, is even more terse and expressive. On a mouldering stone in an obscure country church-yard in the south of England may be deciphered the abrupt monosyllable of three letters, "Fui,"—a condensed memorial which cannot be paralleled. The small word of such momentous meaning comprises a volume of wretchedness, if the use of the preter-perfect tense is intended to imply that the desponding writer lies there, resolving into parent dust, without hope of resurrection or futurity.

In the epitaph of Cardinal Onuphrio at Rome there breathes a solemn, almost a bitter, conviction of the vanity of earthly grandeur : "Hic jacet umbra, cinis—nihil" ("Here lies a shadow—ashes—nothing").

Many of the monkish inscriptions of the so-called dark ages are especially simple and effective. Lord Byron copied two of a very touching character which he found in the Certosa Cemetery at Ferrara : "Martini Luigi implora pace," "Lucrezia Pacini implora eterna quiete." These short sentences, so musical in Italian pronunciation, contain doubt, hope, and humility. The dead were satiated with life, and weary of the turmoil of existence. All they wanted, all they asked for, was rest. Here is another Italian inscription of much meaning compressed into few words : "Stavo bene ; per star meglio, sto qui" ("I was well, I would be better, and here I am"). A certain Lelio sums up the history of a lifetime in this couplet :

Lelio sta sepolto qui ; ☞
Nacqué, vissé è morri.
("Lelio is buried here ;
He was born, he lived, he died.")

The annals of a remarkably uneventful life are similarly summed up in the following epitaph in Kinnel, Scotland :

Any man that please to speir,
John Hall lies here.
Nothing in life did betide him,
But honest men may lie beside him.

On the tombstone of Dr. Walker, author of a work on "British Particles," is inscribed

Here lies Walker's Particles.

Dr. Fuller's reads,—

Here lies Fuller's Earth.

It was this Fuller who remarked of Dr. Caius, founder of the college that bears his name, "few men might have had a longer, none ever had a shorter epitaph :

Fui Caius.
("I was Caius.")

But Mr. Maginnis ran him a hard race :

Finis
Maginnis.

Douglas Jerrold suggested an admirable epitaph for Charles Knight :

Good Knight !

For Camden, the title of his chief work has been proposed :

Camden's Remains.

And it is said that the following appears on the tomb of an auctioneer at Greenwood :

Going—going—GONE !

There is a touching simplicity in this example from the French. It is on a tombstone in Auvergne :

Marie was the only child of her mother,
"And she was a widow."
Marie sleeps in this grave,
And the widow has now no child.

But neither originality nor simplicity is the rule in modern mortuary literature. The legends on the average gravestone are either interminable repetitions of familiar platitudes, or when original in sentiment are merely ludicrous.

A good collection of epitaphs forms one of the most amusing chapters in the history of human vanity, spite, vulgarity, and general eccentricity.

The laudatory, and especially the self-laudatory, epitaphs have a perennial fascination.

They began very early. Here is one from a slab of marble found at Athens :

If there ever was a thoroughly good woman, I am she—both in reference to righteousness and in all other ways. But, being such, I got no just return, neither from those from whom I expected it nor from Providence. Unhappy. I lie apart from my mother and father. I say nothing about what gratitude they showed me. Not they but my sons provided for me.

The high praise which this unfortunate lady is represented as claiming for herself leads us to hope that the epitaph was not her own composition, but the work of her sorrowing friends, perhaps of those sons "who had provided for her."

Again, where an Athenian youth assures the reader of his epitaph that he was a sculptor not inferior to Praxiteles, we may wonder whether that was the young gentleman's estimate of himself or the partial judgment of his fond friends.

But the epitaph of Præcilius, a banker at Ciria, was at least endorsed by its object. He informs us that it was got ready in his own lifetime, and there is a remarkable mixture of self-satisfaction and something like gratitude in what he says of himself :

"I was always wonderfully trustworthy and entirely truthful," he remarks. "I was sympathetic to everybody: whom have I not pitied anywhere?" Then he states that he had a merry life, and a long one: "I celebrated a hundred happy birthdays; good fortune never left me."

For lofty bombast nothing has ever surpassed the epitaph in Shipley Church, Derbyshire, England, in memory of Sir Thomas Caryl :

Ask not who lies entombed: that crime
Argues you lived not in his time;
His virtues answer, and to Fate,
Outliving him, express their hate
For stealing 'way the life of one
Who (but for Fashion) needs no stone
To seek his praise. His worst did dye,
But best part outlives memory.
Then view, reade, trace, his tombe, praise, deedes,
Which teares, joy, love, strain, causeth, breeds.

The reader will note the peculiarity in the last two lines, in each of which the three nouns have to be mentally paired off in reading with the verbs which they govern: thus, "view his tombe, reade his praise, trace his deedes," etc.

But the epitaph which celebrates the virtues and the talents of Lady O'Looney is the greatest thing of its sort in literature. Who does not know it? Who is not always willing to read it over again? It is a thing of beauty,—a joy forever :

Here lies Lady O'Looney,
Great-niece of Burke, commonly called "The Sublime."
She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious;
Also she painted in water-colors,
And sent several pictures to the Exhibition.
She was first cousin of Lady Jones,
And of such is the kingdom of Heaven :

—namely, of bland, passionate, and deeply religious ladies, of artists and exhibitors in water-colors, of cousins to Lady Jones and grand-nieces to Burke. Under these circumstances heaven might be a picturesque but could hardly be a desirable abode.

There is a faint, a very faint, anticipation of the great and only Lady O'Looney and her epitaph in the church of Ightham, near Sevenoaks, Kent. A mural monument is adorned with the bust of a lady who was famous for her needlework, and was traditionally reported to have written the letter to Lord Monteagle which resulted in the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. The following is the inscription :

D. D. D.

To the pretious name and honour of Dame Dorothy Selby, Relict of
Sir William Selby, Kt., the only daughter and heire of Charles Bonham, Esq.

She was a Dorcas,

Whose curious needle wound the abused stage
Of this leud world into the golden age ;
Whose pen of steel and silken inck enroled
The acts of Jonah in records of gold ;
Whose arte disclosed that plot, which, had it taken,
Rome had triumphed, and Britain's walls had shaken.

She was

In heart a Lydia, and in tongue a Hanna ;
In zeale a Ruth, in wedlock a Susanna ;
Prudently simple, providently wary,
To the world a Martha, and to heaven a Mary.

Who put on { in the year } Pilgrimage, 69.
immortality { of her } Redeemer, 1641.

In Silton, Dorsetshire, is the following :

Here lies a piece of Christ,—
a star in dust,
A vein of gold,—a china dish,
that must
Be used in heaven when God
shall feed the just.

But this epitaph, printed in three lines, appears in the poems of Robert Wilde, D.D. (one of the ejected ministers in 1662), whence it seems to have been calmly conveyed. It is there called "An Epitaph for a Godly Man's Tomb," and had a companion-piece entitled "An Epitaph for a Wicked Man's Tomb :—"

Here lies the carcass of a cursèd sinner
Doomed to be roasted for the Devil's dinner,—

which apparently has not been appropriated to any tombstone.

A curious use of a familiar quotation for laudatory purposes is this :

Death loves a shining mark,
and
In this case he had it.

A very humble-minded gentleman, a certain Rev. Dr. Greenwood, had a proportionately high admiration for his wife, which he thus expresses on her tomb in Solihull church-yard, Warwickshire :

Go, cruel Death, thou hast cut down
The fairest Greenwood in all this kingdom !
Her virtues and good qualities were such
That surely she deserved a lord or judge ;
But her piety and humility
Made her prefer me, a Doctor in Divinity ;
Which heroic action, joined to all the rest,
Made her to be esteemed the Phoenix of her sex ;
And like that bird, a young she did create
To comfort those her loss had made disconsolate
My grief for her was so sore
That I can only utter two lines more :
For this and all other good women's sake,
Never let blisters be applied to a lying-in woman's back.

A high eulogium to the vocal powers and incidentally to the agreeable character of John Quebecca is paid on his tombstone in Saragossa :

Here lies John Quebecca, precentor to My Lord the King. When he is admitted to the choir of angels, whose society he will embellish, and where he will distinguish himself by his powers of song, God shall say to the angels, "Cease, ye calves! and let me hear John Quebecca, the precentor of My Lord the King!"

It is in remembrance of such fulsome compliments as these that the ghastly jest was made, that skulls grin at thought of the epitaphs above them. But the grin must be on the wrong side of Mary Bond's skull if she has any cognizance of the inscription on her tomb. Here it is, as it still may be seen on a monument in Horsley Down Church, Cumberland, England :

Here lie the bodies of
 Thomas Bond and Mary his wife.
 She was temperate, chaste, and charitable,
 But
 She was proud, peevish, and passionate.
 She was an affectionate wife and a tender
 mother,
 But
 Her husband and child, whom she loved, seldom
 saw her countenance without a
 disgusting frown ;
 Whilst she received visitors whom she despised
 with an endearing smile.
 Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers,
 But
 Imprudent in her family.
 Abroad her conduct was influenced by good
 breeding,
 But
 At home by ill temper.
 She was a professed enemy to flattery, and was
 seldom known to praise or commend ;
 But
 The talents in which she principally excelled
 Were difference of opinion and discovering
 flaws and
 Imperfections.
 She was an admirable economist,
 And, without prodigality,
 Dispensed plenty to every person in her family,
 But
 Would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.
 She sometimes made her husband
 Happy with her good qualities,
 But
 Much more frequently miserable with her
 Many failings.
 Insomuch that in thirty years' cohabitation,
 He often lamented that,
 Maugre all her virtues,
 He had not on the whole enjoyed two years
 Of matrimonial comfort.
 At length,
 Finding she had lost the affection of her husband,
 as well as the regard of her neighbours,
 family disputes having been
 divulged by servants,
 She died of vexation, July 20, 1768,
 Aged 48 years.
 Her worn-out husband survived her four months
 and two days, and departed this life
 November 22, 1768,
 In the 54th year of his age.
 William Bond, brother to the deceased,
 Erected this stone as a
 Weekly monitor to the wives of this parish,
 That they may avoid the infamy of having
 Their memories handed down to posterity
 with a patchwork character.

Benjamin Franklin is buried beside his wife in Philadelphia, with nothing to mark the graves save this inscription on a plain slab :

Benjamin
and
Deborah } Franklin.
1790.

Far more famous is the epigram which he composed upon himself, at the age of twenty-three, when a journeyman printer :

The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And strip of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies food for worms :
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will [as he believed] appear once more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
by
The Author.

But this epitaph is not original. It is plagiarized from one Benjamin Woodbridge, and Woodbridge was only one in a long line of successive imitators. This gentleman was a member of the first graduating class of Harvard University, 1642. The epitaph he made upon himself is thus quoted in Cotton Mather's "*Magnalia Christi Americana*," a book with which Franklin was admittedly familiar :

A living, breathing Bible ; tables where
Both Covenants at large engraven were.
Gospel and law, in 's heart, had each its column ;
His head an index to the sacred volume ;
His very name a title-page ; and, next,
His life a commentary on the text.
O what a monument of glorious worth,
When, in a new edition, he comes forth !
Without errata may we think he'll be,
In leaves and covers of eternity !

Old Joseph Capen, minister of Topsfield, had also, in 1681, given John Foster, who set up the first printing-press in Boston, the benefit of the idea, *in memoriam* :

Thy body, which no activeness did lack,
Now's laid aside like an old almanac,
But for the present only's out of date ;
'Twill have at length a far more active state.
Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair edition, and of matchless worth,
Free from errata, new in Heaven set forth ;
'Tis but a word from God, the great Creator—
It shall be done when he saith *Imprimatur*.

Davis, in his "*Travels in America*," finds another source in a Latin epitaph on the London bookseller Jacob Tonson, published with an English translation in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1736. This is its conclusion :

When Heaven reviewed th' *original text*,
'Twas with *erratas* few perplexed ;
Pleased with the *copy* 'twas *collated*,
And to a better life *translated*.
But let to life this *supplement*
Be printed on thy *monument*,
Lest the *first page* of *death* should be,
Great editor, a *blank* to thee ;

And thou who many *titles* gave
 Should want *one title* for this grave.
 Stay, passenger, and drop a tear;
 Here lies a noted Bookseller;
 This marble *index* here is placed
 To tell, that when he found defaced
 His *book of life*, he died with grief:
 Yet he, by true and genuine belief,
 A new edition may expect,
 Far more *enlarged* and more *correct*.

The latest imitation in the field is this :

In affectionate remembrance of
 HENRY STEVENS,
 Lover of Books,
 Born at Barnet, Vermont, Aug. 24, 1819,
 The volume of whose
 Earthly labour was closed
 In London, February 28, 1886, in the
 Sixty-seventh year of his age.
 "And another book was opened, which is the Book
 of Life."

Another famous epitaph has also been shown to be a plagiarism, that by Matthew Prior upon himself :

Painters and heralds, by your leave,
 Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,
 The son of Adam and of Eve :—
 Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher !

Prior borrowed his lines from the following very ancient epitaph upon a tombstone in Scotland :

John Carnagie lies here,
 Descended from Adam and Eve ;
 If any can boast of a pedigree higher,
 He will willingly give them leave.

Here is one of the most remarkable epitaphs in literature, both intrinsically for its strange audacity, and on account of its wide diffusion and its ancient pedigree. It is only one example chosen at hap-hazard from a thousand variants, in England, in Scotland, in the United States, and in this special instance is copied from a church-yard in Aberdeen, Scotland :

Here lies I, Martin Elmrod ;
 Have mercy on my soul, gude God,
 As I would have gin I were God,
 And thou wert Martin Elmrod.

George Macdonald cites this epitaph in his novel "David Elginbrod," with slightly-varying phraseology :

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde ;
 Hae mercy o' my soul, Lord God,
 As I wad do were I Lord God,
 And ye were Martin Elginbrodde.

Now, in Howel's Letters is found the following quatrain, the versification of a passage in St. Augustine :

If I were Thou, and Thou wert I,
 I would resign the Deity,
 Thou shouldst be God, I would be man—
 Is't possible that Love more can ?

Even yet, however, we have not come to the germ of the phrase. In its origin it is not Western, but Eastern ; not centuries, but æons old. It occurs over and over again in the Rig-Veda and other sacred books of the Orient, —*e.g.* :

Wert thou, Agni, a mortal, and were I an immortal and an invoked son of might, I would not abandon thee to malediction or misery ; my worshipper should not be poor, nor distressed, nor wretched.—*Rig-Veda*, viii. 19, 25.

Were I thou, Agni, and wert thou I, this aspiration should be fulfilled.—*Ibid*.

The difficulty of tracing an epitaph to its true origin, even when references are given by the authorities, is shown by the following story told by a writer in the English *Notes and Queries* :

All men (*i.e.*, a great many) have heard of Mrs. Martha, or Margaret, Gwynn, celebrated in an epitaph which I may give as follows :

Here lie the bones of Martha Gwynn,
Who was so very pure within,
She broke the outer shell of sin,
And thence was hatched a Cherubin.

Being desirous to find the true form and also the place of this epitaph, I lately searched for and found it in three published collections, each of which gives a text differing from the other two. For the place of it one collector, Mr. Augustus Hare, says Cambridgeshire. Had he said England he would have committed himself to less, and the reference would have been about equally useful. Another more definitely assigns it to St. Albans, Herts. By the help of a friend I was enabled to learn with something like certainty that it is not to be found there, though my friend happily suggested that, as Nell Gwynn once had a house of her own not far off, Martha the immaculate and naughty Nelly may have been sisters. But, unhappily for her fame, it now appears that Martha Gwynn either never had any existence at all, or, if she lived and practised all the virtues, at least was the cause of sin in her grave, seeing that her epitaph was, in Macaulay's phrase, stolen, and marred in the stealing. I have obtained what I suppose must be accepted as the original and veritable matrix from which Mrs. Martha received her mythical being. It is an epitaph in Toddington Church, Bedfordshire, mentioned and partly quoted by Lysons ("Magna Britannia") in his description of that church. In spite of conceits and affectation, it has some literary merit, and at least presents something better and closer in thought than the flabby and pointless saying, "She was so very pure within." Here it is in full :

Maria Wentworth, illustris Thomæ Comitiss Cleveland Filia premortua prima animam virginem exhalavit [—] Januar. an^o Dni. MDCXXXII., ætat. xviii.

And here y^e pretious dust is layde
Whose purelie temper'd clay was made
So fine that it y^e guest betray'd.
Else the soule grew so faste within,
It broke y^e outward shelle of sin,
And soe was hatch'd a Cherubin.
In height it soar'd to God above,
In depth it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to generall love.
Before a pious duty shind,
To Parents curtesie behind,
On either side an equal minde.
Good to y^e poore, to kindred deare,
To servants kinde, to friendship cleare,
To nothing but herself severe.
See though a Virgin yet a Bride
To everie grace, she justified
A chaste Poligamie, and dyed.

A variant is found in Chiswick church-yard, close to Hogarth's grave :

Here lyes ye clay
Which th' other day
Inclosed Sam. Sauill's soul,
But now is free and unconfin'd.
She fled and left her clogg behind
Intomb'd within this hole,
May ye 21, 1728,
In the 30th year of his age.

And this in its turn is singularly like an inscription on the door of the cell in which Ettore Visconti is buried in a standing position in Monza :

This skeleton formerly contained the soul of
Estore [sic] Visconti.

The business-like epitaphs combining puffs with pathos deserve a place by themselves. A famous example is said to have been inscribed by a son to his deceased father somewhere in Wiltshire, England :

Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
Is laid the landlord of the Lion.
Resigned unto the Heavenly will,
His son keeps on the business still.

An equally affecting inscription is said to be found in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise on the tombstone of one Pierre Cabochard, a grocer. It closes as follows :

His inconsolable widow
dedicates this monument to his memory,
and continues the same business at the
old stand, 167 Rue Mouffetard.

In the year 1868 a Parisian newspaper told this curious story anent the monument :

A gentleman who had noticed the above inscription was led by curiosity to call at the address indicated. Having expressed his desire to see the widow Cabochard, he was immediately ushered into the presence of a fashionably-dressed and full-bearded man, who asked what was the object of his visit.

"I came to see the widow Cabochard, sir."

"Well, sir, here she is."

"I beg pardon, but I wish to see the lady in person."

"Sir, *I am* the widow Cabochard."

"I don't exactly understand you. I allude to the relict of the late Pierre Cabochard, whose monument I noticed yesterday at the Père-la-Chaise."

"I see, I see," was the smiling rejoinder. "Allow me to inform you that Pierre Cabochard is a myth, and therefore never had a wife. The tomb you admired cost me a good deal of money, and although *no one is buried there*, it proves a first-rate advertisement, and I have had no cause to regret the expense. Now, sir, what can I sell you in the way of groceries?"

But possibly monument and story were both "faked" by this esteemed contemporary. This is the more likely that the monument in question figures in various collections of epitaphs, with so many changes of name and venue that one is inclined to look upon it as a myth.

The following probably belong to the same category. The first comes from California; the second is English, and is said to be in memory of one Jonathan Thompson :

Here lies the body of Jeemes Humbrick, who was accidentally shot on the bank of the Pacus River by a young man. He was accidentally shot with one of the large Colt's revolvers with no stopper for the cock to rest on. It was one of the old-fashioned kind,—brass-mounted. And of such is the kingdom of heaven.

A good Husband, and affectionate Father;
whose disconsolate Widow and Orphans
continue to carry on the Tripe and Trotter business
at the same shop as before their bereavement.

Lamb, in one of his Letters, says, "I have seen in Islington church-yard an epitaph to an infant who died *atatis* four months, with this seasonable inscription appended: 'Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land,' etc." But this is not so bad as the quotation from Shakespeare, "She never told her love," placed over another infant of about the same age.

Unintentional grotesques of this sort may be found in every graveyard since graveyards were. Now and then when we hear them we have a suspicion that they are too good to be true, but he who has any experience of monumental stupidity will hesitate to put limits to the stupidity it may display.

There are *de par le monde* a number of epitaphs the absurdity of which consists in the substitution of a wrong name for the deceased person, to accommodate the exigencies of the poet. One of them runs thus :

Underneath this ancient pew
Lie the remains of Jonathan Blue.
His name was Black, but that wouldn't do ;

and another :

Underneath this stone, aged threescore and ten,
Lie the remains of William Wood-hen.
(*For Hen, read Cock—Cock wouldn't come in rhyme*) ;

and still a third :

Here lies John Bunn,
Who was killed by a gun.
His name wasn't Bunn, but his real name was Wood.
But Wood wouldn't rhyme with Gunn, so I thought Bunn would.

We confess we are sceptical about the authenticity of these various readings, as also of the epitaph on the architect Trollope :

Here lies William Trollope,
Who made these stones roll up ;
When death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up.

No doubts, however, attach to the sweet agricultural simplicity which breathes through the following :

Here I lies, and no wonder I'm dead,
For the wheel of a wagon went over my head.

A facetious story is told in some quarters of a pauper who, having died in a workhouse, was to be buried in the most economical fashion. The master proposed to inscribe over his tombstone,—

Thomas Thorps,
His corpse.

The guardians at the next meeting of the board indignantly forbade such a profligate expenditure of the rates, and ordered the epitaph to be curtailed thus :

Thorps'
Corpse.

Grammar gives way in the following to high poetical and moral considerations :

She's gone and cannot come to we,
But we shall shortly go to she.

In the church-yard of St. John, Worcester, there is an epitaph which, if brevity be the soul of wit, has high claim to that character. The arrangement of the verb is, at all events, original. It reads thus :

Honest John
's dead and gone.

Here are some miscellaneous grotesques :

IN CHILDWALL PARISH, ENGLAND.

Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Cheltenham waters.
If we had stuck to Epsom salts
We wouldn't be in these here vaults.

FROM A NEW HAMPSHIRE CHURCH-YARD.

To all my friends I bid adieu,
A more sudden death you never knew.
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked, and killed me quicker'n a wink.

ON AN EAST TENNESSEE LADY.

She lived a life of virtue, and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 7 months, and 16 days. Reader, "Go thou and do likewise."

FROM THETFORD CHURCH-YARD.

My grandfather was buried here,
 My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear
 My father perished with inflammation in the thighs,
 And my sister dropped down dead in the Minorities;
 But the reason why I'm here interred, according to my thinking,
 Is owing to my good living and hard drinking.
 If, therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,
 Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or anything strong.

AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

—After Life's Scarlet Fever
 I sleep well.

FROM CORNWALL, ENGLAND.

Here lies the body of Gabriel John,
 Who died in the year one thousand and one;
 Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
 You may, if you please, or let it alone,
 For it's all one
 To Gabriel John,
 Who died in the year one thousand and one.

FROM PORTBURY CHURCH-YARD, NEAR BRISTOL.

My forge and anvil are reclined,
 My bellows they have lost their wind,
 My shop and hammer are decayed,
 And in the dust my vice is laid.
 My fire's extinct,
 My coal is gone,
 My nails are drove,
 My work is done.

Bulls are not at all infrequent on tombstones. Here is one that reappears in so many different ways that one cannot help suspecting some at least to be manufactured. This particular instance is credited to a graveyard in Oswego, New York:

Here lies my two children dear,
 One in Ireland, and the other here.

Here are a few, a very few, of its many variants. The first, which is undoubtedly genuine, may be the parent of all the others:

AT BELTURBET, IRELAND.

Here lies John Higley, whose father and mother were
 drowned in their passage from America.
 Had they both lived, they would have been buried here.

UNIDENTIFIED.

Here lies the body of John Mound,
 Lost at sea and never found.

AT LLANYMYNECH, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

Here lies John Thomas
 And his children dear;
 Two buried at Oswestry,
 And one here.

IN OXFORDSHIRE.

Here lies the body of John Eldred,
 At least he will be here when he is dead;
 But now at this time he is alive,
 The 14th of August, 'sixty-five.

The following look Irish, but, like those just quoted, are of Saxon origin:

Ah, cruel Death! why so unkind,
 To take her, and leave me behind?
 Better to have taken both or neither,
 It would have been more kind to the survivor!

AT ST. ANDREW'S, PLYMOUTH.

Here lies the body of James Vernon, Esq., only surviving son of Admiral Vernon: died 23d July, 1753.

AT MONTROSE, 1757.

Here lyes the Bodeys of George Young and Isabel Guthrie, and all their Posterity for more than fifty years backwards.

Occasionally it has happened that prizes have been offered for epitaphs to be written to order. They have never been known to yield any satisfactory results. A German paper once canvassed in this way for an appropriate inscription to Bismarck. But all the essays sent in were rejected. A competition of the same sort, having General Wolfe as its subject, is remembered to-day only because, among others, it brought out this astonishing quatrain:

He marched without dread or fears
At the head of his bold grenadiers,
And what was remarkable—nay, very particular—
He climbed up rocks that were perpendicular.

The eccentric Sternhold Oakes offered a reward for the best epitaph for his own grave. Several tried for the prize, but they flattered him too much, he thought. At last he undertook it himself; and the following was the result:

Here lies the body of Sternhold Oakes,
Who lived and died like other folks.

That was satisfactory, and the old gentleman claimed and received his own prize.

The following was composed by three Scotch friends, to whom the person commemorated had left a legacy, with the hope expressed that they would honor him by some record of their regrets. The first friend composed the line which naturally opened the epitaph,—

Provost Peter Patterson was Provost of Dundee.

The second added,—

Provost Peter Patterson, here lies he.

The third could suggest no other conclusion than,—

Hallelujah! Hallelujee!

Intentional drolleries frequently take the forms of puns. Among these should rank the epitaph on Mr. Foote, of Norwich:

Here lies one Foote, whose death may thousands save,
For Death hath now one foot within the grave;

and the one on Mr. Box:

Here lies one Box within another.
The one of wood was very good,
We cannot say so much for t'other;

also the famous one of Sir John Strange:

Here lies an honest lawyer,
That is Strange!

A "happy conceit" it was doubtless thought, in 1640, to write over a member of Parliament named White,—

Here lies a John, a burning, shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all alike were White!

The following is by Swift on the Earl of Kildare:

Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill?
Death killed Kildare—who dare kill whom he will.

Here are a few miscellaneous examples, the first on a Mr. Fish:

Worms are bait for fish; but here's a sudden change:
Fish is bait for worms—is not that passing strange?

On William Button, in a church-yard near Sanbury :

O sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles !
Are graves, then, dwindled into Button-holes ?

On Foote, the comedian :

Foote from his earthly stage, alas ! is hurled ;
Death took him off, who took off all the world.

Teague O'Brien's epitaph on himself in Ballyporeen church-yard has a rollicking sort of humor :

Here I at length repose,
My spirit now at aise is,
With the tips of my toes
And the point of my nose
Turned up at the roots of the daisies.

The following, "On a woman who had an issue in her leg," is amusing, though probably apocryphal :

Here lieth Margaret, otherwise Meg,
Who died without issue, save in her leg.
Strange woman was she and exceedingly cunning,
For while one leg stood still, the other was running.

This pleasing tribute to departed worth is credited to a South Carolina graveyard :

Here lies the body of Robert Gordin,
Mouth almighty and teeth accordin' ;
Stranger, tread lightly over this wonder,
If he opens his mouth, you are gone, by thunder !

Another grossly personal attack is English :

Reader ! whoe'er thou be, oh, tread not hard,
For Tadow lies all over this church yard.

The allusion, of course, is to the dead man's unusual obesity. The following, which has a curious verbal analogy, must be taken in a totally different sense, as a fling at a noble profession :

Here lies the corpse of Dr. Chard,
Who filled the half of this church-yard.

Here is a still more unpardonable attack on a lady, possibly of those loquacious tendencies too often harshly attributed to her sex :

Here rests in silent clay
Miss Arabella Young,
Who on the 21st of May
Began to hold her tongue.

" This is as bad as the unkind hint conveyed in the following, in a church-yard near Newmarket :

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who never did aught to vex one.
Not like the woman under the next stone.

A special malignity is attributable to the last line by the explanation that the lady under the next stone was the first wife of Thomas Sexton, and Sarah was his second.

The following attacks the reputation of a whole parish. It is in St. George's church-yard, Somerset :

Here lies poor Charlotte,
Who died no harlot,
But in her virginity,
Though just turned nineteen,
Which within this vicinity
Is hard to be found and seen.

Domestic troubles have been laid bare on the tombstone from the time of the Greeks and Romans. Here is a piece of atrocious doggerel to be seen in Selby church-yard, in Yorkshire :

Here lies my wife, a sad slattern and a shrew ;
If I said I regretted her I should lie too.

The following, which frequently appear in collections of epitaphs, are not credited to any locality, and may be mere wandering bits of epigrammatic misogynism :

This dear little spot is the joy of my life :
It raises my flowers and covers my wife.

I am not grieved, my dearest life,
Sleep on—I've got another wife ;
Therefore I cannot come to thee,
For I must go and live with she.

My wife's dead, and here she lies,
No man laughs, and no man cries :
Where she's gone, or how she fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,
But dead as a door-nail, and God be thankit.

In the following the tables are turned :

Here lies the body of Mary Ford,
Whose soul, we trust, is with the Lord ;
But if for hell she's changed this life,
'Tis better than being John Ford's wife.

Is the satire in the following examples intentional ?

Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confident hope of a better life.

Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the forty-fifth year of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family.

She once was mine ;
But now
To Thee, O Lord, I her resign ;
And am your humble, obedient servant,
ROBERT KEMP.

The following mark of esteem is as terse as it is ambiguous. It is found in a church-yard in Grafton, Vermont :



And with this may be paired the awful statement on a tombstone in Otsego County, New York :

John burns.

To conclude : In many portions of England people whose relatives were too poor to purchase monumental space within the church itself were frequently buried outside the door. The following epitaph was a favorite with this class of corpses :

Here I lie at the church door,
Here I lie because I am poor ;
When I rise at the Judgment Day,
I shall be as warm as they.

A village wag, so the story runs, detected the latent ambiguity in this epitaph, and wrote beneath,—

FROM A SPIRIT WITHIN.

'Tis true, old sinner, there you lie,
'Tis true you'll be as warm as I;
But, restless spirit, why foretell
That when you rise you'll go to H—?

An analogous story is that of the gravestone bearing the simple inscription,—

My little Johnny has gone to heaven ;

which one morning was found tagged with the irreverent addition,—

You cannot always sometimes tell :
Your little Johnny may have gone to H—.

Era of Good Feeling, a phrase which originated with Benjamin Russell, editor of the *Boston Centinel*, on the occasion of President James Monroe's visit to Boston in 1817, the first year of his administration. It was caught up by the press generally, and has passed into history as characterizing the entire epoch of eight years during which Monroe was chief magistrate. But the good feeling was rather apparent than real. The animosities and excitements of the war of 1812 had now subsided, and the internal dissensions in the then Republican party, which eventually culminated in the split between Jacksonites and Adamsites, had not as yet disturbed the surface of the political maelstrom.

Erin go Bragh ("Erin forever"), the ancient war-cry of the Irish.

War-cries, meant originally to keep the fighting-men aware of the place of their own clan in battle or when scattered in woods and hills, came down to the baronial period, and were used by the Anglo-Norman nobles out of consideration for their Gaelic retainers. The commonest shout was some name of famous place or famous man with the addition "aboo," a word well fitted for the clamor of a band of fighters, being at once more musical and less wearying to the voice than our "hurrah." The Kildare retainers cried, "Crom aboo!" in honor of Crom Castle, a citadel in Limerick County, originally a stronghold of the O'Donovans, which one of the intrusive Geraldine families, named after the town of Kildare, occupied while turning Irish. The O'Neills cried out, "Lawv dareg aboo!" because the Lawv dareg, or Red Hand, was the badge of the family and clan. The O'Briens cried, "Lawv Laider!" or "Laudir aboo!" or "Strong Hand aboo!" The translator of Geoffrey Keating's "History of Ireland" suggests as the meaning of "aboo" the Irish word "booa," victory; but analogy would point rather to "boa" ("beotha"), lively, awake, spirited, when "aboo" would be an exclamation like the French *alerte!* and *vive!* A parallel in Irish is the well-known "Erin go bra!" ("Erin till judgment day!") where "go bra"—forever—implies the same idea of living which the word "beotha" actually contains, since the latter is the Celtic equivalent of Greek *bios*. "Yabu!" is the exclamation of Tartar horsemen when urging their steeds forward. While on this topic it may be interesting to note that this Irish word, or its Welsh equivalent, "yu byw," corrupted to "boo" and "boh," is found in our colloquial expression, "He doesn't dare say boo to a goose;" in other words, he is too cowardly to sound his war-cry in the presence of the most peaceful of creatures.—CHARLES DE KAY, in the *Century*.

What is the object of all government? The object of all government is roast mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, an honest justice, a clear highway, a free chapel. What trash to be bawling in the streets about the Green Isle, the Isle of the Ocean, the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh! A far better anthem would be Erin go bread and cheese, Erin go cabins that will keep out the rain, Erin go pantaloons without holes in them!—SYDNEY SMITH.

Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis (L., "He snatched the lightning from heaven and their sceptre from tyrants"), the epigraph written by Turgot for Houdon's bust of Franklin. It may be an alteration from the line out of the "Anti-Lucretius" of Cardinal de Polignac, i. v. 96,—

Eripuit fulmenque Jovi Phœboque sagittas,—

or may have been suggested by the "Astronomica" of Manilius, a Latin poet contemporary with Virgil,—

Eripuit Jovi fulmen viresque tonandi,—

or it may, as is more likely, have been original, and suggested only by the discovery of Franklin and the historic facts of his life. This is all the more

probable since Condorcet, the biographer of Turgot, informs us that the lines as first written (in 1778) read, "Éripuit cœlo fulmen, *mox* sceptrum tyrannis." At this time, the snatching of the sceptre from the tyrant was a thing to be wished for, probably, and prophesied, but was not yet an accomplished fact. The authorship of the epigraph has been claimed for Baron Trenck by a writer in *Gartenlaube* for 1863, in a paper on the last hours of that statesman. He states that the baron asserted at his trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris, July 9, 1794, that he made Franklin's acquaintance in England in 1774, and that the lines usually attributed to Turgot were in fact his. Baron Trenck, however, says nothing of this in his memoirs.

The verse was translated into French ("Il ôte au ciel le foudre et le sceptre aux tyrans") by a poor creature named Félix Nogaret, an almanac-poet, who sent it to Franklin with much adulatory commentary, asking his opinion of the translation. In his reply, which may be found in Fournier's "L'Esprit des Autres," Franklin claimed to be too little of a connoisseur of the subtleties of the French tongue to sit in judgment on the "poésie qui *doit* se trouver dans ce vers" (a very subtle phrase, which might be interpreted either as "the poetry which *is* to be" or as "the poetry which *ought* to be found in this verse"). However, as to the original Latin, he wished to call attention to two inaccuracies :

Notwithstanding my experiments with electricity, the thunder-bolt continues to fall under our noses and beards ; and as for the tyrant, there are a million of us still engaged at snatching away his sceptre.

When the death of Franklin was announced in the French National Assembly, Mirabeau, in moving that the Assembly go into mourning out of respect for his memory, spoke of him as a benefactor of the human race. He declared,—

Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunder-bolts and tyrants.

A humorous play upon the words of the inscription is contained in the following :

We know what a flogging is, but what love is, no one has found out. Some natural philosophers have maintained that it is a kind of electricity. That is possible, for at the moment of falling in love we feel as if an electrical spark had suddenly penetrated our heart from the eye of the beloved one. Ah ! this lightning is the most destructive of all, and I shall esteem him who can find a conductor for it higher than Franklin. Oh that there might be little lightning-rods which would conduct the dreadful fire elsewhere. I fear, however, that little Amor cannot be as easily robbed of his arrows as Jupiter of his lightning or the tyrants of their sceptre.—HEINE : *Reisebilder : Die Bäder von Lucca*.

Erotic School, a name applied (*circa* 1888) by American newspaper critics to a group of writers who consciously or unconsciously rebelled against the rigid conventionalities established by the Mrs. Grundys of literature. Such rebellion had been in the air long before their advent ; indeed, in England it had already taken formal shape in the poems and novels of the *Fleshly School* (*q. v.*) and its successors. That school was a practical indorsement of the protest made by Thackeray, and after him by Henry James, by Ouida, and by others, that art was foolishly fettered and limited through too eager deference to the assumed ingenuous ignorance of the Young Person. "Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried," such are Thackeray's words, "no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a MAN. We must drape him and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the Natural in our art." Perhaps in seeking for the Natural, the *Fleshly School* went too far. Perhaps Walt Whitman, the first American exponent of the theory, went too far. It is part of the folly of the untruth which lies in suppression, that it provokes the untruth of overstatement, that

hypocrisy may beget open shamelessness. But the Erotic School in America, save among certain vulgar and now forgotten mercenaries who followed the lead of the leaders when they fancied it gave them a chance for booty and notoriety,—the Erotic School in America never imitated the fiercer vagaries of the English School. They only claimed the privilege of art to paint life as they saw it. Amélie Rives, Edgar Saltus, Gertrude Atherton, and, on a lower level, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, all of whom have been roughly grouped together under the convenient heading, are persons of sincere aim. With varying degrees of genius or talent, they have established a precedent which must eventually be accepted.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow. From the Prologue to Dryden's "All for Love :"

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow :
He who would search for pearls must dive below,

The figure had previously been used by Bacon. In enumerating the errors which have retarded the advancement of learning, Bacon says,—

Another error is a conceit that . . . the best has still prevailed and suppressed the rest : so as, if a man should begin the labor of a new search, he were but like to light upon somewhat formerly rejected, and by rejection brought into oblivion ; as if the multitude, or the wisest for the multitude's sake, were not ready to give passage rather to that which is popular and superficial, than to that which is substantial and profound : for the truth is, that time seemeth to be of the nature of a river or stream, which carrieth down to us that which is light and blown up, and sinketh and drowneth that which is weighty and solid.—*Advancement of Learning*, Book I.

An amusing variant of the idea is the jest of Horne Tooke. To his brother, who had been more prosperous than himself, John Horne Tooke remarked that they had reversed the natural order of things, for "*you have risen by your gravity : I have sunk by my levity.*"

Though some make light of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits ; as take a straw, and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not show the complexion of the time so well as ballads and libels.—SILDEN : *Table-Talk : Libels*.

In the shipwreck of the state, trifles float and are preserved, while everything solid and valuable sinks to the bottom, and is lost forever.—*Letters of Junius*.

Errors, Vulgar. One of the most delightful books ever written is that which its author styled "Pseudoxia Epidemica," but which is more usually known as "Browne's Vulgar Errors,"—a rather misleading title, as the errors which it treats of are the public's, and not Sir Thomas Browne's. The good knight, who was still sufficiently conservative to believe in witches, goes seriously to work to deny the existence of the phoenix, the chimera, and the griffin, and to expose such fallacies as that man has one less rib than woman ; that Mahomet's tomb is suspended in air between loadstones artfully contrived above and below ; that storks will only live in republics and free states ; that a salamander lives in the fire ; that children would naturally speak Hebrew ; that men weigh more before meat than after, and dead than alive ; that Friar Bacon made a brazen head which spoke ; that Hannibal ate through the Alps with vinegar ; that crystal is ice strongly congealed. Some of these errors seem vulgar enough in all conscience, yet mighty names in science and theology had once upheld them. Seneca, for example, Thucydides, St. Basil, St. Augustine, St. Gregory, and St. Jerome are all advocates for the ice-theory of crystals, though it is only fair to add that Pliny and others denied it.

Once upon a time a professor of electricity, we are told, was demonstrating before an audience and failed to produce the expected result. "Ladies and gentlemen," he thereupon remarked, "every experiment, if properly made, proves something ; if it doesn't prove what you intended, it proves the oppo-

site." This great truth, obvious as it seems, is, after all, of very recent discovery. It is astonishing how readily the philosophers of old accepted statements which might at once have been proved or disproved by the test of experiment.

Thus, Aristotle took it for granted that a pot full of ashes will contain as much water as it would without them, and nobody seems to have questioned the statement until Sir Thomas Browne seriously made repeated tests which proved it to be untrue. The reader will doubtless remember, in this connection, the old story told sometimes of James I. and sometimes of other monarchs, that he called together a council of philosophers to discuss the question, "Why is it that a vase will contain as much water if a herring be placed therein as it would without the herring?" and after the learned men had given sundry ingenious answers to the query, he bade them try if indeed it were so, and, lo! a herring placed in a vase full of water made it overflow.

Pliny asserted that the diamond will prevent the attraction of the loadstone if placed between it and a piece of iron; and although the problem was one capable of ready solution by experiment, he went on to ascribe the same quality to the garlic. The loadstone, indeed, attracted towards itself the most preposterous fables, which it was left for Sir Thomas Browne to expose. Thus, it was asserted that when burnt it gives off an intolerable stench; that if preserved in certain salts it has the power of attracting gold, even out of the deepest wells; that some kinds of loadstone attract only by night; that one ounce of iron and ten ounces of loadstone produce a total weight of only ten ounces. A learned Jesuit named Eusebius Nierembergius believed that the body of man is magnetical, and if placed in a boat "the vessel will never rest until the head respecteth the north." Sir Thomas warily characterizes this theory as "improbable and something singular," and suggests that "the verity hereof might easily be tried in Wales, where there are portable boats, and made of leather, which would convert upon the impulsion of any verticity."

But, after all, the errors of the early philosophers were too firmly entrenched to yield before the evidence of experiment. For when Camerarius, to disprove the common assertion that a lion was afraid of a cock, cited the case of one which sprang into a farm-yard and devoured all the poultry, he was silenced by Alexander Ross's assertion that *that* lion was mad.

Nor can it be said that all the errors which Sir Thomas combated are dead even now. We still hear, not indeed from philosophers, but from people of fair intelligence, that the chameleon feeds upon air; that a bear licks her cubs into shape; that swans sing just before their death; that a pigeon has no gall. It is no longer asserted that the ostrich can digest iron; nevertheless astonishing and quite as baseless stories are still told concerning its assimilative powers, and not every one has learned the falsity of the fable that a hunted ostrich will try to hide itself by sticking its head into the sand. And, indeed, why should we outsiders discredit the story when it originated among the denizens of Africa, who were familiar for ages with the ostrich and its habits?

The verb "to ape" has crept into our language as an outgrowth of the popular fallacy that monkeys have a passion for imitating the actions of men, as parrots have for imitating their language. Nothing can be further from the truth. Indeed, if monkeys could talk they ought to introduce into their vocabularies a correlative verb "to man," for according to all theories of creation or evolution the monkey came first, and it is we who are his followers and imitators. It is not the monkeys who have human traits, but we who have monkey traits. Monkeys can be trained, like other animals, in various manly arts, but they are acutely conscious of the degradation; they are the

most stubborn of pupils ; they will screech themselves hoarse, and sham lameness or insanity, before they can be broken into obedience by even the kindest of trainers.

It may be assumed that nobody now believes in crocodiles' tears ; yet it was once related by sober-minded travellers, and accepted as a fact, that these reptiles gave every outward evidence of excessive grief over the bodies of the victims they had slain and intended to eat, and the expression still remains as an apt illustration of hypocritical sorrow. The truth appears to be that the crocodile licks its coming banquet all over to prepare it for deglutition, and accompanies this pleasant task with a wail that sounds plaintive, but is in reality its crude and inartistic manner of expressing entire satisfaction with the world and with itself.

The deadly upas-tree is another stock illustration in literature. Yet it is an absolute invention, without even the authority of tradition to sanction its mendacity, and was born of the fun-loving brain of George Steevens.

Who has not heard of the Maelström ? Who is not familiar with Poe's story of a descent into that terrible whirlpool ? Its startling air of truthfulness makes you hold your breath while you read ; you almost fancy yourself one of the mariners swept down into the abyss ; you join in the cry of joy at their miraculous deliverance. Poe, when he wrote the story, believed that he was describing something that might have happened ; the Maelström was an article of faith which had never been doubted by the English-speaking races from the time that Purchas first described it in his "Pilgrimage." Edmund Gosse was, we believe, the first Englishman to explode the myth ; at all events, in the record of his visits to the Lofoden Islands he evidently looked upon himself as a pioneer, and regretted that truth obliged him "to raze to the ground with ruthless hand the romantic fabric of fable" that had surrounded the Maelström from time immemorial. "There is no such whirlpool," he said, "as Pontoppidan and Purchas describe : the site of the famous Maelström is put by the former writer between Moskenøso and the lofty isolated rock of Mosken ; the passage is at the present day called Mosköström, and is one of those narrow straits, so common on the Norwegian coast, where the current of water sets with such persistent force in one direction, that when the tide or an adverse wind meets it, a great agitation of the surface takes place. I have myself seen, on one of the narrow sounds, the tide meet the current with such violence as to raise a little hissing wall across the water, which gave out a loud noise. This was in the calmest of weather ; and it is easy to believe that such a phenomenon, occurring during a storm, or when the sea was violently disturbed, would cause small boats passing over the spot to be in great peril, and even suddenly swamp them." Alas and alas ! and so that is all that ruthless investigation leaves us of the Maelström, the prodigious whirlpool that

Whirled to death the roaring whale,

that sucked the largest ships into its monstrous vortex, and thundered so loudly that the rings on the doors of houses ten miles away shook at the sound of it.

But the whirligig of time, paradoxical as ever in its revenges, has rehabilitated many a discredited fact, so that it is no longer a vulgar error to believe, but rather is one to disbelieve, in the roc, the unicorn, the dragon, and many another wonder of ancient fable.

The roc was first described to Europeans by Marco Polo, who called it a rukh ; but Marco Polo was greeted with incredulity in this as in other statements. In the seventeenth century, Father Martini, a missionary to China, met with the same fate when he gave some account of the bird in his history of that country. A century later, the "Arabian Nights" became familiar to

Europeans, and then it was made evident to the meanest intelligence that the roc *must* be a fable.

At last, in the year 1842, the Rev. Mr. Williams, a missionary in New Zealand, wrote to Dr. Buckland concerning the remains of an extraordinary monster which had been pointed out to him by the natives: "On a comparison with the bones of a fowl, I immediately perceived that they belonged to a bird of gigantic size. The greatest height of the bird was probably not less than fourteen or sixteen feet." The natives gave this creature the name of *moa*. Professor Owen was among the English scientists who examined the relics. He expressed his belief that the great bird of Australia had existed at no very remote period. Other proofs have since been obtained in Australasia, which place beyond doubt the recent existence of the bird in that locality also. There is every reason to hold that the roc was simply a more or less exaggerated representation of the moa. The latter is said to have produced the largest of all known eggs. Early Arabian travellers found this bird, and told the wonderful stories about it.

A similar case is that of the dodo. The first European settlers in the Mauritius described it as a bird somewhat larger than a swan, but shaped like a pigeon, awkward in its movements, and furnished with teeth. Being unable to fly, and running slowly, it was easily killed. Hence its speedy extinction with the advent of civilization. But people soon began to deny that it had ever existed, and it was in danger of becoming classed with fabulous animals, when, in 1865, a number of bones were discovered in the course of draining some extensive marshes on the island. On being articulated by naturalists, the remains formed the skeleton of a bird agreeing in all important particulars with extant descriptions of the dodo.

As to the unicorn, scientists are inclined to agree with Sebastian in the "Tempest": "Now will I believe that there are unicorns!"—to this extent, at least, that it was not evolved from the inner consciousness, but had some external basis of fact to rest upon. Some hold that it was nothing more nor less than the rhinoceros, which is indeed *unicornuus*,—*i.e.*, one-horned,—but only in that respect like the unicorn of ancient fable, whose earliest effigies are found carved on the columns, temples, and pyramids of Egypt. These effigies are always in profile, and they very closely resemble the profile of a gnu (an animal only recently made known to naturalists); for though that animal has in reality two horns, yet these grow in such a manner that the side-view reveals but one, apparently protruding from the middle of the forehead. In other respects—in bodily shape, in the flowing, horse-like tail and mane, in the very un-horse-like cleft hoofs—the unicorn is a close copy of the gnu.

Modern geological discoveries have established the fact that animals quite as fearsome as the dragons of ancient myth once infested sea and shore, and there can be little doubt that the early Hellenic tribes retained traditions of these antediluvian monsters. The dragon which guarded the golden fleece may have been an imperfect reminiscence of that terrible carnivorous lizard, the megalosaurus, which Buckland believes to have been over sixty feet long, while the sea-monster that threatened Andromeda may have been a similar avatar of the ichthyosaurus, whose awful eyes, fully a foot in diameter, seem to have been fashioned to resist anything save the Gorgon stare of the Medusa.

It seems not at all unlikely that the story of Sindbad the Sailor may be based at least upon facts related by sober-minded travellers, and that these various narrations were amplified and exaggerated as they passed from mouth to mouth, and finally welded into an epic whole by the improvisators of Bagdad. We have already seen what rights the roc had to public respect and confidence.

The Old Man of the Sea is a more improbable entity than the roc, and yet it may well be that he is no other than our engaging friend the gorilla, who, according to native testimony, is afraid to use his gift of speech lest he may be set to work, who is in the habit of carrying off men and women and detaining them in the woods, and who has a very human capacity for drunkenness.

Sindbad describes many marvels that are now familiar to every one: the Hindoo custom of burying the surviving consort with a wife or husband; the killing of elephants for their ivory, in Ceylon; the method of obtaining gum-camphor from the trees in the Malay Islands; the great python of India which crushed and devoured men one after the other; the cannibal blacks of the Feejee Islands. Even his story of how merchants would obtain diamonds out of the Valley of Diamonds, by casting therein pieces of raw meat which eagles bore upward to their nests, has been corroborated by Marco Polo. In describing the diamond-mines of Golconda, the latter says, "There is also an extensive and very deep valley, so enclosed by rocks as to be quite inaccessible; but the people throw in pieces of flesh, to which the diamonds adhere. Now, you must observe, there are a number of white eagles, which, when they see the flesh in the bottom of the valley, fly thither, seize and carry it to different spots. The men are on the watch, and as soon as they see the bird with the spoils in its mouth, raise loud cries, when, being terrified, it flies away and drops the meat, which they take up and find the diamonds attached."

And Marco Polo? Is he worthy of belief? His own countrymen did not think so when he returned to them in 1295, and the nickname of "Messer Marco Millioni" with which they dubbed him is interpreted by some historians as a reflection upon the numerous fables which he sought to impose upon the public. Similar incredulity has been visited upon many other travellers, even down to our time, when Du Chaillu sought to introduce us to our distant relative the gorilla, and to the pygmies of Central Africa. But further research has established the substantial accuracy of Marco Polo as of Paul Du Chaillu.

We have been speaking of so-called myths that were discredited, and then credited again through a wider reach of knowledge. A still more singular anomaly may be noted,—a myth which was first discredited, then generally credited on increase of evidence, until finally, when the evidence was all in, it resolved itself back again into a myth. Such an instance is furnished by the Car of Juggernaut. Mendez Pinto earned the title of "Prince of Liars" because, on his return from the East, he wrote an account of his travels containing many improbable stories, among others that of "the pagoda of Trinkalmar, before whose chariot-wheels persons sacrifice themselves." This tale was singled out as being especially laughable. But the laughs sobered down in the succeeding centuries when traveller after traveller came back with stories of the car of Jagganatha, or lord of the world, before the wheels of which the frantic devotees would throw themselves with suicidal intent. The myth grew to be generally believed. The car of Juggernaut—the usual form into which the Hindoo name was corrupted—became one of the stock illustrations of preachers, writers, and orators. Mendez Pinto was reinstated in public opinion. But, lo! it has been quite recently discovered that the myth was in very truth a myth. The festival when Jagganatha is dragged in his car on a yearly visit from the town named after him to his country quarters is sometimes attended by accidents among the worshippers, whereby one or more may be injured or even killed, but never by voluntary suicides.

Besides these larger errors which have been embalmed in literature, there are many homelier ones which freely enter into our domestic life. Thus,

many a dog-owner is impressed with the idea that brimstone is a wholesome addition to the animal's drinking-water. But sulphur is insoluble in water, and the most that can be said for it when given in this form is that it is entirely harmless. That pipes are burst in a thaw is another harmless and yet plausible error. Pipes are really burst during the cold spell, but the leak, of course, cannot be discovered until the frozen water thaws. Another exemplification of the *post hoc propter hoc* fallacy is the common superstition that bones are more brittle in winter than in summer. More bones, indeed, are broken during the cold months, but that is simply because there is then more liability to accidents from slipping and falling. People who trust too much to the evidence of their senses believe that sunlight puts out a fire, whereas it merely pales its apparent brilliancy, just as it pales the light of the stars. The eyesight is, again, deluded by sleeping birds; they seem to sleep with the head under the wing; in reality the head is turned round and laid upon the soft, yielding feathers of the back, which frequently hide it entirely from sight. And as to that superstition common to both England and America, that when a snake is killed its tail will not die until sunset, it is a mere hasty generalization from the fact that a snake is endowed with great muscular irritability, so that its heart will contract after removal from the body, and the tail will move after the reptile is dead. But the continuance of this motion has nothing to do with the setting of the sun. Frederick Werne, in his "Campaign in Taka," gives an account of the killing of a large water-snake, which, after being partly skinned, he left hanging on the front beam of the hut until morning. "In the early morning hours," he says, "I thought I had been struck over the shin with a club. The dead snake had given me a wipe with its tail through the open door."

Escape, Let no guilty man. In 1875, when Bristow, Secretary of the Treasury in President Grant's cabinet, was unearthing the frauds upon the revenue, and instituting proceedings against the members of the "Whiskey Ring," it was supposed, from the President's previous intimacy with some of the persons implicated, that he and his Secretary were not in full accord in the efforts made by the latter to bring to justice all who had been engaged in violation of the law. On a letter relating to the prosecution, July 29, 1875, the President made the following autographic endorsement: "Let no guilty man escape, if it can be avoided. No personal consideration should stand in the way of performing a public duty." The matter transpired, and the words "Let no guilty man escape" became a popular cry.

Essex Junto, a sobriquet applied by John Hancock in 1781 to a faction that followed the lead of certain public men from Essex County, Massachusetts, who, representing the commercial interests of the country, were foremost in their demands for a strong Federal government. After the adoption of the Constitution they allied themselves with the Federalist party as the most uncompromising adherents of Alexander Hamilton. John Adams, whom they antagonized, revived the nickname, and sought to represent them as a British faction hostile to France. They were held mainly responsible for the opposition to the war of 1812, which culminated in the Hartford Convention. Pickering and Fisher Ames were among the leading spirits.

Est-il possible? (Fr., "Is-it-possible?"), a nickname applied by James II. of England to Prince George of Denmark, husband of his daughter the Princess Anne, afterwards Queen Anne of England. As the events of the Revolution of 1688 followed one another in startling succession, the comment of the fat-witted prince at every fresh item of news was, "Est-il possible?" When, finally, he too joined the cause of William and Mary, James is reported to have said, "What! Est-il-possible gone, too?"

Esto Perpetua! (L., "Be thou perpetual," or, "Mayest thou endure for ever!"), the dying apostrophe of Pietro Sarpi, addressed to his beloved Venice, January 15, 1623. It is hardly necessary to note that in the masculine the last word would be *perpetuo*.

Spirit of Swift—spirit of Molyneux—your genius has prevailed. Ireland is now a nation; and in that new character I hail her, and, bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua*.—GRATTAN, 1782.

Et tu, Brute! (L., "And thou too, O Brutus!"), the exclamation said to have been uttered by Cæsar when he discovered Brutus among the conspirators attacking him. The phrase is a pure fabrication, though the when and the how of the fabrication are a mystery. According to Plutarch, Casca having struck the first blow, Cæsar turned upon him and laid hold of his sword, crying, "Villain Casca, what dost thou mean?" whereupon Casca called upon his brother for help. "Some say Cæsar opposed the rest, and continued struggling and crying out, till he perceived the sword of Brutus; then he drew his robe over his face, and yielded to his fate." Nicholas Damascenus mentions no one as speaking except Casca, who, he says, "calls to his brother in Greek on account of the tumult." Suetonius says that the dictator was stabbed with three-and-twenty wounds, uttering no sound beyond a groan at the first blow: "although some have handed down that to Marcus Brutus, rushing on; he said, *Καὶ σὺ, τέκνον* ('And you, my son')." But amid all this conflict of statement nobody seems to have handed down the famous *Et tu, Brute!* It was invented long afterwards, and the genius of Shakespeare (*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii., Sc. 1) has fixed it indelibly in the popular mind. Suetonius, it may be added, accuses Cæsar of having had an intrigue with the mother of Brutus: hence the word *τέκνον*, "son," is supposed to imply more than an ordinary term of affection. But it is not unlikely that the whole statement of the effect of the sight of Brutus upon Cæsar may be a fiction suggested by the currently-accepted scandal.

Eternal friendship, Let us swear an. The earliest use of the phrase in English humorous literature is about 1798, in J. Hookham Frere's "The Rovers," Act i., Sc. 1: "A sudden thought strikes me—let us swear an eternal friendship." The line, as well as the play, is a parody on Goethe's "Stella," where something nearly as absurd occurs, although no absurdity was intended. Two ladies, one the wife and the other the mistress of a roving lover, inadvertently meet and discover each other. The lover, unable to quit Stella and unable to quit his wife, weeps with both, and blows out his brains. The episode parodied in these lines is a proposition from one of the women that they live together; it comes from Stella to the injured wife: "Madam, I have an inspiration! We will remain together!—Your hand on it!—From this moment on, I will never leave you!"

Sydney Smith, hearing a lady decline gravy at a dinner, exclaimed, "Madam, I have been looking all my life for a person who disliked gravy: let us swear eternal friendship."

In "The Orphan," by Thomas Otway, occurs this line: "Let us embrace, and from this very moment vow an eternal misery together" (Act iv., Sc. 2).

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Who first used this precise collocation of words is unknown. John Philpot Curran came very near to it in his "Speech upon the Right of Election, 1790:" "The condition under which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance; which condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt" (*Speeches*, Dublin, 1808). Demosthenes, in his Second Philippic, sec. 24, had a dim adumbration of the thought: "There is one

safeguard known generally to the wise, which is an advantage and security to all, but especially to democracies as against despots. What is it? Distrust." In "Poor Richard's Almanack" for 1733 may be found the maxim, "Distrust and caution are the parents of security."

Eternities, Between two. Carlyle, in his "Heroes and Hero-Worship," has this memorable phrase:

Our life,—a little gleam of time between two Eternities.—*The Hero as Man of Letters.*

In his essay "Signs of the Times," he had already said,—

The poorest day that passes over us is the conflux of two Eternities; it is made up of currents that issue from the remotest Past and flow onwards into the remotest Future.

In other places he has rung changes upon the same theme. Evidently to him it embodied a great truth. In his "Reminiscences" he has carefully detailed its genesis:

Another of these days I was in the throes of a review article ("Characteristics," was it?), and sauntered about much on the strain, to small purpose; dinner all the time that I could afford. Smoking outside at the dining-room window, "Is not every day the conflux of two eternities," thought I, "for every man?" Lines of influence from all the past and stretching onwards into all the future, do intersect there. That little thoughtkin stands in some of my books; I recollect being thankful (scraggly thankful) for the day of small things.

There can be no question here of imitation, conscious or unconscious. Yet the thought, and almost the words, are found in Cowley:

Vain, weak-built isthmus which dost proudly rise
Up between two eternities.

Ode on Life and Fame.

Pope has borrowed from Cowley without improving him:

Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great.

Essay on Man, Epistle ii., 2.

Striking parallels occur in two great thinkers of an elder time:

A Moment's Halt,—a momentary taste
Of BRING from the Well amid the Waste,—

And, Lo! the phantom Caravan has reached
The NOTHING it set out from. Oh, make haste!

OMAR KHAYYAM: *Rubaiyat*, Stanza xlvi.

Remember that man's life lies all within this present, as 'twere but a hair's-breadth of time; as for the rest, the past is gone, the future yet unseen. Short, therefore, is man's life, and narrow is the corner of the earth wherein he dwells.—MARCUS AURELIUS: *Meditations*, iii. 10.

Etiquette. Probably most readers remember Mr. William S. Gilbert's "Bab Ballad" entitled "Etiquette." The account of the two Englishmen who, after being shipwrecked on a desert island, refuse to speak to each other because they have not been introduced, is not half so ludicrous as the famous story of Philip III. of Spain, which was thus told in the first edition of D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature:—"

Philip III. was gravely seated by the fireside: the fire-maker of the Court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his *grandeur* would not suffer him to rise from the chair; the *domestics* could not *presume* to enter the apartment, because it was against the *etiquette*. At length the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fire; but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the *etiquette* to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Usseda [*sic*] ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out; the fire burnt fiercer, and the king endured it rather than derogate from his *dignity*. But his blood was heated to such a degree that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

The story has been gravely accepted by many, and has become a stock illustration in English literature. Yet historian after historian has shown that

there is not an iota of evidence to support it, and indeed its inaccuracy is patent on the face of it. In the lifetime of D'Israeli, Bolton Corney pointed out that Philip III. of Spain died in his forty-third year, and not in his twenty-fourth, that though his death was undoubtedly caused by erysipelas there was no historical foundation for D'Israeli's story, and that, as a matter of fact, the story itself took its rise in the lively imagination of certain French memoir-writers.

D'Israeli, in the second edition of his "Curiosities," retained the story, changing only the final word "age" to "reign." In a preface to this edition, he accuses his critic of "vulgar arrogance and thoroughly ungentlemanlike style," and in his own modest, gentlemanlike way wonders how "this mole, who is very capable to grub, thus hardly ventured to a positive denial of this anecdote of Spanish etiquette." D'Israeli cannot deny that he had blundered in the matter of the king's age; but he refers to that not very recondite authority, "*L'Art de vérifier les Dates*," as his authority for the story. The story is given in that book, to be sure, but in a very different way, which would have been by no means too free for D'Israeli's not overly squeamish pen; and had D'Israeli really gone to it for information he could not have fallen into error about the king's age.

In fact, the story, like that of William Tell, is a good old stock-tale that has been related of many monarchs and many courts, and it undoubtedly was originally a pure invention. This is how it was told of the queen of Louis XV. of France. One day she discovered a speck of dust on her bed and showed it to Madame de Luynes, her maid of honor. The latter sent for the *valet-de-chambre* bedmaker to the queen, that he might show it to the *valet-de-chambre* bedmaker to the king. The latter arrived at the end of an hour, but said that the dust was none of his business, because the bedmakers of the king made up the common bed of the queen, but were forbidden to touch the state bed: consequently, the dust must be removed by the officers of the household. The queen gave orders that they should be sent for; and every day, for two months, she asked if the dust had been brushed off, but they had not yet found out whose duty it was to remove the speck. Finally, the queen took up a feather duster, and brushed it off. Great was the scandal thereof, but no one dreamed of blaming the absence of the officers; they only found that the queen had been wanting in etiquette.

And yet, though these stories are untrue, they might very easily be true. Certainly they are not too strange to be true. They are not one whit more extraordinary than a hundred well-authenticated stories. Have we not all heard the old proverb, that the queen of Spain has no legs? The feet and legs of queens were so sacred that it was a crime to think, or at any rate to speak, of them. On the arrival of the Princess Maria Anna of Austria, the bride of Philip IV., in Spain, a quantity of the finest silk stockings were presented to her in a city where there were manufactories of that article. The major-domo of the future queen threw back the stockings with indignation, exclaiming, "Know that the queens of Spain have no legs." When the young bride heard this, she began to weep bitterly, declaring that she would return to Vienna, and that she would never have set foot in Spain had she known that her legs were to be cut off. This ridiculous etiquette was carried still further. One day, as the second consort of Charles II. was riding a very spirited horse, the animal reared on his hind legs. At the moment when the horse seemed on the point of falling back with his fair rider, the queen slipped off on one side, and remained with one of her feet hanging in the stirrup. The unruly beast, irritated still more at the burden which fell on one side, kicked with the utmost violence in all directions. In the first moments of danger and alarm, no person durst venture to the assistance of

the queen, for this reason,—that, excepting the king and the chief of the *meninos*, or little pages, no person of the male sex was allowed to touch any part of the queens of Spain, and least of all their feet. As the danger of the queen augmented, two cavaliers ran to her relief. One of them seized the bridle of the horse, while the other drew the queen's foot from the stirrup, and in performing this service dislocated his thumb. As soon as they had saved her life they hastened away with all possible expedition, ordered their fleetest horses to be saddled, and were just preparing for their flight out of the kingdom, when a messenger came to inform them that, at the queen's intercession, the king had pardoned the crime they had committed in touching her person.

Mirabeau made a famous reference to the Spanish phrase in 1791. During the brief moment when the National Assembly ceased its struggle with the court on the king's acceptance of the constitution, a deputy proposed that the homage of the nation should be borne to the feet of his majesty as the restorer of French liberty. Mirabeau curtly suggested, "Majesty has no feet," and the motion was dropped.

But the story can be paralleled in the Spain of to-day. Thus, when Alfonso, the little-boy king, was about four years of age he tripped on the steps of the grand staircase in the royal palace at Madrid, and plunged head-foremost down. Fortunately, a footman, recently engaged, and consequently a trifle green, was standing on the steps with his back against the wall, waiting until his sovereign had passed. With rare self-sacrifice and presence of mind, the menial faced around and caught the flying form of the child, thus saving him, if not from death, at least from serious injury. Queen Christina was as grateful as any mother could be. But not even she, though as regent she held the reins of power in Spain,—not even she could save the man from dismissal. Only a grandee is allowed to touch the sacred person of His Most Catholic Majesty. She did, indeed, ward off from him any other punishment to which he might have rendered himself liable, rewarded him with money, and found for him a position as game-keeper on one of the royal estates in the northern part of the kingdom.

One of the chief reasons of the Duke of Aosta's unpopularity during the brief reign which he closed with a voluntary abdication was that he would take no pains to study the complicated etiquette of the *Escorial*, but sought to introduce simple manners in a country where even beggars drape themselves proudly in their tattered mantles and address one another as "*Señor Caballero*." He one day told a muleteer, with whom he had stopped to talk on a country road under a broiling sun, to put on his hat,—forgetting that by the act of ordering a subject to cover himself in the royal presence he created him a grandee. Marshal Prim, who was standing by, hastily knocked the muleteer's head-dress out of his hand and set his foot upon it, at the same time offering the man some gold; but the muleteer, who was mortally offended, spurned the money; and a few days later, when Prim was assassinated, a rumor was circulated among the people—but without truth, it seems—that the mortified individual who had narrowly missed becoming a grandee was an accessory to the crime. On another occasion, King Amadeo inconsiderately addressed a groom of his in the second person singular as *tu*. Happily, the man was an Italian; for, as a court chamberlain represented to his majesty, a Spaniard spoken to with this familiarity might have claimed that the monarch had dubbed him cousin,—that is, had ennobled him. Another thing which the much-worried Italian prince had to learn was that a Spanish king must not sign any letter to a subject with any friendly or complimentary formula, but must simply write, *Yo El Rey* ("I the King").

Etiquette likewise plays a great rôle at the court of Great Britain. The

queen herself is extremely punctilious. One of the best-known illustrations occurred during her visit to King Louis Philippe of France, in the lifetime of her husband. Feeling thirsty one evening after dinner, while chatting with the king, she intimated her wish for a glass of water. The king, like the good bourgeois that he was, rose from his seat, went over to the fireplace, rung his bell, and when a servant appeared ordered him to bring a glass of water. A couple of minutes later the man reappeared with a goblet of water on a gold salver and presented it to the queen. To the astonishment of King Louis Philippe, she declined it. The man was just leaving the room with the water untouched, when the Duc d'Aumale, who had been an attentive witness of the whole affair, took the salver from the servant and presented it himself to the queen. Her majesty immediately accepted the proffered goblet. Only then did worthy King Louis Philippe realize that his royal guest deemed herself debarred by the unwritten laws of etiquette from taking the goblet from the hands of an ordinary servant.

France has abolished royalty and the picturesque absurdity that is the usual accompaniment of royalty. But in the days when royalty was at its apogee, the days of the Grand Monarque himself, France yielded to no other court in stiff and starched pomposity. The etiquette which prevailed at Versailles was of the most minutely elaborate character, and governed every movement of the king and those about him from the very moment he opened his august eyes until he closed them in sleep. He was the centre of the whole ; it was a drama, daily repeated,—the same characters, the same scenes, the same details,—oppressive in its sameness, fatiguing in its constant pressure. We have neither the space nor the inclination to dwell on all the extraordinary ceremonial of the state dinner ; the twenty or thirty *grandees* fluttering around the king's plates and glasses ; the sacramental utterances of the occasion ; the gaudy procession of the *retinue* ; the arrival of *la nef*,—that is, the centre piece of plate which contained, between scented cushions, the king's napkins ; and *l'essai des plats*,—the tasting of each dish by the gentlemen servants and officers of the table before the king partook of it. The same custom was observed with the beverages. It took four persons to serve the king with a glass of wine and water. Well might Frederick the Great, on hearing an account of all this tyranny of etiquette, exclaim that if he were King of France his first edict would be to appoint another king to hold court in his place.

Contemporary Austria was not far behind. To Charles VI. especially, the last male scion of the old line of Hapsburg, etiquette was as the breath of life. Even before he succeeded to the Austrian throne,—as early, indeed, as 1706, when Philip of Anjou, his rival for the crown of Spain, had left Madrid,—Charles, to the rage of his English allies, refused to enter the city because he had as yet no state carriage, and it would be contrary to all etiquette to do so without. In 1732 he had engaged to hold an important political conference with Frederick William, King of Prussia. Yet the chief subject of debate at the Austrian State Council held before the interview was on the question whether his Imperial Majesty should shake hands with the Prussian monarch or not. After long deliberation, they came to the conclusion that he ought not to do so, as such a proceeding would inflict a lasting wound on the imperial dignity.

Eton Montem, a curious ceremony, apparently coeval with the foundation of Eton College in 1440, which took place at that college every third year up to 1845. It consisted of a procession of the scholars to a small tumulus close to the famous old post-road to Bath. On the way, tribute, termed "salt," was exacted from every one along the route and from the wealthier classes for miles around. Hence the tumulus gained the name of Salt Hill. The money

thus collected, sometimes as much as eight hundred pounds, was given to the head boy on the foundation, to assist in defraying his college expenses. Eton Montem is supposed to have been derived from the custom prevalent at Salisbury and other places of electing a boy-bishop from the choristers attached to the cathedral. Tradition affirms that part of the original ceremony had been for a boy in clerical garb, with a wig, to read prayers. This time-honored and picturesque custom was brought to an end by Dr. Hawtrey. On Whit-Tuesday, June 28, 1844, Salt Hill was for the last time the scene of these festivities. Miss Edgeworth has an excellent account of the custom in her story of "Eton Montem" in "The Parent's Assistant."

Eureka! (Gr., *εὕρηκα*, "I have found it!") Archimedes was consulted by Hiero, King of Syracuse, in regard to a gold crown suspected of being alloyed with silver. How was the fraud, if any, to be detected? The mathematician pondered over the matter, and was still pondering, well-nigh hopeless of a solution, when he got into his bath. The bath was full and overflowed. Then the thought occurred to him: Exactly as much water must overflow as was equal in volume to the size of his body. Quick as lightning came another thought: If he put the crown into a vessel of water, and weighed the overflow, then put into the water a piece of pure gold weighing exactly as much as the crown, the overflow should weigh exactly as much in one case as in the other, provided the crown were pure. Electrified by the thought, he leaped from the bath, and ran naked through the streets, shouting, "Eureka! Eureka!" It is added that his test proved that the smith had in fact cheated the king. The cry is now familiarly used as an exclamation of triumph at a discovery or supposed discovery. It is the motto of the State of California, in allusion to the discovery of gold there.

Europe — Cathay In Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," after the hero has uttered his wild threat to take some savage woman "who shall rear my dusky race," he regains self-mastery with the words,—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

* * * * *
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

A noteworthy, though obviously an accidental, coincidence occurs in De Quincey:

I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad.—*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, May, 1818.

But a closer analogy to the *thought* in the passage occurs in any one of the following extracts:

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

SCOTT: *Old Mortality*, ch. xxxiv.

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

ADDISON: *Cato*.

The life of a man of virtue and talent, who should die in his thirtieth year, is, with regard to his own feelings, longer than that of a miserable priest-ridden slave who dreams out a century of goodness.—SHELLEY: *Notes to "Queen Mab."*

Perhaps the perishing ephemeron enjoys a longer life than the tortoise — *Ibid*.

The duration of the freedom and the glory of Greece was short. But a few such years are worth myriads of ages of monkish slumber, and one such victory as Salamis or Bannockburn is of more value than the innumerable triumphs of the vulgar herds of conquerors.—LOCKHART: *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. i., No. 2.

After all, the above merely ring the changes upon the words of the Psalmist,—
For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.—*Psalm lxxxiv. 10.*

Another turn to the same thought has been given by Philip James Bailey :

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end ; that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things,—God.

FESTUS : *Scene, A Country Town.*

But Bailey in his turn was indebted to a host of predecessors :

A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line,—by deeds, not years.—*SHERIDAN : Pizarro, Act iv., Sc. 1.*

He who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him.

BYRON : *Childe Harold, Canto iii., stanza 5.*

Who well lives, long lives ; for this age of ours
Should not be numbered by years, daies, and hours.

DU BARTAS : *Days and Weekes, Fourth Day, Book ii.*

Every one for himself, and the devil catch the hindmost. There is an ancient Spanish legend that the devil had a school of magic at Toledo. At the close of the term the graduating class were made to run through a subterranean hall, the venerable president being entitled to the hindmost if he could catch him. It was added that as the hindmost had the benefit of a post-graduate course he turned out the best magician. But his soul was hopelessly forfeit. This may be the origin of the proverb, which is found widely diffused over Europe. In Cervantes, however, and in Heywood the proverb appears, "Every man for himself, and God for us all." The earliest appearance in English literature of the now common form seems to be in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Part iii., Sec. 1, Mem. iii. :

Every man for himself, his own ends, the devil for all.

Everybody's business is nobody's business. The maxim is quoted by Izaak Walton,—as belonging to another :

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, That which is everybody's business is nobody's business.—*Complete Angler, Part I., ch. ii.*

It is not unlikely that the friend had in mind the phrase of Horace,—

Aliena negotia curo,

Excussus propriis.

("I take care of other people's business, having lost my own.")

A famous Latin proverb, "*Dominum videre plurimum in rebus suis*" ("The master looks most sharply after his own affairs"), enforces the same moral. Similar admonitions were known to the Greeks. "The answers of Perses and Libys are worth observing," says Aristotle : "the former, being asked what was the best thing to make a horse fat, answered, 'The master's eye ;' the other, being asked what was the best manure, answered, 'The master's footsteps.'" Aulus Gellius tells a story of a man who, being asked why he was so fat, and the horse he rode so lean, answered, "Because I feed myself, and my servant feeds my horse." Proverbs of a similar sort abound in every country :

Self do, self have.—*English.*

†The master's eye will do more than both his hands.

When the cat's away the mice will play

Let him that has a mouth not say to another, Blow.—*Spanish.*

The master bids the man, and the man bids the cat, and the cat bids its tail.—*Portuguese*.

Self's the man.—*Dutch*.

Let every fox take care of his own tail.—*Italian*.

Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high, an expression common in the Southern States, which seems to have originated among the negroes. Hangs is probably a corruption for honks, the latter word being an onomatopoeitic reproduction of the cry of the wild goose, which flies high on clear days. Another but less likely explanation is that "befo' de wah" a goose used to be hung to a tree at Southern gatherings so high that a man on horseback could barely touch it; the riders would rush by and grab at the bird's neck. Still a third explanation, but one which bears all the marks of manufacture after the event, tells a story of an old negress who, in her husband's absence, tidied up the house and hung his picture high on the wall. When he came back he remarked that all was lovely, and the wife ended the remark by saying that "the goose hangs high." But the humor of the addition is enhanced if the wife were quoting a popular saw.

Evil Eye, the superstition that certain persons have a blighting or malignant eye which deals death or ill luck upon the by-stander. Under various other names, such as overlooking eye, biting fascination, this superstition survives locally in Great Britain and many portions of Europe, and under the alternative name of *jettatura* flourishes with extraordinary vigor and tenacity in Italy. It is one of the most ancient of myths. The Greeks knew it under the name of *baekaria*, the Romans under that of *fascinum*. To Greeks and Romans alike it came from the mysterious East. Solomon refers to it in the Book of Wisdom.

Aristotle speaks of a Thessalian female who attracted a poisonous serpent within a magical circle drawn round her, when it instantly became lifeless. The faculties of the Psylli, or charmers, enjoy great repute even in our own times. Plutarch engages in a question "concerning those who are said to fascinate," and concludes by allowing the existence of such a power. "It is known," says he, "that friends and servants have fascinating eyes; and even fathers, to whose protracted gaze mothers will not expose their children." Pliny relates that one Caius Furius Cresinus, a freedman, having been very successful in cultivating his farms, became an object of envy, and was publicly accused of poisoning, by arts of fascination, his neighbors' fruit; whereupon he brought into the Forum his daughter, ploughs, tools, and oxen, and, pointing to them, said, "These which I have brought, and my labor, sweat, watching, and care (which I cannot bring), are all my arts." Pliny also relates as an occurrence in his own time that a whole olive-orchard belonging to a certain Vectius Marcellus, a Roman knight, crossed over the public way and took its place, ground and all, on the other side. This same fact is also alluded to by Virgil, in his Eighth Eclogue, on *Pharmaceutria* (all of which, by the way, he stole from Theocritus):

Atque satas alio vidi traducere messes.

Indeed, nearly all the old writers agree in recognizing the existence of the faculty of fascination; and among the Romans it was so universally admitted that in the "*Decemvires Tabulæ*" there was a law prohibiting the exercise of it, under a capital penalty, "*Ne pelliciunto alienas segetes, excantando, ne incantando; ne agrum defraudando.*" Some juriconsults skilled in the ancient law say that boys are sometimes fascinated by the burning eyes of these infected men so as to lose all their health and strength.

"Now," says the worthy Vairus, who has written an elaborate treatise on this subject in Latin, well worthy to be examined, "let no man laugh at these

stories as old wives' tales, nor, because the reason passes our knowledge, let us turn them into ridicule, for infinite are the things which we cannot understand; but, rather than turn all miracles out of Nature because we cannot understand them, let us make that fact the beginning and reason of investigation. For does not Solomon in his Book of Wisdom say, 'Fascinatio malignitatis obscurat bona'? and does not Dominus Paulus cry out to the Galatians, 'O insensati Galatæ, quis vos fascinavit'? which the best interpreters admit to refer to those whose burning eyes with a single look blast all persons, and especially boys."

The ancients seem to have thought the evil eye belonged to an evil nature and was the especial adjunct of envy. And something of this same impression still survives. Even at this day, in the Levant, passengers are invited by the lowest of the people to partake of their fare, lest they be "observed by a hungry man who envies the morsel." Formerly infants were considered very sensible of the "irradiations of the eyes." They were reluctantly submitted to the gaze of strangers; and in Spain an invocation of the Deity was employed to avert the consequences. At present, in the Spanish colonies, a similar prayer follows the commendation of a child, or of a young animal; and there also a widow is apt to ascribe the loss of her husband to the evil eye of one of her own sex. In Egypt the livid hue, the yellow skin, and the emaciated frame of a sickly child are by the mother usually ascribed to an evil eye. In the northern parts of Africa, too, the natives dread an expression of admiration when directed to any of their family, or even to any valuable article, whether animate or inanimate. At Tripoli the death of an infant was attributed to the steadfast gaze of a stranger who was struck with its beauty as it lay in the cradle. No Christian in those parts is permitted to embrace, or even to look upon, a babe.

In Italy the superstition is rampant. To praise anything means to admire it, to admire is to covet, to covet is to excite the latent powers of evil that may reside in your eye. A person who should wander through Italy, and especially through Southern Italy, praising all he saw, would soon come to be considered the most malevolent of men.

The well-known habit of Neapolitans to offer a guest anything that he may praise has probably the same origin. It is, of course, now, to a very large extent, only a form of courtesy; but even now another feeling lurks behind, at least in a good many cases. Your host has been delighted by your admiration of his possessions; he would have been disappointed if it had not been so warmly expressed as it was; but still he is a little afraid of the ill luck the kind things you have said may bring. By offering the objects you have liked best to you, and receiving your certain refusal to accept them, he puts them in a bad light, and thus counteracts the evil effects of your praise. He says to fate, You see, their value is not great, after all.

The same apprehensions are held by the Jews, Greeks, and Turks who possess the several islands of the Archipelago. When the goodness or beauty of any object is commended, it is incumbent to add, "God preserve it;" and the Greeks are further accustomed to blow a little saliva upon it, by way of an antidote.

Yet, as a rule, the evil eye is not held to be allied to any malignancy of character. It is a misfortune, not a fault. The most excellent people are born with this baleful influence, and exert it against their will, or even without their consciousness.

Shortly after his election, Pius IX., who was then adored by the Romans, and perhaps the best-loved man in Italy, was driving through the streets, when he happened to glance upward at an open window at which a nurse was standing with a child. A few minutes afterward the nurse let the child drop

and it was killed. No one thought the Pope had wished this, but the fancy that he had the evil eye became universal, and lasted till his death.

Evil is wrought by want of thought. In Hood's "Lady's Dream" occur the lines,—

But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart ;

which had been anticipated by his contemporary, Charles Swain (best known as the author of the stately verses on Dryburgh Abbey) in his poem "Want of Thought :—"

Time to me this truth has taught
('Tis a treasure worth revealing),
More offend by want of thought
Than from any want of feeling.

Evil that men do lives after them. Shakespeare makes Mark Antony begin his famous speech over the body of Cæsar with the following words :

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones.

Act iii., Sc. 1.

Elsewhere he has the same idea in other words :

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water ;

Henry VIII., Act iv., Sc. 1 ;

which finds numerous parallels,—e.g. :

For men use, if they have an evil tourne, to write it in marble ; and whoso doth us a good tourne we write it in duste.—SIR THOMAS MORE : *Richard III. and his miserable End.*

All your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *Philaster*, Act v., Sc. 3.

L'injure se grave en métal ; et le bienfait s'escrit en l'onde.
(" An injury graves itself in metal, but a benefit writes itself in water.")

JEAN BERTAUT, *circa 1611.*

The central idea is also contained in the following :

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.

COLLEY CIBBER : *Richard III.* (altered), Act iii., Sc. 1.

Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana ; he is almost lost that built it.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE : *Urn-Burial*, ch. v.

Per contra, there was right and kindly feeling in the old maxim, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" ("Of the dead be nothing said but good"). This sentiment is attributed to Chilo, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, and is known to us chiefly in the Latin translation, as above, given in the life of Chilo by Diogenes Laertius (*Lives and Opinions of Eminent Philosophers*). It was undoubtedly a Greek proverb, and its teachings were incorporated into Lacedæmonian legislation. "That law of Solon's," says Plutarch, "is justly commended which forbids men to speak ill of the dead. For piety requires us to consider the deceased as sacred ; justice calls upon us to spare those that are not in being ; and good policy to prevent the perpetuation of hatred." Thucydides (ii. 45) has the saying in a slightly modified form : "Every one ought to praise the dead ;" and Cicero, "A good name is the possession of the dead" ("Bona fama possessio defunctorum"). Voltaire said that satire lied about literary men when they were alive, and eulogies lied after their death.

A curious contrast to the Shakespearian lines first quoted is found in,—

When good men die their goodness does not perish,
But lives though they are gone. As for the bad,
All that was theirs dies and is buried with them.

EURIPIDES: *Temnida*, frag. 734.

Mimnermus, the Roman tragedian, whose poetical efforts survive only in fragments, has given a satiric turn to the idea:

We are all clever enough at envying a famous man while he is yet alive, and at praising him when he is dead.

Evils. Of two evils choose the least, a proverb common to most modern languages, and finding an earlier expression in classic authors. Yet authorities also recognize that where there is a choice of evils human stupidity will usually stumble against the greatest. "He that has a choice has trouble," say the Dutch, and the French, "He that chooses takes the worst," which are nearly equivalent to the English phrase "Pick and choose and take the worst." - An American story in point is told of the traveller who, inquiring the way, was informed that there were two roads, one long and one short, but it mattered not which he took; "you won't have gone far before you will regret that you hadn't taken the other."

Of two evils I have chose the least.

PRIOR: *Imitation of Horace*.

E duobus malis minimum eligendum ("Of two evils, the least should be chosen").—CICERO: *De Officiis*, iii. 1.

Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.—THOMAS A KEMPIS: *Imitation of Christ*, Book iii., ch. xii.

Of harmes two the lesse is for to chesee.

CHAUCER: *Troilus and Creseide*, Book ii., line 470.

There's small choice in rotten apples.—SHAKESPEARE: *Taming of the Shrew*.

One persuaded his friend to marry a little woman, because of evils the least was to be chosen.—*Conceits, Cinches, etc.* (1639).

Ex nihilo nihil fit (L., "Out of nothing, nothing is made"). This saying is found in Marcus Aurelius (*Meditations*, iv. 4). Diogenes Laertius, in his life of Diogenes of Apollonia, ascribes it to the latter philosopher. Lucretius came very close to the expression in

Nihil igitur

Fieri de nihilo posse, fatendum est.

De Rerum Natura, i. 206.

Certainly it sums up his physical theory, which is that nothing was created.

Shakespeare, in "King Lear" (Act i., Sc. 1), makes the king warn his daughter Cordelia, when she can offer nothing in the way of protested affection,—

Nothing will come of nothing.

Ex pede Herculem (L., "From the foot, Hercules"). Plutarch tells us that Pythagoras ingeniously calculated the height of Hercules by comparing the length of various stadia in Greece. A stadium was six hundred feet in length, but Hercules's stadium at Olympia was much longer. Now, said the philosopher, as the stadium of Olympia is longer than an ordinary stadium, so the foot of Hercules was longer than an ordinary foot; and as the foot bears a certain ratio to the height, so the height of Hercules can be easily ascertained.

That was an exceedingly dull person who made the remark, *Ex pede Herculem*. He might as well have said, "From a peck of apples you may judge of the barrel." "*Ex pede*," to be sure! Read, instead, "*Ex ungue minimi digiti pedis Herculem, ejusque patrem, matrem, avos et proavos, filios, nepotes et pronepotes*!" Talk to me about your *δὲς ποὺ σῶν*! Tell me about Cuvier's getting up a megatherium from a tooth, or Agassiz's drawing a portrait of an undiscovered fish from a single scale! As the "O" revealed Giotto,—as the one word "*moi*" revealed the Stratford-atte-Bowe-taught Anglais,—so all a man's antecedents and possibilities are summed up in a single utterance which gives at once the gauge of his education and his mental organization.—HOLMES: *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, ch. v.

Excelsior (L., "Higher"), the motto of New York State, which is hence sometimes called the "Excelsior State."

And from the sky serene and far
A voice fell like a falling star,
Excelsior!

LONGFELLOW: *Excelsior*.

Longfellow's use of the word as an interjection or an imperative is not warranted by the genius of the Latin language.

Exception proves the rule. In this proverbial saying the word prove may be used in its ancient sense of test. Thus, St. Paul says, "Prove all things," etc., which means that we should *test* all things, so as to know which good ones to "hold fast" to. An exception cannot prove a rule in the modern sense, it tends rather to render it invalid; but an exception may *test* a rule, and in some cases prove it to be wrong, whilst in others the test may show that the so-called exception may be explained. The alternative explanation, that the very word exception implies there is a rule, so that the word prove means proves the existence of, is ingenious, but hardly so satisfying as the other.

Excuses. The French say, "Qui s'excuse, s'accuse" ("Who excuses himself, accuses himself"),—a proverb which may be found as far back as the "Trésor des Sentences," by Gabriel Meurier (1530-1601).

And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.

SHAKESPEARE: *King John*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other. This proverb, which in its English dress is taken from Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanack" for 1743, can boast of a hoary antiquity. It is found in Livy, in pretty nearly the form in which Franklin has it: "Stultorum eventus magister est" ("Experience is the teacher of fools"). A shorter Latin proverb ran, "Experientia docet" ("Experience teaches"), and Pliny speaks of "the excellent school-master experience" (*Epistles*, I., xx. 12). "Credite experto" ("Believe one who has had experience"), says Virgil (*Æneid*, Book xi., l. 283), in an oft-quoted phrase, though in quotation a slight change is usually made to "Experto crede." Another well-worn proverb of the ancients was "Happy he who is made wary by others' perils," which is more neatly paraphrased in modern proverbial literature as "Wise men learn by others' harms, fools by their own."

The saying of Publius Syrus, "Unfairly does he blame Neptune who suffers shipwreck a second time," has numerous modern analogues. An excellent one is the English "Wit once bought is worth twice taught," and all that cycle which in English is represented by "A burnt child fears the fire" (*q. v.*), and by this line of Shakespeare:

What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Merchant of Venice, Act iii., Sc. 5.

Other proverbs relating to the same subject are:

He that will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock.—*Cornish*.

Old birds are not to be caught with chaff.—*English*.

Bought wit is best.

It is a silly fish that is caught twice with the same bait.

The French have a humorous equivalent for the latter proverb, growing out of the following story. A young rustic told his priest at confession that he had broken down a neighbor's hedge to get at a blackbird's nest. The priest asked if he had taken away the young birds. "No," said he; "they were hardly grown enough. I will let them alone until Saturday evening."

No more was said on the subject ; but when Saturday evening came the young fellow found the nest empty, and readily guessed who it was that had forestalled him. The next time he went to confession he had to tell something in which a young girl was partly concerned. "Oh !" said his ghostly father ; "how old is she ?" "Seventeen." "Good-looking ?" "The prettiest girl in the village." "What is her name ? Where does she live ?" the confessor hastily inquired ; and then he got for an answer the phrase which has passed into a proverb, "A d'autres, dénicheur de merles !" which may be paraphrased, "Try that upon somebody else, Mr. filcher of blackbirds."

Extremes meet, a proverb found in all languages. Coleridge rightly says that to collect and explain all the instances and exemplifications of its use "would constitute and exhaust all philosophy." The saying contains the germ thought of innumerable famous sayings in proverbial and general literature. "From the sublime to the ridiculous," "In the midst of life we are in death," "Great wits are sure to madness near allied," "The darkest hour is just before the dawn," "When unadorned, adorned the most," "Discord a harmony not understood," "Pleasure-pain," "Bitter-sweet," "Too far east is west,"—what are all these, save different renderings of the same thought ? Here are a few more instances, selected almost at random :

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
And oft so mix the difference is too nice,
Where ends the virtue or begins the vice.
POPE.

Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear.
MILTON : *Paradise Lost*, Book iii.

Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
Godlike, unmoved—and yet, like woman, kind.
WALLER.

The way to rest is pain ;
The road to resolution lies by doubt ;
The next way home's the farthest way about.
QUARLES : *Emblems*.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.
HERRICK.

The more one loves a mistress, the nearer one comes to hating her.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD : *Maxims*.

Tout état qui brille est sur son déclin ("Every state that shines is on its decline").—ROUSSEAU.

Wit, like tierce claret, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all,
But in its full perfection of decay
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.
ROCHESTER.

The extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same :
No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows.
BUTLER : *Hudibras*.

There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war ;
A thief and justice, fool and knave ;
A huffing officer and a slave,
A crafty lawyer and pickpocket,
A great philosopher and blockhead,

A formal preacher and a player,
A learned physician and manslayer ;
As wind in th' hypocondries pent
Is but a blast if downward sent,
But if it upwards chance to fly,
Becomes new light and prophecy.

BUTLER : *Hudibras*.

But enough of this. Once started, quotations are interminable. Indeed, it might be said that all wisdom and all wit consist in the meeting of extremes, —in the real reconciliation of apparent irreconcilables, which is wisdom, and in the apparent reconciliation of real irreconcilables, which is wit.

Eye. All my eye. This slang term for fudge, nonsense, with its pendant, "All my eye and Betty Martin," has proved a fruitful field for etymological conjecture. Some would derive it from the Welsh *al mi hwy*, "it is very tedious." Others, looking upon "All my eye and Betty Martin" as the original phrase, consider it a corruption of "Ah mihi beate Martini!" ("Ah! [grant] me, blessed Martin!") "Joe Miller" is cited in evidence. That authority tells the story of a sailor, who, having been attracted by the music into a Catholic church, was subsequently asked how he liked the service. He replied that he supposed it was all very fine, but he had not understood any of it except something about "all my eye and Betty Martin." Unfortunately, there is no such Latin formulary in the Catholic Church. Still another story, having all the marks of an invention after the fact, affirms that Betty Martin, a gypsy woman in Shrewsbury, gave a black eye to a constable, who was chaffed accordingly. In truth, there seems little mystery about the origin of the phrase "all my eye." It is but a humorous extension of the locution "to have in one's eye,"—*i.e.*, to have in mind, to have in contemplation. All in one's eye, therefore, meant that it was all in the mind and would never take form in action; that it was seeming,—apparent, but not real. The French have an analogous phrase, "Mon œil," accompanied by a knowing wink and a significant gesture as an invitation to inspect the organ. But when, where, or why the name "Betty Martin" was added to the phrase is an insoluble mystery.

The witty allusions of two famous men to this slang phrase may be added to the general account of it. The first is in two lines from a burlesque on the Egoismus of Fichte's philosophy, found in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* :

All my I! All my I;
He's a heretic dog who but adds Betty Martin.

The other is Macaulay's reply, reported by Lady Chatterton to Rogers, when asked what he thought of Harriet Martineau's mesmeric cures: "Oh! it's all my eye and Hetty Martineau." —*American Notes and Queries*, iii. 132.

The tenderness of spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted.

Hood : *Spring*.

I've lost one eye, but that's a loss it's easy to supply
Out o' the glory that I've got, fer that is all my eye;
An' one is big enough, I guess, by diligently usin' it,
To see all I shall ever git by way o' pay for losin' it.

LOWELL : *Biglow Papers*, first series, viii.

Eye. To see with half an eye. This expression is found in Jeremy Taylor, "But half an eye may see the different accounts" (vol. ix. p. 386, Edin. ed.), and a still earlier use has been pointed out in Hugo van Linschoten's "Discours of Voyages into ye Easte and West Indies" (1598): "There is much counterfeit money abroad, which is hard to be knowne from the good, were it not for these Karaffos, which can discern it with half an eye." (Ed. 1864, page 190.)

F.

F, the sixth letter and fourth consonant in the English, as in the Latin and the Phœnician and even in the early Greek alphabet, whence the Latin was derived from the Phœnician. But in the later Greek alphabet as we know it the letter has gone out of use. The Phœnician character had the name *var* or *warw* (a "peg" or "hook"), and its form was an adaptation of the hieroglyphic picture of the cerastes, or horned Egyptian asp, its value being approximately that of the English *w*. As this sound gradually went out of use in Greek, the symbol known as the digamma, or double gamma, followed it. In the alphabet adapted to Latin use, our modern *f* sound was given to it, the *w* being written with the same character as the *u*. The *f* sound in Greek was conveyed by the symbol ϕ , and in words derived from the Greek the English spelling usually substitutes *ph* for *f*, as in philosophy, etc.

Face. All my body is face. It is often asserted that a Greek philosopher made this answer to one who marvelled at his going naked or scantily clad in inclement weather. But the phrase, in fact, was invented by Montaigne. "I know not," he says, in his "Essay on the Custom of Wearing Clothes," "I know not who would ask a beggar whom he should see in his shirt in the depth of winter, as brisk and frolic as he who goes muffled up to the ears in furs, how he is able to endure to go so. 'Why, sir,' he might answer, 'you go with your face bare, and I am all face.'" The beggar, it will be seen, is a purely imaginary being. But the world loves a concrete personality on whom to father famous sayings. So early as the time of Fuller the imaginary being had become a reality: "The beggar who being demanded how he could go naked, returned, 'All my body is face.'" (*Worthies: Berkshire*, p. 82, published in 1662.) The transition to the more august and authoritative "Greek philosopher" is only in the natural order of things.

Face, Outface, or Face it out, an old verb, still extant, meaning to bully, to browbeat, to bluff, and, like the latter term, connected with cards. It expressed the confident audacity of a player who, in *primero* or some other game, boldly stood upon a ten, and bluffed an adversary who really had a face card against him.

First pyck a quarrel and fall out with him then,
And so outface him with a card of ten.

SKELTON: quoted by NARES, *Glossary*.

A vengeance on your crafty, withered hide,
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.

SHAKESPEARE: *Turning of the Shrew*, Act ii.

The original signification of the phrase being lost, its apparent connection with face in the modern sense of cheek slightly extended and modified its meaning, though with no damage to its integrity:

I that had face enough to do the deed
Cannot want tongue to speak it.

MIDDLETON: *A Fair Quarrel*, 1617.

Face the Music, a proverbial phrase probably derived from the stage, where it is used by actors in the greenroom when preparing to go on the boards to literally face the music. Another explanation traces it to militia-muster, where every man is expected to appear fully equipped and armed, when in rank and file, facing the music.

Faces, A sea of upturned. Webster made use of this figure of speech, in Faneuil Hall, September 30, 1842, beginning an address with the words, "In this sea of upturned faces there is something which excites me strangely, deeply, before I even begin to speak." The figure was no doubt quoted from "Rob Roy," in which the identical collocation of words occurs:

I next strained my eyes, with equally bad success, to see if, among the sea of upturned faces which bent their eyes on the pulpit as a common centre, I could discover the sober and business-like physiognomy of Owen.—*Rob Roy*, ch. xx.

The parallelism between a vast silent multitude and a sea is drawn by Coleridge in the apostrophe to Mont Blanc:

But thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently!

Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.

And possibly the orator may have had the figure in mind, and felt its force, in the silence that preceded his speech. The upturned face and rooted attention are associated in the lines of Moore:

It seemed as if each thought and look
And motion were that minute chained
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And—like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturned—so still remained.

Loves of the Angels: First Angel's Story.

Facile princeps (Lat. *facilis*, "easy," *princeps*, "prince, chief"), easily the first, acknowledged chief.

Goethe, the greatest literary critic that ever lived, was more comprehensive and universally tolerant; but De Quincey was *facile princeps*, to the extent of his touch, among the English critics of his generation.—D. MASSON: *Life of De Quincey*, p. 180.

Chapman speaks of one of his princely Greek heroes thus:

So facile he bore
His royall person.
Iliad, xxiii.

But this has nothing to do with the case.

Facilis descensus Averni ("The descent of Avernus is easy").—VIRGIL: *Æneid*, vi. 126. Some ancient manuscripts read "Averno,"—i.e., to, and not of, Avernus.

As he approached the entrance to that den of infamy, from which his mind recoiled even while in the act of taking shelter there, his pace slackened, while the steep and broken stairs reminded him of the *facilis descensus Averni*, and rendered him doubtful whether it were not better to brave the worst which could befall him in the public haunts of honorable men than to evade punishment by secluding himself to those of vice and profligacy.—SCOTT: *The Fortunes of Nigel*, ch. xvi.

Thus he will inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*; but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down.—POB: *The Purloined Letter*.

Facings, To put one through his, a popular colloquialism, meaning to call to account, to scold, or to make some one show off his accomplishments. In the latter sense is apparent the military derivation of the phrase originally applied to the regular drill,—“Face!” “Right about face,” etc.

We were scarcely wed a week
When she put me through my facings,
And walloped me—and worse;
She said I did not want a wife,
I ought to have had a nurse.

F. EGENTON: *If my wife would let me.*

Factotum, from the Latin *facere*, "to do," and *totus*, neuter *totum*, "all," "the whole ;" meaning one who does all or every kind of work for another.

Tip.—Art thou the Dominus?

Host.—Factotum here, sir.

BEN JONSON.

And Foulis, in his "History of the Plots of our Pretended Saints," second edition, 1674, says, "He was so farre the *dominus fuc-totum* in this *juncto* that his words were laws."

He could not sail without him; for what could he do without Corporal Vanspitter, his protection, his factotum, his distributor of provisions?—MARRYAT : *Snarleygown*, chap. xiii.

The name has become famous in its application by Greene to Shakespeare ; and the allegations of Greene and his friends, in their totality, form one of the curiosities of literature. After having referred, in a general way, to the subterfuge practised by

theological poets, which for their gravity and calling, being loath to have profane pamphlets pass under their hands, get some other Batillus to set his name to their verses. . . Thus is the ass made proud by this underhand brokery, and he that cannot write true English, without the help of clerks of parish churches, will make himself the father of interludes : " (*Farewell to Folly*, Introduction),—

and after having procured his friend Nashe to write an "Epistle" to his "Menaphon," in which occur references to a "sorry ballet-maker, passing good at a moral," one "who could not write true English" without the aid of the "sexton of St. Giles beyond Cripplegate," and innuendoes concerning

"sundry sweet gentlemen, that have vaunted their pens in private devices, and have tricked up a company of taffety fools with their feathers," and in which he says, "It is a common practice nowadays amongst a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *noverint* whereto they were born, and busy themselves with endeavors of art," whereby "they who could scarcely latinize their neck-verse, if they should have need, out-brave better pens with the swelling bombast of blank verse,"—

Greene finally, in his "Groat's Worth of Wit," which he finished on his death-bed, made the well-known allusion to "the upstarte crowe," "beautified with our feathers," who thinks himself as well able to "bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you, and being a veritable Johannes Factotum, is, in his own conceit, the onlie Shake-scene in a countrie."

Facts are stubborn things. The phrase occurs in Le Sage's "Gil Blas," Book x., chap. i. (Smollett's translation), but was used earlier than by Smollett, *ipsissima verba*, in Elliott's "Essay on Field Husbandry" (1747). It expresses the general, if not universal, conviction of the incontrovertibility of the evidence of the senses, of the truths of actual experience,—in short, of facts,—and the phrase, or analogous ones, as "facts won't lie," or its variant, expressive of the unassailability of mathematical certainty, viz., the colloquialism "figures won't lie," have become proverbial.

It is possible that Le Sage in his phrase may have had a faint adumbration of the Italian proverb, "Fatti maschi, parole femine" (literally, "Facts or deeds are masculine, words feminine," but in application meaning "Actions are becoming to a man, a woman has words"). The full text of the Italian proverb is, "Le parole son femine e i fatti son maschi," which is so much the worse for the facts, for notwithstanding their masculinity, or perhaps because of it, notwithstanding their apparent stubborn rigidity, facts have the mutability which appertains to all things mundane : thus,—

Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of facts.—EMERSON : *Essays*, First Series : *History*.

The words "Fatti maschi, parole femine," which were the motto of Lord

Baltimore, the founder of the colony, have been adopted as the motto in the seal of the State of Maryland.

Facts, So much the worse for the. This expression is attributed to Voltaire. Something very like it, however, is to be found in the brochure of Royer-Collard against the opinions of the Jansenists of Port-Royal on Grace. He says, "Ils ont les textes pour eux, mais j'en suis fâché pour les textes" ("The texts are with them, but I am sorry for the texts"). The stubbornness of facts, the quality of refusing to yield, or to be brushed aside without ceremony, is a characteristic which is generic, being common to facts of all kinds. With this general correspondence, however, goes, on the other hand, the greatest diversity, and we have "plain facts," "dry facts," and facts which are "cold," "bald," etc. But "General texts prove nothing." (SELDEN: *Table-Talk: Prayer.*)

Fagot-vote, in English political slang, a vote given by an elector who has qualified more or less fraudulently, as by the purchase of property under mortgage, etc., probably derived from the military term *fagots*, = dummy soldiers or sailors, hired to appear at muster and fill up the deficiencies in companies or crews.

Why, gentlemen, quite apart from any question of principle, nothing, I venture to say, can be so grossly imprudent as that which is familiarly known in homely but most accurate phrase as the manufacture of fagot-votes.—GLADSTONE: *First Midlothian Speech*, November 25, 1879.

Fagots and fagots, There be. This form of expression, of comparing things and things, is a very common colloquialism, which has thousands of variations, e.g., there are books and books, honors and honors, dinners and dinners, etc., *ad libitum*. This particular phrase originated with Molière, in his "Médecin malgré Lui," Act i., Sc. 6, and is used by the wood-cutter Sganarelle, who refuses to sell his wood at a lower price, saying it were quite possible that wood might be bought for less, but "il y a fagots et fagots." A story is told of Madame de Staël. With great persistency she urged a lady in mourning, a daughter of M. de Guichen, lieutenant-general of marines, to take part in a dance, until at last the lady was obliged to appeal to her to desist. "Consider, madame," she said, "if you had the misfortune to lose your father, could you think of dancing so soon?" "Oh," haughtily retorted the de Staël, "there is such a difference between fathers and fathers;" to which the other, "True, madame: my father served his king and country during sixty years; yours in a fortnight ruined both."

Failings leaned to virtue's side. The amiable weaknesses of the country vicar, in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," are thus described:

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.

Goldsmith, again, has a similar descriptive bit in his play of "The Good-Natured Man," Act i.: "All his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them."

The very words we have used above,—“amiable weaknesses,”—words originating with Fielding in "Tom Jones," Book x. chap. viii., and later endorsed by Gibbon and Sheridan, may have been suggested by this line. That virtue, on the other hand, through its uncompromising austerity, may lean towards the side of wrong, was recognized by Addison in the line,—

Curse all his virtues I they've undone his country,—*Cato*, Act iv., Sc. 4.

and was epigrammatically glanced at by Disraeli in his well-known characterization of Gladstone, "He has not a single redeeming defect," which is better

than Pliny the Younger's "His only fault is that he has none." So Thackeray says, "A better and more Christian man scarcely ever breathed than Joseph Addison. If he had not had that little weakness for wine—why, we could scarcely have found a fault with him, and could not have liked him as we do." (*English Humorists: Congreve and Addison.*) Far different was the meaning of that stern moralist, Bossuet, when in his sermon on the death of Anne de Gonzaga de Cledes, Princess Palatine, in 1684, he said, "The princess had all the virtues with which hell is filled." (See HELL.)

Pope, in his "Essay on Criticism," Part ii., has the lines,—

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be,

which are partly imitated from Sir John Suckling, in the epilogue to "The Goblins,"—

"High characters," cries one, and he would see
Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor e'er will be,—

partly from Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in his "Essay on Poetry:"

There's no such thing in Nature; and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

Carlyle varies the phrase: "The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none." (*Heroes and Hero-Worship: The Hero as a Prophet.*)

Sir Robert Peel, speaking of Lord Eldon, remarked that "e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;" upon which it was observed that his lordship's failings resembled the leaning tower of Pisa, which, in spite of its long inclination, had never yet *gone over*.

Faint heart never won fair lady, a proverb that may be found in most modern languages. Cervantes quotes it in "Don Quixote," Part ii., ch. x. The French analogue is "Ja couard n'aura belle amie." In "Britain's Ida" (attributed to Spenser, and printed in his works), Canto v., stanza 1, the second line is,—

Ah, Fool! faint heart fair lady ne'er could win.

An earlier use—the earliest yet traced in English literature—occurs in George Whetstone's "Rock of Regarde," Part ii. (1576):

The silent man still suffers wrong, the proverbe old doth say,
And where adventure wants, the wishing wight ne thrives,
Faint heart, hath been a common phrase, faire lady never wives.

Doubtless Dryden had this "common phrase" in mind when, in "Alexander's Feast," he wrote,—

None but the brave deserve the fair.

The old Latin proverb "Fortes fortuna adjuvat" is probably the germ.

Fair. If she be not fair to me. So the popular voice usually misquotes the first line of the couplet

If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

GEORGE WITHER: *The Shepherd's Resolution.*

Wither has here imitated Sir Walter Raleigh,—

If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?

If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?—

and in turn has been imitated by Sheridan:

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.

The Duenna, Act I., Sc. 2.

Bickerstaff's jolly miller was even more philosophic :

There was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee ;
He danced and sang from morn to night,—
No lark so blithe as he ;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be :
" I care for nobody, not I,
If nobody cares for me.
Love in a Village, Act i., Sc. 1.

Fame. No lines are more quoted than these from Milton's "Lycidas :"

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.

The figure of ambition or desire for fame, as a spur pricking one to action, had previously been used by Shakespeare :

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition.

Macbeth, Act i., Sc. 7.

And the same association of ideas is found in Bacon :

To take a soldier without ambition is to pull off his spurs.—*Essays : Of Ambition*.

But "the most inexplicable coincidence in the whole range of literature," so says Mr. Swinburne, is that between the first two lines of our Miltonic quotation and these lines in the tragedy of "Sir John van Olden Barnevelt," written fifteen years earlier (in 1622):

Read but o'er the stories
Of men most famed for courage and for counsel,
And you shall find that the desire for glory
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
Was the last frailty wise men e'er put off.

"May there not possibly," asks Mr. Swinburne, "be some Italian original, as yet undiscovered, of the famous line, which must have struck every reader of the passage above cited with instant and astonished recognition?" But surely the original of the famous line is in Tacitus :

Erant quibus appetentior famæ videretur, quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exiit ("Some might consider him as too fond of fame, for the desire of glory clings even to the best of men longer than any other passion").—*Historia*, iv. 6.

In Montaigne is the same sentiment, more diffusely expressed, buttressed by a quotation from Augustine :

And of men's unreasonable humors it seemeth that the best philosophers do more slowly and more unwillingly clear themselves of this [thirst for fame] than of another. It is the most peevish, the most froward, and the most obstinate of all infirmities. "*Quia etiam bene proficientes animos tentare non cessat.*"—AUGUSTINE : *De Civitate Dei*, v. 14.

D'Israeli has pointed out the genesis of Pope's famous lines,—

How vain that second life in others' breath,
The estate which wits inherit after death ;
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)

Temple of Fame.

D'Israeli suggests that in these lines Pope had in mind a single idea of Butler, by which he has very richly amplified the entire imagery. Butler says,—

Honor's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant.

Hudibras, Part i., ch. iii.

The same thought may be found in Sir George Mackenzie's "Essay on Preferring Solitude to Public Employment," first published in 1665: *Hudibras* preceded it by two years.

Fame is a revenue payable only to our ghosts; and to deny ourselves all present satisfaction, or to expose ourselves to so much hazard for this, were as great madness as to starve ourselves or fight desperately for food to be laid on our tombs after our death.

And this in turn may have suggested to Southey the jest that poets might be able to live on posthumous fame, but not on posthumous bread and cheese. In this connection it is interesting to contrast the attitudes assumed by poets, satirists, and philosophers towards this master passion:

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?

COWLEY: *The Motto*.

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?

JAMES BEATTIE: *The Minstrel*, Book i., stanza 1.

What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be damned than mentioned not at all.

JOHN WOLCOT: *To the Royal Academicians*.

Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt yet start at shame.

CHURCHILL: *The Author*, l. 233.

Low ambition and the thirst of praise.

COWPER: *Table-Talk*, l. 591.

What is the end of fame? 'Tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper.

BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto i., stanza 218.

Bulwer, an industrious writer, with occasional ability, is distinguished for his reverence of intellect as a temporality, and appeals to the worldly ambition of the student. His romances tend to fan these low flames.—EMERSON: *English Traits*.

Familiarity breeds contempt. The Latin proverb, "*Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit*," which seems to have been the direct parent of our proverb and its congeners, may be found in the "Adagia" of Erasmus (*circa* 1536), who quotes in corroboration a sentence from Plutarch that Pericles took care not to make his person cheap among the people, and appeared among them only at proper intervals. "He considered that the freedom of entertainments takes away all distinction of office, and that dignity is little consistent with familiarity." Plutarch himself frequently moralizes on this theme, and declares that "Novelty causes the imagination to add much to objects of terror, while things really terrible lose their effect by familiarity." In the first book of Martial's epigrams, number 113 is as follows:

A lord, a king, you were while you were still unknown;
You'll only Priscus be, now you've familiar grown.

Long before, however, the same moral had been enforced by Æsop in his apologue of the Fox and the Lion, and it is found in various forms in the Old Testament. Thus, in Proverbs the visitor too abundantly supplied with the gift of continuance is admonished by the wise man, "Let thy foot be seldom in thy neighbor's house, lest he be weary of thee and hate thee;" and in the Apocrypha, the son of Sirach says, "If thou be invited of a mighty man, withdraw thyself, and so much the more will he invite thee." The "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*" of Tacitus ("Everything unknown is taken to

be magnificent," *Agricola*, 30) gives the converse of the proposition, and the moral of a wise reserve and reticence even among the best of friends is well pointed by the French epigram, "Le secret d'ennuyer, c'est de tout dire" ("The secret of being a bore is to tell everything"). And, above all, undue liberties should be resented. For this is a cowardly world, alternately poltroon and bully, and, while withdrawal into the darkness awes the poltroon, a too open courting of the sunlight gives a vantage-point to the bully in coward man.

That man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thumping on your back,
His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.

COWPER: *On Friendship*.

But there is a *modus in rebus*; there are certain lines which must be drawn; and I am only half pleased, for my part, when Bob Bowstreet, whose connection with letters is through Policemen X. and Y., and Tom Garbage, who is an esteemed contributor to the *Kennel Miscellany*, propose to join fellowship as brother literary men, slap me on the back, and call me old boy or by my Christian name.—THACKERAY: *The Virginians*, vol. i., chap. lxiii.

Master Slender's use of the term is in the true Dogberry vein:

If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt.—SHAKESPEARE: *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Addison says,—

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

Cato, Act i., Sc. 4.

Per contra, no greater compliment could be paid to a woman than Antony pays to Cleopatra:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Fancy. Where is fancy bred? In the "Merchant of Venice," Act iii., Sc. 2, the following is sung behind the scenes:

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply. reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

There is a curious parallelism between this song and a passage in Lyly's "Euphues." "For as by basill the scorpion is engendered, and by means of the same herb is destroyed; so love which by time and fancie is bred in an idle head, is by time and fancie banished from the heart: or, as the salamander, which being a long space nourished in the fire, at the last quencheth it, so affection having taken hold of the fancie, and living, as it were, in the minde of the lover, in tract of tyme altereth and changeth the heate, and turneth it to chilnesse."

Fase or Phase, used as a verb,—e.g., "It never fased him,"—an Americanism, is probably a survival of the old English verb *pheeze*, *phcese*, or *phase*, which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Christopher Sly in the first line of "The Taming of the Shrew,"—

I'll phcese you, in faith,—

and which he uses also in "Troilus and Cressida :"

An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride.

Halliwell says it is a Westmoreland expression, meaning to beat, to chastise, to humble. Schmidt explains it as "probably a verb signifying any kind of teasing and annoying." Gifford says it is still used in the same sense in the west of England. And J. Crosby informs us that in "the north of England they have a word pronounced phaze, meaning to make an impression upon, to stir up, to arouse; as in 'I called the man a scoundrel, but it never phazed him.'" This, it will be seen, is exactly the American expression, which is used only in the negative form.

A teacher in Vanderbilt University, speaking recently of a teacher in Kentucky, said, "Nothing fazes him."—*Trans. Amer. Philolog. Assoc.*, xvii. 39.

Well, 'has given me my quietus est; I felt him
In my guts; I'm sure 'has feez'd me.

VILLIERS: *The Chances* (1682).

Fast and loose, the name, in Shakespeare's time, of the cheating game or trick, now known as "pricking the garter" or prick at the loop, practised upon the innocents at fairs and races by gypsies and sharpers. A narrow belt or strap is doubled and rolled up, and, with the double or loop in the centre, is laid on its edge on a board. The dupe is induced to bet that he can put a skewer into the loop while the strap is being unrolled, but by a little dexterity the sharper can draw it out in such a way as to make this impossible. Hence "to play fast and loose" has come to mean, to be unreliable, and is applied to a person who says one thing and does another :

Betrayed I am :

O this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm,—
Whose eye becked forth my wars, and called them home ;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gypsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv., Sc. 12.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.

Love's Labor's Lost, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Fast bind, fast find, a proverb of great antiquity, on which Shakespeare has bestowed this encomium :

Fast bind, fast find ;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

Merchant of Venice, Act ii., Sc. 5.

Fat. All the fat's in the fire. Fat is a cant word for money, luck, or other good thing. Thus, in theatrical slang it designates a part with telling lines and situations, one in which the actor can show off to good advantage ; among printers it is applied to blank spaces in composition, or, more technically, leaded matter which is paid for at the same rate as solid ; and with the general public a fat thing means something very profitable. Hence a number of derivative phrases, as to cut it fat, = to show off, to exhibit one's self in gorgeous costume, to cut up fat, = to leave a large estate, etc. *Per contra*, "All the fat's in the fire" means it's all over, it's all up, down on one's luck, etc. The proverb is an old one, and may be found in Heywood.

I don't want to rob Miss Claremont of her fat, but her part must be cut down.—*The Referee*, April 15, 1888.

Printed in large type, with plenty of what the unpleasant printers call fat, meaning thereby blank spaces, upon thick paper.—HOLMES : *Guardian Angel*, ch. xxiv.

Gentlemen, in alarming waistcoats and steel watchguards, promenading about, three abreast, with surprising dignity, or, as the gentleman in the next box facetiously observes, cutting it uncommon fat !—DICKENS : *Sketches by Boz*.

The old banker died in course of time, and, to use the affectionate phrase common on such occasions, cut up prodigiously well.—THACKERAY : *Book of Snobs*, ch. vii.

Fat friend.—"Alvanley, who's your fat friend?" This is the well-known snub administered by Beau Brummel to his whilom bosom-friend the Prince Regent when upon meeting him face to face in company after their rupture the Prince seemingly failed to recognize the Beau. The version here given, probably the true story of the affair, first appeared in print only quite recently, when the incident was recalled by the success of Mr. Richard Mansfield in "Beau Brummel" at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. In the play the scene is laid in Pall Mall. It really occurred in the Argyle Rooms, in Regent Street, which have since been pulled down. "Soon after Beau Brummel had fallen under the royal displeasure, he, Lord Alvanley, the wit, and some other members of the male *fine fleur* of London society, gave a ball at these rooms. The Prince Regent was one of the guests. When his royal highness arrived, the hosts went in a body to receive him at the door. He shook hands with all except the Beau, of whom he took no notice. As he was walking up the ball-room on Lord Alvanley's arm, between two rows of his future subjects, Brummel tapped Alvanley on the shoulder, and said, in a loud voice, "Alvanley, who's your fat friend?" This is the authentic story, as related by Beau Brummel himself, when he was living in poverty in Caen, to the man who told it to the writer."—BYRON P. STEVENSON, in *Illustrated American*, 1890.

Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day. The concluding lines in Sydney Smith's famous poetical Recipe for Salad (*Memoir*, p. 374) are,—

Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.

The last line is probably a reminiscence of Horace :

Ille potens sui
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse Vixi; cras vel atra
Nube polum Pater occupato,
Vel sole puro; non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro est efficiet.

Carmina, iii. 29.

The witty divine may have been more directly indebted to Dryden's imitation of Horace,—

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own !
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day,—

or to Cowley's,—

To-morrow let my sun his beams display
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

Father of his country (L. "Pater Patriæ" or "Parens Patriæ"), the title originally devised for Marius by the Senate and Forum of Rome, in honor of his victories, B.C. 102-1, over the northern barbarians, but refused by him. Subsequently Cicero accepted it when tendered him as a recognition of his services in unmasking the conspiracy of Catiline. It was borne with less reason by several of the Cæsars, and was one of the titles of Andronicus Palæologus, of Cosmo dei Medici, of Frederick I., Emperor of Germany, and of numerous others. In American history it has been applied with special pertinence to George Washington. The similar title, Father of his People, was worn by the kindly and generous Louis XII. of France, and by the amiable Christian III. of Denmark.

Aux filles de bonnes maisons
Comme il avait su plaire,
Ses sujets avaient cent raisons
De le nommer leur père.

STRANGER: *Le Roi d'Yvetot.*

("To all the ladies of the land
A courteous king and kind was he ;
The reason why, you'll understand,
They named him Pater Patriæ."
THACKERAY.)

Reynolds, in his eulogium, 1783, embalming the memory of G. M. Mozer, the Academician, writes, "He may truly be said *in every sense* to have been the *father* of the present race of artists." This reminds one of Charles II., who, when they told him that he was called "the father of his people," laughed, and said that "he was indeed of a good many of them."

Favorite leg. This humorous colloquialism, with its parallels, "favorite corn," etc., is traceable to Beau Brummel. Being seen limping on Bond Street, he explained that he had injured his leg, and, added he, "the worst of it is, it was my favorite leg."

Feather in his cap. The origin of this phrase, as designating a distinction or achievement, was probably the custom in vogue among the followers of woodcraft everywhere to wear a trophy of their prowess, generally a feather (in the Tyrol it is the beard of the chamois), in their caps. In Scotland it is still customary for the sportsman who kills the first woodcock to pluck out a feather and wear it in his cap.

It hath been an antient custom among them that none shoulde wear a fether but he who had killed a Turk, to whom onlie yt was lawfull to shew the number of fethers in his cappe." —RICHARD HANSARD: *Description of Hungary, Anno 1599*, Lansdowne MS., 775, fol. 149, in the British Museum.

When the title of king was offered to Oliver Cromwell in 1658, and he refused the offer, saying, "Royalty is but a feather in a man's cap: let children enjoy their rattle," he may have referred to another and less distinguishing practice:

Naturall Idiots and Fooles haue and still doe accustome themselves to weare in their cappes cocks' feathers, or a hat with a necke and head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon.—MINSHCU, 1657.

Feather, To show the white, to lose heart, to exhibit one's self as a coward. The pure-breed game-cock has only red and black feathers. A cross-breed bird is known by a white feather in his tail. The slightest impurity of strain is said to destroy the bird's pluck: hence cocks who showed a white feather were never trained for the pit. The common adage, "Any cock will fight on its own dunghill," is frequently qualified by the addition that it must be one without a white feather to fight in the pit.

Feathers. Three feathers, enclosed in a coronet, with the motto *Ich dien* ("I serve"), form the crest of the Prince of Wales. Crest and motto are said to have belonged to the blind king of Bohemia whom the Black Prince overcame at Cressy, and to have been first assumed by the Black Prince. But the story has no historical basis. The triple plume, as well as feathers of various numbers, seems, indeed to have come into particular use in the time of Edward III., from 1327 to 1377. But it was not unknown before that time. Guillim states that "the ostrich's feathers in plume were sometimes also the device of King Stephen, who gave them with this word, 'Vi nullo invertitur ordo,'—'No force alters their fashion,'—alluding to the fold and fall of the feather, which, however the wind may shake it, it cannot disorder it; as likewise is the condition of kings and kingdoms well established." He does not mention the number of feathers, so it is possible that the triple plume is more distinctly connected with Edward III. But even at that time it was not the distinctive cognizance of the Prince of Wales, being borne by

others of the royal family. Not till the reign of Henry VII. was the triple plume within a coronet restricted to the eldest son of the sovereign.

But the three feathers seem to be an ancient and wide-spread symbol. In the Santa Casa at Loretto a marble sculpture of three feathers arranged in nearly the same position as those borne by the Prince of Wales is described as the *emblème magnifique* of Lorenzo dei Medici, father of Leo X. Sir Thomas Roe, who was sent on a mission to India by James I., describes the plume of heron's feathers worn by the Mogul emperors of Hindostan when they took the field. Tavernier, the French traveller, says a plume of three heron's feathers was worn by the Ottoman Porte, explaining that it had a military meaning and was a symbol of command. On taking the field the Ottoman Porte gave one of the feathers to the grand vizier, who was acknowledged by the whole army as their commander-in-chief. Nadir Shah, who in the eighteenth century conquered Asia from Bagdad to Delhi, wore three black heron's feathers in his diadem. It is not impossible that the three feathers belonging to the Persian, the Mogul, or the Turk may have been borrowed from the Brahminical worship and represent the three deities of fire, air, and water. According to Brahminical teaching, all the gods of the universe were resolved into these three conceptions, which in their turn are symbolized in the mystic letters A.U.M., representing the three in one, as the idea of one supreme spirit which is sometimes personified as Brahma, sometimes as Vishnu, sometimes as Siva. Some authorities derive "*Ich dien*" from Sanscrit words meaning not "I serve," but "I shine." But the weight of authority seems to favor the derivation from the Anglo-Saxon "*Ich thian*," meaning "I serve."

Feed a cold and starve a fever, the epigrammatic form in which a bit of old-wife medical lore has expressed itself.

Another friend assured me it was policy to "feed a cold and starve a fever." I had both. So I thought it best to feed myself up for the cold, and then keep dark and let the fever starve awhile. In a case of this kind I seldom do things by halves. I ate pretty heartily. I conferred my custom upon a stranger who had just opened his restaurant that morning. He waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired if the people about Virginia were much afflicted with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign.—MARK TWAIN: *Choice Works*.

Feet. How's your poor feet? a popular catch-word, used as a jocular salutation without any definite meaning. It was very popular in England in the early sixties, and is said to have originated at a performance of "The Dead Heart," when that play was first brought out. One of the characters says, "My heart is dead, dead, dead," whereat a voice from the gallery shouted, "And 'ow's your poor feet?" which nearly brought the play to a close.

Fellow-feeling. In a prologue which Garrick wrote and spoke on behalf of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, before the play "The Wonder" was acted, appeared the following lines:

Their cause I plead,—plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.

His performance in "The Wonder" marked Garrick's last appearance on the stage, Monday, June 10, 1776. Garrick may have had in mind the passage in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," "I would help others, out of a fellow-feeling;" but this in its turn is a reminiscence of Virgil:

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.—*Æneid*, Book i., l. 630.
("Being not unacquainted with woe, I learn to help the unfortunate.")

Felt. In his "Urania," Holmes has a clever pun upon this word:

Mount the new castor; ice itself will melt;
Boots, gloves, may fail; the hat is always felt.

But he had been anticipated by the authors of the "Rejected Addresses" in their imitation of Crabbe :

The youth, with joy unfeigned,
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained ;

and they in their turn had been anticipated by Thomas Heywood in a song :

But of all felts that may be felt,
Give me your English beaver.

Fence, On the, in American political slang, undecided, neutral ; generally used in a sarcastic sense and applied to those men of impartial minds who wait to see, as another pretty phrase has it, "how the cat will jump." Archdeacon Trench, in his "English Past and Present," points out how singular it is not only that the same idea is embodied in the Latin *prævaricato*,—viz., "straddling with distorted legs,"—but also that the classical phrase carries with it the same figurative meaning.

A kind o' hangin' 'round an' settin' on the fence,
Till Providence pinte how to jump an' save the most expense.

LOWELL: *Biglow Papers*, ii.

Ferguson. *It's all very well, Mr. Ferguson, but you can't lodge here.* This was once a favorite phrase in England, and is still remembered. Thus, G. A. Sala, writing from Wellington, New Zealand, in 1886, to the *London Telegraph*, and describing "the chockablock plethora at the hotels" and his disdainful repulse by Boniface after Boniface, recalls "that famous but inscrutable utterance of the very first year of the Victorian Epoch," and asks, "Who was Ferguson, and where did he seek to lodge, and on what ground was he denied shelter? I shall not descend contented to the tomb until I have solved the mystery of Ferguson." A contributor to *Notes and Queries* came at once to Mr. Sala's aid with the following story: "About the time to which Mr. Sala alludes, the celebrated Marquis of Waterford was in full swing, and had a friend, a Captain Ferguson. At the end of one of their sprees they had become separated, and the marquis found his way home to the house of his uncle, the Bishop or Archbishop of Armagh, a large mansion at the south corner of Charles Street, St. James's Square. The marquis had gone to bed, when a thundering knock came to the door. The marquis, suspecting who was the applicant, threw up the window and said, 'It's all very fine, Mr. Ferguson, but you don't lodge here.' For many years the saying became popular, and the particulars took a deep hold on my memory, which still retains them."—*Notes and Queries*, seventh series, i. 46.

Festina lente ("Make haste slowly"), from the Greek proverb *Σπεῖδε βραδέως*, a phrase made famous by the Emperor Augustus, who was fond of quoting it, as well as the analogous "Sat celeriter fit quidquid fiat satis bene" ("That is done fast enough which is done well enough"). So Sir Amyas Paulet, when he saw that too much haste was made in any matter, was wont to say, "Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner" (BACON: *Apothegms*) ; and so Shakespeare, in "Romeo and Juliet:" "Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast." A similar moral is conveyed by Æsop's fable of the Hare and the Tortoise, and by all that cycle of proverbial expressions whereof the most familiar are the English "The more haste the less speed," "The race is not always to the swift," "Rome was not built in a day," etc. The same bit of proverbial wisdom has found a voice in the oft-quoted German "Eile mit Weile," and, with Spartan brevity and considerable fidelity to the original "Festina lente," in the colloquial Americanism "Go slow."

Sir John Lawrence was not so anxious for an immediate and wholesale development of the railway system. . . Festina lente, Eile mit Weile, was the maxim by which he was dis-

posed to act. . . But in spite of this maxim, or rather perhaps owing to it, a vast stride was made even in the construction of railways during his administration.—H. BOSWORTH SMITH: *Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii., ch. xii.

Few die, and none resign, a pithy summary of a phrase which originated with Thomas Jefferson. When he became President in 1801, he announced that all civil offices held at pleasure and filled by Adams after the result of the election was surely known were to be considered vacant. Acting on this principle, Elizur Goodrich was removed from the collectorship of New Haven to make room for Samuel Bishop. Goodrich had managed the affairs of the office with honesty, ability, and despatch. Bishop's advanced age, feebleness, and lack of business training made him an unfortunate choice. The merchants were highly offended. Eighty of them, headed by Elias Shipman, signed a remonstrance. In his reply Jefferson said, "The will of the nation calls for an administration in harmony with the opinions of those elected. For the fulfilment of that will, displacements are necessary, and with whom can displacements more fittingly begin than with placemen appointed in the last moments of a dying government, not for its own aid, but for its successor's discomfiture? If a due participation of office is a right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few, by resignation none." See, also, **RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE**.

Fiasco. This is the Italian word for bottle or flask. It is said that the Venetian glass-blowers, in making their beautiful glass-ware, when they discovered a flaw in the bulb would convert it into an ordinary flask, or *fiasco*, whence fiasco came to be synonymous with a failure. "In Italy, when a singer fails, even to the extent of a single false note, the audience shout 'olà, olà fiasco,' perhaps an allusion to the bursting of a bottle," or perhaps to the custom of the Venetian glass-blowers.

An Italian contemporary, in reviewing the past musical season, adopted recently a system of symbols which we may commend to the notice of English journalists. Appended to the notice of each new opera was the picture of a wine-flask, which varied in size with the degree of failure achieved by the particular work. Every one who remembers that the word *fiasco*—popularized as a synonyme with failure—is really the Italian for a flask, will perceive the convenient possibilities opened up by this method. At present the critic is often condemned to write whole columns of which the gist might be comprised in two words. How much better it would be if we adopted the delightfully terse symbolism thus suggested! One column would be reserved every week, the names of the pieces set down, and opposite we should put a finely-graduated series of wine-flasks, showing the precise degree of good and ill success attained.—*Saturday Review*.

Fiat experimentum in corpore vili (L., "Let the experiment be performed on a worthless subject"). The origin of this phrase is sometimes associated with Mark Anthony Muretus on the strength of an anecdote told in the "Menagiana" and elsewhere. Being attacked by sickness on a journey, the two physicians who attended him, believing him an obscure person, agreed to use a novel remedy, with the remark, "Faciamus periculum in anima vile" ("Let us try this dangerous thing on a worthless soul"). Muretus greatly disconcerted them by tranquilly replying to their Latinity, "Vilem animam appellas, pro quâ Christus non dedignatus est mori?" ("Do you call that a worthless soul, for which Christ did not disdain to die?") The accuracy of the anecdote has, however, been called in question. A common American phrase is, "Try it on the dog."

"Experimentum in corpore vili" is a good rule which will ever make me adverse to any trial of experiments on what is certainly the most valuable of all subjects, the peace of this Empire.—BURKE: *Select Works*, vol. i. p. 224.

Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum (L., "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall"). This phrase became famous through its quotation by Lord Mansfield in his decision in the case of John Wilkes in 1768. Wilkes had been sen-

tenced to outlawry for the publication of "The North Briton," No. 45, without having been present in court. He asserted the constitutional right of an Englishman to a public trial in the presence of the accused. In his opinion, reversing the sentence, Judge Mansfield says, "The constitution does not allow reasons of state to influence our judgment. God forbid it should! We must not regard political consequences, however formidable they might be; if rebellion was the certain consequence, we are bound to say, 'Justitia fiat, ruat cælum.'" The words are printed in quotation in the report of the case; but it is uncertain whence his lordship quoted. The identical words may be found in the controversial literature of the times of the struggles between King Charles I. and Parliament; in Prynne's "Fresh Discovery of Prodigious New Wandering Blazing Stars," second edition, 1646, and Ward's "Simple Cobler of Agawam in America," 1647. The motto of the Emperor Ferdinand I., which contemporaries attributed to his authorship, comes very near in form to Judge Mansfield's quotation: "Fiat justitia, pereat mundus." It is not likely, for obvious reasons, that this could be a Latinized version of a maxim of Luther, "Justice must have her way, even should the world go down to ruin," of which it is, however, an accurate translation.

The "quotation" of Lord Mansfield may have been an independent epigrammatic rendering of Cicero's "Fundamenta justitiæ sunt, ut ne cui noceatur, deinde ut communi utilitati serveatur" ("The foundations of justice are that no one shall suffer wrong; *then*, that the public good be furthered"), which is at least just as likely as that he unearthed it out of musty and forgotten records.

It is related of Joseph Jekyll, the witty barrister, that he declined an invitation to dinner at Lansdowne House, because of an engagement with the judges. During the dinner, part of the ceiling in the dining-room came down, and Jekyll, commenting on the incident, raised a laugh by saying, "I was asked to *ruat cælum*, but dined instead with *fiat justitia*."

Fiddle, To play first, to take a leading part, as the more usual "to play second fiddle" is to take a subordinate part. The derivation is obvious.

If my friends will shout Titmarsh forever, hurrah for etc., etc., I may go up with a run to a pretty fair place in my trade, and be allowed to appear before the public as among the first fiddles.—THACKERAY: *Letter to W. E. Aytoun*, January 2, 1847.

She had inherited from her mother an extreme objection to playing, in any orchestra whatever, the second fiddle.—JAMES PAYN: *A Grape from a Thorn*, ch. xi.

To hang up one's fiddle is a common expression, meaning to resign, to desist, to retire from public to private life.

Fiddle-de-dee! This exclamation has no connection with *bosh*, the gypsy or Romany word for "fiddle," from which it has been fancifully derived by George Borrow, from the similarity of meaning of the two expletives "bosh!" and "fiddle-de-dee!" Its probable origin is the Italian expletive "Fediddio" (*fede di Dio*), = "God's faith!" or "'S faith!"

Field of the Forty Footsteps, a piece of land at the back of the British Museum, called also Southampton Fields, and once known by this name. The tradition is that two brothers, in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, took different sides, and here engaged each other in deadly fight. Both were killed, and forty impressions of their feet remained on the field for many years, where no grass would grow. The Misses Porter wrote a novel on the subject, and the Messrs. Mayhew a melodrama.

Fig for you! an English colloquial expression of contempt. Dr. Johnson says, "*To fig*, in Spanish *higas dar*, is to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle fingers. From this Spanish custom we yet say, in contempt,

'A fig for you.'" To this Douce has added the following: "Dr. Johnson has properly explained this phrase; but it should be added that it is of Italian origin. When the Milanese revolted against the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, they placed the Empress, his wife, upon a mule, with her head towards the tail, and ignominiously expelled her from their city. Frederick afterwards besieged and took the place, and compelled every one of his prisoners, on pain of death, to take with his teeth *a fig* from the posterior of a mule, the party at the same time being obliged to repeat to the executioner the words *Ecco la fica*. From this circumstance *far la fica* became a term of derision, and was adopted by other nations. The French say, *faire la figue*." (*Illustrations of Shakespeare*.) But in a subsequent edition Douce withdrew the explanation, saying that it rested on the very weak authority of Albert Crantz, a credulous and comparatively modern historian. Richard Payne Knight, in his "Symbolical Language of Ancient Art and Mythology," is inclined to give the phrase a Priapic origin: "The fig was a still more common symbol, the statues of Priapus being made of the tree, and the fruit being carried with the phallus in the ancient processions in honor of Bacchus, and still continuing among the common people of Italy to be an emblem of what it anciently meant: whence we often see portraits of persons of that country painted with it in one hand, to signify their orthodox devotion to the fair sex. Hence, also, arose the Italian expression *far la fica*, which was done by putting the thumb between the middle and fore fingers, as it appears in many Priapic ornaments now extant."

Leigh Hunt, in "The Italian Poets," translates the latter part of the third line of Canto xxv. of the "Inferno" as follows:

Take it, God,—a fig for thee!

The lines in the original are,—

Al fine delle sue parole il ladro
Le mani alzò con ambiduo le fiche,
Gridando: Togli Dio, ch' a te le squadro.

Literally, "At the conclusion of his words the thief raised up his hands with [*i.e.*, in the form of] both the figs, shouting, 'Take them, God, for at thee I aim them.'" The Pistoians, the thief's townsmen, built a tower on the rock of Carmignano, and at the top of it were two arms of marble, with hands that made the figs at Florence.

Shakespeare, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," makes Pistol say,—

"Convey" the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase.—Act i., Sc. 3.

Figs. In the name of the Prophet—figs! A familiar bit of humor, burlesquing some anticlimax, or bathetic expression, borrowed from the fig- and other merchants of Oriental countries, who are wont solemnly to cry their wares in this fashion.

In Morocco the costermonger recommends his wares by pledging the credit of a saint: "In the name of Mulai Idriss! Roast chestnuts!" "In the name of our Lord Mohammed Ali Hadj! Popcorn! Popcorn!" "In the name of Sidna Ali-bu-Khaleh! Melons! Nice, sweet melons!" "God is gracious! Beans! Fried Beans!" "There be no might nor majesty save in Allah! Water! Cool Water!" These and the like are heard at every turn. Even the auctioneer who is calling out the price of a slave girl, or the bids for a Rabat carpet, is careful to interlard his professional talk freely with allusions to his Maker and the plethora of Moorish saints.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Filibuster. This word, one of the significations of which is a "pirate," has a curious etymological history. It is derived, according to Max Müller, from the Spanish word *filibote*, a small boat of peculiar rig, but the Spanish word itself is a corruption of the English word *flyboat*.

This origin, however, is now discredited, as having no support in history or

in linguistic form. The curious fact remains, however, that while the word was adopted into our language from its Spanish prototype *filibustero*, the Spaniards themselves derived it from the French *filibustier*, while the French again is a gallicisation of the Dutch *vrijbuiter*, the English for which is *freebooter*. In "De Americaensche Zee-Roovers" (1678), written by John Oexmelin, sometimes called Exquemelin or Esquemeling (translated into English in 1684), the West Indian adventurers who subsequently developed into the criminals and pirates generally known as the "buccaneers" were divided into "boucaniers," "fibustiers," and "habitans," the first being hunters, the second rovers, and the last farmers with fixed habitations. They were mainly French, with an admixture of Dutch and English." The "fibustiers" are said to have derived their name "from the English word filibuster, which means rover." This must be referred, however, to the word freebooter, which appears to have been derived from the Dutch *vrijbuiter*.

In a narrower sense, in the United States, filibuster is applied to the bands of men who at various times have organized illegal military and naval expeditions with the purpose of invading foreign states (mainly the Central-American republics and the island of Cuba), with a view to revolutionizing their government. The principal expeditions of this nature were those organized and led by Narcisso Lopez from New Orleans against Cuba in 1850-51, and the expeditions of William Walker against the State of Sonora, in Mexico, and against Nicaragua, in 1855-58. In the latter, Walker was partially successful, and for some time he exercised sovereign power there. Both leaders were finally captured and put to death.

To filibuster, used as a verb, has come to designate in the United States, in parliamentary language, the practice on the part of a minority in a legislative or deliberative assembly to obstruct and delay the proceedings by technical and dilatory motions, useless speeches, and trivial objections, with the purpose of tiring out their opponents, and thus preventing legislation or the passage of a resolution objectionable to them. One who filibusters in this sense is called a filibusterer.

Filthy Lucre, a humorous colloquialism for money. Douglas Jerrold playfully nicknamed Stirling Coyne, the dramatist, by the synonyme "Filthy Lucre."

Fin de Siècle (Fr., literally, "end of the century"), a fashionable "gag," indicating the supposed moral, intellectual, and political disintegration attendant on a moribund century, which originated in the dilettante circles of Paris in 1890. In February of that year a caustic picture of Parisian life, entitled "Paris Fin de Siècle," by M. Blum, was brought out at a Paris theatre. Though the play was a failure, part of its title, borrowed apparently from Bourget's "Mensonges," passed into current slang. It flattered the semi-humorous notion that civilization gets worn out at the end of a century, and that a new dawn will be ushered in by a terminal unit of measurement in our calendars.

This appears to be a new sensation. Towards the end of the tenth century, indeed, there was a wide-spread belief in the end of the world: fields were left untillied, houses unrepaired; it was useless to work for posterity when the Great Consummation was at hand. But I do not find that any subsequent fin de siècle betrayed morbid self-consciousness. Carlyle, it is true, set the fashion of anathematizing the poor eighteenth century as bankrupt, and taught us to regard the French Revolution as the grand collapse of an age of shams; but I see no trace of our grandfathers considering their times exceptionally bad, or of their being anxious to reach 1801. We are apt to forget that a century is a purely arbitrary division, so that there can be no moral or material difference between 1900 and 1901. Were it otherwise, fin de mille ought to have tenfold significance; and if the Romans, by placing a stone at every thousandth step, gave us the word "milestone," a "mile of years" should be a notable division of time. Our grandchildren, as the year 2000 approaches, ought to feel tenfold depression, not from apprehension of the end of the world, but from the lassitude of a millennium on its

last legs. Nay, more, what the last decade is to a century the last century is to a millennium; so far, therefore, from sighing for 1901, we ought to be positively dreading it, and 2001 ought to be as great a relief as was 1001.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

Fine by degrees and beautifully less, usually misquoted "small by degrees," etc., is a line in Prior's "Henry and Emma:"

That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.

Pope has imitated it:

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.

Moral Essays, Epistle ii., l. 43.

Finis Poloniæ! (L., "The end of Poland!") This expression is persistently ascribed to Kosciusko when he fell wounded under the balls of Suvarof's soldiers at Maciejowice, October 10, 1794. Yet Kosciusko himself emphatically and scornfully denounced it as a Russian invention. In the first place, as he wrote to Count de Ségur, who had given publicity to the story in his "Décade Historique" (1800), he was all-but mortally wounded, and could not speak. If, however, he had retained the faculty of speech, he would certainly not have had the presumption to exclaim, "Finis Poloniæ," since neither his death nor the death of any one else could be for Poland a fatal misfortune. Ségur complied with Kosciusko's request that the libel should be withdrawn from all subsequent editions; but the first edition remained to do its mischief. The falsehood was perpetuated in Michaud's "Biographie Universelle," whence it has passed into numberless works all over the world.—See, for the full text of Kosciusko's letter to Ségur and other particulars, *Notes and Queries*, fifth series, viii. 383.

Fire, To, or To fire out, a familiar Americanism, meaning to eject with violence, to expel, to hurl out with a force and speed resembling those of a bullet fired from a gun. An attempt has been made to fasten the origin of this phrase on Shakespeare, on the strength of the last two lines of Sonnet CLXIV.:

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

This is all very well as a bit of philological jocosity. But, seriously, Shakespeare used the phrase in an entirely different sense, as can be plainly seen by this passage from "King Lear," Act v., Sc. 3:

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes.

Compare, too, the phrase "fire drives out fire" in "Coriolanus," Act ii., Sc. 7, and "Julius Cæsar," Act iii., Sc. 1.

"Young man," thundered the camp-meeting orator, "were you ever fired with enthusiasm?" "It is a painful subject," he responded, "but I was. Miss Wedly's father supplied the enthusiasm."—*Texas Siftings*.

Fire, Baptism of. "Louis has just received his baptism of fire." These are the words in which Napoleon III. announced in a despatch to the Empress Eugénie the momentary exposure of the prince imperial to the fire of the enemy at the affair of Saarbrück on August 10, 1870. This application of the term baptism of fire to the young soldier who has happily survived his first attack of "Kannonenfieber" (lit., "cannon-fever"), as the Germans happily put it, without having become "food for powder," was, however, previously made by the great Napoleon. In a conversation with O'Meara on St. Helena, August 2, 1817 (see O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena"), Napoleon I. said, "I love a brave soldier, who has undergone his baptism of fire (*baptême de feu*), no matter to what nation he belongs."

The proper significance of the term, of course, as is well known, is the grace of baptism as considered apart from the outward form, the gift of the Holy Spirit, and is sometimes used to designate martyrdom, especially that undergone at the stake.

John Langhorne also shows how the Christian sacrament may be turned to metaphorical use :

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain ;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew
Gave the sad presage of his future years,—
The child of misery, baptized in tears.

The Country Justice, Part i.

This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow on the field of battle was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned that the only time he saw Burns, this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it ; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found.—LOCKHART : *Life of Scott*, vol. i., ch. iv.

First an Englishman, and then a Whig. This phrase appears in a speech made by Lord Macaulay (January 29, 1840), avowedly as a parody of "an old Venetian proverb." The proverb in question ran as follows : "Prima Veneziani, e poi Cristiani" ("First Venetians, and then Christians"). It was in use at the time of the Interdict. Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish patriot, made a freer paraphrase when he said, "If the altar comes between me and my country, perish the altar !" The Venetian motto is an inversion of the saying imputed to Socrates, "I am not an Athenian nor a Greek, but a citizen of the world."

Fénelon was accustomed to say, "I love my family better than myself ; my country better than my family ; and mankind better than my country ; for I am more a Frenchman than a Fénelon ; and more a man than a Frenchman." Patrick Henry said, "I am not a Virginian, but an American" (*Speech in the Virginia Convention*, 1765) ; and Webster, in a speech delivered July 17, 1850, "I was born an American ; I will live an American ; I shall die an American !"

First catch your hare. It is an article of general belief that "Mrs. Glasse's Cookery-Book," in giving directions for roasting a hare, began the recipe, "First catch your hare." Some have credited "Mrs. Glasse" with an excellent joke, others have learnedly sought to prove that what she really wrote was *scatch* (skin), or *scotch* (cut up), or other semi-obsolete word which the printer misinterpreted. At last it occurred to a critic of unusual intelligence to look up the passage in the book itself. And, lo ! it turned out that what the author wrote, and what the printer printed, was, "Take your hare when it is cas'd, and make a pudding," etc. *Case* is an old English word which, in this connection, means to take off the skin. So Mrs. Glasse's reputation is saved from any suspicion of unseemly levity in treating a great subject. But though the phrase was not hers, it did exist ; indeed, it was a current jest many hundreds of years before Mrs. Glasse's cook-book was heard of, and seems to have been used, as at present, to curb ingenuous and unsophisticated ambition. Thus, Bracton, in the early part of the thirteenth century, writes (Book iv., tit. i., ch. 21, § 4), "Et vulgariter dicitur, quod primo oportet cervum capere, et postea, cum captus fuerit, illum excoriare" ("And it is vulgarly said that you must first catch your deer, and then, when it is caught, skin it." It may be interesting to add that the "cookery-book" in

question was first published under the title "*The Art of Cookery by a Lady*" (1747). The name of "Mrs. Glass," not Glasse, was added in the succeeding editions. But the real author was Dr. John Hill (1716-1775).

First gentleman of Europe, the title which his admirers, during his lifetime, gave to George IV of England, as a tribute to his position, his imposing manners, and his gorgeous clothes.

He the first gentleman of Europe! There is no stronger satire on the proud English society of that day than that they admired George. No, thank God, we can tell of better gentlemen; and whilst our eyes turn away, shocked, from this monstrous image of pride, vanity, weakness, they may see in that England, over which the last George pretended to reign, some who merit indeed the title of gentlemen, some who make our hearts beat when we hear their names, and whose memory we fondly salute when that of yonder imperial manikin is tumbled into oblivion.—THACKERAY: *George the Fourth*.

First in a village rather than second in Rome. Plutarch is authority for the following story, which appears to be given as a rumor or tradition: "It is said when he came to a little town in passing the Alps, his friends, by way of mirth, took occasion to say, 'Can there here be any disputes for offices, any contentions for precedence, or such envy and ambition as we see among the great?' To which Cæsar answered, with great seriousness, 'I assure you I had rather be the first man here than the second man in Rome.'" But Plutarch does not mention the name of the village.

Lacordaire, in his "Conferences," says of Cæsar's exclamation, "It is the true cry of nature: wherever we are, we wish to be first." So undoubtedly thought Milton's Lucifer:

Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
Paradise Lost, Book i., l. 263.

But Milton was anticipated by Stafford, in whose "Niobe" (1611) the devil is made to speak as follows: "Now, forasmuch as I was an Angel of Light, it was the will of Wisdom to confine me to Darkness, and make me Prince thereof; so that I, that could not obey in Heaven, might command in Hell; and believe me, I had rather rule within my dark domain than to reinhabit Cælum imperium, and there live in subjection under check, a slave of the Most High." There is also a parallel passage in Fletcher's "Purple Island," Canto vii.:

In heaven they scorned to serve, so now in hell they reign.

Cæsar Borgia's motto, "Aut Cæsar aut nullus" ("Either Cæsar or nobody"), which he caused to be engraved under a head of Cæsar, expresses a similar yearning for pre-eminence.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens, a phrase applied by Colonel Henry Lee to Washington, and now usually quoted with the substitution of the more euphonious "countrymen" for "fellow-citizens." The phrase was originally written as we have quoted it in the resolutions offered by John Marshall in the United States House of Representatives when announcing the death of Washington, December, 1799. Marshall, in his "Life of Washington," vol. v. p. 767, *note*, informs us that these resolutions were prepared by Colonel Lee, though he was not in his place to read them. A week later, December 26, Lee delivered the funeral oration or "Eulogy" on Washington. Whether he then did or did not make the now accepted substitution is a moot point. By a curious oversight, it is left unsettled in the Memoir of Lee, which his son, the still more famous General Robert E. Lee, prefixed to the report of Colonel Lee's "Memoirs of the War of the Revolution." On page 5 he gives the expression "fellow-citizens." But on page 52 he says, "There is a line, a single line, in the

works of Lee which would hand him over to immortality, though he had never written another: 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,' will last while language lasts."

First letter of the name begins, etc. It is a common and time-honored jest to blurt out the whole name or whole word, when only its first letter is promised, as for example in Lyly's "Euphues," "There is not far hence a gentlewoman whom I have long time loved, the first letter of whose name is Camilla." And, again, Middleton says, "Her name begins with Mistress Page, does it not?" (*Family of Love*, II. iii.) Nor is the jest an obsolete one. So recently as February 21, 1886, the English sporting paper *The Referee* said in regard to an amateur sporting-match, "I have no space to describe the rounds in detail, nor can I say who won, seeing that the referee (the first letter of whose name is said to be John L. Shine) declined to give a decision." Nor, again, is the jest an exclusively English one. It may be found, for example, in Balzac: "Et la première lettre de son nom est Maxime de Trailles" (*Un Homme d'Affaires*, 1855). Yet in the face of all these examples an absurd conjectural emendation made by Collier in the text of Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus" has been allowed to stand in all the editions down to the latest. Lechery, one of the Seven Deadly Sins, says to Faustus, "I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stock-fish; and the first letter of my name begins with Lechery." This is the reading of the quartos. Collier proposed to substitute for the last word the letter L, and the suggestion has been generally adopted.

Fish. All's fish that comes to his net, meaning that he is not at all discriminating or scrupulous, is an old English proverb which may be found in Heywood and elsewhere.

All's fish they get that cometh to net.

TUSSER: *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*:
February Abstract.

Where all is fish that cometh to net.

GASCOIGNE: *Steele Glas*, 1575.

Fish. To be neither fish nor flesh, a colloquial term of dissatisfaction, if not contempt, applied to people of uncertain and wavering minds, trimmers, nondescripts, etc. Thus, Shakespeare makes Falstaff cry, "Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her" (*Henry IV.*, Part II., Act iv., Scene 3). The phrase is probably a survival from Catholic times, when every Friday it became a question of interest to decide what was fish and what flesh meat in the eyes of the Lord. The further extension, "neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring," which is found in Heywood's "Proverbs," Part I., ch. x., and in numerous sixteenth- and seventeenth-century authors, is a mere bit of humorous extravagance.

Fish out of water, a proverbial English phrase applied to a person or thing out of place, out of his or its element.

Lord Kellie was recounting a sermon he had heard in Italy on the miracle of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, which in order to listen to his pious discourse held their heads out of the water. "I can credit the miracle," said Henry Erskine, "if your lordship was at church." "I was certainly there," said the peer. "Then," rejoined Erskine, "there was at least one fish out of water."—*Enchiridion of Wit*.

Fish story, a colloquial English term for an absurd or impossible tale, a gasconade. The allusion is to the boastful stories of their luck credited to fishermen, whose romances frequently lead to the conclusion that better fish have been caught than ever were in the sea.

"You doubt me!" he exclaimed. "Have I not told you over and over again that I love you and you only? and did I ever yet tell you an untruth, Katherine?"

"I would that I could have absolute faith in you," she replied, stifling a sob, "but—but I heard you tell uncle that you once caught a brook-trout that weighed three pounds and six ounces." And the tears flowed down her fair young face, while he tapped the ground with his foot and solemnly gazed o'er the wide blue sea.—*Fuck*.

Fishing-Rod. The description of a fishing-rod as a worm at one end and a fool at the other, which has been ascribed to Dr. Johnson or Dean Swift, existed before their time in a less striking form. A French writer of the seventeenth century, named Guyet, has these lines :

La ligne avec sa canne est un long instrument,
Dont le plus mince bout tient un petit reptile,
Et dont l'autre est tenu par un grand imbécille.

Flag. If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot. This famous phrase occurred in a telegram sent from Washington by John A. Dix, January 29, 1861, ordering the arrest at New Orleans of Captain Breshwood, commander of the revenue cutter *McClermand*, which it was surmised he intended to turn over to the secessionists. Dix was then Secretary of the Treasury. The despatch was intercepted at New Orleans and never reached its destination. But it reached the public, and that was better still, for it showed them that the policy of temporizing was at an end.

Flapdoodle. According to Dean Swift,—

'Tis an old maxim of the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools ;
Yet now and then your man of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

Cadennus and Vanessa.

And, by way of variety, he will sometimes take flapdoodle, which is the same thing spelt differently, for the syllable flap is derived from a root denoting the act of stroking, and doodle is another word for a fool. The word is used only humorously.

"The gentleman has eaten no small quantity of flapdoodle in his lifetime." "What's that?" "It's the stuff they feed fools on."—MARRYAT : *Peter Simple*, chap. xxviii.

Flapdoodle, they call it, what fools are fed on.—T. HUGHES : *Tom Brown at Oxford*, ch. xii.

Flapdoodle or Fopdoodle is also used to designate a foolish or contemptible fellow :

Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle
And handled you like a fopdoodle.

BUTLER : *Hudibras*.

Flat-footed, an Americanism for firm, downright, direct, firmly resolved, uncompromising, the metaphorical meaning being to set one's foot down flat or firmly. "The significance of this word in America," says R. A. Proctor, very truly, "is very different from that of the French word *pied-plat*, identical though the words may be in their primary meaning. A French *pied-plat* is a contemptible fellow ; but an American *flat-foot* is a man who stands firmly for his party. When General Grant said he had 'put his foot down,' and meant to advance in that line if it took him all summer, he conveyed the American meaning of the expression flat-footed." (*Americanisms : Knowledge*, June 1, 1887.)

Flea in his ear, a popular expression for disconcerted, rebuffed, used in such phrases as "I sent him away with a flea in his ear," or "he went away with a flea in his ear." It is no modern slang, for it may be found in John Fletcher's "Love's Cure," Act iii., Sc. 3 ; in Rabelais's "Pantagruel," Book iii., ch. vii. and xxxi. (1533) ; in Nash's "Pierce Penniless" (1592), etc. In France the expressions "avoir la puce à l'oreille" and "mettre la puce à l'oreille" are at least

as old as the fourteenth century (Littré, *s. v. Puce*), and corresponding expressions are to be found in Italian, Spanish, German, and probably other languages. The metaphor undoubtedly arose from the physical fact that fleas do sometimes penetrate into the porches of the ear,—a fact noticed by so ancient an authority as Celsus, who writes (vi. 7, § 59) when treating of the ear, “Si pulex intus est, compellendum eo lanæ paululum est; quo ipse is subit, et simul extrahitur.”

Flesh, To go the way of all, a euphemism for “to die.” It is evidently a variation from Joshua xxiii. 14 (or I. Kings ii. 2), “And behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth.” The substitution of flesh for the earth does not occur in any version of the Bible. Its first appearance in English literature is possibly in Webster’s “Westward Hoe,” Act ii., Sc. 2: “I saw him now going the way of all flesh.” But the fact that it appears almost simultaneously in T. Heywood’s “The Golden Age” (1611), (“Whether I had better go home by land, or by sea? If I go by land and miscarry, then I go the way of all flesh”) seems to indicate a common proverbial origin.

Fleshy School of Poetry. In October, 1871, an article bearing this title was published in the *Contemporary Review*. It proved to be a bitter attack upon Swinburne, Rossetti, and William Morris, whom it classed together as leaders of a school of poetical debauchery which found in Arthur O’Shaughnessy, John Payne, Philip Bourke Marston, and others, its humbler satellites. Rossetti was the chief object of attack. “Mr. Swinburne,” in Mr. Maitland’s opinion, “was wilder, more outrageous, more blasphemous, and his subjects were more atrocious in themselves; yet the hysterical tone slew the animalism, the furiousness of epithet lowered the sensation, and the first feeling of disgust at such themes as ‘Laus Veneris’ and ‘Anactoria’ faded away into comic amazement. It was only a little mad boy letting off squibs; not a great strong man who might be really dangerous to society. ‘I will be naughty!’ screamed the little boy; but, after all, what did it matter? It is quite different, however, when a grown man, with the self-control and easy audacity of actual experience, comes forward to chronicle his amorous sensations, and, first proclaiming in a loud voice his literary maturity and consequent responsibility, shamelessly prints and publishes such a piece of writing as his sonnet on Nuptial Sleep.” Here is another gem of criticism: “We get very weary of this protracted hankering after a person of the other sex; it seems meat, drink, thought, sinew, religion, for the fleshy school. There is no limit to the fleshliness, and Mr. Rossetti finds in it its own religious justification. Whether he is writing of the holy Damozel, or of the Virgin herself, or of Lilith, or of Helen, or of Dante, or of Jenny the street-walker, he is fleshly all over, from the roots of his hair to the tips of his toes; never a true lover merging his identity into that of the beloved one; never spiritual, never tender; always self-conscious and æsthetic.” As to the imitators of Rossetti and Swinburne, what is really most droll and puzzling in the matter is that they really seem to have no difficulty whatever in writing nearly if not quite as well as their masters. “It is not bad imitations they offer us, but poems which read just like the originals; the fact being that it is easy to reproduce sound when it has no strict connection with sense, and simple enough to cull phraseology not hopelessly interwoven with thought and spirit. The fact that these gentlemen are so easily imitated is the most damning proof of their inferiority. What merits they have lie with their faults on the surface, and can be caught by any young gentleman as easily as the measles, only they are rather more difficult to get rid of. All young gentlemen have animal faculties, though few have brains; and if animal faculties without brains will make poems, nothing is easier in the world.”

The article made a noise. On December 2 the *Athenæum* made known the fact that Thomas Maitland was in reality Robert Buchanan. Whereupon the publisher of the *Contemporary* and Mr. Buchanan himself, each of his own motion, wrote a letter to the *Athenæum*. These effusions were printed side by side in the issue for December 12, and pleased all connoisseurs of humor. The publisher's letter read like a distinct denial. "You might," he said, "with equal propriety associate the article with the name of Mr. Robert Browning, or of Mr. Robert Lytton, or of any other Robert." Mr. Buchanan said, "I certainly wrote the article on 'The Fleshly School of Poetry,' but I had nothing to do with the signature. Mr. Strahan, the publisher of the *Contemporary Review*, can corroborate me thus far, as he is best aware of the inadvertence which led to the suppression of my name."

Mr. Strahan next appealed to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, complaining that the simultaneous appearance of the above explanations had made him look ridiculous,—a complaint which showed that he had some perception of humor,—and acknowledging that it was he who had chosen the particular pseudonyme of "Thomas Maitland." Nevertheless it is very evident that the suppression of Buchanan's name was not the result of inadvertence, but of a distinctly-avowed desire on the part of that gentleman. Mr. Rossetti and his friends protested indignantly, and with reason, against the unfairness of one writer of poetry disguising himself, like a bravo, in slouched beaver and muffled cloak, in order to attack his more successful rivals, and indirectly, if not directly, to praise himself. For "Thomas Maitland" referred to Mr. Buchanan by name, and accused Mr. Rossetti of borrowing ideas from his verses.

But Mr. Buchanan, with a bravado not unnatural under the first smart of exposure, took the bull by the horns after the revelation of the authorship had been made, and republished the article in pamphlet form, amplified and rewritten, with his own name on the title-page. The nine-days' wonder proved a very tame thing in a fortnight, and the whole affair survives only in the arcana of literary bric-à-brac.

It is right to mention that Mr. Buchanan eventually made his peace with the Fleshly Poets. The dedication of his novel "God and the Man" (1882) is as follows :

TO AN OLD ENEMY.

I would have snatched a bay-leaf from thy brow,
Wrongs a chaplet on an honored head :
In peace and charity I bring thee now
A lily-flower instead.

Pure as thy purpose, blameless as thy song,
Sweet as thy spirit may this offering be :
Forget the bitter blame that did thee wrong,
And take this gift from me.

Fleur-de-Lis, the heraldic device of the Bourbons and of France, so called from the fancy that it represented three flowers of the white lily, as in England it was called flower-de-luce on the hypothesis that it was a representation of the white iris. But the *fleur-de-lis* is not, properly speaking, a lily, nor even a flower. The resemblance to a lily is very remote, even if you call the lily a conventional one. Some historians, indeed, hold that it is the figure of a reed in blossom, used instead of a sceptre at the proclamation of Frankish kings. Others, with more likelihood, insist that it is neither a reed, a lily, nor any other member of the floral family, but the extremity of the *francisque*, a kind of javelin anciently used in France. A fatal objection to any purely French origin of the symbol is that it was early an ornament of sceptres, robes, and seals, not only of the Merovingian, but of Greek, Roman, Spanish, and English kings, and a symbol employed by many noble families in the twelfth and thir-

teenth centuries. It is also said that it occurs very perfectly sculptured in head-dresses of Egyptian sphinxes. The use of the *fleur-de-lis* as a symbol of royalty in France cannot be traced further back than the twelfth century.

But away with history! Let us acknowledge the more benign influences of legend and tradition, and restore to the French the lily in spite of facts.

There are many complicated legends as to the origin of the *fleur-de-lis*. One of the prettiest tells how an aged hermit in the reign of good King Clovis saw one night a miraculous light stream into his cell, and an angel appear to him, bearing an azure shield on which were emblazoned three golden lilies that shone like stars. The celestial visitor commanded the hermit to give the shield to the pious Clothilde. By her it was presented to her newly-converted husband, who discarded in its favor the three black toads which had hitherto been his device. As a result, the armies of Clovis were victorious over all his enemies.

Another legend, which probably has a substratum of historical fact, tells how the *fleur-de-lis* is corrupted from *fleur-de-luce*, which in turn came from *fleur-de-Louis*. In A.D. 1137, Louis VII., setting out on a crusade, chose the purple iris as his heraldic emblem. Thus it became the *fleur-de-Louis* (Louis's flower), which was first contracted into *fleur-de-luce* and afterwards into *fleur-de-lis*, or lily flower, although it has no affinity with the lily. The iris is still called the *fleur-de-lis* in the French provinces. It is said that after a certain battle fought by the Crusaders their white banner was found to be covered with these flowers.

At first the national flag and the arms of France were thickly sown with *fleur-de-lis*, but the number was reduced to three in the reign of Charles VI., about the year 1381. The latter monarch is also said to have added the supporters to the French arms in consequence of an adventure that happened to him. Hunting in the forest of Senlis, he aroused an enormous stag, which eluded the dogs, but was finally secured in the toils of the net, when a collar of copper gilt was found around his neck, with the inscription, "Hoc mihi Cæsar donavit" ("Cæsar gave this to me"). Subsequently the young king dreamed that he was carried through the air on a winged stag, from which he added two winged stags for supporters of the arms of France.

Perhaps the substratum of fact to which we have already alluded was something like this. An ancient emblem of uncertain origin was early borne upon the arms of France. Louis VII. profusely charged the national escutcheon with the same, whence it gained the name of *fleur-de-Louis*, gradually corrupted to *fleur-de-luce*. At first the emblem was associated with the iris, which it dimly resembles, but subsequently the confusion of names identified it with the lily.

It may be mentioned that the *fleur-de-lis* appeared on the arms of England from the time of Edward III., who claimed to be the rightful heir to the French throne, until the commencement of the present century, when George III. was on the English throne. In the year 1800 Ireland was joined to England, and modifications were called for both in the king's title and in the national arms. The title of King of France was then dropped and the *fleur-de-lis* expunged from the royal quarterings.

Since the French Revolution, the *fleur-de-lis* has been associated with the royalist party and the Bourbons. It was proscribed during the Reign of Terror, and hundreds of persons found wearing it were condemned to death. Wherever it was conspicuously seen in public works it was effaced by popular fury. Napoleon substituted the bee in its stead (some historians tell us that it was three bees, and not three toads, which Clovis originally bore on his shield), but this emblem has given way before the violet, which is the imperialist flower of to-day.

Flies. There are no flies on him, an American term of jocular com-

commendation. It is sometimes extended to the form "There may be one or two on you, but there are no flies on me," or on Jones, or Robinson. Flies have always furnished a convenient term of semi-humorous reproach, and their absence, of praise. Thus, Cervantes says, "A close mouth catches no flies" (*Don Quixote*, Part i., Bk. iii., ch. xi.), which was a proverb before his day. Macaulay, in a letter to his sister, December 21, 1833, chronicles his first meeting with Bobus Smith: "He is a great authority on Indian matters. We talked of the insects and snakes, and he said a thing which reminded me of his brother Sydney: 'Always, sir, manage to have at your table some fleshy, blooming young writer or cadet, just come out, that the mosquitoes may stick to him and leave the rest of the company alone.'" "A fly in the ointment" is the Biblical analogy for "a spot on the sun." In 1857 Landor wrote to John Forster anent "Aurora Leigh," "I am reading a poem full of thought and fascinating with fancy. . . I had no idea that any one in this age was capable of writing such poetry. There are, indeed, even here, some flies upon the surface, as there always will be upon what is sweet and strong." In the last two quotations there is no humorous intent. Yet the second, especially, is the exact equivalent of the American phrase in its less frequent affirmative form. Even the negative form has been used seriously in certain portions of the simple-hearted West, if there be truth in the newspaper-story of the camp-meeting hymn that began,—

There are no flies on Jesus.

Flirtation. "I assisted at the birth of that most significant word flirtation, and it dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world," writes Lord Chesterfield. The owner of the mouth in question was the lovely Lady Frances Shirley. Chesterfield continues, "It has since received the sanction of our most accurate laureate in one of his comedies. Some inattentive and undiscerning people have, I know, taken it to be a term synonymous with coquetry; but I lay hold of this opportunity to undeceive them, and eventually to inform Mr. Johnson that flirtation is short of coquetry, and intimates only the first hints of approximation, which subsequent coquetry may reduce to those preliminary articles that commonly end in a definite treaty."—*The World*, No. 101; also quoted in "British Essayists," vol. ci. p. 210.

It will appear that the meaning given the word by its co-originator is exactly the modern signification. It was suggested probably by the then new practice of flirting the fan,—i.e., to move with a quick short motion:

He once like you could *flirt* a fan,
And was in truth a pretty man,
But died by drinking whiskey.

An Ode to Lord Barrington (1784).

Now flirting at their length the screamers play,
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.

SOUTHEY: *Sonnet XLX.*

Flowers. In Longfellow's popular poem of this name the first stanza is as follows:

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

The German poet alluded to is Frederick Wilhelm Carové, a citizen of Coblenz, on the Rhine, in whose "Story without an End" a water-drop is represented as relating her personal experiences, when suddenly

the root of a forget-me-not caught the drop of water by the hair and sucked her in, that she might become a floweret, and twinkle as brightly as a blue star on the green firmament of earth.

Hood also says,—

And daisy stars whose firmament is green,
Plus of the Midsummer Fairies;

and Longfellow, in "Evangeline," Part I., 3,—

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Fly in amber, a very common figure of speech, referring to the property of amber as enclosing and preserving insects of past ages, and used in regard to insignificant persons or events whose memory has been preserved through association with something or some one of importance. Thus, Pope:

Even such small critics some regard may claim
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.
Pretty, in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms.
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there!

Epistle to Arbuthnot, lines 169-172.

In the last line did Pope remember Dryden?—

And wonders how the devil they durst come there.

Prologue to "The Husband his own Cuckold."

And did Sydney Smith, in his turn, remember Pope when he wrote of Caning, "He is a fly in amber; nobody cares about the fly; the only question is, How the devil did it get there?" (For context see **DINER-OUT OF THE HIGHEST LUSTRE.**)

This peculiar property of amber has been noticed by many writers, ancient and modern:

The bee enclosed and through the amber shown
Seems buried in the juice which was his own.

MARTIAL: *Epigrams*, Book iv. (Hay's translation).

A drop of amber, from a poplar plant,
Fell unexpected, and embalmed an ant;
The little insect we so much contemn
Is, from a worthless ant, become a gem.

I saw a fie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried.

HERRICK: *On a Fly buried in Amber.*

Whence we see spiders, flies, or ants entombed and preserved for ever in amber, a more than royal tomb.—BACON: *Historia Vitæ et Mortis; Sylva Sylvarum*, Cent. I., Exper. 100.

Folding bed. Is not the modern folding bed poetically anticipated in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"?—

The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,—
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.

In this couplet Goldsmith was plagiarizing from himself:

A cap by night, a stocking all the day.

Description of an Author's Bedchamber.

Folk-lore. This expressive compound word is a coinage of Mr. W. J. Thoms, and was first used in an article written by him and printed in the *Athenæum*, August 22, 1846, over the signature "Ambrose Merton." It was supposed to have been an adaptation, formed on the basis of the German terms *volkslied* ("folk-song"), *volksmärchen* ("popular fairy-tale"), and other similar compounds, of which it seems to be an echo; but Mr. Thoms, in *Notes and Queries*, October 6, 1872, distinctly claims it as a happy invention of his own. In making his claim, he quotes "Coriolanus:" "Alone I did it."

Among the proofs of his [William John Thomas's] happiness of hitting upon names may be cited his invention of the word folk-lore.—*Notes and Queries*, sixth series, xii. 141.

Fool. A fool and his money are soon parted. The origin of this proverb is uncertain. The story below may be an explanation, and is given for what it is worth :

George Buchanan, historian, scholar, and wit, tutor to James VI. of Scotland, made a bet with a courtier that he (Buchanan) could make a coarser verse than the courtier; Buchanan won, and, picking up the courtier's money, walked off, with the remark, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools,—HOBBS: *Leviathan*, Part I., ch. iv.;

which is to say, in the words of Demaratus, King of Sparta, "A fool cannot be silent."

Fool in the middle. The, an old English saying, the exact contrary of the gallant saying which is applied to a lady seated between two gentlemen,—"a rose between two thorns." In the West Riding the rhyme is current,—

High diddle diddle,
The fool in the middle.

It is sometimes explained as a reference to a piece of looking-glass placed between two objects, in which the gazer sees his own face.

At a tennis-party the other day, a gentleman and lady were sitting on a garden-seat, watching the players. When a very charming young lady had finished her game, the gentleman called to her, "Come and sit here, there's room for you." She replied, "I'll sit between you. You know the old saying, 'the fool in the middle.'"—CUTHBERT BEDE, in *Notes and Queries*, seventh series, iv. 386.

Fool-killer, a great American myth imagined by editors, who feign that his or its services are greatly needed, and frequently alluded to as being "around" or "in town" when some special act of folly calls for castigation. Whether the fool-killer be an individual or an instrument cannot always be gathered from the dark phraseology in which he or it is alluded to; but the weight of authority would sanction the impersonal interpretation.

The fool-killer, in the mean time, has not been idle. With his old, rusty, unloaded musket, he has gathered in enough to make his old heart swell with pride, and to this number he has added many by using "rough on rats," a preparation that never killed anything except those that were unfortunate enough to belong to the human family. Still, the fool-killer has missed a good many on account of the great rush of business in his line, and I presume that no one has a greater reason to be thankful for this oversight than I have.—BILL NYE: *Remarks*.

Fools, Feast of, a kind of Saturnalia common in the Middle Ages, based on the Bacchanalian orgies of paganism, but in which the clergy were the actors, and which resisted for long the censures alike of the Church and of the civil power. The bishops elected for the occasion were free for three days to travesty the costume and functions of true dignitaries, even to the coining of money. It was precisely in the sees of most importance, as those of Paris, Amiens, and Sens, that these "feasts" were celebrated with most pomp, extravagance, and license. At Notre Dame the clergy used to go in procession to the bishop-elect—a deacon or sub-deacon—and conduct him, with all solemnity and amid clang of bells, to the episcopal throne, where, with feigned gravity, he pronounced a benediction, which his buffoonery turned into a malediction. A parody of the mass followed, with circumstances of scandalous irreverence. The clergy were dressed as women, buffoons, etc., their faces besmeared with soot or covered with masks; they played dice on the altar, ate puddings and sausages that they offered to the "officiant," burned old shoes on the censer and made the mock priest inhale the smoke, etc. After this parody of the eucharist the orgies became more scandalous and revolting, not rarely ending in riot and bloodshed. Yet, monstrous as it was, the *fête* had its apologists. There exists in the library in the town of Sens an "Office of the Feast of Fools," composed by the archbishop of the diocese

In 1222. We read of a bishop of Mâcon, dying so late as 1508, who bequeathed his own proper robes to deck the Bishop of the Fools. Associate feasts were those of "The Innocents," "The Sub-Deacons," "The Ass,"—all celebrated about the end of the old year and the commencement of the new, the one ceremony leading up to the other. Of much the same character were the festivals of "The Abbot of Unreason" and "The Boy-Bishop," in Great Britain.

Fools' Paradise, or Limbus Fatuorum. The Latin word *limbus* (a "hem" or "border") is used to designate a region near the abode of the blessed, but yet not a part thereof. Dante located limbo between hell and that "borderland" where dwell "the praiseless and the blameless dead." The old schoolmen taught that limbus, or limbo, had four divisions: first, *Limbus Puerorum*, for unbaptized children; second, *Limbus Patrum*, for the patriarchs and good men who lived before Christ; third, *Limbus Purgatorius*, where the better sort are cleansed of their sins; fourth, *Limbus Fatuorum*, for fools, idiots, and lunatics, who, not being responsible for their sins, are not punished in hell or purgatory, yet cannot be received into heaven, because they have done nothing to merit salvation.

This limbo of the schoolmen bears a close analogy to that of the Mussulmans, as described in the Koran under the name of *Al-Araf* ("the partition"). This is a region lying between Paradise and Jehennam, and designed for those who are morally neither good nor bad, such as infants, lunatics, and fools. Its inmates will be allowed to hold converse with both the blessed and the cursed. To the former this limbo will appear a hell, to the latter a heaven. Ariosto (*"Orlando Furioso,"* xxxiv. 70) speaks of a limbo of the moon, where are treasured up all precious hours misspent in play, all vain efforts, all vows never paid, all counsel thrown away, all desires that lead to nothing, the vanity of titles, flattery, great men's promises, court services, and death-bed alms.

The allusions to Limbo in our earlier literature are frequent. Spenser ("Faërie Queene," Book i., Canto ii., Stanza 32) says,—

What voice of damned ghost from Limbo Lake
Or guileful spright wand'ring in empty aire
Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare
And rueful plaints, me bidding guiltless blood to spare?

A "fools' paradise," in its modern acceptance, is not a locality, but a mental condition, the dweller in which indulges in illusive expectations, vain hopes, and insecure or unreal pleasures of any kind.

Hence the Fools' Paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle and the golden dream ;
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
The poet's vision of eternal fame.

POPE: *Dunciad*, Book iii., l. 9.

Milton, however ("Paradise Lost," Book iii., l. 347 *et seq.*), uses the expression in somewhat, at least, of its local sense :

Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
All th' unaccomplished works of nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed—
 . . . all these upwhirled aloft
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
Into a limbo large and broad, since called
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown.

It is in its metaphorical sense that Shakespeare makes the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" use the expression, "You lead her into a fools' paradise." In a 1549 edition of the Bible, II. Kings iv. 28 is rendered, "Brynge me in a

fools' paradise." Crabbe, in "The Borough," uses the phrase to denote unlawful pleasure :

In this fools' paradise he drank delight.

Foolscap is so called from the fool's cap and bells that was formerly water-marked upon this paper. And the way it came about was as follows. Charles I., in order to increase his revenues, disposed of certain privileges, amounting to monopolies. Among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who enriched themselves and the government at the public expense. At that time all English paper bore the royal arms in water-marks. The Parliament under Cromwell made sport of this law in every possible manner, and among other indignities to the royal memory it was ordered that a fool's cap and bells should be substituted as a water-mark. When the Rump Parliament was prorogued, these were removed ; but paper of the size of the Parliamentary journals, about seventeen by fourteen inches, still retains the name foolscap.

In a statute of Queen Anne, a particular kind of paper is called "Genoa foolscap." It has been suggested that the word foolscap is a corruption of the Italian "foglio capo," a chief or full-sized sheet of paper, and even that it is a corruption of "folio shape," the last suggestion coming from De Vere, "Studies in English," page 167 ; but the above explanation of its origin is doubtless the correct one.

Foot. One foot, or, less commonly, one leg, in the grave, a colloquialism applied to one who has some lingering disease, or who, in another common phrase, is on his last legs.

People with one leg in the grave are so terribly long before they put in the other. They seem, like birds, to repose better on one leg.—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

I begin to think our custom as to war is a mistake. Why draw from our young men in the bloom and heyday of their youth the soldiers who are to fight our battles? Had I my way, no man should go to war under fifty years of age, such men having already had their natural share of worldly pleasures and life's enjoyments. And I don't see how they could make a more creditable or more honorable exit from the world's stage than by becoming food for powder, and gloriously dying in defence of their home and country. Then I would add a premium in favor of recruits of threescore years and upwards, as, virtually with one foot in the grave, they would not be likely to run away.—HAWTHORNE: *Letter to F. Bennock, 1861.*

Foot. To put one's foot in it, a colloquialism meaning to commit a blunder or *faux pas*, to ruin some scheme or enterprise by an awkward inadvertence. The original expression seems to have been, "The bishop has put his foot in it," said of soup or milk when it was burnt. Grose explains the allusion as meaning that when the bishop passes by in procession, the cook runs out to get a blessing and leaves whatever she may be cooking to take its chance of burning. As far back as 1528, Tyndale, in "The Obedience of a Chrysten Man," offers another though less likely explanation : "When a thing spreadeth not well we borrow speech and say the Bishop hath blessed it, because that nothing spreadeth well that they meddle withal. If the potech [pottage] be burned to, or the meat over-roasted, we say the Bishop hath put his foot in the pot, or the Bishop hath played the cook. Because the Bishops burn who they lust and whosoever displeases them." It was only natural that when the original sense of the words had lapsed from the popular mind, the metaphor should have been taken in a semi-literal sense as implying awkwardness on the part of the bishop or other person who "put his foot in it." A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says, "I have heard a similar remark in French Flanders applied to the soup and referring to the procession of the host through the streets." The phrase *pas de clerc* ("priest's foot") is used figuratively and familiarly in France for a fault committed by ignorance or imprudence, and is recognized by the dictionary of the French Academy.

Fop. Originally a fool *pur sang*: "Foppe, i. q. folet" (*Prompt. Parv.*, p. 170).

The solemn fop, significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.

COWPER: *Conversation*, l. 299.

Thus, foppery is synonymous with folly in

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter my sober house.

Merchant of Venice, Act ii., Sc. 5.

His praising is full of nonsense and scholastic foppery.

MILTON: *Apology for Smectymnus*.

Its originally secondary—now its principal—meaning, as a synonyme for dandy, came in with the Restoration:

Now a French Fop, like a Poet, is born so, and wou'd be known without cloaths; it is his Eyes, his Nose, his Fingers, his Elbows, his Heels; they Dance when they Walk, and Sing when they speak.—C. BURNABY: *The Reform'd Wife*, p. 32.

The *Universal Magazine* for 1777 gives a poetical "Receipt to make a modern Fop:"

Two tons of pride and impudence,
One scruple next of modesty and sense,
Two grains of truth. Of falsehood and deceit
And insincerity a hundred-weight.
Infuse into the skull, of flashy wit
And empty nonsense, *quantum sufficit*.
To make the composition quite complete,
Throw in th' appearance of a grand estate,
A lofty cane, a sword with silver hilt,
A ring, *two watches*, and a snuff-box gilt,
A gay, effeminate, embroidered vest,
With suitable attire—*probatum est*.

The mention of the two watches is an allusion to a then existing foppish fashion of wearing a watch and fob on each side.

Forgeries, Literary. At the close of the year 1890 there died in an Albanian village a most remarkable character.

His name was Alcibiades Simonides. He was a native of the island of Syrene, opposite Caria, where he was born in 1818. He had many accomplishments. He was eminent as a chemist, an artist, and a lithographer. His learning was profound; he was a fluent and persuasive speaker; he was gifted with extraordinary industry. Being fortunate enough to lack a conscience, he utilized all these talents by becoming a forger of ancient documents. His first public appearance was in Athens at the age of thirty-five, when he laid before the King of Greece a number of apparently priceless manuscripts. Many were works whose total disappearance has long been mourned by scholars. He gave a plausible explanation of how these documents had come into his possession. His uncle and himself had discovered them in the cloister Chilandari on Mount Athos. He was confronted with some of the most learned scholars in Athens, and satisfied them of the genuineness of his discoveries. The king ended by buying the most interesting of the lot for ten thousand dollars.

In a year he was back with a fresh lot, among them an ancient Homer written on lotos-leaves, with an accompanying commentary by Eustathius. The king's mouth watered at the sight. But he could only spare money enough to purchase half the documents. The remainder he recommended for purchase to the University of Athens. A commission of twelve scholars was appointed to examine the treasure trove. Eleven reported in favor of their genuineness; the twelfth, Professor Mavraki, was sceptical, and called for another examination. Then it was discovered that Simonides's Homer

reproduced all the misprints of Wolff's edition. He was called upon for an explanation, but it was found that he had already disappeared, with the king's money in his pocket.

Years passed. The exploits of Simonides were almost forgotten. Then a stranger turned up in Constantinople with a number of valuable manuscripts, a palimpsest history of the kings of Egypt, in Greek, by Uranius of Alexandria, an old Greek work on hieroglyphics, and an Assyrian manuscript. The learned world was in ecstasies. Forty thousand dollars was soon raised for the purchase of these antiquities.

The palimpsest manuscript was sent to Berlin, its authenticity was reaffirmed by the Academy, and Professor Dindorf offered the University of Oxford the honor of giving this valuable book to the world. The work had actually been begun. The Egyptologist Lepsius, who naturally wished to know how far Uranius supported or demolished his own theories, asked to see the early sheets, and speedily discovered, with disappointment and amusement, that the book was little more than a translation into indifferent Greek of portions of the writings of Bunsen and himself. The press was stopped at once; the manuscript was submitted to microscopic experts, and it was found that the layer of writing which had been nominally restored was more recent than the layer which had been effaced: the pretended *old* ink overlaid the *new*.

Simonides (for it was he) was called upon for an explanation, but again he had disappeared. He now varied his scheme. At his next appearance he claimed that he was the possessor of an ancient manuscript, dating from the time when the French and the Venetians ruled over Constantinople, which contained a record of the burial-places of many valuable manuscripts. After being rebuffed in one or two quarters, he applied to Ismail Pasha, the Minister of Public Works. Ismail was in his harem when Simonides called, so the latter busied himself with an exploration of the garden.

When the pasha appeared, Simonides informed him that this very garden was mentioned in his manuscript. The pasha's interest was excited. He consented to make a trial excavation. By Simonides's direction, work was begun under a fig-tree. In a very few minutes a curious old box was dug up. Within it lay a poem in manuscript, ostensibly written by Aristotle.

The pasha, overjoyed, filled the cunning forger's hand with Turkish coins. But when the gardener heard of the discovery, he quietly remarked that the fig-tree in question had been transplanted just twenty years before, and that all the adjacent ground had been thoroughly dug up at that time.

Again Simonides disappeared before he could be brought to justice. Not the vanishing lady herself had a more useful and mysterious gift of disappearance at the opportune moment. But he attempted another bit of imposition upon a Turkish magnate before he left the Orient. He told Ibrahim Pasha that an Arabian manuscript was buried in a certain spot. The workmen dug and found nothing.

"Let me dig," said Simonides.

In a few minutes he had unearthed a bronze box, which, being opened, disclosed the manuscript in question.

But a dispute arose. A laborer swore that he had seen Simonides slip the box out of his sleeve into the hole. Hard words were exchanged. At last the question of the authenticity of the manuscript was postponed to the next day. When next day arrived, Simonides, of course, had flown.

Two months later, Simonides was in London. English scholars were greatly exercised over a marvellous manuscript in his possession,—a memorandum of Belisarius to the Emperor Justinian. Finally the Duke of Sutherland bought it for three thousand two hundred dollars, and also paid one thousand dollars for a letter from Alcibiades to Pericles.

Again Simonides disappeared before the fraud was discovered. The learned world hoped they had heard the last of him. But one day he was caught in an Iberian cloister in the act of making some additions to an ancient manuscript. At that time he had assumed the name of Baricourt. He was promptly recognized, was banished from the country, and a warning against him was published far and wide. From that time till the day of his death he emerged once or twice from his obscurity with a forged manuscript, but was promptly exposed.

Simonides was the last, and in some respects the greatest, of the long line of literary forgers. He will probably not want for successors. Credulity is a phenomenon of persistent recurrence in the history of the race, and is as common among experts as among the ignorant. Learned ignorance—*i.e.*, the lack of any knowledge of the world and of its pursuits save one absorbing object of study—is commonly accompanied by a curiosity the restricted scope of which only renders it the more morbidly active. But frauds which take advantage of this curiosity are not the gross and vulgar frauds addressed to ignorance pure and simple. They must be contrived with special skill, so as to appeal to the ruling passion of the victims and arouse their enthusiasm, without appearing to offend the conditions of which their experience qualifies them to judge.

The history of literary forgeries is almost inexhaustible. The motives which have governed the forgers are many: piety, greed, ambition, a love of hoaxing, a spirit of wanton mischief, a love of notoriety,—these, roughly speaking, are the chief, but they are subject to infinite differentiations. There is the pious fraud, for example. How Protean are the shapes it may assume!—the fraud that is meant to bolster up a personal claim to inspiration, and so is closely allied to greed or to ambition; the fraud that adds the final argument in favor of a doctrine essential to salvation, and so is philanthropic and humanitarian; the fraud that flatters the vanity of the theologian; the fraud which real scholars have committed or connived at in support of some opinion which they truly and earnestly held; the fraud which is all a fraud; the fraud which half deceives the impostor himself; and so on, and so on.

The greatest of early forgers was Onomacritus, the Athenian poet, the trusted guardian of the ancient oracles of Musæus and Bacis. One night he was caught by the son of a rival poet in the very act of tampering with the oracles of the Greek Thomas the Rhymer,—interpolating a prediction that "the isles near Lemnos shall disappear under the sea."

Pisistratus, who was then tyrant of Athens, expelled Onomacritus from the city. But the discovery of his guilt proved in the long run very favorable to the reputation of Musæus and Bacis, for whenever one of their prophecies failed, people merely said, "That is one of the forgeries of Onomacritus," and so passed the matter over.

And Onomacritus—what became of him?

He seems to have continued in his career of deception. He is now believed to have been the real author of the poems which the ancients attributed to Orpheus, the companion of Jason. In his declining days he deceived Xerxes into attempting his disastrous expedition by "keeping back the oracles unfavorable to the barbarians" and putting forward any that seemed favorable. A crowd of imitators succeeded him. Indeed, the later forgeries of the Greeks are not to be numbered. The letters of Socrates, of Plato, of Phalaris, the lives of Pythagoras and of Homer, many of the later oracles, the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice,"—all these and a hundred others we owe to the Chattertons of antiquity. Indeed, according to Professor Paley and other scholars, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* that we know to-day are not the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* that were known to Herodotus, for the real epics had fallen into

obscurity and been lost in their entirety when, in the time of Pericles, a Greek Macpherson arose, who from ancient epic materials constructed new books of his own, and deceived all the learned world from that day to the time of Professor Paley.

Thank heaven for Paley !

The age from Pisisistratus to Pericles was a great age for forgeries. But it was surpassed by the Alexandrian period. When the rival dynasties of Alexandria and of Seleucia began emulously to collect rare books, it is reported that the Greeks freely forged early copies of Homer, Hesiod, and the dramatists. When the Christian religion triumphed, impostors of a pious turn of mind forged texts as well as copies. The works of Dionysius the Areopagite, which were first exposed by Erasmus, and the epistle in which Abgarus describes our Lord, are some of the notable instances. Forged gospels also, and epistles and decretals, abounded, not only in Alexandria, but elsewhere in the cultivated and Christian world. The story of the "False Decretals" is famous in ecclesiastical history. They were put forth in the pontificate of Nicholas I. as portions of a new code, which to former authentic documents added fifty-nine letters and decrees of the twenty oldest popes from Clement to Melchisedech. As they asserted the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome and were full and minute on church property, their authenticity was not too closely questioned by ecclesiastical scholars. But Rabelais made unending fun of them in "Pantagruel."

The Renaissance was marked by a fresh crop of classical forgeries. When the great works of pagan antiquity were once more studied and admired, when genuine manuscripts were continually being recovered by the zeal of scholars, when the whole learned world was on the *qui vive*, the forger naturally found himself in his element. Indeed, a startling theory has been put forth, and ingeniously defended, by one Hardouin. He maintained that all the so-called ancient classics, with a very few exceptions which he named, were productions of a learned but unconscionable company which worked in the thirteenth century under Severus Archontius. Hardouin's, it will be seen, was a more revolutionary spirit than even Professor Paley's.

Annius, whose real name was Nanni, was a notable impostor. He was born in Viterbo in 1432, and, though he wrote a rather creditable history of the Turks, he is best known by his forgeries of ancient authors, which he published under the title "*Antiquitatum Variarum Volumina XVII., cum comment. Fr. Jo. Annii.*" These supposed fragments of antiquity contained poems by Archilochus, treatises by Manetho and Cato, and, most valuable of all, the historical writings of Fabius Pictor. It is a moot question whether Annius was a knave or a dupe of others. But it is certain that his discoveries were frauds.

Pope Alexander Borgia, however, believed in him, and made him Maître du Palais. With Cæsar Borgia, Annius's relations were less cordial, and there is even a pleasant suspicion that he was finally poisoned by the nephew of his father, in 1502. But this charge was always brought up against any member of the engaging family of Borgias when somebody with whom his or her relations had not been cordial was suddenly taken off.

Other famous forgeries of the Renaissance were the pseudo "Consolations" of Cicero, really written by Charles Sigonius of Modena; the pseudo additions to the "Satiricon" of Petronius Arbiter (itself a book that is decidedly suspect), which were made in the seventeenth century by François Nodot and one Marchena, a writer of Spanish books; a sham Catullus by Corradino of Venice (1738); and two celebrated works of devotion, the "Flowers of Theology" of St. Bernard, which were really the work of Jean de Garlande, and the "Eleven Books concerning the Trinity" of Athanasius, which have been traced to Vigilius, a colonial bishop in Northern Africa.

In England the eighteenth century was distinguished by the appearance of three of the greatest literary forgers of modern times,—Macpherson, Chatterton, and Ireland.

The Ossianic question is too perplexed and difficult to be entered on here at any length. That such a poet as Ossian was actually known to legend at least, if not to authentic history, that fragments of his poetry may have survived in Gaelic tradition, are among the possibilities, if not the probabilities, of literature. But that the poems accredited to this ancient bard, which were first given to the world in rhythmic prose versions ("Fingal" in 1762 and "Temora" in 1763) by James Macpherson, were in whole or in major part forgeries is now a settled fact of literary history.

A violent and protracted controversy greeted them on their appearance. Dr. Johnson, Hume, and Gibbon attacked them at once. But they found defenders in Dr. Blair, Lord Kames, and other famous scholars.

And the great Napoleon—who spelled the name Ocean and pronounced it heaven knows how—gave additional fame to this mass of stilted prose by pronouncing it one of the masterpieces of the world.

While the controversy was still raging, the youthful Chatterton burst upon the astonished world. He was a mere boy, hardly more than fourteen, when he took his first step in imposture with the forgery of a sham feudal pedigree for Mr. Bergum, a pewterer of Bristol. The success of this imposition decided his career.

In 1768 the new bridge of Bristol was opened. A paper appeared in *Farley's Journal*, of that city, entitled "A Description of the Friars first passing the Old Bridge," and claiming to be taken from an ancient manuscript. It was traced to Chatterton, who declared that he found the paper in a muniment chest in St. Mary Redcliffe's.

Once started in his career, Chatterton drew endless stores of poetry from the muniment chest. He ascribed them to Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century. They were true poetry, full of fire, passion, pathos. They were sufficiently antique in manner and method to impose on Jacob Bryant and other scholars. But when Chatterton sent his discoveries to Walpole (himself somewhat of a mediæval imitator), Gray and Mason detected the imposture. Walpole, his feelings as an antiquary hurt, took no further notice of the boy.

Chatterton then came to London, essayed writing for the booksellers, failed in all his projects, found himself face to face with starvation, and died by his own hand at the age of eighteen.

William Henry Ireland was born in London about 1776. His father, Samuel Ireland, engraved in aquatint, and published illustrated travels. This father was at the same time an amateur of old books and prints, a species of antiquary, interested particularly in whatever concerned Shakespeare, on the watch for documents and autographs. The son evidently early learned to ride the paternal hobby. A journey to Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare, which he made with his father, doubtless completed the work of turning all his thoughts toward the great dramatist and his forgotten or ruined works. What happiness for young Ireland if it should happen to him to find some lines of that precious writing,—a poem, or, who knows? a drama! But, finding nothing, why should he not make a pretence of having found something? Why not imitate the example of Chatterton? Why not give his father the joy of pressing at last to his heart a fragment of the writings of the great poet,—without counting the pleasure of circulating his own verses under such a name, of agitating the whole republic of letters, of duping the learned?

It seems that William Ireland began by deceiving his father; but it is difficult to believe that the latter did not later become the accomplice of his son.

However that may be, the young man was only nineteen when he executed one of the boldest projects that ever came into the head of an impostor. It was reported, all at once, that Samuel Ireland, the engraver of Norfolk Street, was displaying manuscripts some of which were by Shakespeare's own hand, while others concerned his life and his person. He got them from his son, who, he said, had found them among some old papers in the country-seat of a neighboring gentleman. As for the name of this gentleman, the Irelands were not at liberty to make it known. Among the documents in question had been found a will, and from this will contentions might arise; briefly, the public must content itself with a knowledge of the manuscripts, without showing itself too exacting on the question of their source.

The learned world was thrown into ecstasies. Men of letters, antiquaries, and curiosity-seekers flocked to Mr. Ireland's house to test the genuineness of the relics.

Few living scholars were more erudite than Dr. Parr, Dr. Valpy, and Dr. Joseph Warton. George Chalmers and John Pinkerton were experts, specially skilled in old English literature. The professional antiquaries were well represented by Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King-at-Arms, and Francis Townshend, Windsor Herald; and miscellaneous men of letters, by R. B. Sheridan, Sir Herbert Croft, H. J. Pye, the poet-laureate, and James Boswell.

After carefully collating the principal manuscripts with the poet's undoubted autographs, these critics expressed a firm conviction of their authenticity, and a certificate to that effect was numerously signed. A collection of rarer literary and biographical value was certainly never offered to the world. It comprised the entire manuscript of "Lear," varying in some important respects from the printed copies; a fragment of "Hamlet;" two unpublished plays, entitled "Vortigern" and "Henry the Second;" a number of books from the poet's library, enriched with copious marginal notes; besides letters to Anne Hathaway, Lord Southampton, and others, a "Profession of Faith," legal contracts, deeds of gift, and autograph receipts. The external evidence for the authenticity of these precious remains was pronounced by the attesting critics to be strikingly confirmed by their internal evidence. The inimitable style of the master was to be clearly discerned in the unpublished writings.

After hearing the "Profession of Faith" read, Warton exclaimed, "We have very fine things in our Church service, and our Litany abounds with beauties; but here is a man who has distanced us all!"

Boswell, before signing the certificate of authenticity, fell upon his knees to kiss "the invaluable relics of our bard," and, "in a tone of enthusiasm and exultation, thanked God that he had lived to witness the discovery and could now die in peace." And then, being thirsty, he went out and drank hot brandy-and-water.

On the other hand, Sheridan, after weeks of persuasion on the part of Dr. Parr, blurted forth with an oath, "Well, Shakespeare's they may be; but, if so, he was drunk when he wrote them!"

The public interest excited by the discovery was so great that Mr. Ireland's house in Norfolk Street was besieged by visitors, and he had to limit their number by orders, and the days of admission to three in the week. The publication of the manuscripts by subscription was soon announced. The first volume was issued in 1796, at the price of four guineas, under the editorship of Mr. Ireland.

Sheridan, despite his own scepticism, was eager to secure the unpublished play of "Vortigern" for Drury Lane, of which he was then lessee. His interest prevailed over that of Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, who offered a *carte blanche* for the privilege of representation. Upon payment of

three hundred pounds, and an undertaking to divide the profits for sixty nights, "Vortigern" was made over to Sheridan. Linley having composed music for the play, and prologues being written by the Laureate and Sir James Bland Burgess, it was announced for performance in the spring of 1796, with John and Charles Kemble and Mrs. Jordan in the leading parts. On the appearance of the advertisements, Edmund Malone, the first Shakespearian critic of the day, who had already detected the spuriousness of the published manuscripts and was engaged upon an elaborate analysis of them, warned the public, by handbills, to put no faith in "Vortigern." As counter-bills were immediately issued by the Irelands, this only had the effect of stimulating curiosity upon the subject. John Kemble, however, who was equally persuaded of the imposture, though bound by his engagement with Sheridan to take the part assigned to him, used all his influence as stage-manager to make the performance ridiculous. In the attempt to fix it for April Fool's Day he was overruled, but succeeded in selecting the farce of "My Grandmother" as an after-piece. To secure an adverse verdict from the public, he is said to have instructed a band of *claqueurs* to hiss at a given signal; but the charge of his having resorted to such unworthy tactics rests upon very doubtful authority. The house was crowded, and the piece received a quiet hearing until the fifth act was reached, in the second scene of which a speech of Vortigern's contained the ominous line,—

And when this solemn mockery is o'er.

This Kemble delivered with marked emphasis, and the clamor which followed showed that his shot had told. Having paused for a moment, he repeated the line in a tone of such sardonic scorn that no one in the house could mistake his meaning, and the rest of the piece was inaudible.

The story does not end here. William Ireland subsequently (in 1796) made a full confession of his fraud. But the confession was neither humble nor contrite; even its truthfulness has been doubted. All through he appears to be laughing at the public whom he had deluded. He tells his story with a degree of impudence and humor which makes it very curious reading. One is inclined to pardon the scamp for the sake of his very audacity. He takes all the blame upon himself, and is at much pains to exonerate his father. He had had, he said, but a single confidant, a young man named Talbot, who had surprised him one day in the very act of forgery, and who therefore became necessarily a sharer of the secret. Ireland, however, gave proof of skill and energy. Like all who have followed the same business, he procured paper by tearing out the blank leaves of old books. He was careful to soil them afterward, particularly on the edges, in order to give them an ancient air. The ink that he used was a composition which turned brown when exposed to the fire. The strings that tied his manuscripts were drawn from old tapestries. He had altered an ancient engraving, bought by chance, into a pretended portrait of Shakespeare in the character of Shylock. Unhappily for him, he had but a very imperfect acquaintance with the handwriting of the poet, and none whatever with that of Elizabeth or Lord Southampton, so that he could not even attempt to imitate them.

The confessions of Ireland, by cutting short all uncertainty, only irritated the more those whom he had deceived. His career was over. He could not remain in England. He went to France, where he lived a long time. There he reappeared during the Hundred Days, at which period Napoleon, heaven knows for what services, gave him the Cross. He published in 1822 a rather curious work upon this epoch and the second Restoration. He passed his life in writing for the booksellers. He has left a history of the County of Kent, several romances, and a poem,—none of the slightest value. The author has

had the strange fate of being himself the most mediocre of writers, yet of passing off some of his verses under the name of the greatest of poets. He died in 1835.

Two very famous forgeries occurred in England within the memory of men still living.

One was the volume of Shelley's letters which Moxon published in 1852. It contained twenty-five letters, said to have been written by the great poet to various of his friends. They were neither very good in manner nor very interesting in matter. Nevertheless, the most unimportant relics of a great man are valuable. Robert Browning himself wrote the preface, an admirable summary of the character and genius of Shelley,—the finest, almost the only, bit of prose that is credited to Browning's pen. Of course the book made a sensation. The sensation was increased when, a few weeks after its issue, it turned out to be a fraud upon the reading public. And this was how the discovery was made.

Moxon had sent copies of the book to all his illustrious clients. Among these was Alfred Tennyson. Now, it happened that Mr. Palgrave, son of the historian, was visiting Tennyson at the time. He picked up the volume one day as it was lying upon the table, and opened it at a letter to Godwin which seemed strangely familiar. He read on, and discovered that the letter was a plagiarism from an article which his own father had contributed to the *Quarterly Review* in 1840.

Moxon was at once informed of the discovery. He was greatly astonished. He had purchased the letters at a public sale. They bore every mark of authenticity. The handwriting appeared to be genuine. The seal was the poet's. The addresses bore the stamp of various Italian post-offices where he had lived. The upper clerks in the English Post-Office were appealed to, and could see nothing suspicious in these stamps.

Then Murray came forward with some letters which he had received from Byron, written in the same cities and at the same time. Comparison was instituted. It was found that the post-marks of Venice and Ravenna betrayed important differences. More proof was speedily produced. At the same sale where Moxon had made his purchases, the son of Shelley had bought other letters of the poet, which were filled with private affairs and family secrets. These letters were found to be at utter variance with fact. Moreover, other letters from other poets (Byron and Keats) had been purchased by Murray. From internal evidence, these also were adjudged to be forgeries.

Moxon at once suppressed his book, and turned his attention to the discovery of the forgers. The auctioneer, it seems, had received all his documents from a bookseller named White. White, in turn, explained that he had bought them from an unknown woman, who claimed to have received them through Fletcher, Byron's faithful servant. But further search revealed, behind the lady, a mysterious individual who was probably the author of the fraud. This was an adventurer who, bearing a striking likeness to Byron, had taken his name, passed himself off for his natural son, and, although the Byron family repulsed his pretensions, had at one time almost succeeded in palming off on a publisher some inedited remains of the poet.

He had disappeared and left no traces behind him. Possibly White was not very anxious to betray his whereabouts. That gentleman never succeeded in clearing himself with the public. The general opinion was that he must at least have had his suspicions, and that, in any case, he had profited too largely from the fraud by getting out of the affair in time and selling for three hundred guineas what had barely cost him one hundred.

The other forgery is still more mysterious, in that it clouded with suspicion the character of so excellent and eminent a gentleman as Mr. J. Payne Col-

lier. In 1849 that learned Shakespearian brought to public notice a copy of a folio Shakespeare (second edition). It was greasy and imperfect, but was loaded with ancient manuscript emendations. These Mr Collier was inclined to attribute to one Thomas Perkins, whose name appeared on the fly-leaf, and who might well have been some relation to Richard Perkins the actor (*circa* 1633). A further presumption, equally plausible, was that this Mr. Perkins, who in the controversy that followed got to be familiarly known as "the Old Corrector," had marked the book in the theatre during early performances.

The controversy did not break out at once. Shakespearian scholars accepted with great eagerness Mr. Collier's story that he had found a curious corrected copy of the old folio in the shop of a bookseller named Rudd. A parcel of second-hand volumes, it appears, had arrived from the country one day when Mr. Collier happened to be present, and when the parcel was opened the bibliophile's heart began to sing, for among them was the volume in question. Not till after the purchase did Mr. Collier discover the emendations of the Old Corrector.

And it was not till 1852 that he published selections from them in his "Notes and Emendations," and in an edition of the "Plays." Then the controversy broke out. It was conducted with doubt and hesitancy at first. No one liked to cast, or even to appear to cast, any reflections upon the veracity of Mr. Collier.

The folio was exhibited to the Society of Antiquarians, and finally presented to the Duke of Devonshire, who lent it for examination to the British Museum. In July, 1859, Mr. Hamilton, of the Museum, published in the *London Times* the result of his examination of the Old Corrector.

And then it turned out that the Old Corrector was a modern myth.

His corrections had first been made in pencil in a modern hand, then they had been copied over in ink in a forged ancient hand. The ink appeared to be ancient, too; but, in fact, it was not ancient, and was not even ink. It was a mixture of sepia.

The entire case is most difficult to explain. For it is equally hard to believe that so eminent a scholar could be imposed upon as that so respectable a man could be a deliberate cheat.

Forget and forgive, a proverb which is quoted by Shakespeare in "King Lear," Act iv., Sc. 7, and which sums up one of the greatest and most difficult lessons of Christianity. As Mr. W. E. Norris very cleverly says, "We may forgive and we may forget, but we can never forget that we have forgiven." Or we may forgive, and yet hope that God will not forget; we will withhold our vengeance, trusting that in the hands of the Almighty it will find a more skilful marksman, like Lord Herbert of Cherbury. "I never used revenge," says this amiable Christian, "as leaving it alway to God, who, the less I punish mine enemies, will inflict so much the more punishment on them."

Heine goes further than his lordship:

If God were pleased to render me perfectly happy, he would permit me the satisfaction of seeing about six or seven of my enemies hanged on these trees; from the depth of my heart I would forgive them all the wrong they had inflicted upon me during their lives. Yes, we must forgive our enemies,—but not until they are hanged!

The Old Testament counsel to return good for evil, in order to humiliate your enemy (see *COALS OF FIRE*), is in much the same spirit. Far finer are the lessons of the New Testament.

In the words of Sir Thomas Browne, "To forgive our enemies, yet hope God will punish them, is not to forgive enough" ("Christian Morals," Part i., sec. xv.); and Milton pertinently asks, "Is it Charity to cloath them with

curses in his Prayer, whom he hath forgiv'n in his Discours?" (*Eikonoklastes*, chap. xxi.)

Fine, also, is Pope's phrase,—

To err is human, to forgive divine,—

(see *HUMANUM EST ERRARE*),—which finds a predecessor in Bacon's Essay, "Of Revenge:"

Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon: and Solomon, I am sure [in which confidence his lordship was mistaken, for Solomon doth not], saith, "It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence."

In his Life of Pittacus, Diogenes Laertius quotes from Heraclitus the story that when Pittacus had got Alcæus into his power he released him, saying, "Forgiveness is better than revenge." Epictetus, quoting, in his turn, from the same source, gives the phrase thus: "Forgiveness is better than punishment; for the one is proof of a gentle, the other of a savage, nature."

George Chapman says,—

Virtue is not malicious; wrong done her
Is righted even when men grant they err.

Monsieur D' Olive, Act i., Sc. 1.

Yet, though injured virtue is not malicious, injurious guilt is. We all remember how Lord Macaulay lashed Lord Mahon for forgetting or not knowing that couplet of Dryden's,—

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong,—

Conquest of Granada, Part ii., Act i., Sc. 2;

—a couplet which, as Macaulay says, embodies what has now been for many generations considered a truism rather than a paradox. Here, for example, are a few of its predecessors:

Quos læserunt et oderunt ("Whom they have injured they also hate").—*SENECA: De Ira*, lib. ii., cap. 33.

Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris ("It belongs to human nature to hate those you have injured").—*TACITUS: Agricola*, 42, 4.

Chi fa ingiuria non perdona mai ("He never pardons those he injures").—*Italian Proverb*.

"The historians and philosophers," concludes Macaulay, "have quite done with this maxim, and have abandoned it, like other maxims which have lost their gloss, to bad novelists, by whom it will very soon be worn to rags." Was Thackeray a bad novelist? He was fond of harping on the theme. Here is one out of a dozen instances:

Do you imagine there is a great deal of genuine, right-down remorse in the world? Don't people rather find excuses which make their minds easy; endeavor to prove to themselves that they have been lamentably belied and misunderstood; and try and forgive the persecutors who *will* present that bill when it is due; and not bear malice against the cruel ruffian who takes them to the police-office for stealing the spoons? Years ago I had a quarrel with a certain well-known person (I believed a statement regarding him which his friends imparted to me, and which turned out to be quite incorrect). To his dying day that quarrel was never quite made up. I said to his brother, "Why is your brother's soul still dark against me? It is I who ought to be angry and unforgiving; for I was in the wrong."—*Roundabout Papers: De Finibus*.

Perhaps, after all, the secret of the trespasser's hardness of heart is revealed in the lines by Adelaide Procter, in the "Legend of Provence,"—

Only Heaven

Means crowned, not conquered, when it says, "Forgiven!"

Forsitan est nostrum nomen miscebitur istis (L., "Perhaps our name may be mingled with these"), from Ovid's "The Art of Love," iii. 339. Oliver Goldsmith was a notoriously vapid and inane talker. Dr. Johnson called him an inspired idiot, and used to say, "No man was more foolish

when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had" (BOSWELL : *Life*, 1780), the memory of which peculiarity Garrick embalmed in the impromptu epitaph,—

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll.

He redeemed himself, however, at least upon one occasion. Walking with Johnson in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, the Doctor took occasion to quote the line from Ovid, "*Forsitan est nostrum nomen miscebitur istis*." On their way home they passed under Temple Bar, and Goldsmith, pointing to the heads of Fletcher and Townley, who had been executed for complicity in the rebellion of 1745, whispered to Johnson, with a humorous reference to the latter's Toryism and Jacobite proclivities, "*Forsitan est nostrum nomen miscebitur istis*" ("Perhaps our name may be mingled with *these*"). It may be added that Johnson's playful prediction was fulfilled. Johnson died December 13, 1784, and his bones rest in the Abbey by the side of Goldsmith, who preceded him.

Fortune favors the brave (or the strong) ("*Fortes fortuna adjuvat*" (Terence), "*Audentes fortuna adjuvat*" (Virgil), "*Fortuna favet fortibus*," etc.), a popular Latin expression found in various forms in most of the Roman authors. Cicero and Livy allude to it as a proverb, and Claudian, in the line

Fors juvat audentes, Cei sententia vatis,

("Fortune favors the bold, the sentence of the bard of Ceos"),

attributes the saying to Simonides, the Greek lyric poet, who was born in Ceos. Euripides says,—

Try first thyself, and after call in God;
For to the worker God himself lends aid.

HIPPOLYTUS : *Frag.* 435.

In a negative shape it appears in Sophocles : "Fortune is not on the side of the faint-hearted" (*Frag.* 842). Its English analogue, "God helps them that help themselves," is found in Algernon Sidney's "Discourse on Government," and in the form "Help thyself and God will help thee," it occurs in Herbert's "*Jacula Prudentum*," and has been echoed by La Fontaine :

Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera.—Book vi., fable 18.

But the French generally prefer their witty paraphrase,—

God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions (*q. v.*).

Forty. This number has played an important and very curious part in the traditions, superstitions, and even laws of different peoples. It still finds many survivals in our proverbial speech, in our written literature, and on our statute-books.

The period of forty days, best known now under the name of Quarantine, in its application to the sanitary service, has been recognized from the earliest times in the legislation both of France and England as of mysterious import. The origin of this recognition disappears in the darkness of early Oriental history. We find early traces of it in the diluvial rains which lasted forty days and forty nights, and in the miraculous fasts of Moses and Elijah. It appears substantially in the forty years assigned as the period of the Israelitish wanderings in the desert. The spies spent forty days investigating Canaan before they gave their report. Forty days was the period devoted in ancient times to the burial of the dead. Jonah gave the inhabitants of Nineveh just forty days in which to consider his prophecy and repent. In the New Testament we see the miraculous Quarantine of Moses and of Elijah reproduced in the fast of the Saviour, and the Christian Lent, or Carême, commemorates it. St. Louis established in France the King's Quarantine, during

which no man could avenge an injury. Under the Conqueror no man was suffered to remain in England above forty days unless he was enrolled in some tithing or decennary. In Magna Charta it is provided that a widow shall remain in her husband's main-house forty days after his death, during which time her dowry shall be assigned over to her. A man who held by fee of knight's service was bound to respond to the king's call for a term of forty days' service well and fittingly arrayed for war. By the privilege of Parliament members are protected from arrest for forty days after every prorogation and for forty days before the next appointed assembling of Parliament. Our modern sanitary quarantine was established by early French law, and adopted throughout the Mediterranean, and in the English acts to prevent the introduction of the plague from the East. Yet forty days neither constitutes an aliquot part of the calendar year nor will admit of an aliquot division into calendar months or weeks. It is a distinctly arbitrary period of time. A hint toward an explanation of its origin may be found in the fact that forty days approximate to a division of the early lunar year by the mystic number nine.

Among the alchemists forty days was looked on as a charmed number, when, after certain rites and ceremonies, at the expiration of that period the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life, might appear.

In the Middle Ages forty was a period that was looked upon by old doctors, with superstitious regard, as a time when remarkable changes might be expected to take place in their patients.

Nay, proverbs and literature assume that that is the age at which corresponding moral and mental changes do or ought to take place in the rightly constituted mind. Luther used to say that a man lives forty years before he knows himself to be a fool, and at the time in which he begins to see his folly his life is nearly finished; so that many men die before they begin to live.

Young tells us,—

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
Love of Fame, Satire ii., l. 28s.

Thackeray has a poem on "The Age of Wisdom," which is emphatically put at "Forty Year." Here are the most pregnant stanzas:

Ho, pretty page with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the Barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win.
This is the way that boys begin,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear,—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

A popular proverb tells us that at forty a man is either a physician or a fool, which means that if he have any brains he has learned to take care of his health and avoid the excesses which inexperienced youth may be pardoned for plunging into. But the proverb does not contemplate the mere taking of medical counsel from others, but the observance of those rules which the individual experience has proved to be best for the individual. Thus, Bacon's words are a good gloss for the proverb:

There is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic. A man's own observation, what he finds good of and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.—*Of Regimen of Health.*

When Sir Harry Halford, a famous physician, quoted the saying "Every man is a physician or a fool at forty," Canning slyly asked, "Sir Harry, mayn't he be both?" Tiberius is mentioned as the author of the phrase, but the

ascription may be due to confusion with that other phrase which Plutarch records ("Preservation of Health"), that "he is a ridiculous man that holds out his hand to a physician after sixty." Chamfort said, "Every man who at forty years of age is not a misanthrope has never loved his race."

Women as well as men may look to forty as a notable age. The influence of apt alliteration is partly responsible for the conception of the epithet

Fair, fat, and forty,

which is first used by Dryden, and was popularized by Sir Walter Scott in "St. Ronan's Well," ch. vii., and by Byron in "Don Juan." Before the example of the two latter authorities had crystallized the phrase for all time in its present form, it narrowly escaped being ruined by Mrs. Trench, who, in a letter dated February 18, 1816, wrote, "Lord — is going to marry Lady —, a fat, fair, and fifty card-playing resident of the Crescent."

Now, a lady at forty may be both fair and fat ; at fifty she may only be fat.

Forty stripes save one, the punishment of castigation as administered by the Jews. In Deuteronomy xxv. 2, 3 are the following instructions: "And it shall be, if the wicked man [brought to the judges for trial] be worthy to be beaten, that the judge shall cause him to lie down, and to be beaten before his face, according to his fault, by a certain number. Forty stripes he may give him, and not exceed ; lest, if he should exceed, and beat him above these with many stripes, then thy brother shall seem vile unto thee." The Jews refined on this theme, and affected great particularity. To avoid the accidental infliction of more than forty stripes, they resolved to stop short at thirty-nine. And to assure themselves exactitude each way they invented a scourge of thirteen thongs, and with this instrument the culprit was struck three times. The High Church party in the English Church were wont to allude facetiously to the Thirty-Nine Articles as Forty Stripes save One.

Fox, Thou diest on point of. Fox is an obsolete slang term for a sword, and is frequently used in this sense in the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists :

Put up your sword ;
I have seen it often ; 'tis a fox.

BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *Captain*, Act iii., Sc. 5.

A Toledo, or an English fox.

WEBSTER : *White Devil*, Act v., Sc. 2.

Thou dy'st on point of fox.

SHAKESPEARE : *Henry V.*, Act. iv., Sc. 4.

The origin of the word is obscure. It has been derived by some from the old French *faulx* (L. *falx*, a "falchion"). But the following account gives the probable origin of fox.

There was a certain Julian del Rei, believed to be a Morisco, who set up a forge at Toledo in the early part of the sixteenth century and became famous for the excellence of his sword-blades, which were regarded as the best of Toledo. That city had for many ages previous been renowned for sword-making, it being supposed that the Moors introduced the art, as they did so many good things, from the East. Julian del Rei's mark was a little dog (*perrillo*), which came to be taken for a fox, and so the "fox-blade," or simply "fox," for any good sword. The brand came to be imitated in other places, and there are Solingen blades of comparatively modern manufacture which still bear the little dog of Julian del Rei.

Another suggested derivation of the word is that a sword of good temper was called a fox, from the mark of a wolf (mistaken for a fox) on the celebrated blades of Passau. These last were also called "wolf-blades."

France, Everything happens in. A humorous variation of the old saw that "it is always the unexpected that happens." The incident which gave it birth occurred during the war of the Fronde. While attending the Conference of Bordeaux in 1650, Cardinal Mazarin finding himself in a coach with three of the Frondist leaders, "Who would have believed four days ago," he cried, "that we four would to-day be riding in the same carriage?" "Oh," replied La Rochefoucauld, "everything happens in France!" ("tout arrive en France!")

Free to confess, an ugly bit of newspaper English which has unfortunately been incorporated into the language. Lord Byron credits its origin to the English Parliament:

He was "free to confess" (whence comes this phrase?
Is't English? No: 'tis only parliamentary).

LORD BYRON: *Don Juan*.

Freeze out, To, in English and American slang, to put out, or drive away, by a cold reserve and freezing *hauteur*; now used in the larger sense of to exclude, and made especially popular in America through the game of freeze-out poker.

I called on Jane and Mary Bung,
I thought I was bound to blaze.
But the very first call they froze me out
With their new-converted ways.

English Song: The Old-Fashioned Beau.

French as she is spoke. In the charming description of his Prioress, Chaucer tells us,—

Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.

Canterbury Tales, Prologue, l. 122.

There has been some controversy among the commentators as to whether Chaucer did or did not understand the humor of this passage, but the great public has decided that Chaucer was not a born fool and that he is entitled to all the credit of his jest. The French of Stratford atte bowe has come to signify the opposite of the French of Paris. To the natives of Stratford and its vicinity it is undoubtedly more intelligible. Indeed, even Americans, who pick up foreign languages more readily than the English, have been fain to confess that American French was more lucid than the French of Paris. But to the inhabitants of Paris it is a source of continual amusement, and sometimes of baffled astonishment. Such words or phrases as *nom-de-plume*, *double-entendre*, *à l'outrance*, *soubriquet*, are familiar to the vocabulary of Stratford atte bowe. To the Parisian they sound as funny as do to our ears the Parisian-English, or Parisian-American, of *interwiecee*, *hig-lif*, *ras-bif*, and *shery-gobler* which are met with in French newspapers and have even been sanctioned by high literary authority. Nevertheless, up to this point the Parisian can understand while he laughs. Numerous anecdotes, however, are extant which exhibit the dangers that may result from using the Stratford variety in its more bewildering moods. There, for example, is the stock story, fathered upon many distinguished Englishmen, of how one of two gentlemen occupying the same apartment in a French hotel leaves word with his concierge not to let the fire go out, but unfortunately phrases it "*ne laissez pas sortir le fou*" ("don't let the lunatic escape"), which places his friend in the unpleasant predicament of being detained and watched in his apartment until the return of the Stratford linguist. Then there is the equally ancient

jest of the Englishman who dumfounded his landlady by asking for a chest of drawers under the shocking and mystifying formula, "Je veux une poitrine de caleçons." "Je sens mauvais: où est ma naissance?" is the Stratford equivalent for "I feel bad: where is my berth?" just as in the same locality "the smile of the calf at the banker's wife" is considered the correct English equivalent for the familiar "ris de veau à la financière."

A startling error was once made by an English preacher addressing a French audience. Beseeching them to seek the water of life, he translated it literally after the Stratford fashion into *eau de vie*, which means brandy. It is, indeed, in the minor French words that foreigners come to felicitous grief, in substituting *de* for *du* or *de la*, in misusing articles and conjunctions. *Colte que colte* is Parisian and intelligible. *Colte qui colte* is Stratfordian and nonsense. Lord Byron in a letter to Moore, after using the correct phrase *esprit de corps*, asks, nonchalantly, "Is it *du* or *de*? for that is more than I know." *Esprit du corps*, if it means anything, means spirit of the body. There is no word, by the way, which needs more care in the handling than the word *esprit*. It is as versatile and volatile as the people whose characteristics it so aptly represents. Breathe on it harshly and all its meaning has evaporated. Even so great and so scholarly a writer as Macaulay allowed it to suffer ill treatment,—vicariously, indeed, yet he shares the crime by applauding it. In his essay on the "Athenian Orators," he repeats what he considers a *jeu de mots* on the title of Montesquieu's masterpiece: "It was happily said that Montesquieu ought to have changed the name of his book from 'L'Esprit des Lois' to 'L'Esprit sur les Lois.'" Now, as Mr. Breen has pointed out, the happy saying is sheer nonsense. One of the meanings of *esprit* is intellectual brilliancy. It is obviously in this sense that Macaulay would have us understand it in "L'Esprit sur les Lois." But he forgets that it ceases to have that sense the moment the article *le* is prefixed to it. In Montesquieu's title the words "l'esprit" are employed in the sense of the scope, the guiding principle, the fundamental idea. The substitution of "sur les" for "des" would not affect the meaning of *l'esprit*. "L'Esprit sur les Lois" would mean "The Scope upon Laws;" in other words, it would be meaningless.

Rather a funny blunder is found in Mrs. Sigourney's "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands," where she represents a Parisian mob in 1840 as shouting "A bas les traiteurs!" ("Down with the restaurant-keepers!") It is to be presumed that the public exasperation was directed against the *traîtres*, the "traitors," and not the unoffending *traiteurs*.

The word *encore*, it might not be amiss to mention, is not French in our theatrical use of it. *Encore* does mean more, and the French do say "encore une tasse," another cup, or "encore une fois," once more. But when they want a performer to repeat a part which has pleased them, they might say *bis* (Latin for twice), or they might simply content themselves with the Italian word *bravo*, *brava*, or *bravi*, according to the sex and number of the performers whom, in the useful Stratford phrase, they wish to encore. We use *bravo* indiscriminately, without reflecting that it is properly an adjective agreeing in gender and number with the noun that it qualifies, and can only be applied to a single male performer.

A word which is fruitful of ludicrous error is that little word of three letters, *née*. As every one knows or should know, it is a participial adjective in the feminine gender, meaning born. When you say of a married lady, Mrs. Jones, née Smith, you mean that Mrs. Jones's maiden name was Smith,—i.e., that she was born Smith. But when a New York paper spoke as it did of "Mrs. Douglas Green, née Mrs. Alice Snell McCrea, née Miss Alice Snell," it was rightly called to task by a contemporary which said, "To have been born Mrs. Alice Snell McCrea was a feat worthy of immortality in the records of

obstetrics ; but to have been born a second time, and then as Miss Alice Snell, is an achievement that must amaze the world of science. Surely this is the climacterical sensation of our most sensational contemporary."

There is another small and harmless-looking word,—the word *feu*. Yet it is equally dangerous in Stratford hands. Captain Gronow, in his "Reminiscences," gives us a good story in point. A certain Alderman Wood visited Paris in 1815. Having previously filled the office of Lord Mayor of London, and wishing to apprise the Frenchmen of that fact, he ordered a hundred visiting-cards, inscribing upon them "Alderman Wood, feu Lord Maire de Londres." The word *feu*, one need hardly state, means "late" only in the sense of "dead."

Another of Gronow's stories is of an unnamed compatriot who, having been introduced by M. de la Rochefoucauld to Mademoiselle Bigottini, that beautiful and graceful dancer, in the course of conversation, asked him in what part of the theatre he was placed. He replied, "Mademoiselle, dans une loge rôtie," instead of "grillée." The lady could not understand what he meant, until his introducer explained the mistake, observing, "Les diables des Anglais pensent toujours à leur rosbif."

Lord Westmoreland, a wag of the Regency day, was in Paris at the same period. He translated the common phrase, "I would if I could, but I can't," as follows : "Je voudrais si je coudrais, mais je ne cannaais pas." This was a joke, of course, but it was not a bad burlesque of the French spoken by most of his compatriots. No wonder Prince Metternich said to Lord Dudley, "You are the only Englishman I know who speaks good French. It is remarked, the common people in Vienna speak better than the educated men in London." Lord Dudley's answer was excellent. "That may well be," he replied. "Your Highness should recollect that Buonaparte has not been twice in London to teach them."

Mr. Brander Matthews, in his amusing essay "On the French spoken by people who do not speak French," has preserved a delightful advertisement which he cut out of a theatrical weekly paper. He changes only the proper names :

ANNIE BLACK,

The popular favorite and leading lady of — Theatre Comique, will be at liberty after June to engage for the season '81-'82, as Leading Lady with first-class comb. Also

E. L. BLACK

(Née Edward Brown),

CHARACTER ACTOR.

"Please read this carefully," says Mr. Matthews, "and note the delightfully inappropriate use of *née*, and the purely professional cutting short into 'comb.' of the word 'combination,' technically applied to strolling companies. Above all, pray remark the fact that the gray mare is the better horse, and that the man has given up his own name for his wife's."

German as well as French enters into the curriculum of Stratford *atque* bowe. In his "On the Rhine" Hood has given some excellent instances. None of them are better than the true story which he thus tells in a letter dated from Coblenz, on May 6, 1835 :

Our servant knows a few words of English. Her name is Gradle,—the short for Margaret. Jane [Mrs. Hood] wanted a fowl to boil for me. Now, she has a theory that the more she makes her English un-English the more it must be like German. Jane begins by showing Gradle a word in the dictionary.

Gradle. Ja ! yeas—huhn—henne—ja ! yeas.

Jane (a little through her nose). Hm—hum—hem—yes, yaw. Ken you geet a fowl—fool—foal, to boil—bile—bole for dinner ?

Gradle. Hot wasser ?

Jane. Yaw, in pit—pat—pot—hmn—hum—eh !

Gradle (a little off the scent again). Ja, nein—wasser, pot—hot—nein.

Jane. Yes—no—good to eat—chicken—cheeken—checking—choking—bird—bard—beard—lays eggs—eeggs—hune—heine—hin—make cheek in broth—soup—poultry—peltry—paltry !
Gradle (quite at fault). Pfeitrichchtch !—nein.

Jane (in despair). What shall I do ! and Hood won't help me : he only laughs. This comes of leaving England ! (She casts her eyes across the street at the governor's poultry-yard, and a bright thought strikes her.) Here, Gradle—come here—comb hair—hmn—hum—look there—dare—you see things walking—hmn—hum—walking about—things with feathers—fathers—feathers.

Gradle (hitting it off again). Feethers—faders—ah hah ! feddere—ja, ja, yeess, sie bringen fedders, ja, ja !

Jane echoes. Fedders—yes—yaw, yaw !

Exit Gradle, and after three-quarters of an hour returns triumphantly with two bundles of stationer's quills. This is a fact.

French leave, an informal departure, or, by extension, absence without permission, escape, flight. The origin of the phrase has been the signal for many a philological contest, but the dryasdusts have only succeeded in stirring up their native element and blinding the onlookers. It has been plausibly suggested that the custom of disappearing unobtrusively from a crowded reception, instead of elbowing one's way through a throng of people to reach the hostess, a custom which was the natural outgrowth of courteous consideration for every one involved, was borrowed by the English from the French. Again, it has been suggested that *French*, in the phrase "French leave," has no connection with the French people, except to the extent that is implied by the etymology of the word *frank*,—free,—and that the expression may simply mean a permission which has been, not granted, but assumed. But the latter derivations, and, in a minor degree, the former, are invalidated by the fact that the French return the compliment in a similar phrase, "prendre congé à la manière Anglaise," or "se retirer à l'Anglaise," with precisely the same significance. In Germany, it may be added, the phrase is identical with the English,—"*französischen Abschied nehmen*." From Hilpert's German Dictionary it appears that the term is at least as old as the century, while the custom which it celebrates, *i.e.*, of withdrawing without a final leave-taking, was an established practice in Germany three hundred years ago.

Frenchmen are half monkeys, half tigers. This phrase, which was revived with much gusto during the excesses of the Commune in 1871, is a reminiscence of Voltaire's phrase in a letter to Madame du Deffand, November 21, 1766: "Your nation is divided into two species: the one of idle monkeys, who mock at everything, and the other of tigers, who tear." He had already said of the judges in the Calas case, "Don't speak to me of those judges,—half apes and half tigers." Sieyès subsequently, in a note addressed to Mirabeau, called the French "a nation of monkeys with the throats of parrots" ("*une nation de singes à larynx de perroquets*").

Friends and Friendship. Diogenes Laertius ascribes to Aristotle the excellent saying, "A friend is one soul abiding in two bodies." But Aristotle probably had in mind the line in Homer's *Iliad*, Book xvi., which Pope has thus translated :

Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspired.

The most familiar form, nowadays, in which the trope appears is the couplet in Maria Lovell's translation of Bellinghausen's "Son of the Wilderness," better known as "Ingomar the Barbarian :"

Two souls with but a single thought,
 Two hearts that beat as one.

Zeno, when asked what a friend was, replied, "Another I," which expresses the same thought in another way. Trench refers with commendation to that beautiful proverb of which Pythagoras is reputed the author, but which is referred to many other famous men, "The things of friends are common"

(Κοινὰ τὰ τῶν φίλων). "Where," he asks, "does this find its exhaustive fulfilment, but in the communion of saints, their communion not with one another merely, though indeed this is a part of its fulfilment, but in their communion with Him who is the friend of all good men? That such a conclusion lay legitimately in the words Socrates plainly saw; who argued from it, that since good men were the friends of the gods, therefore whatever things were the gods' were also theirs; being, when he thus concluded, as near as one who had not the highest light of all, could be to that great word of the apostle's, 'All things are yours.'"

An Oriental proverb by the caliph Ali Ben Ali Taleb, son-in-law of Mohammed, has been translated by James Russell Lowell thus:

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.

Emerson wrongly attributes the maxim to Omar Khayyám, and translates it in this form:

Believe me, a thousand friends suffice thee not;
In a single enemy thou hast more than enough:

—which may be taken optimistically as meaning that friendship with every one is commendable, as enmity towards even one is wrong, or cynically in the sense that enmity is a more active principle than friendship,—that you may be sure of man's gall, but not of his heart. The Italians enforce the fair-weather nature of friendship in two very hard sayings:

He that would have many friends should try few of them.

Let him that is wretched and beggared try everybody, and then his friend.

"Prosperity makes friends," says Publius Syrus, "adversity tries them." To the same effect is Ecclesiasticus, "A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity." Therefore all nations have the proverb "A friend in need is a friend indeed," an expression found in Plautus's "Epidicus,"—"Nothing is there more friendly to a man than a friend in need." (Act iii., Sc. 3). Yet he seems to be a rarity:

In aught that tries the heart, how few withstand the proof!

BYRON: *Childs Harold*, Canto ii., St. 66.

Hence one must be careful not to place too much dependence on others. "Treat your friend as if he might become an enemy," is another of the maxims of the cynical Syrus. And Diogenes Laertius reports a still more sweeping saying of Bias:

Bias used to say that men ought to calculate life both as if they were fated to live a long and a short time, and that they ought to love one another as if at a future time they would come to hate one another; for that most men were bad.—*Bias*, v.

La Rochefoucauld saw in every new acquaintance a possible enemy. And Chamfort warns you that there are three sorts of friends,—those who love you, those who are indifferent to you, and those who hate you.

It is pleasanter to turn to the more optimistic view of friendship:

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—*Proverbs* xviii. 24.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—*John* xv. 13.

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.—EMERSON: *Essays: Friendship*.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 3.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

IBID.: *Julius Cæsar*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Friends, Save me from my, is not in essence original with Marshal Villars, to whom it is generally attributed. On taking his leave of King Louis XIV. on his departure for the wars, Marshal Villars, as the story goes, addressed his majesty, "Sire, I am going to fight your enemies. I leave you in the midst of mine. Save me from my friends." Referring to his fourteen years of hospitality at Ferney, where he was overrun by admirers from all over the continent, Voltaire said, "I pray God to deliver me from my friends, I will defend myself from my enemies;" but he was merely paraphrasing the saying of Antigonus, who commanded a sacrifice to be offered, that God might protect him from his friends. "From my enemies," he explained, "I can defend myself, but not from my friends." The thought is an obvious one, however, and it is not surprising to find it widely diffused in various forms. In Italy it is a proverb in this form: "From him I trust may God defend me; from him whom I trust not I will defend myself." The very words of Antigonus are found in their Arabic equivalent in a volume of maxims of Honan-ben-Isaak, who died A.D. 873. The oldest recorded modulation of the thought, however, probably underlies the words of the prophet Zechariah (xiii. 6): "I was wounded in the house of my friends."

Similar expressions are found in all modern literatures. Schiller makes Wallenstein say, "It is the zeal of my friends that is ruining me, not the hatred of the enemy." (*Wallenstein's Tod*, Act iii., Sc. 16.)

So in English literature it frequently recurs:

Greatly his foes he dreads, but most his friends;
He hurts the most who lavishly commends.

CHURCHILL: *The Apology*, 19.

An open foe may be a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.

GAY: *The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf*, l. 153.

Canning's lines are well known:

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh, save me from the candid friend!

New Morality.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, seventh series, x. 519, says that in September, 1838, he copied the following from the walls of a small dungeon, nearly below the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, evidently scrawled by a prisoner: "Di chi mi fido guardami Dio, di chi non mi fido mi guardero Io,"—"From those whom I trust protect me, O God; from those whom I mistrust I will protect myself."

Fritz, let fly! The great fifty-ton hammer in the Krupp Gun-Works at Essen, Germany, gained its name and the inscription it bears, "Fritz, let fly!" in the following manner. In 1877, when the Emperor William visited the gun-works, this great steam trip-hammer was the first thing to attract his attention. Krupp then introduced the veteran Emperor to the machinist Fritz, who, he said, handled the giant hammer with wonderful precision,—being so expert with it as to drop the hammer without injuring an object placed in the centre of the block. The Emperor at once put his diamond-studded watch on the spot indicated and beckoned to the machinist to set the hammer in motion. Fritz hesitated, out of consideration for the precious object, but Krupp and the Emperor both urged him on by saying, "Fritz, let fly!" Instantly the hammer was dropped, coming so closely to the watch that a sheet of writing-paper could not be inserted between, but the jewel was uninjured. The Emperor gave it to Fritz as a souvenir. Krupp added one thousand marks to the present.

Frost or Vintage Saints. A popular French proverb says, "It is better to deal with God than with his saints." M. Quitard believes the saints referred to are the "frost" or "vintage saints," *saints gélifs, saints vendangeurs*,—St. Mamertus, St. Pancras, and St. Servatus,—whose festivals, the 11th, 12th, and 13th of May respectively, are noted in the popular calendar as days when any marked depression of temperature would be fatal to the young crops and to vines. The husbandmen held these saints responsible for any ill weather that might occur, and the reproaches addressed to them might take the form perpetuated in the proverb. In the ecclesiastical annals of Cahors and Rhodéz it is recorded that the angry peasants would frequently flog the images and deface the pictures of the frost saints. Rabelais satirically asserts that in order to put an end to these scandals a bishop of Auxerre proposed to transfer the festivals of the frost saints to the dog-days, and make August change places with May.

In Germany the same superstition holds, and the frost saints are known as "the three severe [*gestrenge*] lords." It is believed by gardeners that nothing is safe from frost until these days are over.

St. Urban is another patron of vintners and vineyards, who fares ill, especially in Germany, if his festival (May 25) be not a fair day. "Upon St. Urban's day," says Aubanus, "all the vintners and masters of vineyards sit at a table, either in the market-stand or in some other open and public place, and, covering it with fine drapery and strewing upon it green leaves and sweet flowers, place upon the table the image of the holy bishop; and then, if the day be fair, they crown the image with great store of wine; but if the weather prove unpleasant and rainy (believing that the saint has withdrawn his protection) they cast mire and puddle-water upon it, persuading themselves that if that day be fair and calm, their grapes, which then begin to flourish, will be good that year; but if it be stormy and tempestuous, they will have a bad vintage."

St. Paul and St. Vincent Ferrer are also invoked by vintners. There is an old Latin saying, "*Vincenti festo, si sol radiet, memor esto*," which the French translate into a proverb that may be Englished thus:

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Funny-bone, or Crazy-bone, the latter being the more common locution in America, a term popularly applied to what anatomists call the inner condyle of the humerus, a blow upon which jars the ulnar nerve and produces a *funny* tingling sensation. An old dissecting-room joke for first-year students is, "Why is the funny-bone so called? Because it borders on the humerus." This jest is seriously taken up by that etymological Joe Miller, Dr. Cobham Brewer, who explains the word funny-bone as "a pun on the word humerus."

They have pulled you down flat on your back!
And they smack and they thwack,
Till your funny-bones crack
As if you were stretched on the rack.

Ingoldsby Legends: Blondie Jacke of Shrewsberris.

Fuss and Feathers, a nickname given to General Winfield Scott by his detractors, intimating that he was "fussy," vain, and self-important. A curious accidental parallel is afforded by Jekyll's description of old Lady Cork, the friend of Dr. Johnson and the literati, who wore an enormous plume at one of her receptions. Jekyll said she was "exactly a shuttlecock,—all Cork and feathers."

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G, the seventh letter and fifth consonant in the English alphabet, borrowed from the Romans, who invented it to differentiate the *g* sound from the *k* sound, both originally represented by the letter *C* (*q. v.*).

Gab, Gift of the, a colloquialism for loquacity or great powers of speech, applied seriously or jocularly. The phrase appears to have been used for the first time, in literature at least, by the irreverent Mr. Colvil, in a parody upon the Rev. Mr. Zachary Boyd's Scotch vernacular version of the Scriptures into verse. Colvil represents Boyd as thus translating the first verse of the book of Job :

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Galilean. Thou hast conquered, Galilean! (L. "Vicisti, Galilæe !") the exclamation which some early Christian historians put into the mouth of the dying Julian, known as the Apostate. He received his death-wound at the very moment of victory against the Persians, June 25, 363. When his physicians told him he could not live, he is said to have caught some of the blood from his wound in the uninjured hand, and, casting it towards heaven, to have exclaimed, "Thou hast conquered, Galilean !" (*i.e.*, Christ.) But Ammianus, an eye-witness, and a credible person, does not mention this. He tells us that Julian received the intelligence with calmness, and even expressed his satisfaction that it was the pleasure of the gods, who had often given the boon of early death to those they loved, that he should be withdrawn from the danger of corruption. In this mood he harangued his friends all night, and died early next morning, calmly confident of immortality in the halls of Jupiter.

And the great king's high sad heart, thy true last lover,
Felt thine answer pierce and cleave it to the core.
And he bowed down his hopeless head
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round for Gallagher's car to start he was greeted with the famous words. Exactly why Gallagher's car was the only one singled out for the purpose has never been satisfactorily explained. And so on, and so on. The truth is, it is impossible to fix upon the origin of the phrase. As good an explanation as any (but not much better than the rest) is that at one time New Orleans counted among its inhabitants a number of *Gallegos*,—a class of Northern Spaniards, remarkable, mainly, for their bow-legs. These gentry were employed very extensively as conductors of street-cars, and it is suggested that they were frequently started on their route with cries of "Let her go, Gallego!" If this be true, then Gallagher is not Gallagher, after all. One circumstance that counts in favor of this explanation is the remarkable number of conductor-stories that have travelled round the papers in explanation of the phrase.

A curious parallel to the expression, especially in connection with the first story given above, is found in Montaigne's "Essays," chap. xl., where he tells how, after Louis XI. had taken the city of Arras, he caused to be executed a number of the inhabitants, among them some buffoons "who would not leave their fooling at the very moment of death. He that the hangman turned off the ladder cried, 'Launch the galley!' a slang saying of theirs."

Garrick Club Controversy. One of the most famous quarrels in recent literary history was that which broke out in the Garrick Club between Thackeray and Edmund Yates, and, through Dickens's championship of the latter, led to a rupture between the two greatest novelists of their day. The *casus belli* was an article which appeared June 12, 1858, in a periodical entitled *Town Talk*. It was a smartly-written, flippant, offensive bit of gossip of the kind now, unfortunately, more common than then, professing to give a sketch of the author as he appeared in every-day life. Here it is in full:

LITERARY TALK.

Finding that our pen-and-ink portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens has been much talked of and extensively quoted, we propose giving each week a sketch of some literary celebrity. This week our subject is

MR. W. M. THACKERAY

HIS APPEARANCE.

Mr. Thackeray is forty-six years old, though from the silvery whiteness of his hair he appears somewhat older. He is very tall, standing upwards of six feet two inches; and as he walks erect, his height makes him conspicuous in every assembly. His face is bloodless, and not particularly expressive, but remarkable for the fracture of the bridge of the nose, the result of an accident in youth. He wears a small gray whisker, but otherwise is clean shaven. No one meeting him could fail to recognize in him a gentleman; his bearing is cold and uninviting, his style of conversation either openly cynical or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched,—but his appearance is invariably that of the cool, *swave*, well-bred gentleman, who, whatever may be rankling within, suffers no surface display of his emotion.

HIS CAREER.

For many years Mr. Thackeray, though a prolific writer, and holding constant literary employment, was unknown by name to the great bulk of the public. To *Fraser's Magazine* he was a regular contributor, and very shortly after the commencement of *Punch* he joined Mr. Mark Lemon's staff. In the *Punch* pages appeared many of his wisest, most thoughtful, and wittiest essays. "Mr. Brown's Letters to his Nephew" on love, marriage, choice of a club, etc., contain an amount of worldly wisdom which, independently of the amusement to be obtained from them, render them really valuable reading to young men beginning life. The "Book of Snobs," equally perfect in its way, also appeared in *Punch*. Here, too, were published his buffooneries, his "Ballads of Policeman X.," his "Jeames's Diary," and some other scraps, the mere form of which consisted of outrages on orthography, and of which he is now deservedly ashamed. It was with the publication of the third or fourth number of "Vanity Fair" that Mr. Thackeray began to dawn upon the reading public as a great genius. This great work—which, perhaps, with the exception of "The Newcomes," is the most perfect literary dissection of the human heart, done with the cleverest and most unsparing hand—had

been offered to, and rejected by, several of the first publishers in London. But the public saw and recognized its value; the great guns of literature, the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*, boomed forth their praises, the light *tirailleurs* in the monthly and weekly press re-echoed the *feu de joie*, and the novelist's success was made. "Pendennis" followed, and was equally valued by the literary world, but scarcely so popular with the public. Then came "Esmond," which fell almost still-born from the press, and then "The Newcomes," perhaps the best of all. "The Virginians," now publishing, though admirably written, lacks interest of plot, and is proportionately unsuccessful.

HIS SUCCESS,

commencing with "Vanity Fair," culminated with his "Lectures on the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," which were attended by all the courts and fashion of London. The prices were extravagant, the lecturer's adulation of birth and position was extravagant, the success was extravagant. No one succeeds better than Mr. Thackeray in cutting his coat according to his cloth; here he flattered the aristocracy, but when he crossed the Atlantic, George Washington became the idol of his worship, the "Four Georges" the objects of his bitterest attacks. These last-named lectures have been dead failures in England, though as literary compositions they are most excellent. Our own opinion is that his success is on the wane; his writings never were understood or appreciated even by the middle classes; the aristocracy have been alienated by his American onslaught on their body, and the educated and refined are not sufficiently numerous to constitute an audience; moreover, there is a want of heart in all he writes, which is not to be balanced by the most brilliant sarcasm and the most perfect knowledge of the workings of the human heart.

The article, it will be seen, was impertinent, unjust, and in very bad taste. It was an open secret that the author was Edmund Yates, then a young man just beginning to make his way in literature. Thackeray had reason to be angry, but when a man has reason he too often pushes his anger to unreasonable lengths. One wishes, on the whole, that Thackeray had taken no notice of the affront. Instead, he sat down and penned the following letter. It is a masterpiece in its way, and admirably preserves throughout the tone of a superior rebuking an inferior and only restrained by a consciousness of their relative positions from any severer form of chastisement.

36 UNSLOW SQUARE, S. W., June 14.

SIR.—I have received two numbers of a little paper called *Town Talk*, containing notices respecting myself, of which, as I learn from the best authority, you are the writer.

In the first article of "Literary Talk" you think fit to publish an incorrect account of my private dealings with my publishers.

In this week's number appears a so-called "Sketch," containing a description of my manners, person, and conversation, and an account of my literary works, which of course you are at liberty to praise or condemn as a literary critic.

But you state, with regard to my conversation, that it is either "frankly cynical or affectingly benevolent and good-natured;" and of my works (Lectures), that in some I showed "an extravagant adulation of rank and position," which in other lectures ("as I know how to cut my coat according to my cloth") became the object of my bitterest attacks.

As I understand your phrases, you impute insincerity to me when I speak good-naturedly in private, assign dishonorable motives to me for sentiments which I have delivered in public, and charge me with advancing statements which I have never delivered at all.

Had your remarks been written by a person unknown to me, I should have noticed them no more than other calumnies; but as we have shaken hands more than once, and met hitherto on friendly terms (you may ask one of your employers, Mr. —, of —, whether I did not speak of you very lately in the most friendly manner), I am obliged to take notice of articles which I consider to be not offensive and unfriendly merely, but slanderous and untrue.

We met at a club, where, before you were born, I believe, I and other gentlemen have been in the habit of talking without any idea that our conversation would supply paragraphs for professional vendors of "Literary Talk;" and I don't remember that out of that club I have ever exchanged six words with you. Allow me to inform you that the talk which you have heard there is not intended for newspaper remark; and to beg—as I have a right to do—that you will refrain from printing comments upon my private conversations; that you will forego discussions, however blundering, upon my private affairs; and that you will henceforth please to consider any question of my personal truth and sincerity as quite out of the province of your criticism. I am, etc.,

W M. THACKERAY.

Mr. Yates, in his "Recollections," thinks it must be admitted by the most impartial reader that this letter is severe to the point of cruelty; "that, whatever the silliness and impertinence of the article, it was scarcely calculated to

have provoked so curiously bitter an outburst of personal feeling against its writer; that, in comparison with the offence committed by me, the censure administered by Mr. Thackeray is almost ludicrously exaggerated." Mr. Yates's acknowledgment of his error is so frank and manly that one hardly likes to insinuate that "silly" and "impertinent" are rather mild adjectives to apply to his offence, and that severer epithets would do something towards justifying the severity of the punishment.

Still, Mr. Yates is right in saying that to some of Thackeray's strictures he could return a somewhat effective *Tu quoque*, especially the insistence upon "the fact that the club was our only common meeting-ground, and that it was thence my presumed knowledge of him was derived." "I felt that the sentence in which he emphasized the fact afforded me a legitimate opportunity for a tolerably effective rejoinder."

He therefore sat down at once, and wrote a letter, in which, after disclaiming the motives imputed to him, he took the liberty of reminding Thackeray of certain among his own intrusions into the privacy of his friends, and his acquaintances of the Garrick Club especially: Arcedeckne exposed as Foker, Mr. Wyndham Smith caricatured as the Sporting Snob, both with most unmistakable wood-cut likenesses, not to mention the Athanasius Lardner and Mistaw Edwad Lytton Bulwig of the "Yellowplush Papers."

Before sending it, Yates determined to consult Albert Smith, but, remembering that Albert also had reason to complain of Thackeray, he elected to apply to Dickens, under whose direction he suppressed his letter,—it was "too violent and too flippant," Dickens thought,—and wrote as follows:

June 15, 1858.

SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this day's date, referring to two articles of which I am the writer.

You will excuse my pointing out to you that it is absurd to suppose me bound to accept your angry "understanding" of my "phrases." I do not accept it in the least: I altogether reject it.

I cannot characterize your letter in any other terms than those in which you characterized the article which has given you so much offence. If your letter to me were not both "slandrous and untrue," I should readily have discussed its subject with you, and avowed my earnest and frank desire to set right anything I may have left wrong. Your letter being what it is, I have nothing to add to my present reply.

EDMUND YATES.

Thackeray instantly put Mr. Yates into "The Virginians" as "Young Grub-Street," and laid the whole correspondence before the Garrick committee to decide whether the practice of publishing such articles would not be "fatal to the comfort of the club," and "intolerable in a society of gentlemen." Yates, called upon to apologize or retire from the club, denied the competence of the committee, declined to do either the one thing or the other, and by the action of a general meeting, in spite of the support of Dickens, Lowe, Wilkie Collins, Robert Bell, and Palgrave Simpson, was made liable to expulsion. Still recalcitrant, his name was erased from the books. He consulted legal authority. Dickens resigned from the committee, and later wrote a private letter to Thackeray, in which he acknowledged his part as Yates's adviser, and suggested compromise and mediation, pointing out that Edwin James's opinion was "strong on the illegality of the Garrick proceeding." Thackeray returned a rather blunt refusal, declaring that "Ever since I submitted my case to the club I have had, and can have, no part in the dispute." It was for them to judge whether any reconciliation were possible, but he could not conceive "that the club will be frightened, by the opinion of any lawyer, out of their own sense of the justice and honor which ought to obtain among gentlemen." He enclosed a copy of a letter he had written to the committee, informing them of Mr. Dickens's proposition and his own answer thereto. Dickens, wroth at what he looked upon as a betrayal of confidence, handed the

entire correspondence to the original author of the trouble, to do with it as he wished. "As the receiver of my letter did not respect the confidence in which it addressed him, there can be none left for you to violate. I send you what I wrote to Mr. Thackeray and what he wrote to me, and you are at perfect liberty to print the two."

Thackeray and Dickens had never been very friendly to each other. They had, indeed, always kept up an outward show of cordiality. But the natural antagonism of two utterly different natures, rather than any mere vulgar rivalry, had kept them apart. Even before this affair Thackeray had said to an American admirer, "Dickens doesn't like me: he knows that my books are a protest against his,—that if the one set are true, the others must be false." On the other hand, "Dickens," says Yates, "read little, and thought less, of Thackeray's later work."

The break between them was final. Forster, indeed, refers to it as a "small estrangement hardly now worth mention, even in a note." But Yates insists that it was complete and continuous, and notes that Dickens and Thackeray "never exchanged but the most casual conversation afterwards." And he adds that at the time nobody was more energetically offended with Thackeray than John Forster himself. "I perfectly remember his rage when Dickens showed him the letter of the 26th November, and how he burst out with, 'He be d—d, with his "yours, etc."'"

But to return. Yates, acting on legal advice, went to the club, was "satisfactorily trespassed upon," brought his action against the secretary of the club as the nominal defendant, lost it on a kind of quibble, because he had not brought it against the trustees, was advised to apply to the Court of Chancery, and, finding that it would cost him some two or three hundred pounds to get heard, was wise enough to let the matter drop.

And so the victory was with Thackeray in what had come to be looked upon as a trial of strength between him and Dickens. As Yates himself acknowledges, "it was pretty generally said at the time, as it has been said since, and is said even now, that this whole affair was a struggle for supremacy, or an outburst of jealousy, between Thackeray and Dickens, and that my part was merely that of the scapegoat or shuttlecock."

Gasconade, a term for pompous and inflated, yet none the less good-natured, vaunting and self-conceit, borrowed from the French, who credit this characteristic to the inhabitants of Gascony, a former province of France, now cut up into several departments. The American, through the Celtic side of his nature, shows in many ways a strong kinship to the Gaul, and the gasconade certainly seems to be the father of American highfalutin and spread-eagleism. It has the same flavor of sub-conscious humor in its exaggeration. Thus, the Gascon who boasted that in a duel he had glued his adversary so firmly to the wall that he might have been mistaken for a fresco,—that Gascon had all the wild untrammelled American imagination which brings together the most hopelessly incongruous things into a momentary appearance of congruity. Equally apt and ingenious was the conditional threat of a Gascon, separated from an antagonist just before they had come to blows: "Gentlemen, he ought to be greatly obliged to you; if you had let me alone I should have thrust him into the wall, and left nothing free but his arm to take off his hat with every time that I passed before him." Yankee-like, too, is the flavor of the young Gascon's boast that the very mattresses he slept upon were stuffed with the whiskers of those he had slain, his ingenuous statement that at home his family used no other firewood than the batons of the various marshals of France among their ancestors, and his qualified approval of the Louvre: "Upon my honor, I like it vastly; methinks I see the back of my father's stables."

No one so effectively as a Gascon could take the wind out of the sails of the less accomplished braggarts of other climes. A travelling salesman sought to astonish a Gascon, travelling for another house: "Do you know that our annual expense for ink is upwards of two thousand francs?" The Gascon burst into loud laughter. "Two thousand francs!" he cried; "why, in our establishment we economize to the annual amount of five thousand francs by refraining from dotting our *r's*." When Gascon meets Gascon the by-standers have what Americans, when they wish to be very expressive, call a picnic. "I have a dog," said one Gascon to another. "So have I," was the reply. "But mine's the cleverest dog you ever saw. When some boys attached a kettle to his tail——" "He ran away?" "No! He cut off his tail to save his *amour-propre*." "That's nothing," cried his friend; "mine did better. Having a kettle tied to his tail——" "He pulverized it?" "No, sir. He got into it and had himself cooked one day when provisions ran short."

When a Gascon corroborates a Gascon, there is no climax which he cannot cap: he piles Pelion upon the groaning weight of Ossa. A young Gascon gentleman, laughed at for asserting that in his father's castle there was a gallery a mile long, appealed to his Gascon valet. "Messieurs," said the latter, "you may laugh all you please, but the gallery is certainly a mile long by two broad."

Gauntlet, Running the. This phrase, which has come to be used figuratively, was the name of a form of punishment inflicted in the British army, and particularly in the royal navy. The culprit, stripped naked to the waist, was obliged to pass between two lines of his comrades armed with staves or switches, with which they belabored his back as he passed through. In Germany, during the Thirty Years' War, it was practised, as a punishment for offences against their *esprit de corps*, by the members of those organized military freebooters, "Lanzknechte" ("Pikemen"), as they were called, and was designated "Gassenlaufen" (literally, "running the lane"), whence it passed into the armies of Europe as a military punishment. It was introduced into England during or soon after this war. Originally it was called "to run the gantlope, or gang-lope," probably from the Dutch *gangloopen*, which is identical in meaning with the German word.

Some said he ought to be tied neck and heels; others, that he deserved to run the gantlope.
—FIELDING: *Tom Jones*, Book vii., ch. ii.

Some etymologists prefer to derive it from the Swedish *gallop*, having the same meaning as the German and the Dutch term. The word "gantlet," or "gantlet," in the phrase is simply a corruption, the punishment having always been inflicted with staves, switches, or similar weapons; and the fancied iron glove, or mailed hand, or gauntlet of any kind, never played any part in it.

Gem—Flower. One of the most admired stanzas in Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard" is the fourteenth:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

As Mr. H. H. Breen first pointed out, with a lamentable want, however, of authoritative references, this is "but a free translation of the Latin couplet"

Plurima gemma latet cæca tellure sepulta;
Plurima neglecto fragrat odore rosa.

He also quotes from Bishop Hall:

There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, many a fair pearl in the bosom of the sea, that never was seen, nor ever will be.

The parallels might be almost indefinitely extended :

Spent
Like beauteous flowers which vainly waste the scent
Of odors in unhaunted deserts.

CHAMBERLAYNE: *Pharronida*, Book iv.

Why did I not pass away in secret, like the flower of the rock that lifts its fair head unseen,
and strews its withered leaves on the blast?—OSSIAN: *Fingal*.

In distant worlds, by human eye unseen,
She rears her flowers and spreads her velvet green;
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.

YOUNG: *Love of Fame*, Satire V

Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air.

CHURCHILL: *Gothum*, Book ii., l. 20.

Genius. What is genius, and how does it differ from talent? The question has not yet been settled. No definitions have compassed it. But the old idea that genius is a gift of the gods, an inspiration, a demoniac possession, and talent mere human energy and application, might be exemplified by an army of citations, from the "poeta nascitur non fit" of the ancients to the last critical review. Here are a few :

Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.

DRYDEN: *Epistle to Congreve*.

Talk not of genius baffled. Genius is master of man;
Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can.

OWEN MEREDITH: *Last Words*.

The world is always ready to receive talent with open arms. Very often it does not know what to do with genius. Talent is a docile creature. It bows its head meekly while the world slips the collar over it. It backs into the shafts like a lamb. It draws its load cheerfully, and is patient of the bit and of the whip. But genius is always impatient of its harness; its wild blood makes it hard to train.—O. W. HOLMES: *The Professor*, 302.

Talent convinces—Genius but excites;
This tasks the reason, that the soul delights.
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
And reconciles the pinion to the earth;
Genius unsettles with desires the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind;
Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit, by slow degrees, for toil.
Genius, the sudden Iris of the skies,
On cloud itself reflects its wondrous dyes;
And, to the earth, in tears and glory given,
Clasps in its airy arch the pomp of Heaven!
Talent gives all that vulgar critics need—
From its plain hornbook learn the Dull to read;
Genius, the Pythian of the Beautiful,
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the Dull—
From eyes profane a veil the Isis screens,
And fools on fools still ask what Hamlet means.

BULWER LYTTON: *Talent and Genius*.

Yet latterly a school of heretics has arisen who openly scoff at the supposed difference between talent and genius, or make the difference, if any, quantitative, and not qualitative. Howells and James Payn are foremost in insisting with blatant joyousness on the new doctrine, and they find many a text among the greater men which seems to bear them out. Thus, Dr. Johnson defined genius as "a mind of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular direction" (BOSWELL: *Life of Johnson*), or, more concisely, "Genius is, in fact, knowing the use of tools" (MADAME D'ARBLAY: *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*). Buffon characterized genius as "only the supreme capacity for taking pains,"—a dictum which Carlyle appears to sanction when he says,

"Genius, which means transcendent capacity first of all" (*Frederick the Great*, vol. i. p. 288, popular edition). But no man was more alive than Carlyle to the spiritual significance of the miracle we call genius. "Poetical genius,—do we know what these words mean?" he asks. "An inspired soul, once more vouchsafed to us, direct from Nature's own great fire-heart, to see the Truth and speak it and do it. Nature's own sacred voice heard once more athwart the dreary, boundless element of hearsaying and canting, of twaddle and poltroonery, in which the bewildered Earth, nigh perishing, has lost its way." (*Past and Present*, p. 75.) In spite of these sayings, however, writers like Swinburne (in his *Essay on Thomas Dekker*) insist on such woful misreadings as are contained in this sentence: "If he wanted that 'infinite capacity for taking pains' which Carlyle professed to regard as the synonyme of genius," etc. Carlyle never so professed; he looked on an infinite capacity for taking pains merely as a concomitant of genius, but the most infinite pains without genius could not enable one to speak with Nature's sacred voice. Disraeli's phrase might have been borrowed from Carlyle,—"*Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius*" (*Contarini Fleming*, Part iv., ch. v.). Perhaps Matthew Arnold has come closest to the form of expression which succinctly sums up Carlyle's doctrine: "Genius is mainly an affair of energy;" for energy is God-given, yet the direction which energy shall take is decided by human expediency.

Genius and Madness. No couplet of Dryden's is better known than this:

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.*

Absalom and Achitophel, Part i., l. 163.

The thought is very ancient and wide-spread. It acquired especial prominence among the Greeks and Romans, who looked on creative genius as a direct action of the Deity on the productive mind, a possession of the individual spirit by the god, exciting it to a pitch of frenzy or mania. Hence classical literature abounds with expressions that tend to assimilate the man of genius to a madman. The "*furor poeticus*" of Cicero and the "*amabilis insania*" of Horace's answer to the *θεία μανία* of Plato. Indeed, Plato went so far as to suggest that the name *μάντις*, seer, was derived from *μαίνωμαι*, to "rage" or "be mad." And even to the more scientific mind of Aristotle it appeared certain that "No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of madness" (*Problematicon*, 30), a proposition that is quoted approvingly by Seneca in his essay on "The Tranquillity of the Mind:" "*Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ.*" But it must be remembered that among the ancients genius was hardly degraded by this companionship with madness. It was a common belief—a belief still surviving among many savage tribes†—that the insane were themselves inspired by the action of Deity. Not till the advent of Christianity was mental derangement branded with the mark of degradation. In the early Church the doctrine of possession assumed a distinctly repellent form by the introduction of the Oriental idea of an evil spirit taking captive the human frame and using it as an instrument for its foul purposes. Yet this doctrine had no appreciable effect in dissolving the companionship of the two ideas in popular thought. For the attitude of the Church was, for the most

* In this connection it may be noted that Pope, with evident plagiaristic reminiscence, has used Dryden's phraseology, though with a different application:

Remembrance and reflection, how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!

Essay on Man, Epist. i., l. 225.

† See Cooper's "*Deerslayer*."

part, hostile to new ideas, and so to men of original power, who were again and again branded as heretics and as wicked men possessed by the devil. And thus genius was attached to insanity by a new bond of kinship. It might be imagined that the modern conception of genius and insanity, which looks on the one as the highest product of Nature's organic energy, which sees in the other no supernatural agency either of god or of devil, but only a form of disintegration and dissolution,—it might be imagined that this conception would necessitate a sharp severance of the new ideas. Such, however, has not been the case. In modern literature we meet with an unmistakable tendency to maintain the old association. Even so sane and serene a spirit as Shakespeare asserted the affinity between poetic creation and madness :

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v., Sc. i.

Dryden's contemporary, Rochester, has a faint adumbration of the thought :

An eminent fool must be a man of parts.

But this is evidently "wrote sarcastical." Serious affirmation of the paradox, however, may be found in French writers. "Many great wits," writes Montaigne, after a visit to Tasso in his asylum, "find themselves ruined by their very force and suppleness." And almost simultaneously Passerat said, in his epigram on Thulène the buffoon,—

Le poète et le fou sont de même nature.

("The poet and the fool are of the same nature.")

Closer parallels to Dryden's phrase may be found in Pascal, "L'extrême esprit est voisin de l'extrême folie" ("Extreme wit is the neighbor of extreme folly"); in Diderot, "O, que le génie et la folie se touchent de bien près !" ("Oh, how closely genius and folly touch !"); in Beaumarchais, "Que les gens d'esprit sont bêtes !" ("How stupid are the wits !"); and in La Rochefoucauld, "The subtlest folly grows out of the subtlest wisdom." The same general proposition is less pungently but no less directly asserted by Lamartine : "Genius bears within it a principle of destruction, of death, of folly, as the fruit bears the worm." And, again, he speaks of that "maladie mentale" which is called genius. In German literature it is not strange to see Schopenhauer reaffirm the same idea. But even Goethe, as wholesome a mind as Shakespeare, falls in with the majority. His drama "Tasso" is an elaborate attempt to uncover and expose the morbid growths which are apt to cling parasitically about the tender plant of genius. And against this compact consensus of opinion on the one side we have only a rare protest like that of Charles Lamb on behalf of the radical sanity of genius (*Last Essays of Elia: Sanity of True Genius*). "Such a mass of opinion," says Mr. J. Sully, from whose essay on "Genius and Insanity" (*Nineteenth Century*, xvii. 948) much of the above has been condensed, "cannot lightly be dismissed as valueless. It is impossible to set down utterances of men like Diderot or Goethe to the envy of mediocrity. Nor can we readily suppose that so many penetrating intellects have been misled by a passion for startling paradox. We are to remember, moreover, that this is not a view of the great man *ab extra*, like that of the vulgar already referred to : it is the opinion of members of the distinguished fraternity themselves, who are able to observe and study genius from the inside. Still, it may be said, this is, after all, only unscientific opinion. Has science, with her more careful method of investigating and proving, anything to say on this interesting theme ? It is hardly to be supposed that she would have overlooked so fascinating a subject. And, as a matter of fact, it has received a considerable amount of attention from pathologists and psychologists. And here, for once, science appears to support the

popular opinion. The writers who have made the subject their special study agree as to the central fact that there is a relation between high intellectual endowment and mental derangement, though they differ in their way of defining this relation. This conclusion is reached both inductively by a survey of facts, and deductively by reasoning from the known nature and conditions of great intellectual achievement on the one hand, and of mental disease on the other.* Mr. Sully finds an explanation in the preternatural sensitiveness of nerve which is the usual accompaniment of genius. "The fine nervous organization, tremulously responsive to every touch, constitutes in itself, in this all too imperfect world of ours, a special dispensation of sorrow. Exquisite sensibility seems to be connected with a delicate poise of nervous structure eminently favorable to the experience of jarring and dislocating shock. And it is this preponderance of rude shock over smooth, agreeable stimulation—of a sense of dissonance in things over the joyous consciousness of harmony—which seems to supply one of the most powerful incitants to the life of imagination."

Gentle craft, a popular designation for shoemakers, which, according to Brady ("Clavis Calendaria"), arose from the fact that in an old romance a prince of the name of Crispin is made to exercise the trade of shoemaking, in honor of his namesake, Saint Crispin. There is a tradition that King Edward IV., in one of his disguises, once drank with a party of shoemakers, and pledged them. The story is alluded to in the old play of "George a-Greene" (1599):

Marry, because you have drank with the King,
And the King hath so graciously pledged you,
You shall no more be called shoemakers;
But you and yours, to the world's end,
Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

Gentle shepherd, tell me where! "Let them tell me where. I say, sir, let them tell me where. I repeat it, sir: I am entitled to say to them, tell me where," cried Grenville, in the debate on the budget of 1762, when it was proposed as necessary to lay an additional tax. "Gentle shepherd, tell me where!" hummed Pitt, quoting the song of Dr. Samuel Howard. "It was long," wrote Macaulay (*Essay on Lord Chatham*), "before Grenville lost the nickname of 'Gentle Shepherd' which Pitt fixed upon him."

Geographical Idea, Italy only a. This was an expression of Prince Metternich, during the Austrian dominion in Italy, to denote that in the policy of the empire that country was not a state or people with any rights which, in the comity of nations, Austria was bound to respect.

Equal in sardonic humor to this phrase was the one applied to the empire of Brazil. In view of the fact that, for all its immense size, only a narrow fringe of coast-line was populated to any extent, the greater part of the interior being trackless wilderness, the empire was called an "empire en profile."

German. Can a German have wit? (*esprit*), the famous question propounded by the Jesuit Père Bouhours (1628-1702), which has excited as great a sensation in the German and German-loving public as the parallel question by Sydney Smith, "Who reads an American book?" did among Americans. But if you take *esprit* in the larger sense of genius, Bouhours's remark was far the more unjust. Indeed, Sydney Smith's query, as glossed

* The principal authoritative utterances on the subject are Moreau, "*La Psychologie morbide*," etc.; Hagen, "*Ueber die Verwandtschaft des Genies mit dem Irresein*," (*Zeitschrift für Psychiatrie*, Band xxxiii.); and Radestock, "*Genie und Wahnsinn*" (Breslau, 1884). This last contains the latest review of the whole question, and is written in a thoroughly cautious, scientific spirit.

by himself (see AMERICAN, WHO READS, etc.), was a very fair one. In the face of the "Nibelungenlied" and "Reinecke Fuchs," of Ulrich von Hutten, Opitz, Flemming, Logau, Kepler, and Leibnitz, the good Père Bouhours was only confessing his ignorance. The great new-birth of German literature of which Goethe and Schiller were the hierophants followed hard upon his question, and made it trebly ridiculous, so that now, in Carlyle's words, "it is by this one untimely joke that the hapless Jesuit is doomed to live; for the blessing of full oblivion is denied him, and so he hangs, suspended in his own noose, over the dusky pool, which he struggles towards, but for a great while will not reach. Might his fate but serve as a warning to kindred men of wit, in regard to this and so many other subjects! For surely the pleasure of despising, at all times and in itself a dangerous luxury, is much safer after the toil of examining than before it." (*Essays: State of German Literature.*)

Gerrymander, in American political slang, an arbitrary arrangement of the political subdivisions of a State, in disregard of the natural or proper boundaries as indicated by geography or position, so made as to give one party an unfair advantage over the other. The origin of the term is as follows. In 1811 Elbridge Gerry was elected Governor of Massachusetts by the Democrats. Both legislative houses also were Democratic, though by no great majority. To retain their hold in the future and to control the election of United States Senators, the party in power proceeded to rearrange the representative districts, in order that a large number of Federal votes might be thrown together in one or two districts, leaving the other districts controlled by a safe majority of Democratic votes. This act was officially "approved" by the governor, though it is now known that he had opposed it at the start, and he naturally shared the odium of its passage. In Essex County the redistricting was especially absurd. Benjamin Russell, editor of the *Columbian Centinel*, a Federalist paper published in Boston, hung on his office wall a map of that county as rearranged. Gilbert Stuart, the painter, remarked that the map looked like some monstrous animal. Adding a few rapid strokes with his pencil, he said, "That will do for a salamander." "A salamander!" said Russell; "call it a gerrymander." Thus the word was born, and it was immediately adopted as a Federal war-cry. The map caricature was scattered broadcast as a campaign document. But in spite of the indignation aroused, in spite of the fact that in the next State election the Federalists cast two-thirds of all the votes cast, the gerrymander had been so successful that the Democrats retained a majority in both houses.

Ghost walks, **The**, a bit of theatrical and journalistic slang for "salaries are paid," whose origin is thus explained. During a rehearsal of "Hamlet" by a company of English strolling players whose salaries had been long in arrears, the Ghost, in answer to Hamlet's exclamation, "Perchance 'twill walk again," shouted, emphatically, "No! I'm d—d if the Ghost walks any more until our salaries are paid!"

Ghoulish glee, an epithet used by President Cleveland to describe the delight of the inquisitive newspaper reporter at unearthing private details or a family skeleton. It was at once caught up by the press and the public, who were already familiar with the term ghoul as applied to the chroniclers of gossip.

The ghouls also reported that Mrs. Folsom, in the absence of Mrs. Cleveland, had licked Hector [the President's dog] for being too fresh and promiscuous. The ghouls who haunt Mr. Cleveland are not confined to the Republican press. Far from it. A ghoul of the *Washington Post* reported that the sex of Hector had been misunderstood, and his (her) real sex just discovered.—*New York World*.

H. E. Bunner has founded upon the above report his humorous story "Hector" in "Short Sixes."

Giant and Dwarf. In his "Anatomy of Melancholy," Burton quotes a famous and oft-used figure :

I say with Didacus Stella, a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see farther than a giant himself.—*Democritus to the Reader.*

The original Latin runs as follows :

Pigmæi gigantum humeris impositi plusquam ipsi gigantes vident ("Pygmies placed on the shoulders of giants see more than the giants themselves").—*DIDACUS STELLA: LUCAN, 10, tom. ii.*

A few English parallels may be noted :

A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees farther of the two.—*HERBERT: Jacula Prudentum.*

A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's shoulders to mount on.—*COLBRIDGE: The Friend, sect. i., Essay viii.*

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself.
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

YOUNG: Night Thoughts, Night vi., l. 309.

Gifts. A familiar proverb advises you, "Never look a gift-horse in the mouth," meaning that all presents should be thankfully accepted without criticism. That the proverb was familiar in the fourth century is evident from the fact that when some one found fault with certain writings of St. Jerome, he tartly retorted that they were free-will offerings on his part, and that it did not behoove to look a gift-horse in the mouth, "*Equi dentes inspicere donati*" (*Præm. in Epist. ad Ephes.*). The sense, though not the form, is found in one of the proverbs of the Greek paroemiographers, "Whatever gift any one gives, praise." Among Latin proverbs it appears, "*Nihil recusandum, quod donatur.*" The thoughtful, however, went a step further, and considered the intention of the giver. This is the feeling of Virgil in the well-known expression

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,
("I fear the Greeks even when they bring presents,")
Æneid, ii. 49;

and of Seneca,—

Quum quod datur spectabis, et dantem aspice.
Thyest.

Ovid also thinks we ought to look at something more than the gift, and consider the donor :

Sic acceptissima semper
Munera sunt, auctor quæ pretiosa facit.
Heroides.

A writer in *Notes and Queries*, fourth series, xi. 454, who furnishes several of the above citations, suggests that it was the monks of the Middle Ages who thought that all was fish that came to their net, and who accepted anything that was presented to them, without caring to examine too curiously into the character of the gift. And he quotes the old monkish rhyme,—

Si quis det mannos, ne quære in dentibus annos.

Heywood gives the maxim in this form :

No man ought to looke a given horse in the mouth.
Proverbs, Part i., chap. 15.

And it is also quoted by Rabelais, Book i., chap. xi., and by Butler in "Hudibras," Part i., Canto i., l. 490.

Analogies more or less remote may be detected in the following :

Beggars should be no choosers.—HEYWOOD ; *Proverbs*, Part i., ch. x.

Might have gone further and have fared worse.—*Ibid.*

Ay, now am I in Arden : the more fool I. When I was at home I was in a better place ; but travellers must be content.—SHAKESPEARE : *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 4.

Gigmanity. This word is a mintage of Thomas Carlyle, and was used by him to describe the British Philistine idea of respectability. But in order to coin the word it was necessary for him to invent facts. The word was ushered into the English language in the essay on "Boswell's Life of Johnson," which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* (1832), vol. v., No. 28, in a sentence describing the curiousness of the fact that a Scottish limb of a Laird of the Lairds should be attracted to such an apparent opposite as was the object of his worship, Johnson :

And now behold the worthy Bozzy, so prepossessed and held back by nature and by art, fly nevertheless like iron to its magnet, whither his better genius called ! You may surround the iron and the magnet with what enclosures and encumbrances you please,—with wood, with rubbish, with brass : it matters not, the two feel each other, they struggle restlessly toward each other, they *will* be together. The iron may be a Scottish squirelet, full of gulosity and "gigmanity," the magnet an English plebeian, and moving rag-and-dust-mountain, coarse, proud, irascible, imperious : nevertheless, behold how they embrace, and inseparably cleave to one another.

And in a foot-note he puts this alleged extract from the trial of one Thurtell for the murder of Mr. Weare, in October, 1823 :

Q. "What do you mean by respectable?" A. "He always kept a gig." (*Thurtell's Trial.*) "Thus," it has been said, "does society naturally divide itself into four classes : Noblemen, Gentlemen, Gigen, and Men."

Curiously enough, no such question and answer are to be found in the report of the trial of Thurtell, which was published by T. Kelly in Paternoster Row in 1824. The nearest approach to them is in a request of Thurtell, testified to, that one Hunt, who "hired a gig," should be brought to him by one Probert in his gig.

Carlyle rung many changes on his root-word "gigman,"—*e.g.*, giganine, gigmanic, etc. There are even she-gigmen : thus, Froude reports this little speech to his wife : "Yes, Jeannie, though I have brought you into rough, rugged conditions, I feel I have saved you ; as giganess you could not have lived."

The words have been duly legitimized and found their place in the language.

Gilderoy's Kite. Gilderoy, a corruption of Gillie roy, "red-headed gilly," was the *sobriquet* of a Scottish outlaw named Patrick Macgregor, of the same clan as Rob Roy, who infested the highlands of Perthshire. In retaliation for the capture of a couple of his followers, he renewed his depredations with such violence that the aroused people turned out to bring him to justice. He and a number of his men were captured, tried, and hanged at Edinburgh, June, 1636, he being accorded a gallows high above his fellows, and his body maintaining the bad pre-eminence when all were hung in chains. A contemporary ballad, put into the mouth of his Highland sweetheart, runs as follows :

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they ware,
They bound him mickle strong ;
Tell Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hong.
They hong him high abone the rest,
He was so trim a boy.

In Scottish, kite, or kyte, means stomach, or belly, and this by an easy extension was sometimes applied to the whole body. Therefore the expression means "As high as Gilderoy's carcass." A similar phrase, "As high as

Haman," is an allusion to the disgraced favorite of Ahasuerus who was hanged on the gallows, fifty cubits high, which he had prepared for Mordecai. When Andrew Jackson in his last illness was asked by his attending physician, Dr. Edgar, what he would have done if Calhoun and his followers had persisted in their attempts at nullification, "Hung them, sir," he cried, "as high as Haman! They should have been a terror to traitors to all time, and posterity would have pronounced it the best act of my life."

Giotto's O, As round as, a common proverb in Italy even to this day. Giotto's reputation spread rapidly soon after he began to study with Cimabue, who had discovered him, a poor shepherd-lad, scratching drawings of his charges upon a flat stone, and had taken him home to instruct him. Pope Boniface VIII. invited young Giotto to Florence. The pope's messenger, in order to make sure that he had found the right person, demanded some evidence of the artist's skill. With one stroke Giotto drew a perfect circle, which satisfied the messenger that this was the great Giotto. "Rounder than the O of Giotto" is a favorite hyperbole to indicate impossible perfection.

Girdle. Puck, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act ii., Sc. 1, when despatched after the flower love-in-idleness, tells Oberon,—

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

The same metaphor had already been used by George Chapman :

And as great seamen using all their wealth
And skill in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribbed with brass,
To put a girdle round about the earth.

Bussy D'Ambois, Act i., Sc. 1.

Glass houses, People who live in, should not throw stones. When the Scotch came over with James I., the windows of their houses were broken at the instance of the Duke of Buckingham and others. The Scots, in return, broke the windows in Buckingham's palace, known as the "Glass House." He complained to the king, who replied, "Those who live in glass houses, Steenie, should be careful how they throw stones." But James was only quoting with a punning application. The proverb was an old one in his day. Analogous expressions are, "Satia te sanguine quem sitisti," "Dedi malum et accepi," "Cædes Neoptolemea."

Glittering generalities. This phrase, much used in American politics, to designate the sounding but uncompromising resolutions which make up the greater part of the platforms of political parties in the United States, originated in a remark in a letter from Rufus Choate to the Maine Whig Convention, August 9, 1856. Speaking of a government based on Northern anti-slavery ideas, he referred to the charter or constitution of such a proposed government as being "the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence." The letter, and particularly the phrase quoted, created quite a noise and much vigorous protest. Among others, Emerson retorted that the things referred to in the letter as "glittering generalities," in the Declaration of Human Rights contained in the document thus disparagingly alluded to, were in fact "*blazing ubiquities*."

God. Had I served God as diligently as the king. "Father Abbot, I have come to lay my weary bones among you." With these words the fallen Wolsey came among the monks of Leicester Abbey, November 26, 1529. He died a prisoner in November of the following year, and his last words, uttered

to the captain of the guard, Sir William Kingston, not to Cromwell, as in the play, have become famous by Shakespeare's paraphrase :

O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Henry VIII., Act iii., Sc. 2.

What the deposed and dying one-time Prince Cardinal of the Church and Chancellor of England actually did say was, "Had I served God as diligently as I have the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs."

God. If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him. This line was written by Voltaire, and first used by him in a pamphlet against an atheist (*Épître CXI, à l'Auteur du Livre des Trois Imposteurs*), and also in a letter to Frederick : "Though I am seldom satisfied with my lines, I must confess that I feel for this one the tenderness of a father." The origin of the phrase is sometimes referred to Archbishop Tillotson, who died the year Voltaire was born (1694) :

If God were not a necessary Being of himself, he might almost seem to be made for the use and benefit of men.—*Sermon XCIII., ed. 1712.*

There is, truly enough, a great resemblance between the expressions, but there is no reason to suppose that Voltaire copied the archbishop. That humanity must have a gospel is an old thought. As Bacon shrewdly remarks, "Atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart," because "you shall have of them that will suffer for Atheism and not recant. Whereas, if they did truly think that there were no God, why should they trouble themselves?" If it can find none better, it will erect for itself a gospel of Mammonism, with its "singular Hell;" in the words of Herr Sauerteig, "the terror of 'not succeeding;' of not making money, fame, or some other figure in the world." (CARLYLE: *Past and Present*, Book iii., ch. ii.)

Of course Voltaire's pride of fatherhood is not of the idea, but extends only to the form, the epigrammatic way in which he has put it. It has been imitated and echoed since his day in many directions and with most diverse applications. In voting for the death of Louis XVI., Millaud borrowed it, making a change to suit the occasion : "If death did not exist to-day, it would be necessary to invent it."

Bismarck's variation is historic. It was made in 1862, when he was Prussian minister at Paris. Napoleon III., by his Italian policy, had weakened Austria and jeopardized her preponderant position in the Germanic Confederation, to the consequent advantage of Prussia, the very power which Napoleon least wished to favor. Bismarck, rejoicing in the situation, said to Chevalier Nigra, the Italian minister, "If Italy did not exist, it would be necessary to invent her."

God. If there be a God. In his "Apologia pro Vita sua," John Henry Newman says that if Bishop Butler's doctrine, that probability is the guide of life, were to be allowed, "then the celebrated saying, 'O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul,' would be the highest measure of devotion." The earliest appearance in literature of this saying seems to be in King's "Anecdotes of his own Times," pp. 7-9, describing an incident at a dinner-party given by the Duke of Ormond in 1715 : "Sir William Wyndham told us that the shortest prayer he had ever heard was the prayer of a common soldier just before the battle of Blenheim : 'O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul.' This was followed by a general laugh. Atterbury, seeming to join in the conversation, and applying himself to Sir William Wyndham, said, 'Your prayer, Sir William, is indeed very short ;

but I remember another as short, but much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances: "O God, if in the day of battle I forget thee, do not thou forget me!" This, as Atterbury pronounced it with his usual grace and dignity, was a very gentle and polite reproof, and was immediately felt by the whole company."

God. There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet! These are the words with which, it has been said, and long believed, Mohammed publicly opened his reforming and proselyting career. The phrase is among the historical apocrypha; the earlier biographers of the prophet do not assert it, and it is probably an invention of a later age. The exclamation "Allah akbar!" ("God is great!") recurs frequently in the Koran; so also do the assertion made of the wood and stone idols of the pagan Arabs, "Ye rub them with oil and wax, and the flies stick to them," and "Islam, we must submit to God." It is also true that the prophet claimed to be the proclaimer of a divine message. All the rest, particularly the bumptious boast of the second part of the sentence, is probably pure invention.

God bless the Duke of Argyll! Every reader of Macaulay is familiar with the Highlanders' special aptitude for the itch. The finger-posts that line the Highland high-roads were ascribed—or said to be ascribed—by the grateful mountaineers to Macallum More's anxiety to satisfy their longing for a satisfactory scratch. Hence the benediction on His Grace. In reality the posts had no such philanthropic origin. After the suppression of Mar's rebellion in 1715-16, it was resolved to open up the Highlands by roads for military purposes. The glens and bleak uplands are liable to be snowed up and the tracks hidden, hence the latter are marked out by finger-posts. The Duke of Argyll was at once the most powerful man in the Highlands and the main support of loyalty, and the posts were—justly or otherwise—credited to him. The whole story is probably a southern sneer at the Highlanders' liability to cutaneous afflictions and their belief in the omnipotent power of their chiefs. The distich celebrating the making of the roads may be more genuine. It runs,—

Had you seen these roads *before they were made*,
You would hold up your hands and bless General Wade.

God, Fear of. In this Biblical phrase, "fear," of course, means reverence, awe. Sir Thomas Browne has nicely differentiated the meaning in his saying,—

I *fear* God, yet am not afraid of him.—*Religio Medici*, Book I., 52.

Nevertheless many famous sayings ignore these nuances: as, for instance, Pope:

Yes, I am proud—I must be proud—to see
Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me.

In 1887 Prince Bismarck, addressing the Reichstag, said, "We Germans fear God, but we fear nothing else in the world." A storm of applause greeted the words. A few days later Prince William (the present Emperor) repeated the words, with a slight alteration, before the Brandenburg provincial Landtag. The whole Fatherland was in ecstasies. Patriotic journalists and orators urged that the words be adopted as "the new German motto." And then it was discovered that the suggested motto is not only a chestnut, but a chestnut of French origin. It occurs in the first scene of the first act of Racine's "Athalie," where the high-priest Joash says to the military commander Abner,—

Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.

Louis XIV attended the first performance of "Athalie" in 1691, and, as a

contemporary reports, the great autocrat indicated his gracious approval of the sentiment by an emphatic nodding of his royal head. Exactly a hundred years later the "winged words" of Racine were adopted as a motto by another great autocrat, the Russian Empress Catherine. In a letter to the famous Swiss physician J. G. Zimmermann, the author of the once popular book on "Solitude," the Empress complained that the European sovereigns, and especially the sovereign of Prussia, failed to see the importance of combining to uphold the solidity of the monarchies against the French Republic. After declaring her own love for peace under a normal state of things, she closes her letter with the words, "Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte." Thus the "winged words" of Racine have been adopted in three successive centuries as a French, a Russian, and a German motto. In English literature the phrase has been several times imitated :

Henceforth the majesty of God revere;
Fear him, and you have nothing else to fear.

JAMES FORDYCE (1720-1796): *Answer to a Gentleman who apologized to the Author for Swearing.*

From piety, whose soul sincere
Fears God, and knows no other fear.

W SMYTH: *Ode for the Installation of the Duke of Gloucester as Chancellor of Cambridge.*

Here is a brave Governor Samson, a man fearing God and fearing nothing else.—CARLYLE: *Past and Present*, Book ii., chap. xvii.

God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions. This phrase is usually attributed to Napoleon. But it was a common expression long before his day. Marshal de la Ferté quoted it to Anne of Austria when that sovereign asserted that, though the enemy were the strongest, "we have God and justice on our side." "Don't be too sure," he replied: "I have always found God on the side of the heaviest battalions." It may be found in Mme. de Sévigné's letters and in Voltaire's. A paraphrase occurs in Gibbon: "The winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators." (*Decline and Fall*, ch. lxviii.) But before Gibbon, or Voltaire, or even the Sévigné, it existed in the anonymous French epigram,—

J'ai toujours vu Dieu dans la guerre
Du côté des gros bataillons.

After all, the phrase is but a wicked French travesty of the old proverb "Fortune favors the strong."

God made the country, and man made the town. This famous phrase, which forms line 749 of Cowper's "Task," Book i., is in the last analysis a paraphrase of Varro:

Divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes ("Divine Nature gave the fields, human art built the cities").—VARRO: *De Re Rustica*, iii. 1.

But its history in English literature has an interest of its own. Here is its first appearance: "God Almighty first planted a garden." So says Bacon, sententiously, in his essay "Of Gardens." Cowley, in his essay on "The Garden," adds an antithesis, but makes the phrase too quaint to be quotable: "God the first garden made, and the first city Cain." The remark is pointed enough, but is now a mere conceit. Cowper has much the same thought, but softens the antithesis, and makes it a general statement instead of a Scriptural allusion. Theologians might question the orthodoxy of his line, but it is a vigorous expression of sentiment if not an accurate philosophical formula, and has therefore passed into the currency of popular quotation. It is not impossible that Cowper had also in mind the saying, familiar before his time, "God made man, and man made money." The *Lonsdale Magazine*, vol. i.,

p. 512 (1820), attributes this saw to one John Oldland, a rustic versifier "who existed about the beginning of the last century." He is said to have made the following impromptu on a lawyer who had sued him for debt :

God mead man,
And man mead money.
God mead bees,
And bees mead honey,
But the Devil mead lawyers an' 'tornies,
And pleac'd 'em at U'ston and Doten i' Forness.

But perhaps Oldland himself was merely utilizing a proverbial phrase.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. This proverbial phrase, which is frequently credited to the Bible, was first used in its present dress by Laurence Sterne. It appears in the "Sentimental Journey" (1768), in the story of Maria :

She had travelled all over Lombardy without money, and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes : how she had borne it, she could not tell ; but *God tempers the wind*, said Maria, *to the shorn lamb*. Shorn, indeed ! and to the quick, said I.

Sterne, however, was not original. He was paraphrasing the French proverb, "Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondue" (HENRI ESTIENNE: *Le Livre de Proverbes épigrammatiques*, 1594), or "À brebis près tondue Dieu lui mesure le vent" (LABOU: *Proverbes*, 1610). The latter form reappears in literal English in Herbert's "Jacula Prudentum" (1640) : "To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure." Sterne's substitution of lamb for sheep may be more poetical, but it is correspondingly inexact, as a lamb is never shorn. Numerous equivalents are to be found in proverbial literature everywhere :

Dat Deus immiti cornua curta bovi ("God sends a cursed cow short horns").—*Medieval Latin*.

The nest of a blind bird is made by God.—*Turkish*.

God does not punish with both hands.—*Spanish*.

God sends cold after clothes.

The last is an old English proverb which finds a literal counterpart in the Spanish, Italian, and other languages. The widely-diffused proverbs "Fortune favors fools" and "God takes care of idiots and of drunkards" are not dissimilar.

God we trust, In. This legend, which has appeared on all gold and silver coins of the United States since 1865, has a curious history. In November, 1861, a Maryland farmer addressed a letter to Salmon P. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, urging that, as we claimed to be a Christian people, we should make some recognition of the Deity on our coins. The letter was referred to James Pollock, Director of the Mint, who endorsed the suggestion and proposed the alternative mottoes, "Our Country, Our God," or "God our trust." In 1862, and again in 1863, Chase urged the matter upon the attention of Congress,—in the latter year with great earnestness in the following terms : "The motto suggested, 'God our Trust,' is taken from our national hymn, 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' The sentiment is familiar to every citizen of our country ; it has thrilled millions of American freemen. The time is propitious ; 'tis an hour of national peril and danger, an hour when man's strength is weakness, when our strength and salvation must be of God. Let us reverently acknowledge this sovereignty, and let our coinage declare our trust in God." A two-cent bronze piece was authorized to be coined by Congress, April 22, 1864, upon which was first stamped the motto "In God we trust," in lieu of the long-standing "E Pluribus Unum ;" and on March 3, 1865, the Director of the Mint, with the approval of the Secretary of the

Treasury, was authorized to place upon all gold and silver coins susceptible of such addition thereafter to be issued the motto "In God we trust." And thus was fulfilled the suggestion of Francis Scott Key in the "Star-Spangled Banner :"

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

Oliver Cromwell is said to have advised his troops, when they were about crossing a river to attack the enemy, "Put your trust in God, but mind to keep your powder dry !"

Gods, or Gallery Gods. The Drury Lane Theatre, in London, formerly had its ceiling painted to represent a blue sky with clouds, among which were Cupids flitting about. This ceiling extended over the gallery: hence occupants of the gallery were said to be "among the gods," and occupants of the higher tiers in theatres generally came later to be called "gallery gods."

"Whom the gods love die young,"
Quotation oft before us;
But that does not mean the "gallery gods,"
Nor are the young the chorus.
Elmira Echoes.

Gods and the Young. A favorite apothegm with the ancient philosophers, meaning that lengthened life brings accumulated sin and misery, is familiar to us in the form celebrated by Byron :

"Whom the gods love die young" was said of yore.
Don Juan, Canto iv., Stanza 12.

The nearest approach to the phrase in the Greek is in Menander :

"Ον οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος,
MEINEKE: *Fragm. Com. Gr.*, iv. 105;

which Plautus imitates thus :

Quem Di diligunt
Adolescens moritur.
Bacchides, Act iv., Sc. 7.
("He whom the gods favor dies in youth.")

Byron rings another change on the same theme :

Heaven gives its favorites early death.
Childe Harold, Canto iv., Stanza 102.

And Wordsworth says,—

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust
Burn to the socket.
The Excursion, Book i.

The Christian view is even more emphatic than the pagan. This is how it is stated by R. S. Candlish, D.D., Principal of the New College, Edinburgh, and the so-called Pope of the Free Kirk :

The death of little children must be held to be one of the fruits of redemption. If there had been no atonement, there would have been no infant death. It is on account of the atonement that infants die. Their salvation is therefore sure. Christ has purchased for himself the joy of taking them, while yet unconscious of guilt or corruption, to be with him in paradise. That any children at all die—that so many little children die—is not the least among the benefits that flow from his interposition as the Saviour.—*The Atonement*, London, 1861.

Church-yard literature is fond of dwelling on the same theme. Two examples must suffice. In Morwenstow church-yard, Cornwall, is the following :

Those whom God loves die young !
They see no evil days ;
No falsehood taints their tongue,
No wickedness their ways.

Baptized, and so made sure
To win their blest abode,
What shall we pray for more?
They die and are with God.

Notes and Queries, third series, vii. 171.

In a graveyard near Hartford, Connecticut, is this :

Here lies two babies so dead as nits ;
De Lord he kilt them with his ague fits.
When dey was too good to live mit me,
He took dem up to live mit He,
So he did.

Harper's Magazine, August, 1856, p. 139.

Gold, All that glitters is not. The proverb was evidently a familiar one in Chaucer's day. He gives it as an *on-dit*

But all thing which that shineth as the gold
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.

The Chanones Yemannes Tale, line 16,430.

It seems to have made its first appearance in the "Parabolæ" of Alanus de Insulis, who died in 1294: "Non teneas aurum totum quod splendet ut aurum" ("Do not hold everything as gold which shines like gold").

Soon afterwards it is found in the "Sayings [Li Diz] of Freire Denise Cordelier," circa 1300: "Que tout n'est pas or c'on voit luire" ("Everything is not gold that one sees shining").

In English literature it has made frequent appearances since Chaucer's time :

All is not golde that outward shewith bright.

LYDGATE: *On the Mutability of Human Affairs*.

Gold all is not that doth golden seem.

SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, Book ii., Canto viii., Stanza 14.

All that glisters is not gold.

SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice*, Act ii., Sc. 7.

HERBERT: *Jacula Prudentum*.

All is not gold that glisteneth.

MIDDLETON: *A Fair Quarrel*, verse 1.

All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.

DRYDEN: *The Hind and the Panther*.

The same moral is enforced in various other proverbial forms,—e.g. :

Every glow-worm is not a fire.—*Italian*.

Where you think there are flitches of bacon there are not even hooks to hang them on.—*Spanish*.

Fronti nulla fides.—*Latin*.

Appearances are deceitful.—*English*.

The last proverb is thus glossed by Judge Haliburton: "Always judge your fellow-passengers to be the opposite of what they appear to be. For instance, a military man is not quarrelsome, for no man doubts his courage, but a snob is. A clergyman is not over strait-laced, for his piety is not questioned, but a cheat is. A lawyer is not apt to be argumentative, but an actor is. A woman that is all smiles and graces is a vixen at heart; snakes fascinate. A stranger that is obsequious and over-civil without apparent cause is treacherous; cats that purr are apt to bite and scratch. Pride is one thing, assumption is another; the latter must always get the cold shoulder, for whoever shows it is no gentleman: men never affect to be what they are, but what they are not. The only man who really is what he appears to be is—a gentleman." (*Maxims of an Old Stager*.)

Good. 'Tis only noble to be. In "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," Tennyson says,—

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
 'Tis only noble to be good.
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

In his famous Address at the Washington Centennial Service, held in St. Paul's Chapel, New York, April 30, 1889, Bishop Henry C. Potter put the same thought into prose :

If there be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent,—a character in them that bear rule so fine and high and pure that as men come within the circle of its influence they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction, the royalty of virtue.

Kingsley, in his little poem "A Farewell," has this fine stanza :

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever :
 Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
 And so make life, death, and that vast forever
 One grand sweet song.

Chapman, in his "Revenge for Honor," Act v., Sc. 2, says,—

They're only truly great who are truly good ;

having already given the converse of the proposition in his "Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron," Act v., Sc. 1 :

He is at no end of his actions blest
 Whose end will make him greatest and not best.

Goose. The phrase "To cook one's goose" probably owes its rise to a saying of King Eric of Sweden, which is thus related in an old chronicle : "The Kyng of Swedland coming to a towne of his enemyes with very little company, his enemyes, to slyghte his forces, did hang out a goose for him to shoote, but perceiving before nyghte that these fewe soldiers had invaded and sette their chiefe houlds on fire, they demanded of him what his intent was, to whom he replied, 'To cook your goose !'"

Goose. To goose, or To give the goose, in theatrical parlance, to hiss. This practice is now abolished in American theatres, but it still flourishes apace in England, where the audience vents its outraged feelings against a play or an actor by sibilation.

There is a comic side to every tragedy. Here is an illustration of the comedy of hissing. A famous low-comedian, "a fellow of infinite jest," recently deceased, while acting the First Witch in "Macbeth," found himself *Bacchi plenus*, and forgetful of his part. In the incantation scene, when he had spoken the first two lines,—

Round about the caldron go,
 In the poisoned entrails throw,—

his memory failed him. After an agonizing pause he resumed,—

What comes next I cannot guess,
 So mix the lot up in a mess.

The audience were furious at this ribald tampering with the text, and down came the *goose* most lustily.

This sound of fear,
 Unpleasing to the actor's ear,

sobered the comedian instantly. Pulling himself together, and looking up at the gallery with a sly wink, he proceeded,—

Funky actor lost the word,
 Goose from gallery, awful bird ;
 Twist his neck off like a shot,
 And boil *him* in the charmed pot.

The audacity of this quick-witted response so tickled the gods that they not only condoned the erring comedian's backslidings, but gave him a hearty round of applause into the bargain.—BARNARD AND LELAND : *Slang Dictionary*.

Goose. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. This proverb is now taken to mean that what is fair for one is fair for an-

other, that every Oliver shall have a Roland, and every tat a tit. Originally it must have signified that what is good for one sex is good for the other. The *Saturday Review* (January 11, 1868) humorously protests that this must have been the invention of some rustic Mrs. Poyser, full of the consciousness of domestic power, and anxious to reverse in daily life the law of priority which obtained—as she must have seen—even in her own poultry-yard. To read the proverb literally is the only method of escaping from the philosophical difficulties in which the metaphor involves us. “No doubt, when they are dead, goose and gander are alike, even in the way they are dressed, and there is no superiority on the part of either. Death makes all genders epicene. Except for one solitary text about silence in heaven for a half an hour, which some cynical commentators have explained as indicating a temporary banishment from Paradise of one of the sexes, distinctions of this sort need not be supposed to continue after the present life. If we are to take the former reading, and to test it by what we know of life, nothing can be more unfounded or more calculated to give a wrong impression as to facts. Were it not too late, the proverb ought to be altered; and perhaps it is not absolutely hopeless to persuade Mr. Tupper to see to it. ‘What is good for the goose is bad for the gander,’ or, ‘what is bad for the goose is good for the gander,’ or, perhaps, ‘what is a sin in the goose is only the gander’s way,’ would read quite as well, would not be so diametrically at variance with the ordinary rules of social life, and accordingly would be infinitely truer and more moral. Even Mr. Mill, who is the advocate of female emancipation and female suffrage, never has gone so far as to say that all women, as well as all men, are brothers.”

Yet it is apparent from the following extracts that very early in the biography of the proverb it had lost all sexual application:

But it is as I may say so, a most saucy plot, and we all know, most reverend fathers, that what is sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander.—OTWAY: *Venue Preserved*, 1682.

“What is Sauce for a Goose is Sauce for a Gander.” When any calamities befell the Roman Empire, the Pagans used to lay it to the charge of the Christians: When Christianity became the imperial religion, the Christians return’d the same compliment to the Pagans.—TOM BROWN: *New Maxims of Conversation: Works*, iv. 123, fourth edition, 1719.

Goose, To say Bo to a, a proverbial English phrase, of high antiquity, thus explained by W. W. Skeat: “To be able to say Bo! to a goose is to be not quite destitute of courage, to have an inkling of spirit, and was probably in the first instance used of children. A little boy who comes across some geese suddenly will find himself hissed at immediately, and a great demonstration of defiance made by them, but if he can pluck up heart to cry ‘bo!’ loudly and advance upon them, they will retire defeated. The word ‘bo’ is clearly selected for the sake of the explosiveness of its first letter and the openness and loudness of its vowel. It is curious that the word is found in Gaelic. Thus, the Gaelic *bu* is ‘a sound to excite fear in children, according to Macleod and Dewar.’” (*Notes and Queries*, fourth series, vi. 221.) No reliance is to be placed on Johnson’s statement (*s. v.* Bo) that the word *Bo* is from an old northern captain of such fame that his name was used to terrify the enemy, though it is now used as a word to scare children. An apparently analogous phrase, “to say bee to a battledoor,” or “to know bee from a battledoor,” is not really so, but means rather to be possessed of elementary knowledge, to have learned the rudiments. A hornbook, which was originally a flat board with a handle, was called a battledoor, from its shape, and the saying in its original sense merely meant that the person could say B when it was pointed out on a battledoor. Hence the distinction between the two phrases was that in the negative one assailed the courage, the other the learning, of the party in question.

Lord Craven was very desirous to see Ben Jonson, which being told to Ben, he went to my lord's house; but being in a very tattered condition, the porter refused him admittance, with some saucy language, which the other did not fail to return. My lord, happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the occasion of it. Ben, who stood in need of nobody to speak for him, said, "He understood his lordship desired to see him." "You, friend!" said my lord; "who are you?" "Ben Jonson," replied the other. "No, no," quoth his lordship, "you cannot be Ben Jonson, who wrote the 'Silent Woman'; you look as if you could not say bo to a goose." "Bo!" cried Ben. "Very well," said my lord, who was better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront, "I am now convinced you are Ben Jonson."—*Arvine's Cyclopædia of Anecdotes.*

I have heard a story told by an old Ayrshire gentleman of a celebrated idiot who dwelt in Kilmarnock in days gone by, and who was celebrated for his rhyming powers, which enabled him to reply in verse to every observation made to him. Lord Kilmarnock and his son Lord Boyd, when riding near Kilmarnock, one day happened to meet the poor fellow in the road, and determined to make trial of his powers, but laid their plans so as to give him as little to take hold of as possible. When they came close to him, they leant over their horses' necks and cried boo! loudly, upon which, without a moment's hesitation, he exclaimed,—

There's Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Boyd,
Of manners baith alike are void;
Just like bulls among the kye,
They boo at ilk ane that gangs by.

Notes and Queries, fourth series, vi. 514.

The latter story is told of Robert Burns, but with no authority for the attribution.

Gooseberry, Playing, a slang phrase with various meanings. It usually is written "to play up" or "to play old gooseberry" with any one, and by one authority means to defeat or silence a person in a quick or summary manner; by another, "to play the deuce" or "to play the dickens" with an undertaking, either in a mischievous spirit or from incapacity. Dr. Brewer traces it to the origin of the French *foulé*,—"foulé de pommes," "foulé de groseilles." "He took great liberties with my property and greatly abused it; in fact, made gooseberry fool of it, which is a corruption of gooseberry foul." Hence the phrase is sometimes used with the meaning of espionage, since the person spied upon usually feels that he has been made a fool of.

Government of the people, by the people, and for the people. This phrase occurs in Abraham Lincoln's address at the dedication of the National Soldiers' Cemetery at Gettysburg on November 19, 1863. The full text of the sentence is as follows:

We here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

The phrase was not original, but a quotation, conscious or unconscious, from Theodore Parker. In an address to the Anti-Slavery Society, May 13, 1854 (printed in "Additional Speeches," vol. ii. p. 25), the great Abolitionist spoke of democracy as "a government of all the people, by all the people, and for all the people." A lady who was a member of his household for many years says that this phrase, though the result of long and careful hammering at a favorite thought, even yet failed to satisfy him. "It was not," she says, "quite pointed enough for the weapon he needed to use so often in criticising the national action, to pierce and penetrate the mind of hearer and reader with the just idea of democracy, securing it there by much iteration; and I can distinctly recall his joyful look when he afterwards read it to me in his library condensed into this gem: 'of the people, by the people, for the people.'"

But even Parker was not original. As early as 1830, Daniel Webster had used these words in a public speech:

The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.

And here is how the same idea was handled by Chief-Justice Marshall as far back as 1819:

The government of the Union is, emphatically and truly, a government of the people. In form and in substance it emanates from them. Its powers are granted by them, and are to be exercised directly on them and for their benefit.—*McCullough vs. Maryland*, reported in 4 *Wheaton*, 316.)

Governors, The two. "As the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, it's a long time between drinks,"—a favorite convivial apothegm in America, suggesting that it is time for some one "to set 'em up again for the boys," or, in other words, to order a fresh round of drinks. An historical origin has been found for the phrase, but, unfortunately, with no apparent historical foundation. The story runs that early in the century a native North Carolinian who had moved across the border into South Carolina was forced to fly back again to escape arrest. The Governor of South Carolina straightway issued a requisition on the Governor of North Carolina for the fugitive criminal. But the latter Governor hesitated. The criminal had many and influential friends. Finally the South Carolina executive, with a large retinue, waited on his official brother at Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina. The visitors were received with all due honors. A banquet was given them; wine and brandy were served. When, at last, the decanters and glasses had been removed, the Governor of South Carolina rose to state his errand. A long and acrimonious debate followed. The Governor of South Carolina lost his temper. Rising once more to his feet, he said, "Sir, you have refused my just demand and offended the dignity of my office and my State. Unless you at once surrender the prisoner, I will return to my capital, call out the militia of the State, and take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor, what do you say?"

All eyes were turned on the Governor of North Carolina. The latter rose slowly to his feet, and beckoned to a servant who stood some distance away. His beckoning was firm and dignified, as became his position. He was slow about answering, and again the Governor of South Carolina demanded, "What do you say?"

"I say, Governor, that it's a long time between drinks."

The reply restored good humor. Decanters and glasses were brought out again, and, while the visitors remained, if any one attempted to refer to the diplomatic object of the visit he was cut short by the remark that it was a long time between drinks. When the visiting Governor was ready to return home he was escorted to the State line by the Governor of North Carolina, and they parted the best of friends.

The fugitive was never surrendered.

Graces, Sacrifice to the. In the progress of a speech made in the debate on the Reform Bill, a member, Mr. Beresford Hope, took occasion to dub Mr. Disraeli "the Asian Mystery," an intended slur on the latter for his Oriental or Hebrew extraction. Hope himself was of foreign blood, the family being of Dutch origin and related to the Amsterdam family of that name. Hence the sting in Disraeli's retort to the gentleman, that, "when he talks about an Asian mystery, I will tell him there are Batavian Graces in all he says,"—the Dutch or Batavian variety of the goddesses three being possibly imagined by the speaker to be heavy and dull. The origin of the remark to "sacrifice to the Graces" in the sense of polishing the style or manners may be traced to a bit of jocular advice given by Plato to Xenocrates, a philosopher noted no less for his soundness and wholesomeness than for his roughness and uncouth vigor: "Good Xenocrates, sacrifice to the Graces!" Voltaire being asked his opinion of "Paradise Lost" replied that

he thought Satan the most powerfully conceived and strongly drawn figure. "The ancients," he went on to say, "recommended us to sacrifice to the Graces, but Milton sacrificed to the Devil."

Chesterfield, in his "Letters to his Son," commenting on the latter's ungraceful manners, was fond of quoting the advice of Plato to Xenocrates (*Letter*, March 9, 1748), and gracefulness was almost the very meat he lived on; all else was subordinated to it; which made Johnson say of the Letters that "they teach the morals of a harlot and the manners of a dancing-master." (BOSWELL: *Life*, 1776.)

But the unknown lampooner who composed the following lines on the same letters is still more vigorous and ungracious:

Vile Stanhope! demons blush to tell,
In twice two hundred places
Has shown his son the way to hell,
Escorted by the Graces.

But little did the ungenerous lad
Concern himself about them;
For, base, degenerate, meanly bad,
He sneaked to hell without them.

Nevertheless, another dictum of Johnson is probably true, that "every man of any education would rather be called a rascal than accused of deficiency in the graces." (BOSWELL: *Life*, 1776.)

Gramercy. The word Gramercy, used to designate the locality Gramercy Park in New York City, is derived from "der Kromme See," which is the name given to that district in an old map, still extant. The word became famous in American politics through the *sobriquet* Gramercy Sage, or Sage of Gramercy Park, applied by his admirers to Samuel J. Tilden, who lived in that neighborhood.

Grand Old Man. A *sobriquet* applied to Gladstone, and usually credited to John Bright, in a speech at Northampton, 1882. Since then it has become exceedingly popular, being used derisively by his opponents, especially in the abbreviated form, G. O. M., and respectfully, though familiarly, by his friends. The epithet was original with Mr. Bright, if at all, only in its special application. It was a favorite form of commendation with Dean Hook, who is said to have applied it orally to Handel in a speech made at Leeds in 1858 or thereabouts (*Notes and Queries*, seventh series, ix. 5), as he certainly applied it in print to Archbishop Theodore. See Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury" (1860), i. 151.

Charlotte Brontë, under date of June 12, 1850, mentions as one of the three chief incidents of a visit to London "a sight of the Duke of Wellington at the Chapel Royal (he is a real grand old man)." Her use of the word real might seem to imply that the term had already been applied to some other notability. Tennyson has the same collocation of adjectives in at least two places:

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use.
In Memoriam, cxi.

From yon blue heaven above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

In America the adjectives were laid hands on by the Republicans, who affectionately denominated themselves the Grand Old Party, similarly abbre-

viated into G. O. P., and treated with similar levity by their opponents, who eventually succeeded in laughing it out of active existence.

Grandmother. Teach your grandmother to suck eggs, a familiar English proverb, applied to the aspiring youth who utters truisms for paradoxes, or, more vernacularly, who, in trying to show that he knows it all, deals in grizzly and bewhiskered chestnuts. There is a Greek epigram, attributed sometimes to Philippus of Thessalonica, sometimes to Lucilius (both of whom lived in the early days of the Roman Empire), which has been thus translated by Rev. G. C. Swayne :

ON A STOLEN STATUE OF MERCURY.

Hermes, the volatile, Arcady's president,
Lacquey of deities, robber of herds,
In this gymnasium constantly resident,
Light-fingered Aulus bore off with these words :
Many a scholar, by travelling faster
On learning's high-road, runs away with his master.

The last line of the original,—

πολλοὶ μαθηταὶ κρείττονες διδασκαλον,—

seems to have been a proverb already in circulation. It is quoted by Cicero, and Ernesti (*Clavis Ciceroniana*) calls it "senarius notus." It is the obvious original of the remarkable sentence in Tom Jones, "Polly matete crytown is my daskelon," which sounds like the rogues' dialect, but which Partridge said his master, a famous Greek scholar, used to quote and translate by "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs." Analogous expressions may be found in proverbial literature everywhere.

Teach an eagle to fly, a dolphin to swim.—*Latin*.

It is not necessary to teach fish to swim.—*French*.

'He goslings want to drive the geese to pasture.

There is a rhymed version of the proverb which is sufficiently amusing :

Teach not a parent's mother to extract
The embryo juices of an egg by suction :
The good old lady can the feat enact
Quite irrespective of your kind instruction.

Grant and Whiskey. There is a popular tradition to the effect that Lincoln, when informed that General Grant drank too much whiskey, retorted, "Tell me what brand it is, and I'll send a barrel to each of the other generals." But, in truth, these words were a mere fabrication : they were put into Lincoln's mouth by Miles O'Reilly (Charles G. Halpine) in a burlesque report of an imaginary banquet supposed to have been held at Delmonico's in the year 1862. They ran through the press as Lincoln's *ipsissima verba*, and to this day it is hard to make people father them on the real author. The sentiment was anticipated by Bishop Wilberforce. At a railway-station the latter met a clergyman who was taking charge of a very difficult rural deanery. "Mr. T—," cried the bishop, in loud tones, "I am very glad to have an opportunity of speaking to you. I hear great things of your zeal and success as rural dean." "Well, my lord," was the reply, "I believe some people are under the impression that I am somewhat mad." "All I can say, then, is I wish you would bite all my rural deans." Exactly the same story has been fathered on George II., who, expressing admiration of Wolfe, was informed that the general was mad. "Is he so?" cried his majesty ; "then I wish he would bite some of my other generals." And again, when Mr. Tazewell, of Virginia, was told that John Randolph was mad, he replied, "I wish he would bite me !"

Grape. A little more grape, Captain Bragg! an historic saying attributed to General Zachary Taylor at the battle of Buena Vista, February 23,

1847. When Santa Anna rallied his broken columns for a final charge, he precipitated them with such force upon the American regiments occupying the advance that they yielded and fell back in confusion on the reserves. Taylor hurried to the critical point, ordered the artillery to face about, and gave the emphatic order, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!" At the third volley the Mexicans broke and fled. The phrase did excellent service in the Presidential campaign which sent Taylor to the White House. But old army officers asserted that what the general really said was, "Give 'em hell, Captain Bragg!" A correspondent of the *New York World*, in April, 1880, corroborates this version from the lips of the captain himself:

In 1848, being a student-at-law in Mobile, Alabama, I was at a bar dinner which General (then Captain) Bragg attended as a guest. In the course of the evening a gentleman sitting near the officer remarked, pleasantly, while filling the latter's glass with wine, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!" Bragg smiled and bowed, and then said, "It may surprise you to know that that expression was never used." We were surprised, for all the papers throughout the country were proclaiming it, and we asked an explanation. He proceeded to relate the incidents of the battle. "At this moment," he continued, "I observed that the enemy were preparing to charge the battery in such overwhelming numbers that I feared it would be captured, and so ordered it withdrawn. While retreating, I saw Lieutenant Thomas, who commanded a section, suddenly unlimber his two guns and prepare for action. On my asking him the purpose, he replied, 'For God's sake, captain, get the battery into play and save the day.' The advantage of the position struck me at once, and we rapidly unlimbered. By this time the Mexicans were advancing, and we opened fire at very short range. The effect of the discharge was murderous, and the enemy fell back shattered and broken. At this moment, when the report had hardly died away, and the smoke still lingered about the muzzles of the guns, General Taylor came galloping down, followed by his staff. He wore an old straw hat, very much the worse for wear. This, as he rushed past, he pulled off and swung around his head, while he yelled out to me, 'That's right; give 'em hell, Captain Bragg!' The newspapers have given polish to the expression, but at the expense of its force."

Grass. "While the grasse groweth, the horse starveth" is the form in which a familiar saw appears in Heywood's "Proverbs," Part i., chap. xi.—a saw so familiar even then that Shakespeare makes Hamlet interrupt himself in citing it:

While the grass grows—
The proverb is something musty.
Hamlet, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Southey has a humorous variation on the same theme when he says that poets may live on posthumous fame, but not on posthumous bread and cheese. Hierocles preserves the memory of a certain scholastic who undertook to teach his horse how to live without eating, but complained that it died just as it was beginning to learn the lesson. Another jest-monger records the similar failure of an experiment to teach a horse to eat shavings by putting green goggles over its eyes.

Grass never grows again where my horse has once trodden. A form of speech expressive of utter annihilation and irrecoverable devastation of a conquered territory. Sometimes used figuratively, as, *e.g.*, by the followers of Victor Hugo, who used it to express the total extinction by him of the old classic French drama. The speech is ascribed to Attila, the king of the Huns, or the "Scourge of God," as he called himself, who, with his hordes from the interior of Asia, overran Europe in the middle of the fifth century A.D. It has always been applied to the destructiveness of the conquests of the unspeakable Turk: "Grass never grows where the padisha's horse has trod."

Grass-widow. This term—in England now usually bestowed on an unmarried mother or a discarded mistress, in America on either a divorced wife or a wife separated from her husband—is sometimes explained as a corruption of "grace-widow," that is, a widow by grace or courtesy, not in fact. The explanation is plausible, but erroneous. It is really a somewhat coarse meta-

phor, taken from a horse turned out to grass, but originally bore no reproach with it, being applied to any woman living apart from her husband for any reason, good or bad. The wives of sea-captains and army officers, as well as divorced women, were grass-widows. In this sense the word came into general use in this country at the time of the California gold-fever, in 1849, to designate the adventurer's wife, left at home for an indefinite period and obliged to shift for herself.

Gratitude a lively sense of future favors. This famous definition owes its immediate origin to Sir Robert Walpole, who is credited with the more specific saying, "The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favors," sometimes also quoted "favors to come." But La Rochefoucauld, in his "Maxims" (298), had already said, "The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits." An anonymous poet of more recent date has written,—

A grateful sense of favors past,
A lively hope of more to come.

La Rochefoucauld paraphrased his own saying when he defined repentance as not so much a regret for the evil we have done, as a fear of that which may result to us. Benjamin Franklin notes, "He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged."

Grave to Gay. A famous couplet in Pope's "Essay on Man," Epistle iv., l. 379, runs as follows:

Formed by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Pope has plagiarized the thought from Boileau:

Heureux qui, dans ses vers, sait d'une voix légère
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.

L'Art Poétique, chant ter.

Nay, he has done more than this. He has plagiarized much of the verbal structure from Dryden's paraphrase of Boileau:

Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.

Art of Poetry, Canto 1, l. 75.

Gray mare is the better horse. In Macaulay's "History of England," vol. i. ch. iii., occurs this foot-note: "The vulgar proverb that the gray mare is the better horse originated, I suspect, in the preference generally given to the gray mares of Flanders over the finest coach-horses of England." But, unfortunately, the saying is much older than the invention of coaches or the introduction into England of Flemish mares. It occurs in the "Proverbs" of John Heywood (1546):

She is (quoth he) bent to force you perforce
To know that the grey mare is the better horse.

It will be seen that even at that early date the proverb had acquired its modern application to a henpecked husband. A plausible suggestion has been made (*Notes and Queries*, sixth series, iv. 456) that the proverb arose out of the fact that a heathen priest of the Anglo-Saxons was forbidden to carry arms or to ride a male horse (BEDE: *Hist. Eccl.*, ii. 13). Grimm's "German Mythology" (i. 91, Stallybrass's translation) further records the fact that early Christian clergymen when riding about the country were not allowed to ride on horses, but only on asses and colts. Obviously this was done in memory of Christ's journey into Jerusalem. But is it not entirely possible that, even when the letter of the regulation was still regarded, the spirit might have

been violated by substituting a mare for a horse, especially under the influence of the old Anglo-Saxon custom? Once the phrase became current, its modern application would gradually result as a matter of course.

Great engines move slowly. Bacon uses the phrase in the following context :

States as great engines move slowly.—*Advancement of Learning*, Book ii.

The idea of slowness of motion in large bodies recurs in the adage translated by Longfellow :

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,
FR. VON LOGAU: *Sinngedichte: Retribution:*

or, as George Herbert has it,—

God's mills grind slow, but sure,
Jacula Prudentum:

the Greek originals for which are,—

Ὁψὲ θεοῦ μύλοι ἀλέουσι τὸ λεπτὸν ἄλευρον.
Oracula Sibylliana, lib. viii., l. 14.

Ὁψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά.
LEUTSCH AND SCHNEIDEWIN: *Corpus Paramiographorum*
Græcorum, vol. i. p. 444.

Sextus Empiricus is the first writer who has presented the whole of the adage cited by Plutarch in his treatise "Concerning such whom God is slow to punish."

Greatest happiness of the greatest number, a phrase made memorable by Jeremy Bentham, who used it as the touchstone of all right legislation and the true object of virtue. Bentham acknowledges that the phrase was not original. "Priestley," he says, "was the first (unless it was Beccaria) who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth,—that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation." It must have been Beccaria, for the phrase is found in the Introduction to his "Essay on Crimes and Punishments" (1764), and does not occur anywhere in Priestley, save in this rudimentary form: "The good and happiness of the members, that is, the majority of the members, of any state, is the great standard by which everything relating to that state must finally be determined." But it had been used by a still earlier writer: "The moral evil or vice," says Hutcheson in his "Inquiry concerning Moral Good and Evil," Sect. 3 (1720), "is as the degree of misery and number of the sufferers, so that that action is best which produces the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

Mr. A. Hayward said of Carlyle that his great aim and philosophy of life was "the smallest happiness of the fewest number;" and another well-known witticism is put by Lord Lytton into the mouth of Kenelm Chillingly: "The greatest happiness of the greatest number is best secured by a prudent consideration for Number One."

Greenback, an Americanism for paper money, first applied to the currency issued during the civil war, which, like the present bank-notes of the United States, had a green back. Colonel Edmond Dick Taylor (1802-1891) has the credit of suggesting the plan, at a time when the government's credit with Europe was exhausted, when the Treasury was empty, and the soldiers were clamoring for money. Lincoln, in a letter to Taylor, published after the latter's death (*New York Tribune*, December 6, 1891), gives this account of the origin of the scheme :

MY DEAR COLONEL DICK,—I have long determined to make public the origin of the greenback, and tell the world that it is of Dick Taylor's creation. You had always been

friendly to me, and when troublous times fell on us, and my shoulders, though broad and willing, were weak, and myself surrounded by such circumstances and such people that I knew not whom to trust, then said I in my extremity, "I will send for Colonel Taylor; he will know what to do." I think it was in January, 1862, on or about the 16th, that I did so. You came, and I said to you,—

"What can we do?"

Said you, "Why, issue Treasury notes bearing no interest, printed on the best banking paper. Issue enough to pay off the army expenses, and declare it legal tender."

Chase thought it a hazardous thing, but we finally accomplished it, and gave to the people of this republic the greatest blessing they ever had,—their own paper to pay their own debts.

It is due to you, the father of the present greenback, that the people should know it, and I take great pleasure in making it known. How many times have I laughed at you telling me plainly that I was too lazy to be anything but a lawyer!

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Grin like a Cheshire cat, a proverbial phrase which is said to have originated from the fact that Cheshire cheeses were cold-moulded into the shape of a cat, bristles being inserted to represent the whiskers. Charles Lamb's ingenious theory that Cheshire was a county palatine, and that the cats, when they think of it, are so tickled that they cannot help grinning, is not accepted by philologists.

Grog, a nautical term for spirits-and-water, now generally accepted even on shore. Until the time of Admiral Vernon, the British sailors had their allowance of brandy or rum served out to them unmixed with water. This plan was found to be attended with inconvenience on some occasions when there was a shortage in the brandy-locker. The admiral, therefore, ordered that in the fleet he commanded the spirits should be mixed with water before being passed around among the men. This innovation at first gave great offence to the hardy sailors, who had been used to taking their drinks "raw." To add to his unpopularity, the admiral, who was conscious of the immense responsibility that rested upon him, became morose and gloomy, often walking the decks for hours without speaking or looking either to the right or to the left. In these taciturn moods he always wore an immense program coat thrown loosely over his shoulders. This resulted in the sailors nicknaming him "Old Grog," and the term soon came to be applied to the weak mixture stintingly given out to the men who had formerly looked for a regular allowance of "pure stuff." "Grog" became quite popular after a time, but not until the great original had gone to his reward.

Groundlings. When plays were performed in inn yards, or in the early theatres that were built on the same plan, the spaces under the galleries were occupied by persons of the lower class, who were called the groundlings, from their standing on the ground. They paid a penny each for admission. Ben Jonson (*The Case is Altered*) has, "Give me the penny—give me the penny! I care not for the gentleman, let me have a *good ground*." Hence the allusion when Hamlet cautions the players not to rant:

Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise.—*Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Grundy. What will Mrs. Grundy say? The words are from the play of Thomas Morton, "Speed the Plough," Act i., Sc. 1. One of the characters, Dame Ashfield, frequently mentions a person who, like Sairey Gamp's Mrs. Arris, is never seen,—one "Mrs. Grundy," who in the dame's opinion would seem to be a "rural oracle," for she often refers to her by remarking, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" whence the phrase slipped into common parlance.

Mr. Noah M. Ludlow, of St. Louis, an old American actor and stage-man-

ager, whose sphere of action was for the most part the West and Southwestern States, in his reminiscences of the stage, relates an incident which occurred at Nashville during the performance of the comedy "Speed the Plough," and which is curious, even though we cannot agree with him that it was the first time that the name of "Mrs. Grundy" was applied to public opinion. It so happened that there was a family of that name living in Nashville at the time, that of Judge Felix Grundy. Mrs. Grundy, his wife, mingled with the best society of that city, and was highly respected; but, being a member of some church and averse to the practice of visiting theatres, she was not present on the occasion: so whenever the name was mentioned there was a general titter and a laugh through the audience. This, to the actors, was incomprehensible, until a friend explained the matter. Judge Grundy, after Martin Van Buren's election to the Presidency, was made Attorney-General of the United States.

If somebody or some body of savants would write the history of the harm that has been done in the world by people who believe themselves to be virtuous, what a queer, edifying book it would be, and how poor oppressed rogues might look up! Who burn the Protestants?—the virtuous Catholics, to be sure. Who roast the Catholics?—the virtuous Reformers. Who thinks I am a dangerous character, and avoids me at the club?—the virtuous Squaretoes. Who scorns? who persecutes? who doesn't forgive?—the virtuous Mrs. Grundy. She remembers her neighbor's peccadilloes to the third and fourth generation, and, if she finds a certain man fallen in her path, gathers up her affrighted garments with a shriek, for fear the muddy, bleeding wretch should contaminate her, and passes on.—THACKERAY: *Adventures of Philip*.

The world's an ugly world. Offend
Good people, how they wrangle!
Their manners that they never mend,—
The characters they mangle!
They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,—
They go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God,—
And more of Mrs. Grundy.

FREDERICK LOCKER: *London Lyrics*.

Guam, Clearing out for. In the height of the Australian gold-fever, ships were chartered to carry passengers to Australia without having return cargoes secured to them. They were therefore obliged to leave Melbourne in ballast and sail in search of homeward freights. But the custom-house regulations required that on clearing outwards some port of destination should be named, and it became the habit of the captains to name Guam, a small island in the group of the Ladrões, east of the Philippines. Hence grew a proverbial expression, used mainly by sailors, "To clear out for Guam," *i.e.*, to be bound for anywhere, to start on a wild-goose chase, to embark in an enterprise without counting results.

Guard dies, but never surrenders ("La garde meurt et ne se rend pas"). These famous words, persistently attributed to General Cambronne as his answer when the remnant of the Old Guard was summoned to surrender at Waterloo, were as persistently denied by him. He strengthened his denial by two excellent arguments: first, he did not die, and secondly, he did surrender. Yet, though this denial was repeated at a public banquet held at Nantes, his native town, in 1835, the *mot* was subsequently engraved upon the monument erected to him by his fellow-townsmen. So late as 1862 a grenadier a survivor of Waterloo swore before the prefect of the Department of Nord that he had heard Cambronne use the phrase twice. But General Alava, who was present when Cambronne surrendered his sword to Colonel Halkett, declared that he did not open his mouth, save to ask for a surgeon to bind up his wounds. Victor Hugo has another version of the affair in "*Les Misérables*," *Cosette*, xiv.,—a version that is borne out by the

following anecdote. When pressed by a pretty woman to repeat the phrase he really did use, Cambronne replied, "Ma foi, madame, je ne sais pas au juste ce que j'ai dit à l'officier anglais qui me criait de me rendre, mais ce qui est certain est qu'il comprenait le Français, et qu'il m'a répondu *mange*." The bombastic fabrication was due to the inventive genius of Rougemont, a prolific author of *mots*, who, two days after the battle, printed it in *L'Indépendant*. (He may have had in mind the authentic reply of Ney, when summoned to surrender before a line of Russian batteries, on the retreat from Moscow: "A marshal of France never surrenders.") After it was repudiated by Cambronne the sons of General Michel laid formal claim to it for their father. In America a similar phrase has more historic verisimilitude. Just before the battle of Buena Vista, February, 1847, Mr. Crittenden, having gone to Santa Anna's head-quarters under a flag of truce, was told that if General Taylor would surrender he would be protected. "General Taylor never surrenders," was the reply.

Guards. Up, Guards, and at them! Alison and other historians assert that the Duke of Wellington used these words at a critical moment of the battle of Waterloo. But the duke himself disclaimed them in answer to an inquiry from J. W. Croker. "What I might have said," writes Wellington, "and possibly did say, was, 'Stand up, Guards!' and then gave the commanding officers the order to attack. My common practice in a defensive position was to attack the enemy at the very moment at which he was about to attack our troops."

Guess, in the sense of "think" or "believe," as in the phrase "I guess the mail has arrived," etc., is generally looked upon as a gross Americanism. But, like most so-called Americanisms, it is simply the survival of an old English use of the word, which was formerly in excellent repute, as may appear from the following extracts:

She, guessing that he was a gardener.—*John* xx. 15, *Wicliffe's Trans.*

Guess rightly of things to come.—*RALEIGH*.

This woful hande, quod she,
Ys strong ynogh in swich a werke to me,
For love shal me geve strengthe and hardyknesse,
To make my wounde large ynogh I gesse.—*CHAUCEUR*.
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
Behind her back, a yarde long, I guess.—*IBID*.
Amylia will be lov'd as I mote gheesse.—*SPENSER*.

Richard Grant White has said, "If there be two words for the use of which, more than any others, our English cousins twit us, they are 'well,' as an interrogative exclamation, and *guess*. Milton uses both, as Shakespeare also frequently does, and here we have them both in half a line. Like most of those words and phrases which it pleases John Bull to call 'Americanisms,' they are English of the purest and best, which have lived here, while they have died out in the mother country:

Stanley. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink—and be the seas on him,
White-livered runagate:—what doth he there?
Stanley. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Richard III., Act iv., Sc. 4."

Nobody, I guess, will think it too much.—*LOCKE*.

Even in modern England we hear of Carlyle, speaking of Daniel Webster, saying, "I guess I should ill like to be that man's nigger." (*FROUDE: Carlyle in London*, vol. i. p. 141.) But this may have been an imitation of Yankee dialect.

Guillotine, the name of the instrument used in France for capital punishments, so called after Joseph Ignace Guillotin, who helped to introduce it, but who, in spite of a widely disseminated popular error, neither invented it nor suffered by it. The error, indeed, is a fine example of the way in which poetic justice reconstructs history. He who makes the guillotine shall perish by the guillotine. That sounds very pretty. And the warning becomes more efficacious when it is asserted, as popular history does assert, that Guillotin was the very first victim to perish by the guillotine. Unfortunately for the accuracy of the pretty saying and the pretty story, the guillotine was devised by Dr. Louis, a French surgeon, or, rather, adapted by him from instruments already known, and the original model was constructed after his directions by one Schmitt, a German harpsichord-manufacturer. The idea had been borrowed from the *manaja*, a rougher sort of guillotine, which had been used in Italy for centuries. On March 25, 1792, a resolution was passed by the National Assembly recommending the immediate introduction of the machine in question in all prisons throughout the country. The invention was at first called the *Louison*, after its real inventor. Dr. Guillotin, who had instituted a crusade against the rack, the wheel, the rope, and the stake,—all of which had only recently been abolished, and several of which, notably the wheel, were still in use in the southern provinces,—constantly spoke with such enthusiasm of Dr. Louis's apparatus that the people ended by giving his name to it and crediting to him the invention. On April 25, 1792, the guillotine was publicly used for the first time, and beheaded a bandit named Pélissier. During the Reign of Terror this identical instrument cut off the heads of no less than eight thousand victims, while other guillotines in other towns were also kept busy. Sanson, the public executioner throughout this frightful period, sold the original guillotine for one thousand pounds to Curtius, and he in turn disposed of it for a larger sum to his niece, Madame Tussaud. The blade which decapitated princes and nobles is still to be seen in that amiable lady's Chamber of Horrors. Meanwhile, Dr. Guillotin energetically but vainly protested against the use of his name in connection with the now infamous machine. When he died, in 1814, his children, imitating Mohammed's action in regard to the mountain, obtained permission to change their own name, as they could not change that of the instrument.

H.

H, the eighth letter and sixth consonant of the English alphabet, derived from the Phœnician through the Greek and Latin, though in the Greek, after a series of changes, it was finally reduced to what we call the rough breathing, now usually printed *h*. The Latin alphabet received it much as it appeared in its early integrity in the Greek, its value being kindred to that of our *k*, though weaker. As the vernacular forms which finally issued in Old French and Italian discarded the Latin *h*, the Middle English words derived mediately from the Latin originally dropped the *h* also, while those immediately so derived retained the *h*. But in later Old French and Middle English, clerical pedantry sought to restore the Old Latin spelling wherever known, though without the restoration of the pronunciation in any case in French, or in the case of the oldest and most familiar words in English. For these reasons the pronunciation and even the orthography of words whose Latin roots commenced with *h* have been exceedingly wavering and uncertain, and though every age has had a standard of usage to which the educated few have adhered, the many have been entirely at the mercy of their individual idiosyncrasies.

Yet the co-ordinating hand of time has been at work even here, and in the dialect of the London cockney a rule seems to have finally emerged that *h* is dropped wherever it should be pronounced, and inserted wherever it is superfluous. Two old jests will illustrate this peculiarity: first, that of the maid-servant who, being asked whether her name was Anna or Hannah, replied, "Anna, ma'am: Haitch, Ha, Hen, Hen, Ha, Haitch, 'Anna;" and that of the 'Arry who, finding himself misunderstood, explained that he did not mean the "air of the 'ead, but the hair of the hatmosphere."

Mr. Skeat has an ingenious theory to offer, viz., that in old days the English *h* being strong and the French *h* weak, the lower classes discovered that the letter *h* was not much patronized by their French-speaking masters, and, as Jack would be a gentleman "if he could speak French," they attempted to imitate this peculiarity by suppressing the *h* where they were accustomed to sound it; but, nature being too strong for them, they were driven to preserve their *h* from destruction by sounding it in words which had no right to it, and hence the confused result.

The cockney habit has been a fruitful field for the satirist, as in this quaint little bit of anonymity:

THE LETTER H'S PROTEST TO THE COCKNEYS.

Whereas by you I have been driven
From 'ouse, from 'ome, from 'ope, from 'eaven,
And placed by your most learned society
In Hexile, Hanguish, and Hanxiety,
Nay, charged without one just pretence
With Harrogance and Himpudence,—
I here demand full restitution,
And beg you'll mend your Hellocution.

Mrs. Crawford is said to have written one line of her "Kathleen Mavourneen" on purpose to confound the cockney warblers, who would sing it,—

The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill.

A similar difficulty is prepared for the warblers in Moore's "Ballad Stanzas:—

If there's peace to be found in the world,
A 'eart that was 'umble might 'ope for it 'ere!

and in

Ha helephant heasily heats hat his hease
Hunder humbrageous humbrella trees!

The following capital parody or skit upon the well-known enigma on the letter H (see ENIGMAS) is by Horace Mayhew, and first appeared in 1850:

I dwells in the Hearth, and I breathes in the Hair;
If you searches the Hocene you'll find that I'm there.
The first of all Hangels in Holympus am Hi,
Yet I'm banished from 'Eaven, expelled from on 'igh.
But, though on this Horb I'm destined to grovel,
I'm ne'er seen in an 'Ouse, in an 'Ut, nor an 'Ovel.
Not an 'Orse nor an 'Unter e'er bears me, alas!
But often I'm found on the top of a Hass.
I resides in a Hattic, and loves not to roam,
And yet I'm invariably absent from 'Ome.
Though 'Ushed in the 'Urricane, of the Hatmosphere part,
I enters no 'Ed, I creeps into no 'Art.
Only look, and you'll see in the Heye Hi appear;
Only 'Ark, and you'll 'Ear me just breathe in the Hear.
Though in sex not an 'E, I am (strange paradox)
Not a bit of an 'Effer, but partly a Hox.
Of Hetermity I'm the beginning! and, mark,
Though I goes not with Noar, I'm first in the Hark.
I'm never in 'Ealth, have with Fysic no power,
I dies in a month, but comes back in a Hour.

The *Nation* (vol. li. p. 501) notices an English reviler of America in the early part of this century who, to illustrate the depth of Yankee vulgarity, goes so far as to speak of "the ideous Hamerican abit of habusing haitch." But, in very truth, the dropping and the misuse of the aspirate are peculiar to England, and Americans have never been guilty of either offence.

Habit is second nature, a proverb found in Montaigne,—*"Essays,"* Book iii., ch. x.,—and, with a qualification, in Plutarch's *"Preservation of Health:"* "Custom is almost second nature." Shakespeare, in *"Two Gentlemen of Verona,"* says,—

How use doth breed a habit in a man !
Act v., Sc. 4 ;

and again,

My nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand,
Sonnet CXI.

The latter finds a very close parallel in Chapman :

Each natural agent works but to this end,—
To render that it works on like itself,
Bussy D'Ambois, Act iii., Sc. 1.

A familiar saw says, "Habits are at first cobwebs, then cables,"—a figure thus versified by Isaac Williams in *"The Baptistery :"*

In ways and thoughts of weakness and of wrong,
Threads turn to cords, and cords to cables strong.
Image 18, Habits Moulding Chains.

But long before, Ovid had said,—

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
DRYDEN : *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, Book xv., l. 155.

Analogues could be quoted almost *ad libitum*. Here are some of the most famous :

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down.

Othello, Act i., Sc. 3.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this.

Hamlet, Act i., Sc. 4.

My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are ; even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

BYRON : *Prisoner of Chillon*.

There's nothing like being used to a thing.

SHERIDAN : *The Rivals*, Act v., Sc. 1.

'Tis nothing when you are used to it.

SWIFT : *Polite Conversation*, iii.

Sydney Smith tells a story of a gentleman residing in Paris who, living very unhappily with his wife, used, for twenty years, to pass his evenings at the house of another lady whose society he greatly enjoyed. His wife died, and all his friends urged him to marry the lady in whose society he had been so happy. "No," he replied, "I certainly will not ; for if I marry her I shall not know where to spend my evenings."

Haggis, a favorite Scotch dish, made of the heart, lungs, and liver of a sheep, mixed with suet, onions, oatmeal, salt, and pepper, all boiled together in a bag. To be poetically perfect, the bag should be the stomach of a sheep.

The haggis, as every one knows who has attended a Burns or Caledonian dinner, is the national dish of Scotland. It is to the son of the mountain and the flood what pork submerged in beans is to the Bostonian, or pie to the Puritans of New England. Being a dish of Celtic origin, haggis is, of course, explosive in its character. Terrible disaster is certain to follow the handling of haggis without previous training or acquaintance with its conformation. Haggises have been known to explode, even at convivial feasts, and cover the assembled guests with hot, desiccated remains of various kinds. In its natural state it is not so dangerous as the Irish explosive, dynamite. It will blow a man up, however, unless accompanied by a mysterious Highland liquid of a fiery character, called a "dram," but it does not necessarily cause the victim's entire dismemberment or total annihilation. He may live through it if dosed at intervals with the restorative to which we have referred.—*Scottish American*.

Hair. Beauty draws us with a single hair. Pope has a daring and successful image in his "Rape of the Lock," canto ii., l. 27 :

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Our wonder at the audacity of the idea, though not our admiration of its successful embodiment, is tempered by discovering that it has many parallels, e.g. :

No cord nor cable can so forcibly draw, or hold so fast, as love can do with a twined thread.—BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Sect. 2, Memb. 1, Subsect. 2.

She knows her man, and, when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.

DRYDEN: *Persius*, Satire v., l. 246.

Those curious locks so aptly twined,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,

CAREW: *Think not 'cause men flattering say*.

'Tis a powerful sex : they were too strong for the first, the strongest and wisest man that was ; they must needs be strong, when one hair of a woman can draw more than an hundred pair of oxen.—HOWEL: *Letters*, Book ii., iv.

And from that luckless hour my tyrant fair
Has led and turned me by a single hair.

BLAND: *Anthology*, p. 20 (ed. 1813).

Hair-pin, humorous American for a man, used only in the phrase "That's the sort of a hair-pin I am." Just as Shakespeare makes Falstaff speak of a thin man as a forked radish, so Americans fancy a resemblance between a double-tined hair-pin and the human figure. The phrase first became popular about 1880.

Ay, that is just the hair-pin
I am, and that's my line ;
And here is twenty dollars
I've brought to pay my fine.

* * * * *

'Tis glorious when heroes
Go in to right their wrongs ;
But if you're only hair-pins,
Why, then beware of tongs.

Curey of Carson: *Ballad*.

Halcyon Days, a name given by the ancients to the seven days preceding and the seven days following the winter solstice, the shortest day of the year. According to Pliny and others, this was the period which the halcyons or kingfishers elected for incubation, building floating nests upon the water in the first week and laying their eggs in the second,—their choice being dictated by the fact that this period was generally remarkable for its calm fair weather, though in the middle of December.

Montaigne accepts this fable as a matter of experience :

That which seamen by experience know, and particularly in the Sicilian Sea, of the quality of the halcyon, surpasses all human thought. Of what kind of animal has nature even so much honored the birth? The poets, indeed, say that one only island, Delos, which was before a floating island, was fixed for the service of Latona's couchement ; but God has

ordered that the whole ocean should be stayed, made stable, and smooth without waves, without winds, or rain, whilst the halcyon produces her young, so that by her privilege we have seven days and seven nights in the very heart of winter wherein we may sail without danger.

Dryden thus alludes to the notion :

Amidst our arms as quiet you shall be
As halcyons brooding on a winter's sea.

And Keats, in "Endymion," has the beautiful figure,—

O magic Sleep ! O comfortable bird !
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till all is hushed and smooth.

Greek myth relates that Alcyone, or Halcyone, daughter of Æolus, married Ceyx, who was drowned on his way to consult the oracle. Alcyone, apprised of his death in a dream, threw herself into the sea, and she and her husband were both changed into kingfishers by the gods, who further decreed that the sea should forever after remain still while these birds built their nests upon it.

More than this, the kingfisher was supposed to possess many virtues. Its dried body would avert thunder-bolts, and if kept in a wardrobe would preserve from moths the woollen stuffs laid therein. A development of the ancient fable in the Roman mythology assigned to the bird the power of quelling storms, and to this day in many of the islands of the Pacific the natives regard it with religious veneration, while Shakespeare and other writers make repeated allusions to the once popular notion that if the stuffed skin of a halcyon were hung up by a thread to the ceiling of a chamber, in swinging it would point with its bill to the quarter whence the wind was blowing :

How stands the wind ?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill ?
MARLOWE : *The Jew of Malta*.

Or as a halcyon with her turning breast
Demonstrates wind from wind, and east from west.
STOVER : *Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey*.

In popular parlance, the term halcyon days means any period of rest and rejoicing. Conkling's famous phrase, "a halcyon and vociferous occasion," has also passed into the currency of daily speech.

Half is more than the whole. (*Νῆπιον οὐδε ἴσασιν ὅσον πλεόν ἡμῶν παντός*. HESIOD : *Works and Days*, Book v., l. 40.) This is what Hesiod said to his brother Perseus, when he wished to settle the dispute over their inheritance without going to law. He meant that one-half, taken immediately, was better than the whole would be after deducting the expense and waste implied by litigation. The remark, however, has a very wide signification : thus, an *embarras de richesses* is far less profitable than a sufficiency ; a large estate to one who cannot manage it is impoverishing ; a man will be poorer if with increase of wealth his increase of expenditure is larger in proportion.

Unhappy they to whom God has not revealed,
By a strong light which must their sense control,
That half a great estate is more than the whole.
COWLEY : *Essays in Verse and Prose*, No. iv.

Half-Breeds. A nickname originally applied derisively to certain Republicans in the State of New York, by the partisans of Senator Roscoe Conkling. In the bitter contest over the United States Senatorship in 1881 to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of the two New York Senators from that body, and when Conkling was seeking a re-election as an endorsement and vindication, the waverers were called "Half-Breeds," as contradistinguished from "Stalwarts" (*q. v.*).

Half-past kissing-time, a rough-and-ready repartee, often jocularly made by a man to one of the opposite sex when asked what time it is. It may have arisen from, and may have suggested, the song of which the following is a stanza :

It's half-past kissing-time, and time to kiss again,
For time is always on the move, and ne'er will still remain ;
No matter what the hour is, you may rely on this :
It's always half-past kissing-time, and always time to kiss.

G. ANTHONY: *Ballad.*

Half-seas-over, a nautical euphemism for "drunk," "intoxicated," which has been generally accepted into the language. An attempted explanation of Wilberforce's is recorded by Green in his "Life of Wilberforce:" "I have often heard that sailors in a voyage will drink 'friends astern' till they are half-way over, then 'friends ahead.'" The inference is that by the time the sailors had gone half the distance some of them would be full. But sailors are carefully guarded from drunkenness during a voyage.

During the trial of a case of collision between two ships at sea, a sailor testified that at the time specified he was standing "abaft the binnacle." Mansfield asked him where the binnacle was ; at which the witness, who had been taking a large share of grog before coming into court, exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all present, "A pretty fellow to be a judge, who does not know where abaft the binnacle is!" Lord Mansfield replied, without threatening to commit him for contempt, "Well, my friend, fit me for my office by telling me where abaft the binnacle is ; you have already shown me the meaning of half-seas-over."—CAMPBELL: *Life of Lord Mansfield.*

Half-Way Covenant. A name familiarly given to a compromise measure adopted at a general council held at Boston in the early days of the Congregational churches in New England. By this measure the earlier rule was relaxed by which, in addition to baptism as a first condition of membership, each person was required, on coming to years of discretion, to give proof of repentance from sin and faith in Christ. As civil rights and political privileges were in a large measure involved in membership, the stricter rule constituted a substantial grievance. The new rule admitted all baptized persons to all privileges of membership except Holy Communion, provided their conduct of life was not openly bad. In course of time, and in consequence of the preaching of Whitefield, the "Half-Way Covenant" was practically abandoned.

Hall-mark. The official stamp formerly affixed to gold and silver articles by the Goldsmiths' Company in England, to attest their purity. "Hall-marks" are now stamped on articles manufactured of gold or silver by the assay offices, and the office for each district has a distinct device. Thus, the hall-mark for London is a leopard's head ; Birmingham, an anchor ; Chester, three wheat-sheaves or a dagger ; Exeter, a castle with two wings ; York, five lions and a cross ; Sheffield, a crown ; Newcastle-on-Tyne, three castles ; Edinburgh, a thistle, or castle, and lion ; Glasgow, a tree and a salmon with a ring in its mouth ; Dublin, a harp, or the figure of Hibernia, etc. Besides these devices showing where the assay was made, there are other marks indicating the purity of the metal. For this purpose gold is compared with a given standard of pure gold, which is divided into twenty-four parts, called carats. Thus, "9/375" signifies that nine twenty-fourths of the weight of the article are pure gold ; "12/5" is twelve carats fine ; "15/625" is fifteen carats fine ; a crown and the figures 18 is eighteen carats fine, or three-quarters pure gold ; and "crown 22" is standard for the coin of the realm, and of this quality wedding-rings are usually made.

For marking silver the process is different : the carat is not the standard for it, as it is for gold, but its relative purity is expressed by the number of grains of pure silver in the ounce of alloy. Two qualities of silver are marked at the assay offices : the one contains eleven ounces and ten pennyweights of

pure silver to the pound Troy ; this is the quality called "sterling," generally used by silversmiths ; the other contains eleven ounces and two pennyweights, which is the "standard" for English coin. The "standard" mark for England is a "lion passant ;" for Edinburgh, a thistle ; for Glasgow, a "lion rampant ;" and for Ireland, a crowned harp.

Besides these marks, there is a letter called the date-mark. Only twenty letters are used, beginning with *a*, omitting *j*, and ending with *z*. A different letter is used for each year ; and every twenty years, when the number is exhausted, the type is varied, from Roman to Gothic, thence to Old English, etc. Each office has its special form of date-letter. Thus, the London office from 1837 to 1856 employed Old English capitals ; from 1857 to 1876, Old English small letters ; from 1876, still in use, Roman capitals. So by referring to a table the exact year of the mark can be discovered. Lastly, the head of the reigning sovereign completes the marks.

From the absolute reliability of these marks the expression in current phrase "to bear the hall-mark" has come to mean genuine, above suspicion, and is applied either to men or to things.

Hammer of Heretics. A *sobriquet* for Pierre d'Ailly, a noted French cardinal and polemical writer (1350-1425). He was president of the Council of Constance, at which John Huss was condemned.

The same name was applied to John Faber (died 1541), a native of Suabia and a Roman Catholic divine of celebrity. One of his works bears this title, whence the appellation.

Hampton Roads Conference. A meeting on board a vessel in Hampton Roads, February 3, 1865, brought about by Frank P. Blair with the object of effecting a cessation of hostilities between the North and South, and with a view towards joint action to enforce the Monroe doctrine against the French in Mexico. The conferees on the part of the North were Lincoln and Seward ; on the part of the South, Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter. The meeting was without result.

Hand. The American expressions "to show one's hand," to "play one's hand for all it is worth," are poker terms, the hand being the five cards dealt out to each player. Used proverbially, the first expression means to give one's self away, to let the cat out of the bag, to be frank and open ; the latter, to make the most of one's opportunities, generally used in a bad sense, and applied to a thoroughly unscrupulous person.

One of the advantages of the negative part assigned to women in life is that they are seldom forced to commit themselves. They can, if they choose, remain perfectly passive while a great many things take place in regard to them ; they need not account for what they do not do. From time to time a man must show his hand, but, save for one supreme exigency, a woman need never show hers. She moves in mystery as long as she likes, and mere reticence in her, if she is young and fair, interprets itself as good sense and good taste.—W. D. HOWELLS: *The Lady of the Aroostook*.

Hands. The use of this term in the sense of artisans has its justification in the figure of rhetoric known as metonymy, which allows the most significant part to be put for the whole. In the case of a laboring-man the hand, of course, performs the work, and is, therefore, the most important member. Hypercriticism might urge that when we say Mr. X employs one hundred hands, meaning one hundred workmen, he really employs double that number, as one hundred workmen would have two hundred hands. But popular usage laughs at hypercriticism. Similarly, when we speak of "sails" no one pretends to reckon more than one sail to each vessel. None the less, a nice sense of linguistic congruity recognizes that hands is one of those words which must not come into contact or close relationship with other words which may sug-

gest a ludicrous confusion of metaphor and fact. Sir Thomas Fitzosborne furnishes an instance of what should be avoided in his *Letters* (eighth edition, 1776, p. 115): "An honest sailor of my acquaintance, a captain of a privateer, wrote an account to his owners of an engagement in which he had the good fortune, he told them, of having only one of his hands shot through the nose."

Handsome Englishman. John Churchill, afterwards the Duke of Marlborough, was noted no less for his soldierly ability and statesmanship than for his handsome person and the charms of graceful and captivating manners. The French troops under Turenne called him *le bel Anglais* ("the handsome Englishman"). Napoleon said of Marlborough that his was about the greatest military genius the world has produced.

Handsome is that handsome does, an English proverb, the complement and antithesis of "All is not gold that glitters," for it might be paraphrased "Gold may be gold though it does not glitter." In the form given in the heading it appears in the first chapter of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and may be verbally original, though the thought had long before been expressed by Chaucer:

That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis.

The Wife of Baths Tale, l. 6752.

Spenser imitates Chaucer:

The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne;

For a man by nothing is so well bewrayed

As by his manners.

Faerie Queene, Book vi., Canto iii., St. 1.

Analogues more or less remote may be found in the following:

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

POPE: *Rape of the Lock*, Canto v., l. 34.

A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.

PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim* 207.

And many poets have insisted that appearances in this case are not deceitful, for he that is handsome must handsome do.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,

Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*, Act i., Sc. 2.

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;

For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

* * * * *

For all that faire is, is by nature good;

That is a signe to know the gentle blood.

SPENSER: *An Hymne in Honour of Beautie*.

Handwriting and Writers. "What do you think of my becoming an author and relying for support upon my pen?" says Nathaniel Hawthorne, in a letter written when he was a student in Bowdoin College. "Indeed, I think the illegibility of my handwriting is very author-like." That illegibility he retained all his life, and after his death several of his manuscripts remained long unpublished, because no one was able to decipher their intricacies.

But there may be some question as to his adjective of "author-like." Many writers have been even worse scribes than Hawthorne himself, but, on the other hand, there are many whose penmanship is remarkable for neatness and beauty. Among living authors, Howells, Holmes, Bret Harte, Andrew Lang, William Norris, Frederick Locker, and George Macdonald write hands that

are plain and legible and often beautiful, without any strongly distinctive characteristics. Among the authors of the past, Gray, Moore, Leigh Hunt, Walter Scott, and Buchanan Read possessed a pleasing running hand which also failed to express any decided individuality. Longfellow's handwriting was a bold, frank back-hand. Bryant's was aggressive and pleasing to the eye, but had no poetical characteristics; and Keats's was rather too clerical for the most dainty of modern poets.

Thackeray's penmanship was marvellously neat, but so small that it could not always be read with comfort by any but microscopic eyes. He is reported to have said that if all other methods of livelihood were to fail him he would undertake to write the Lord's Prayer on his thumb-nail. Charles Dickens's writing was much less beautiful, but almost equally minute, and his habit of writing with blue ink upon blue paper, with frequent interlineations and cross-lines, made his copy a burden alike to compositor and proof-reader. Douglas Jerrold was an offender of the same sort. He jotted down his jokes upon little slips of blue paper in letters smaller than the type in which they were presently to be set. Captain Marryat's handwriting was so fine that whenever the copyist rested from his labors he was obliged to stick a pin where he left off, in order to find the place again. Charlotte Brontë's handwriting appeared to have been traced with a needle. Other experts in microscopic penmanship are the English novelists R. D. Blackmore and William Black, who write tiny characters that are almost undecipherable at first sight, and the Americans George Cable and Julian Hawthorne. The latter forms his letters with care and precision, but they are almost infinitesimal in size.

Nothing is more noticeable than the difference between the hands of those who seem satisfied with their words, who seem to find pleasure in the rapidity with which they express their thoughts, and the hands of those who are dissatisfied with their words and are disposed to torture language until it expresses something more or something less. Mathematicians, as a rule, write untidy, scrambling hands, because their thought so constantly distances their powers of expression in words or symbols that they grow careless in their attempt to keep pace with it. Lawyers, on the other hand, usually write a precise and orderly hand, because they are fond of verbiage and are accustomed to employ more words than are necessary to express their thought. Fluent writers like Anthony Trollope or Professor Tyndall write an easy running hand, but poets like Swinburne, Tennyson, or Browning seem to throw over the words they write shadows of dissatisfaction that they express something more or something less, or at all events something different, as though words were a wrong to their soul and a sort of parody on the true expressiveness of sound. Carlyle reconstructs with pen and gall what his mind and eyes have seen, and in his patient but crabbed and oddly-emphasized handwriting much of his temperament may be read. "Eccentric and spiteful little flourishes," says one of his friends, "dart about his manuscript in various odd ways, sometimes evidently intended as a cross to a *t*, but constantly recoiling in an absurd fashion, as if attempting a calligraphical summersault, and destroying the entire word from which they sprung. Some letters slope in one way and some another, some are halt, maimed, and crippled, and all are blind." Carlyle was himself highly amused at a story told by his London publishers. A Scotch compositor had just been added to the force of their printers on the strength of a recommendation from the *Edinburgh Review*. His first "take" was some of Carlyle's manuscript. "What! have you got that man here?" he fairly roared. "I fled from Scotland to get away from him!" Balzac's copy was even worse; few printers could read it, and those who could made an express stipulation with their employer to work at it only one hour at a time. Even after the hieroglyphics had been translated into print, the proof-

sheets came back more illegible than the original copy. A French writer describes them as sending out from each printed word a dash of ink like a rocket, finally breaking into a fiery ring of phrases, epithets, and nouns. These were interlined, crossed, written upside down, mixed, interlaced, and knotted, forming a word-puzzle which made even the stoutest compositor quail.

The manuscript of Victor Hugo, we are told, presented almost as singular an appearance, being "a sort of battle-field on paper, in which the killed words were well stamped out and the new recruits pushed forward in anything but good order." Hugo's manuscript has also been compared to a sheet of music in which numerous blots took the place of crotchets and quavers.

Byron was nearly as bad. His handwriting was a mere scrawl, and his additions in the proof were generally greater than the original text. To one poem, which contained only four hundred lines in the first draught, one thousand were added in proofs. Dean Stanley, a short time before his death, was invited by a New York magazine to contribute an article on some timely topic. A paper was promptly written and duly received, but the editor, to his great consternation, could not read it himself, and found it undecipherable by the most expert printers. Finally the editor was obliged to return the manuscript to England to be re-written, and then the timeliness of the subject had evaporated.

Sometimes, however, even the writer himself cannot read what he has written. We are told of Jules Janin, for instance, that when a reckless compositor came to him and besought him to decipher some pages of his own manuscript, the great man replied that he would rather re-write than attempt to read over again what he had once written.

Lord Eldon told George IV that the greatest lawyer in England could neither walk, speak, nor write. This legal luminary was Mr. Bell, a cripple, who had great difficulty in putting his ideas into speech, and had succeeded in hitting upon three different methods, all equally original, of putting them upon paper,—one being intelligible to himself, but worse than Greek to his clerk; another, which his clerk could, but he himself could not, decipher; and a third, which neither he, his clerk, nor any one else could comprehend.

"I must decline reading my own handwriting twenty-four hours after I have written it," said Sydney Smith; adding, "my writing is as if a swarm of ants, escaping from an ink-bottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs." But he insisted that Jeffrey's was quite as bad, and once wrote to tell the arch-reviewer that he had tried to read his letter from left to right, and Mrs. Sydney from right to left, but neither of them could decipher a single word.

Montaigne, a man of quality, and a man of wit, too, owns to writing so clumsily as not to be able to read what he had written. This apparently arose as much from carelessness as from incompetence. In his impatience, he sacrificed plainness for the sake of speed. He says, "I always write my letters post, and so precipitately that, though I write an intolerable ill hand, I rather choose to do it myself, than to employ another, for I can find none able to follow me, and never transcribe any, but have accustomed the great ones that know me to endure my blots and dashes upon paper without fold or margin." Oddly enough, when Montaigne did employ an amanuensis he chose as bad a writer as himself, and made matters rather worse than better. Long after his death, the manuscript of his Italian journal was discovered in a worm-eaten coffer in the old château; but one-third of the journal was found to be in the handwriting of the servant who acted as his secretary, and that portion was almost unintelligible, thanks to bad writing and spelling to match.

Las Cases says of Napoleon, "He left a great deal for the copyists to do;

he was their torment ; his handwriting actually resembled hieroglyphics, and he often could not decipher it himself. My son was one day reading to him a chapter of the 'Campaign of Italy : ' on a sudden he stopped short, unable to make out the writing. 'The little blockhead,' said the Emperor, 'cannot read his own handwriting.' 'It is not mine, Sire.' 'And whose, then?' 'Your majesty's.' 'How so, you little rogue? do you mean to insult me?' The Emperor took the manuscript, tried a long while to read it, and at last threw it down, saying, 'He is right. I cannot tell myself what is written.'"

It is said that Napoleon's letters from Germany to Josephine were at first taken for rough maps of the seat of war. Rufus Choate, whose signature has been aptly compared to a gridiron struck by lightning, was equally unfortunate. While having his house repaired, he had promised to send the model for a carved mantel-piece. Failing to obtain what he wanted, he wrote to his workman to that effect. 'The carpenter eyed the missive from all points of view, and finally decided that it must be the promised plan ; so he set to work to fashion what must have been the most original mantel-piece that ever ornamented a room. Professor Ticknor once told Mr. Choate that he had in his possession two letters, one written by Manuel the Great of Portugal in 1512, the other by Gonsalvo de Cordova a few years earlier. "These letters strongly resemble your notes of the present trial." Choate instantly retorted, "Remarkable men ! they seem to have been much in advance of their time !"

Henry Ward Beecher can hardly be considered to have been a model scribe, seeing that one of his daughters owned that her three guiding rules in copying his manuscript were, to remember that if a letter was dotted, it was not an *i* ; if a letter was crossed, it was not a *t* ; and if a word began with a capital letter, it did not begin a sentence.

But no penman, either American or foreign, could have been worse than Horace Greeley. "Good God !" said a new compositor, to whom a "take" of the editor's copy had been handed, "if Belshazzar had seen this writing on the wall, he would have been more terrified than he was." It may have been this very man of whom a good story is told. Becoming disgusted with his typographical blunders, Greeley sent a note up to the foreman, requesting him to discharge the man at once, as he was too inefficient a workman to be any longer employed on the *Tribune*. The foreman obeyed the instructions ; but, before leaving, the compositor managed to get possession of Greeley's note. He at once went to a rival office and applied for a position, showing the note as a letter of recommendation. The foreman pored long and earnestly over the crabbed penmanship. Finally he thought he saw a clue,—“Oh, I see ! 'good and efficient compositor, and a long time employed on the *Tribune*, Horace Greeley,'”—and immediately set him to work. The painter of the *New York Tribune* bulletins once received a notice in the well-known but ever-unintelligible hieroglyphics, intending to inform the public that they were to seek "Entrance on Spruce Street." After some hours' hard study and cogitation, the puzzled man of the brush, in sheer desperation, dashed off, in large letters, "Editor's on a Spree," and posted the hilarious announcement on the front door of the *Tribune* office.

Once upon a time Mr. M. B. Castle, of Sandwich, Illinois, invited Mr. Greeley to lecture. To this the following reply was sent :

DEAR SIR,—I am overworked, and growing old. I shall be sixty next February third. On the whole, it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth, except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand,—certainly not now.

Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

M. B. CASTLE, Sandwich, Ill.

We can partly imagine the great efforts made by the lecture committee and others to decipher Horace's pot-hooks, and the delight which they must have

felt at their ultimate success. That they were successful will be seen from the following answer forwarded in due time to Mr. Greeley :

SANDWICH, ILL., May 12th.

HORACE GREELEY, *New York Tribune*.

DEAR SIR,—Your acceptance to lecture before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest, it took some time to translate it, but we succeeded, and would say your time, "third of February," and terms, "sixty dollars," are perfectly satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements in this immediate vicinity; if so, we will advise you

Yours respectfully, M. B. CASTLE.

Greeley wrote as follows to decline an invitation of the Iowa Press Association :

I have waited till longer waiting would be discourteous, only to find that I cannot attend your Press meeting next June as I would like to do. I find so many cares and duties pressing on me that, with the weight of years, I feel obliged to decline any invitation that takes me away a day's journey from home.

Out of this, the recipients, in consultation assembled, made,—

I have wondered all along whether any squirt had denied the scandal about the President meeting Jane in the woods on Saturday. I have hominy, carrots, and R. R. ties more than I could move with eight steers. If eels are blighted, dig them early. Any insinuation that brick ovens are dangerous to hams gives me the horrors.

The Duke of Wellington, when sitting in the House of Lords, received a letter from the eminent landscape-designer and great authority on botanical matters, J. C. Loudon. The duke had lost sight of him for some years. It was a note to this effect :

MY LORD DUKE,—It would gratify me extremely if you would permit me to visit Strathfeldsaye at any time convenient to your Grace, and to inspect the "Waterloo beeches."

Your Grace's faithful servant,
J. C. LOUDON.

The Waterloo beeches were trees that had been planted immediately after the battle of Waterloo, as a memorial of the great fight. The duke read the letter twice,—the writing of which was not very clear,—and, with his usual promptness and politeness, replied as follows, having read the signature as "C. J. London" instead of "J. C. Loudon :"

MY DEAR BISHOP OF LONDON,—It will always give me great pleasure to see you at Strathfeldsaye. Pray come there whenever it suits your convenience, whether I am at home or not. My servant will receive orders to show you as many pairs of breeches of mine as you wish; but why you should wish to inspect those that I wore at the battle of Waterloo is quite beyond the comprehension of

Yours, most truly,
WELLINGTON.

This letter was received, as may be supposed, with great surprise by the Bishop of London. He showed it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to other discreet persons : they came to the melancholy conclusion that the great Duke of Wellington had evidently lost his senses. The Bishop of London (Blomfield) declared that he had not written to the duke for two years, and to receive this extraordinary intimation puzzled the whole bench of bishops. Explanations, however, of a satisfactory kind followed, and the friendship of these worthy men was not changed.

General Meigs was one of the poorest penmen in official life, and to one not very familiar with his handwriting it was simply the worst sort of Greek in the world. General Sherman, through whose hands a great deal of General Meigs's official correspondence passed, once wrote under one of the latter's endorsements, "I heartily concur in the endorsement of the Quartermaster-General, but I don't know what he says."

Dr. Parr, the great scholar, thus criticised a friend's writing :

His letters put me in mind of tumult and anarchy; there is sedition in every sentence; syllable has no longer any confidence in syllable, but dissolves its connection, as preferring an

alliance with the succeeding word. A page of his epistle looks like the floor of a garden-house covered with old crooked nails which have just been released from a century's durance in a brick wall. I cannot cast my eyes on his characters without being religious. This is the only good effect I have derived from his writings: he brings into my mind the resurrection, and paints the tumultuous resuscitation of awakened men with a pencil of masterly confusion.

Yet Dr. Parr was himself a conspicuous offender. Sir William Jones once wrote a letter of expostulation to him, in which he said, "To speak plainly with you, your English and Latin characters are so badly formed that I have infinite difficulty to read your letters, and have abandoned all hopes of deciphering many of them. Your Greek is wholly illegible: it is perfect algebra."

A Fellow of Magdalen College received one day a note from Parr to say that he was on his way to Oxford, would sup with him that night, and would be glad to have "two eggs" (so the recipient read the words) got ready for his supper. Accordingly, on his arrival, the two eggs were served up, not without formality, to the hungry doctor, who no sooner saw them than he flew into a violent passion. Instead of "two eggs" he had written "lobsters."

And this recalls a whole cycle of stories of a similar nature. A hundred years ago Lord Harry Pawlett was paying his attentions to a lady who persuaded him to present her with a couple of monkeys. Eager to oblige, Lord Harry applied to a friend in the East for the animals. Writing in a bad hand, and spelling two "too," the word was mistaken for 100 in figures, and the nobleman was dismayed when he received a letter from his agent with the news that he would receive fifty monkeys by such a ship, and fifty more as soon as they could be procured. But this joke has its counterpart in the story of a Virginia planter, a century earlier, who wrote to his factor in England to send him two virtuous young women. Through the same misapprehension of the characters forming the word "two," the factor sent him fifty examples of the softer sex, with the promise of fifty more as soon as the number of volunteers for Virginia could be made up. Sir Edward Vernay, in a letter to his son Ralph, dated January 19, 1635, tells the following story. A London merchant wrote to his factor beyond sea to send him, by the next ship, 2 or 3 apes. He forgot the *r*, and then it was 203 apes. His factor sent him fourscore, with the promise that he would have the remainder by the next vessel.

The following jolly letter was sent to the eminent and accomplished ex-president of the American Academy for the Advancement of Science, Professor E. S. Morse. It speaks for itself, and needs no comment beyond the plain statement that in truth his handwriting is not to be lightly dealt with:

MY DEAR MR. MORSE,—It was very pleasant to me to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think that I mastered anything beyond the date (which I knew) and the signature (which I guessed at). There's a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours: it never grows old; it never loses its novelty. One can say to one's self every morning, "There's that letter of Morse's. I haven't read it yet. I think I'll take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able in the course of a few days to make out what he means by those 't's' that look like 'w's,' and those 'i's' that haven't any eyebrows." Other letters are read, and thrown away, and forgotten; but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime.

Admiringly yours,

T. B. ALDRICH.

Equally amusing is this letter from the poet Hood to Lady Georgiana Fulerton, which forms part of a famous autograph collection in New York City:

MY DEAR MADAM,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your Lock on the Human Understanding, which, like one of Bramah's, effectually defied my picking. Like Tony Lumpkin, I felt persuaded there was something in the letter, but I could not make it out. It seemed a Chinese puzzle done in English.

I thought at first that I had obtained some new incomprehensible contributor to the Comic

Annual,—then that it was a communication from one of Irving's female Mystics,—and then that I had heard from Horace Walpole's Mysterious Mother.

Your signature at last upset these conjectures, but it did not help me to read the riddle, and in my ignorance I imagined the most out-of-the-way commands or requests, for instance, that having received a little rare turnip-seed, you begged a little leg-of-mutton-seed to sow with it.

Finally I sighed "Poor Lady," and was meditating a hint to Governor Elliot—I don't mean the Gibraltar Man, but your own Defender—to keep your fingers from pen, ink, and paper, at the full of the moon, when a key was placed in my hand which converted the bewildering Sphinx into a rational, sensible daughter of Eve, with whose request, as soon as deciphered, I hasten to comply.

The enigmatical epistle, however, I shall carefully preserve, for in case my correspondence should be published hereafter (and a one-sided correspondence it will be, for I do not always answer so punctually as the Irish echo) the mysterious billet signed Georgiana may suggest to an imaginative biographer some little romantic episode to introduce into the even tenor of the life of one who is, and will be,

Yours, dear Madam, very sincerely,

THOS. HOOD.

Of Mr. Brooks, one time President of the New York Central Railroad, a somewhat apocryphal story is told. He once wrote to a man living along the line of his road threatening to prosecute him forthwith unless he removed a barn he had run up on the company's property. The recipient did not read the letter, because reading it was impossible, but he made out the signature, and arrived at the conclusion that the manager had favored him with a free pass along the line. As such he used it for a couple of years, no conductor on the route being able to dispute his reading of the document.

Equally apocryphal is the tale told of Macready. One day he gave a friend an order of admission (American, a "pass") for a third party. "If I had not known what it was," said the latter, "I should have taken it for a doctor's recipe." "It does look like it," said the other: "suppose we try it on an apothecary." They walked into the first shop and presented the scrawl to the clerk. He threw a quick glance over it and began to pour into a phial from various bottles. Another glance, another ingredient,—the phial was now half full. Then came a dubious pause: the clerk scratched his head, and finally, baffled, appealed to the proprietor of the establishment. A short low dialogue took place; then the chief, with an air of superior wisdom, took down another bottle, filled the phial with an apocryphal liquid, and corked and labelled it in due form. "Fifteen pence for the cough-mixture," he said, as he handed it over to the purchaser with a friendly smile.

One cannot help rejoicing at the following story and hoping that it is true. A Yale student handed in a paper to his professor, and was surprised the next day to have it returned, with a note scrawled on the margin. He studied it diligently, but was unable to decipher the note, and so he brought his paper back to the professor.

"I can't quite make out what this is, if you please," said the student.

"That, sir?" said the professor; "why, that says I cannot read your handwriting. You write illegibly, sir."

Is it too much to ask that those who insist upon being privileged to write illegibly should adopt the plan of the polite Frenchman, who, sensible of his faultiness, always forwarded his letters in duplicate, with this explanation, "Out of respect, I write to you with my own hand; but to facilitate the reading, I send you a copy which I have caused my amanuensis to make."

Hang together, We must all. The possibility of being hanged seems to have been an ever-present spectre in the mental retina of the Revolutionary fathers. Everybody remembers the greeting the Father of his Country received from its grandmother, when, on a temporary or accidental return home, the good lady his mother hailed him with, "Well, George, I see they have not hanged you yet." So in his celebrated "wheresoever, whensoever, and

howsoever" speech, the elder Josiah Quincy took occasion to say, "Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a halter intimidate. For, under God, we are determined that wheresoever, whensoever, and howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen." (*Observations on the Boston Port Bill*, 1774.)

There is a little bit of dialogue in one of Shakespeare's comedies, which, if not apropos to the story which follows, must serve as an introduction. Snout, Quince, and the rest are discussing their proposed interlude :

Bottom. Let me play the lion too : I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me ; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, " Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quince. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek ; that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bottom. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but hang us : but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove : I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i., Sc. 2.

The Declaration of Independence doubtless was calculated to create a disturbance, and possibly to scare some of the ladies of either sex, in or out of the British Parliament, out of their wits. But it is not necessary to imagine that John Hancock had this scene in mind when he made the remark. While the document was being signed, he took occasion to say, with fitting solemnity, perhaps with a shade of apprehensiveness, "We must all hang together." "Ay," replied Franklin, quickly, "we must all hang together, else we shall all hang separately."

Hanged. He that was born to be hanged will never be drowned, an old English proverb which has its precise equivalent in most other modern languages. Some foreign proverbs play with the idea in a spirit of grim jest. Thus, the Danes say, "He that is to be hanged will never be drowned, unless the water goes over the gallows ;" the Italian, "He that is to die by the gallows may dance on the river ;" and the Dutch, "What belongs to the raven does not drown." Shakespeare alludes to the proverb in "The Tempest," when he makes Gonzago say of the boatswain, "I have great comfort from this fellow : methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him ; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging ! Make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable."

Hanged if I do! a colloquialism expressing emphatic refusal, probably a euphemism for "d——d if I do." An amusing story is told of Thelwall, while his trial for high treason was proceeding. During the course of the trial, he sent up to Erskine, who was his counsel, a slip of paper on which he had written the words, "I shall be hanged if I don't plead my own cause." Without a word of comment his counsel returned him a slip with the words simply, "You'll be hanged if you do." "Then," replied Thelwall, in a similar manner, "I'll be hanged if I do." In the same vein, when Lord Thurlow had concluded a speech in Parliament with the peroration, "When I forget my king, may my God forget me !" "God forget you !" cried John Wilkes ; "he'll see you d——d first !" Burke's *sotto voce* rejoinder to Thurlow was, "And the best thing that could happen to you." Lord Thurlow was the man of whom Charles James Fox used to say, "No man can be as wise as Thurlow looked."

Hanover rat. It used to be asserted by the Jacobites that the rat came over into England with the Hanoverian dynasty when it succeeded to the crown :

Curse me the British vermin, the rat,
I know not whether he came in the Hanover ship.

TENNYSON: *Maud*.

Hans von Rippach. This is the German Monsieur Nong-tong-paw,—i.e., some one asked for who does not exist. Hans is German for Jack, and Rippach is a small village near Leipsic. A German student, in a merry humor, calls at a house and asks for Herr Hans von Rippach, just as an English spark asks for Monsieur Nong-tong-paw. A similar phrase popular at one time in the United States was, "Have you seen Tom Collins?" Another member of the same family is the celebrated "Nick Van Stan" of Saxe's poem, and still another is our zoological friend the Kangaroo (*q. v.*).

Happy hunting-grounds, the Elysium or Paradise of the Indian, which he hopes to find in the next world, and which paints itself to his mind's eye as a prairie chock full of buffalo and other game. Hence the Indian's favorite pony was killed at the burying-ground to enjoy an eternity of sport with him, and his rifle, pistol, bow, and quiver were laid beside the corpse. The phrase has come into general use in American colloquial speech as a synonyme for Kingdom Come or other facetious name for heaven.

Hard money, a term current in the United States in political parlance, especially during the second half of the decade 1870-1880, to designate specie as distinguished from "soft money," by which latter was understood an irredeemable paper currency such as was advocated by the Greenbackers.

Hard Shell, Soft Shell, in American speech, terms invented to designate the crab in its different states of crustaceous development, but by a figure of speech extended so as to apply to rigid, unyielding conservatism on the one side, and flexible liberality on the other. In religion the term was first applied to the two wings of the Baptist Church. In politics a conspicuous early instance of the application of the terms, in vogue from 1848 to 1854, was to the two factions of the Democratic party in the State of New York. The conservative "Hunkers" (*q. v.*) received the name of "Hards" or "Hard Shells," and their opponents, the "Barnburners," some of whom betrayed a leaning towards the restriction of the institution of slavery, were called "Softs" or "Soft Shells."

Hardly ever. One of the happiest hits made in Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "H. M. S. Pinafore" was in the skilful repetition of the words "Hardly ever," which furnish a sort of ever-recurring key-note after the following fashion,—where the captain winds up his own praises by the splendid eulogium,—

And I'm never, never sick at sea.

Chorus. What, never?

Captain. No, never!

Chorus. What, never?

Captain. Well, hardly ever.

Is this a far-off reminiscence of the story of the French ecclesiastic who was greatly confused by the honor of preaching before Louis XIV? During his discourse he had occasion to say, "We all must die." Then, catching breath, he turned in a complimentary way to Louis and added, "Nearly all of us."

Something faintly similar also occurs in Shakespeare, "The Winter's Tale," Act i., Sc. 2. When Hermione, at the request of Leontes, urges Polixenes to prolong his stay with them, he consents, whereupon Leontes exclaims,—

Hermione, my dear'st, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Herm. Never?

Leont. Never, but once.

A closer parallel may be found in a pastoral duet included in "The Songs and Ballads sung at Vaux Hall," 1754, which runs thus :

Collin. Dear Phillis, sweet girl, be now kind to my pain,
Nor suffer me longer to court you in vain,
And I'll love you sincerely forever.

Phillis. Ah, Collin, my heart was about to comply,
But what my hope wishes my fears will deny ;
I can never be yours.

Collin. What, never?

Phillis. No, never, I ne'er can be yours.

Collin. Fye, Phillis ! how can you still trifle with love ?
Away with your fears, and my passion approve,
When I tell you I'll love you forever.

Phillis. Fye, Collin ! how can you still tease me in vain,
When I told you before, and I tell you again,
I can never be yours ?

Collin. What, never ? (etc.)

Collin. Then adieu to all joy ; my heart will sure break
If my Phillis denies what I fondly did seek.
I can never be happy, no, never.

Phillis. Then away with my doubts ; I will fondly believe
That Collin his Phillis will never deceive,
That Collin will love me

Collin. Forever.

Phillis. You never, sure never will leave me.

Collin. No, never.

{ *Phillis.* No, never, sure never will leave me.

{ *Collin.* No, never will leave you, no, never.

When the "Westminster Play" was produced during the run of "Pinafore" the following "gag" was introduced by the students :

Charinus. Tu pol non sobrius es.

Byrrhia. Quid ais ?

Non ego sobrius ? At me Teetotalicus ordo
Inter discipulos gaudet habere suos :
Lac et aquam poto, non vini turpe venenum.

Charinus. Tu nunquam Bacchi pocula grata bibis ?

Byrrhia. Nunquam.

Sim. Quid ? nunquam ?

Byrrhia. Vix unquam.

Harness. To die in harness, a common English phrase, meaning to die in action, to die with one's armor on, harness being a now obsolescent word for armor : thus, "Nicanor lay dead in his harness" (*II. Maccab.* xv. 28), and

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Macbeth, Act v., Sc. 5.

A more recent use of harness in this sense occurs in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome :

And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

Harry of the West, a *sobriquet* given to Henry Clay by his admirers.

Where had been General Harrison during the preceding twelve years, the period of bitter warfare between the Jackson party, headed by the obstinate, sagacious, indomitable old hero, and the opposition, led during the whole period by the eloquent, the ever-vigilant, the faithful Harry of the West ? Had Harrison's voice ever been heard during all this dark and trying period, when 'midst the thickest gloom and smoke all looked up to Mr. Clay, sure that he was at his post doing the duty of a patriot, and, if perchance he could not be seen amid the smoke and din, watching for his nodding plume ?—*SARGENT : Public Men and Events*, ii. 95.

Hartford Convention, an assembly of delegates from several of the New England States which met at Hartford in December, 1814, to discuss measures for opposing the administration of President Madison, and more particularly directed against the continuation of the war with England. It has been

charged that the secession of the New England States was mooted. Peace being soon after proclaimed, however, nothing resulted from the deliberations.

Haste makes waste, an English proverb, with analogues in all languages. In this form it is found first in literature in Heywood's "Proverbs," Part i., chap. ii. But Chaucer had already said,—

There n' is no werkman, whatever he be,
That may both werken wel and hastily;
This wol be done at leisure parfitly.

The Marchantes Tale, l. 585.

This may or may not be a reminiscence of Publius Syrus, "Nothing can be done at once hastily and prudently" (*Maxim* 357), as well as of Plutarch, "Ease and speed in doing a thing do not give a work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty." But indeed the gist of the matter is summed up in Augustus's favorite maxim, "Festina lente" ("Make haste slowly"). A variant of the English proverb reads, "The more haste, the less speed."

Hat. Oh, where did you get that hat? Of all articles of attire, the hat has ever been most vulnerable to ridicule. Any eccentricity in head-gear is sure to draw out the jeers of the populace, who have always found themselves furnished with some ready-made bit of slang to complete the discomfiture of the wearer. Just at present the accepted phrase is, "Oh, where did you get that hat?" which is the first line of a popular song, and consequently admits of all the pervasive charms of melody to heighten its effect. Some years ago there was current an oburgation to "Shoot the hat!" Antiquarians explained this mystic phrase as being a reminiscence or corruption of an anteceded popular jest which gradually grew obsolete because it needed the elaborate machinery of two interlocutors,—a wily jester and an innocent victim. The jester asked, "Haven't you heard the gun?" and when the other in all good faith inquired, "What gun?" he was answered, "Why, the mayor" (or "the Governor," or what not) "has called in that hat."

Now, these bits of popular humor are curious avatars of a phrase that was in vogue in the time of our fathers at least, if not our grandfathers: "What a shocking bad hat!" It originated in Southwark, had a great run in London, and eventually crossed over to America, where it retained its popularity for many years. The story runs that in a hotly-contested election for the borough of Southwark a noted hatter was one of the candidates. Being a shrewd man of business, he recognized the value of a bribe that wore no obvious appearance of venality. So when he called upon or met a voter whose hat was either out of the style or a trifle worn, he would invariably salute him with, "Oh, what a shocking bad hat you have on! Call at my warehouse and you shall have a new one." But he repeated this invitation so often that it became a by-word; the opposition forces caught it up, and at the hustings they incited the crowd to keep up an incessant cry of "What a shocking hat!" during the whole time that the enterprising tradesman was addressing them.

Captain Gronow, however, in his "Recollections," gives another origin. He says that the Duke of York, second son of George III., was present at Newmarket one day in 1817 or thereabouts, surrounded by several noblemen and gentlemen, when a little, insignificant-looking man pushed his way into the ring, offering to bet on a certain horse. The duke's curiosity was aroused, and he asked who the stranger was. He was told it was Lord Walpole. "Then the little man wears a shocking bad hat," was his only comment. Whatever the origin of the phrase, it caught the popular fancy at once. Whenever a man appeared in public with a hat that was odd, or seedy, or out of repair, a hundred throats would take up the cry, "Oh, what a shocking bad hat!" Happy the individual who bore his unexpected honors meekly. Quick

to recognize any signs of irritability, loving to bait a poor wretch to madness, the crowd would rarely confine themselves to words. They were only too likely to snatch the offending tile from the head of the obnoxious wearer, and either trample it in the gutter or raise it on a stick, amid wild shouts of laughter and reiterations of the favorite phrase.

Hater, A good. Dr. Johnson called Dean Bathurst "a man to my very heart's content: he hated a fool, and he hated a rogue, and he hated a Whig; he was a very good hater." When Charles James Fox, on the contrary, was asked concerning a certain member of Parliament who was at once irritating to the Whigs by his virulence and tiresome by his prolixity, he replied, "Ah, well, I am a bad hater." Keats varied the phrase when he said of Hazlitt, "He is your only good damner. If ever I am damned, I should like to be damned by him." Perhaps he remembered Selden's words in his "Table-Talk," "to preach long, loud, and damnation, is the way to be cried up. We love a man that damns us, and we run after him again to save us."

Hats and Caps. The names of two political factions by which Sweden was distracted in the middle of the eighteenth century, leaning respectively towards France and towards Russia. The French partisans wore a French chapeau as their badge, and the Russian sympathizers a Russian cap, whence the name. Carlyle's derivation is somewhat different:

"Fashion of Hats," "Fashion of Caps" (that is, *night*-caps, as being somnolent and disinclined to France and war); seldom did a once valiant, far-shining nation sink to such depths!

They were broken up and the use of their names prohibited by Gustavus III. in 1771.

Havoc, To cry. Havoc is Anglo-Saxon for hawk, and originally to cry "havoc" apparently was a cry of encouragement, in falconry, to a hawk when loosed upon his prey. In the later Middle Ages it was a military cry to general massacre without quarter.

And Cæsar's spirit, raging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.

Julius Cæsar. Act iii., Sc. i.

The cry was forbidden, on pain of death, in the ninth year of the reign of Richard II. It was through this custom and cry that a word originally meaning a falcon came to mean general and relentless destruction.

Ye gods! what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!

ADDISON: *Cato*, Act ii., Sc. i.

Hawk-Eye State, the State of Iowa, so named after Hawk-Eye, the famous Indian chief.

Hay-seeds (that is to say, rustics), in the language of American politics, a nickname for farmers or their representatives and delegates. In State legislatures "the hay-seed delegation" is a term applied collectively to the representatives of the rural constituencies.

Hay-ward, or Hay-warden (*i.e.*, hedge-guard), the name of the officer in many American townships whose duty it is to impound and keep stray cattle until they are redeemed by their owners. The name is of ancient origin, and was doubtless brought over with them by the early colonists. It is found with cognate words such as "fence-ward," "hedge-ward," etc., in old English records, sometimes occurring as *haward*. An etymology of the word, note-

worthy merely for its absurdity, is that which derives the title of this official from his supposed duty of driving the cattle hayward, *i.e.*, in the direction of hay.

He's all right! originated as a term of reproach against the Presidential candidate of the Prohibitionists in 1884. He had been a Republican party leader, and, as the only effect of his candidature was to draw off a portion of the Republican vote, he was roundly denounced by his former associates. They started the cry, "What is the matter with St. John?" The answer to this was, "Oh, he's all right!" This was accompanied with a significant shake of the head, which was meant to imply that the Democratic barrel had been tapped for St. John, and that he was abundantly supplied with lucre and liquid refreshments. The Prohibitionists adopted the cry, and used it during the canvass in 1884. When their convention met at Indianapolis in May, 1888, with more than one thousand delegates and three times that many of their party friends in attendance, St. John was one of the strong men, and he was made the permanent chairman. At his first appearance upon the crowded convention platform, a chorus of voices cried out, "What's the matter with St. John?" The answering shout from the multitude came like a tornado, "He's all right!" and that was St. John's welcome by the Prohibitionists.

Head. In American slang, a man is said to suffer from the big head or swelled head when he has an immense idea of his own importance. The phrase probably arose on the prairies, where the big-head is a peculiar cattle-disease, characterized by a swelling of the head. The matutinal headache after a debauch is also dubbed a head, or a swelled head, and is humorously supposed to be attended with a distention of the cerebellum. To swell a man's head means also to flatter him, or to hoax him with lies or figments. To put a head on a man is to give him a sound thrashing.

But all his jargon was surpassed in wild absurdity
By threats profanely emphasized to put a head on me.
"No son of Belial," said I, "that miracle can do!"
Whereat he fell upon me with blows and curses too,
But failed to work that miracle, if such was his design:
Instead of putting on a head, he strove to smite off mine.

Galveston News.

Daniel Webster had one of the largest and most robust brains that ever flourished in our fair land. It was what we frequently call a teeming brain,—one of those four-horse teeming brains, as it were. Mr. Webster wore the largest hat of any man then in Congress, and other senators and representatives used to frequently borrow it to wear on the 2d of January, the 5th of July, and after other special occasions, when they had been in executive session most all night and endured great mental strain.—BILL NYE: *Remarks.*

Head and Foot, the top and the bottom. We speak of the head and foot of a class at school, of the head and foot of a table, etc. In feudal times the baron and his wife sat on an elevated dais at the head of the table. His friends and retainers sat farther down according to rank, the salt-cellar marking the division between the "gentles and simples." Every one knows the anecdote of the old Highland chief who, on being asked at a dinner in London to advance nearer to the head of the table, replied, "Wherever ta McNab sits, tat's ta head of ta table."

Headings, Newspaper, or Head-Lines, an American journalistic invention, which arrests the attention of the reader and whets his appetite by startling titular lines, "displayed" in all the bravery of leads and large capitals, condensing and epigrammatizing the news in the body of the article. They are generally supposed to be of recent date, and to have originated during the civil war. But as far back as the Revolution an original has been

found in the following heading to a notable bit of news published in the *New York Gazette and the Weekly Mercury*, October 20, 1777 :

Glorious News from the Southward. Washington Knocked up—The Bloodiest Battle in America—6,000 of his Men Gone—100 Wagons to Carry the Wounded—General Howe is at present in Germantown—Washington 30 Miles Back in a Shattered Condition—Their Stoutest Frigate Taken and One Deserted—They are Tired—And talk of Finishing the Campaign.

Of course the "glorious news" was all wrong. At the time when it was published the British cause had been hopelessly crushed. Three days before, "the bloodiest battle" in America had, indeed, been fought,—at Saratoga, however, and not at Germantown,—and had resulted in the surrender of Burgoyne to Gates. The hard-headed old Tory editor, Hugh Gaine, had not heard who lost a whole army, but he had a presentiment of "talk of finishing the campaign."

Of recent years, and especially in the West, the head-line has been used in the most shocking and irreverent manner, as when a wild and woolly journal placed over its account of the execution of a repentant murderer, "Jerked to Jesus," or when a Chicago paper chronicled the hanging of the seven Anarchists and dynamiters under the heading of "Seven Up." Another Western paper prefaced its announcement of the supposed election of Tilden to the Presidency with the words, in large capitals, "Glory be to God," and its subsequent doubt of that desired event with "Let us Pray." In New York City the defeat of a favorite club of base-ball players was headed "Thy Will be Done!" and "Half-Shell Piety" was for many weeks the habitual heading of a collection of irreverent jokes in a Western daily.

Head-quarters. My head-quarters are in the saddle, a phrase attributed to General Pope during the war when asked by the government where he proposed to make his head-quarters. The phrase caught on, and soon became synonymous with close attention to duty and unwearied vigilance.

Hear! hear! in England, a parliamentary expression of approval. It might seem that the origin of the phrase was Scriptural, as it occurs as follows in II. Samuel xx. 16: "Then cried a wise woman out of the city, Hear, hear!" But this, of course, is mere coincidence. According to Macaulay, the exclamation came into current use toward the close of the seventeenth century, and superseded the deep hum with which Englishmen were previously wont to indicate approbation not only for an orator but for a preacher. Macaulay's words are as follows (he is speaking of the Parliament prorogued by William III., immediately after his proclamation as king, in 1689): "In the Commons the debates were warm. The House resolved itself into a Committee, and so great was the excitement that when the authority of the Speaker was withdrawn, it was hardly possible to preserve order. Sharp personalities were exchanged. The phrase 'hear him,' a phrase which had originally been used only to silence irregular noises, and to remind members of the duty of attending to the discussion, had, during some years, been gradually becoming what it now is; that is to say, a cry indicative, according to the tone, of admiration, acquiescence, indignation, or derision." (*History of England*, ch. xi.)

Sheridan was one day much annoyed by a fellow-member of the House of Commons who kept crying out every few minutes, "Hear! hear!" During the debate he took occasion to describe a political contemporary who wished to play rogue but had only sense enough to act fool. "Where," exclaimed he, with great emphasis,—“where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?” "Hear! hear!" was shouted by the trouble-

some member. Sheridan turned round, and, thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

Heart in his hand, or on his sleeve, a proverbial phrase applied to a person so candid that he cannot conceal his thoughts and motives :

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at.

SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*, Act i., Sc. 1.

A close parallel is found in "Et animam meam porto in manibus meis," the Vulgate translation of Job xiii. 14, which runs in the Authorized Version, "and put my life in my hand." Corderius, in a note to the Latin, compares it with a Greek proverb, "Hinc etiam Græci dicunt proverbio, ἐν τῇ χειρὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἔχει, de eo qui versatur in summo discrimine." Cf. Proverbs xxi. 1, "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water; he turneth it whithersoever he will."

Ferdinand. Here's my hand.

Miranda. And mine with my heart in it.

SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

With this hand I give to you my heart.

MARLOWE: *Dido*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Hearts — Drums. In Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," the following is the third stanza :

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

That our life is a march to the grave is a familiar figure. It may be found, for example, in Beaumont and Fletcher :

Our lives are but our marches to the grave.

The Humorous Lieutenant, Act iii., Sc. 5.

The conceit that our heart beats a dead march is closely paralleled in Tom D'Urfey's poem "The Lady Destroyed with Love," in his comedy "Don Quino," 1674 :

My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, has a similar figure :

Hark, my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats her approach : I come, I come.

Heine varies the metaphor :

Love, my love, lay your small hand on my heart,
Hear every second a beat and a start !
There dwells a carpenter,—evil is he,—
Always at work on a coffin for me.

He hammers by night, and he hammers by day,
Long he has driven my sleep far away.
Hammer, old carpenter, hammer your best !
So that I quickly may go to my rest.

But if Longfellow has imitated, he has been boldly plagiarized. The first two stanzas of Baudelaire's little poem "Le Guignon" (*Fleurs du Mal*, ed. 1861, p. 30) run as follows :

Pour soulever un poids si lourd,
Sisyphe, il faudrait ton courage !
Bien qu'on ait du cœur à l'ouvrage,
L'Art est long et le Temps est court.

Loin des sépultures célèbres,
Vers un cimetière isolé,
Mon cœur, comme un tambour voilé,
Va battant des marches funèbres.

Heaven in her eye. Milton says in "Paradise Lost," Book viii., l. 488,—

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

The first words are an adaptation from Tibullus's "Sulpicia :"

Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

("Whate'er she does, where'er her steps she turns,
A furtive grace the artless girl adorns.")

This passage was imitated also by Cardinal Bembo and Count Castiglione : the latter inserted his Latin adaptation in a poem he addressed to his wife, Elizabeth Gonzaga. But whence did Milton borrow *heaven in her eye*? Perhaps from Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" (Act iv., Sc. 4),—

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage,—

but more probably from the "Philaster" of Beaumont and Fletcher (iii. 1),—

How heaven is in your eyes,—

or from Dante's "Paradiso," xviii. 21, where Beatrice says,—

Not in mine eyes alone is paradise.

In Sir John Suckling's tragedy of "Brennoralt," the hero, gazing on Francesca asleep, says,—

Her face is like the milky way i' th' sky.
A meeting of gentle lights without a name ;

—an exquisite expression, which Waller has stolen and spoiled :

Amoret, the milky way,
Framed of many nameless stars.
Verses to Amoret.

Heelers, in American political slang, the followers or henchmen of a party or a politician, mercenaries who are in politics for revenue only. Originally the word had no political significance, but was applied to an accomplice of the pocket-book dropper. The heeler stoops behind the victim and strikes one of his heels as if by mistake, so drawing his attention to the pocket-book lying on the ground. If he stoops to pick it up, the heeler steps forward to claim half the contents, but agrees to waive his claim on payment of ten or twenty dollars. The dupe, having assured himself that the dummy is stuffed with bank-bills, gladly acquiesces. Of course the bank-bills turn out to be counterfeits.

Heir apparent, Heir presumptive. Considerable popular misapprehension exists as to the use of these terms. The difference between an heir apparent and an heir presumptive is that the heir apparent must succeed if he survives the present holder of the dignity, while an heir presumptive, although the heir at the moment, is liable to have his right to the succession defeated by the birth of another heir. There cannot, therefore, be at the same time an heir apparent and an heir presumptive. The Prince of Wales, for example, is always the heir apparent to the throne. Should there of no Prince of Wales,—i.e., if the reigning monarch have no sons,—then the nearest heir in the legitimate succession becomes the heir presumptive, his or her right to the succession being always liable to be defeated by the birth of a direct heir to the monarch.

Heir of the Republic. A *sobriquet* for Napoleon I., from the fact that he, "the plebeian child of the Revolution," by a bold *coup d'état* overthrew the Directory and made himself First Consul with sovereign powers in 1799. With his assumption of the title of Emperor in 1801 vanished the last shadow of republican government in France.

Hell and Tommy, To play, an English proverbial expression for violence or outrage, sometimes held to be a corruption of Hal and Tommy, Hal being the diminutive of Henry. "The Henry here meant," says a truculent contributor to *Notes and Queries* (second series, xii. 167), "is the remorseless brute Henry VIII., and Tommy is Thomas Lord Cromwell, the tyrant's congenial agent in seizing and rifling the religious houses and turning out their helpless occupants to starve." But perhaps a likelier origin is suggested by another correspondent,—i.e., that it is a corruption of "Hell and Damn me."

Hell is paved with good intentions, the English version of a proverb found in most modern languages, which is vastly improved in the German form, "The road to perdition is paved with good intentions." The Scotch equivalent is neat and epigrammatic: "Hoppers go to hell." Both in the German and the Scotch the obvious moral is that good intentions, not carried out, smooth the sinner's road to destruction; that the very fact of well-meaning, offered as an excuse for ill-doing, blinds him to his danger. Dr Johnson quoted the proverb in its present form (BOSWELL: *Life*, annus 1775), and in Herbert's "*Jacula Prudentum*" it is given thus: "Hell is full of good meanings and wishes."

I well intended to have written from Ireland, but, alas! as some stern old divine says, "Hell is paved with good intentions." There was so much to be seen, and so little time to see it, so much to be heard, and only two ears to listen to twenty voices, that, on the whole, I grew desperate, and gave up all thoughts of doing what was right and proper on post-days, and so all my epistolary good intentions are gone to macadamize, I suppose, the "burning marle" of the infernal regions.—SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Letter to Miss Joanna Baillie*, October 12, 1825.

Hell of a time, a profane Americanism, which may mean either a very good time or a very bad time, but is usually used in the first sense. A famous story in which it is embodied tells how the owner of two pets—one a parrot, the other a monkey—returns home one day to find the monkey decked with red and green feathers. But at first he cannot find the bird at all. At last it hops out of a corner, stripped bare save for a single tail-feather, gets upon its perch with such dignity as it can muster, and says, "Oh, we have had a hell of a time." Hence "a monkey and parrot time" is a common euphemism for "a hell of a time."

Hell to ears polite. Among Pope's "*Moral Essays*," the fourth epistle is addressed to Richard Boyle, and is mainly devoted to exposing false taste in buildings, in gardening, in books, in prayer, and in preaching, the latter fault being thus exemplified:

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer;
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair extension lie,
And bring all paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

The last line is in allusion to a story related by Tom Brown in his "*Laconics*:" "In the reign of Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon: 'In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 'tis not good manners to mention here.'"

Hempe is spun, When. Lord Bacon has this reference: "The trivial

prophecy which I heard when I was a child, and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years, was,—

When hempe is spunne,
England's done;

whereby it was generally conceived that after the princes had reigned which had the principal letters of the word 'hempe' (which were Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth), England should come to utter confusion; which, thanks be to God, is verified only in the change of the name." (*Essays of Prophecies*.) With the accession of James I. the style of the king was no longer "King of England," but became "King of Great Britain."

Hero. The famous phrase, "No man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*," has been attributed to Madame de Sévigné, and, on the authority of Made-moiselle Aïssé, to Madame Cornuel (*Letters*, p. 161, Paris, 1853); but Marshal Catinat (1637-1712) had already said, "A man must be indeed a hero to appear such in the eyes of his valet;" La Bruyère, "Rarely do great men appear great before their valets;" and Montaigne, "Many a man has seemed to the world to be a miracle in whom his wife and his valet have not even seen anything remarkable. Few men have been admired by their servants. The experience of history says that no one has been a prophet in his own house, or even in his own country." (*Essays*, iii. 2.) All these sayings were, however, anticipated by Antigonus I., King of Sparta, who, when Hermodotus in his poems had described him as a god and son of Helios (the sun), observed, "This will be news to my body-servant."

In his "Wahlverwandschaften," 2. Theil, 5. Kap., Goethe refers to the proverb, and says that this is merely because a hero can only be recognized by a hero, and that the valet would probably know how to estimate his fellows. But Schopenhauer contends that the proverb is true, because no man is really great.

In the following quotation Carlyle repeats Goethe's *mot*:

Heroes, it would seem, exist always, and a certain worship of them! We will also take the liberty to deny altogether that saying of the witty Frenchman, that no man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*. Or, if so, it is not the hero's blame, but the valet's: that his soul, namely, is a mean *valet-soul*! He expects his hero to advance in royal stage-trappings, with measured step, trains borne behind him, trumpets sounding before him. It should stand, rather, No man can be a Grand-Monarque to his *valet-de-chambre*. Strip your Louis Quatorze of his king gear, and there is left nothing but a forked radish with a head fantastically carved; admirable to no valet. The valet does not know a hero when he sees him! Alas, no; it requires a kind of *Hero* to do that; and one of the world's wants, in *this* as in other senses, is for most part want of such.—*The Hero as Man of Letters*.

Hickory, Old. A *sobriquet* of Andrew Jackson, said to have been conferred upon him by the soldiers under his command in 1813. It was, Mr. Parton tells us, not an inspiration, but a growth. "First of all, the remark was made by some soldier who was struck by his commander's pedestrian powers that the general was 'tough.' Next it was observed that he was tough as hickory. Then he was *called* Hickory. Lastly, the affectionate adjective 'old' was prefixed, and the general thenceforth rejoiced in the complete nickname, usually the first-won honor of a great commander." The general, however, is said to have told the following story of the origin of the epithet to one of his messmates. During the Creek War, when he was suffering from a bad cold, his officers improvised a tent for him, covered with flakes of hickory-bark, under which he slept comfortably. Next morning a drunken hanger-on of the camp came across the tent, and, not knowing who was in it, gave it a kick that tumbled the structure over. As the angry old hero struggled out of the ruins, the toper cried out, "Hello! Old Hickory! come out of your bark and join us in a drink." The general could not help joining in the laughter at the incident. As he rose and shook the bark from him

he looked so tough and stern that the spectators gave him a hearty "Hurrah for Old Hickory!" and the name clung to him ever after.

Highbinder, a ruffian, a rowdy, one of a gang that commits ruffianly outrages "for fun." They were known by this name in New York and Baltimore previous to 1849. According to a later and now the more common meaning, it is a name for one of a gang of Chinese criminals, supposed to exist in California, constituting a secret conclave, associated for the purpose of blackmail, and even assassination, in the interest and pay of other societies or individuals.

High-Jinks, now meaning, generally, a mad frolic or great fun, was originally an old Scotch game, somewhat like forfeits, the penalties going to pay the reckoning for drinks. This was written "hy-jinks," and is probably derived from *hy*, "haste" (A.-S. *hige*), and *jink*, to "dodge," "cheat," or "make believe."

Aften in Maggy's at hy-jinks,
We guzzled scuds,
Till we could scarce, wi' hale out-drinks,
Cast off our duds.

RAMSAY: *Elegy on Maggie Johnston* (1711).

The frolicsome company had begun to practise the ancient and now forgotten pastime of High-Jinks. The game was played in several different ways. Most frequently the dice were thrown by the company, and those upon whom the lot fell were obliged to assume and maintain for a time a certain fictitious character, or to repeat a certain number of fescennine verses in a particular order. If they departed from the character assigned, they incurred forfeits, which were compounded for by swallowing an additional bumper.—SIR W SCOTT: *Guy Mannering*, chap. xxxvi.

High-minded Federalists. After the defeat of the coalition between the Clintonians and the Federalists in the State of New York in 1815, the bulk of the latter went over bodily to the Clintonians. A small faction, however, continued in opposition, and in the political campaign of 1820 were laughed out of countenance for their frequent reference to themselves as "high-minded" men, and derisively called by the above appellation. From the latter date the Federalists, as a political party in the State, became practically extinct.

Higher law. "There is a higher law than the Constitution." An appeal to a higher law had long been familiar in Northern pulpits; but the use of the term in the above phrase by Senator William H. Seward, in his speech on the admission of California as a State (March 11, 1850), first brought it into prominence and made it popular in the political arena. It was adopted by the Abolitionists when they found that their plans were obstructed by existing laws, and used by them with telling effect. Appeals to a superior rule as binding on the collective conscience of the nation, something higher than constitutions or laws or public policy, are not infrequent in American politics. Thus, Wendell Phillips, in his speech on the election of Lincoln to the Presidency, November 7, 1860, said, "When Infinite Wisdom established the rules of right and honesty, he saw to it that justice should always be the highest expediency." (See FIAT JUSTITIA.)

Hindoos. A nickname applied in 1856 to the Know-Nothings, from the fact that their leader and candidate for President, Daniel Ullman, was alleged to have been born in Calcutta.

Hindsight, an American colloquialism, the antithesis of foresight, and meaning wisdom after the event, as the latter does before the event. The invention of the word in this sense is attributed to Henry Ward Beecher, in the phrase, "I wish that our hindsight were equal to our foresight." The word

hind-sight had already been in existence to signify the back-sight of a gun, but was probably not known to Beecher.

Hippocratic Oath, a solemn engagement after a comprehensive formula, said to have been prescribed by Hippocrates himself, entered into in ancient times by young men about to commence the practice of medicine. It deals with the whole tenor of the morals of the asseverator, and endeavors to secure the utmost purity in this respect, but particularly binds him in the most rigorous manner to the practice of his profession on high principles of humanity and honor, and pledges him to a most disinterested and exalted brotherhood with all those connected legitimately with the practice of the healing art, and to acts of kindness towards their children.

History, The incredibility of. When Sir Robert Walpole was asked what he would have read to him, he replied, "Not history, for I know that to be false." Charles Kingsley gave up his chair of Modern History at Oxford because he said he considered history "largely a lie." Napoleon termed it a fable agreed upon. Dumas called it left-handed truth. It is said that Raleigh, having failed in an endeavor to ascertain the rights of a quarrel that fell out beneath his window, exclaimed against his own folly in endeavoring to write the true history of the world. But this very anecdote has been doubted, and so casts another shadow upon the credibility of accepted facts. A similar story is told of Leopold von Ranke. While collecting facts for his history, a singular accident occurred in his native town. A bridge broke down, and some persons were swept away by the river. Von Ranke inquired into the details of the catastrophe. "I saw the bridge fall," said one of the neighbors: "a heavy cart had just passed over and weakened it. Two men were on it when it fell, and a soldier on a white horse." "I saw it fall," declared another, "but the cart had passed over it two hours previous. The foot-passengers were children, and the rider was a civilian on a black horse." "Now," argued Von Ranke, "if it is impossible to learn the truth about an accident which happened at broad noonday only twenty-four hours ago, how can I declare any fact to be certain which is shrouded in the darkness of ten centuries?"

Contemporaries even differ about facts that should be self-evident,—about the physical characteristics of their best friends. In 1888 a discussion was carried on in *Notes and Queries* whether Mr. Gladstone had a provincial accent. Members of Parliament who constantly heard him speak could not agree. Some said his speech was a perfect specimen of the English of the latter part of the nineteenth century, others that he had an accent of Lancashire, where he was born, and others that he had a Scotch accent, derived from his parents. After the death of Sir Henry Maine, the *St. James Gazette*, on the testimony of some of Sir Henry's friends "who knew him intimately and long," challenged the statement made in the *Saturday Review's* obituary that he had a rather tall and well-proportioned figure. The *St. James Gazette* acknowledged that the notice of Sir Henry was written by one who had lived on terms of the closest intimacy and friendship with the deceased jurist for more than thirty years, "and who must, therefore, have known him as well as one man can ever know another." Yet it asserts that Sir Henry's figure, far from being rather tall, was rather short,—“in fact, was that of a man slightly below the middle height.” It will be remembered that Louis XIV., whom his courtiers either believed or pretended to believe a tall man, was absolutely diminutive in stature. The friends of Mrs. Browning could not agree as to the color of her hair. Hawthorne described it as black, and Bayard Taylor as chestnut; Mr. John Bigelow said that it was of a dark chestnut, and Mr. Cephas G. Thompson, the painter, that it was dark brown,

almost black. No wonder Hawthorne wrote in his "Note-Books," "Every day of my life makes me feel more and more how seldom a fact is accurately stated; how, almost invariably, when a story has passed through the mind of a third person it becomes, so far as regards the impression that it makes in further repetitions, little better than a falsehood, and this, too, though the narrator be the most truth-seeking person in existence. How marvellous the tendency is! . . . Is truth a fantasy which we are to pursue forever and never grasp?"

Possibly Hawthorne may have heard of the game called Russian Scandal, which is played in this fashion. A tells a story to B, B repeats it to C, C to D, and so on. Each is to aim at scrupulous accuracy in repetition. Yet by the time the story has been transmitted from mouth to mouth six or seven times it has undergone a complete transformation. And the popular poem of "The Three Black Crows" versifies a somewhat similar idea.

The modern historical investigator has succeeded in shattering our faith in a large portion of what to our grandfathers was received historical truth. When so much of the fabric is gone, our belief in the rest is unpleasantly leavened with suspicion. Until about the middle of the eighteenth century, the earlier Greek and Roman history was as implicitly believed as the later, and from its picturesque character sank even deeper into the mind. But Niebuhr and Sir George Cornewall Lewis completed the ruin which earlier doubters had begun.

There is no evidence that Romulus ever lived, that Tarquin outraged Lucretia, that Brutus shammed idiocy and condemned his sons to death, that Mucius Scævola thrust his hand into the fire, that Clælia swam the Tiber, that Horatius defended a bridge against an army. Coriolanus never allowed his mother to intercede for Rome. The number of Xerxes' army has been grossly exaggerated, and it was not stopped at Thermopylæ by three hundred Spartans, but by seven thousand, or even, as some authors compute, twelve thousand. The siege of Troy is largely a myth, and, even according to Homer's own account, Helen must have been sixty years old when Paris fell in love with her. Nay, other sceptics have attacked the credibility of the later Greek and Roman history. They have deprived Diogenes of his tub, Sappho of her lover, Rhodes of its Colossus. They have asserted that Portia did not swallow burning coals, that Cæsar never crossed the Rubicon, that he never said to the pilot, "You carry Cæsar and his fortunes," nor cried out, "Et tu, Brute!" as he fell at the base of Pompey's statue, that Philip never told Alexander, "Seek another kingdom, for Macedon is too small for thee." Chemists have proved that vinegar will not dissolve pearls nor cleave rocks, in spite of the fabled exploits of Cleopatra and Hannibal. Nero was not a monster, he did not kill his mother, nor fiddle over burning Rome. Tiberius was a pretty good fellow. And, indeed, all the Roman emperors who were successfully put out of the way were hardly treated by servile historians who sought to cater to the popular taste.

Was Pharaoh drowned in the Red Sea at the crossing of the Israelites? This question has troubled many Biblical scholars, and is still unsettled. The account in Exodus says nothing of the destruction of the king in person, though the passage "overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea" (Psalm cxxxvi. 15) seems to imply that Pharaoh perished with his army. Charles S. Robinson, in his "Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus," leans, however, to the contrary opinion. It is curious that the manner of the death of Meneptha (son of Rameses II.), with whom the Pharaoh of the Exodus is now usually identified, is not recorded in profane history, that his mummy has never been found, and that there is no evidence that it ever lay in his tomb at Thebes.

Even modern European history has been discredited. Arthur is undoubtedly a fable. Charlemagne has been so beclouded by legend that it is difficult to separate the true from the false ; but it is quite certain that his paladins are as mythical as Arthur's knights. Alfred never allowed the cakes to burn, nor ventured into the Danish camp disguised as a minstrel. Rufus did not die of an arrow shot at him by mistake by Tyrrel. Queen Eleanor did not suck poison from her husband's wound. Richard III. was not a hunchback, and was not wicked, according to Walpole. Henry VIII., according to Froude, was a saint-like personage, who, by destiny rather than choice, became a sort of professional widower. The infamous Lucrezia Borgia is declared by Roscoe, the English historian, and by Mr. Astor, of New York, to have been a good and much-maligned woman. The famous Sappho did not throw herself from the Leucadian Cliff for love of Phaon, nor did she live a lewd life, but married and lived respectably and respected, according to the German writer Welcker, who wrote a book to prove her innocence. Bishop Thirlwall and Lord Lytton both believed in the purity of her character. Fair Rosamond was not poisoned by Queen Eleanor, but died in the odor of sanctity in the convent of Godstow. Blondel, the harper, did not discover the prison in which Richard I. was confined. Charles IX. did not fire upon the Huguenots with an arquebuse from the window of the Louvre during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Charles V. did not celebrate his own obsequies in his lifetime. Clarence was never drowned in a butt of malmsey, nor was Richard II. starved to death in Pontefract Castle. Pocahontas never saved John Smith, and Washington never cut down the cherry-tree. The story of Abelard and Héloïse has been strongly doubted, and a question has even been raised as to whether Joan of Arc ever suffered the punishment that made her a martyr, though details of her execution and last moments are found in the civic records of Rouen. Charles Monselet quotes a paragraph from the *Mercur* of 1683 announcing that certain documents recently discovered led to the conclusion that Joan of Arc had been married, and that some unfortunate victim must have been sacrificed in her place in Rouen. The documents consisted of an attestation made by Father Riguer to the effect that "five years after the judgment of Joan of Arc, on the twentieth day of May, Joan the Maid visited Metz. On the same day her brothers called to see her. They thought she had been burned, but when they saw her they recognized her at once. They took her with them to Boquelon." The old priest added as a proof of what he had advanced a copy of the original contract of marriage between "Robert des Armoyses and Joan of Arc, otherwise known as the Maid of Orleans."

Scientific historians have established beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Swiss Confederation was not founded by William Tell, as the chroniclers would have us believe. His name cannot be found in the archives of any of the cantons. The story of his famous shot is full of discrepancies, especially as regards the bailiff Gessler, and, what is now considered conclusive proof of his legendary character, at least six similar episodes have been discovered in the mythical histories or the ballads of Teutonic nations. Denmark, Iceland, Holstein, England, the Rhine country, and Norway, as well as Switzerland, have their William Tell, under another name, and surrounded by different geographical features, to be sure, but nevertheless in every case possessing the same essential points of resemblance. The traditional archer has, therefore, been abandoned by all serious historians as the founder of the Swiss Confederation.

The story of Madcap Henry and the chief justice has been immortalized by Shakespeare. The story is that Henry was arrested for disorderly conduct, and was brought before Sir William Gascoigne, whom he either insulted or

struck, whereupon he was committed to prison. On ascending the throne, one of his first acts was to reappoint the courageous judge to his place as chief justice. But it is established beyond controversy that Sir William Gascoigne was not reappointed by Henry V., and the entire story did not make its appearance until nearly a century and a half after the occurrence is said to have taken place. It was first told in 1534 by one Sir Thomas Elyot, who gives no authority whatever. Yet compilers, with the credulity of their class, have accepted his statements, and, one after the other, have transferred the anecdote to their pages without a moment's hesitation or examination. Indeed, all the stories of Henry's roystering youth and of his consequent estrangement from his father have been disproved by documentary evidence. Year after year, from the very date when the prince was first appointed to office down to the time of the death of King Henry IV., we find entries upon the rolls of the kingdom proving that the son was in council with the father and enjoyed his confidence and affection.

The story of Bonnivard, as it is given in Byron's poem "The Prisoner of Chillon," and accepted by the reading world, is almost entirely imaginary. Instead of losing one brother by fire, two in the field, and two by death in the dungeon, the fact is that there is no evidence that he had any brothers at all, and none that his father died for his faith. Byron himself acknowledges that he was unacquainted with the history of Bonnivard when he wrote the poem. He subsequently wrote a sonnet to his hero, in which he represents him as a high-minded patriot appealing "from tyranny to God," and this character has sometimes been ascribed to him by historians. In plain truth, there was little of the heroic about Bonnivard. He was simply a good-natured scatter-brain, whose high animal spirits and graceless wit were continually getting him into trouble; and he seems to have employed the six years of his imprisonment chiefly in making immoral verses.

One of the most famous of historical edifices is the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, which connects the Doge's palace with the state prisons. The name was popularly given it through what Howells calls "that opulence of compassion which enables the Italians to pity even rascality in difficulties." For, in spite of Byron, it cannot be associated with any romantic episode of history except the story of Antonio Foscarini, since it was not built until the end of the sixteenth century, and the prisoners who passed across it to judgment were mere vulgar criminals, such as thieves and murderers.

The famous Round Tower at Newport, which popular tradition, confirmed by the genius of Longfellow, has associated with the vikings, is but an ordinary windmill. The Maelström is an insignificant eddy. The car of Juggernaut does not crush believers under its wheels, except in rare cases of accident.

Not many years ago the mill of Sans Souci which the miller refused to sell to Frederick the Great was brought down with a crash by the Historical Society of Potsdam. With it disappeared the lawsuit of which the mill is traditionally believed to have been made the subject, and the judges of such perfect integrity that they refused to decide unjustly in favor of the king. The germ of the story lies in Dr. Zimmermann's highly imaginary "Conversations with Frederick the Great." All he says about the mill is that it interfered with the king's view from the orangery, that his majesty wished to buy it, and that the miller refused to sell. The poet Hebel to Zimmermann's supposed fact added his own story of the lawsuit. But the mill could not by its position have interfered with Frederick's view from the orangery, and the records of the Berlin tribunals contain no mention of the action of ejectment which the king is held to have brought against his intractable subject.

The crew of *Le Vengeur*, instead of going down with the cry of "*Vive la République!*" shrieked for help, and many were saved in English boats.

There is a famous story that both Cromwell and Hampden, despairing of the liberties of their country, had embarked for New England in 1638, when they were stopped by an Order of Council. That an expedition was so stopped there is no doubt, but, after a brief delay, it was permitted to proceed with its entire freight of pilgrims. Of course neither Cromwell nor Hampden was on board. There is a foolish story that Philip III. of Spain when almost suffocated by the heat of a roaring fire felt that he could not rise from his chair without wounding his dignity, that no one could dampen the fire, because the proper official did not happen to be at hand, and that he contracted an erysipelas of the head which carried him off. The story has been gravely accepted by many historians, and has become a favorite illustration in English literature. Yet historian after historian has shown that there is not an iota of evidence to support it,—that it is simply a good old stock tale which has been related of many monarchs and many courts, and which was originally a pure invention.

Historians inform us that wolves were entirely extirpated in England by the Saxon king Edgar; and so the ingenuous youth of the day are instructed in their historical catechisms. A reference to Rymer's "*Fœdera*" shows that these unpleasant natives kept their footing in the island even to the reign of King Edward I., more than three hundred years later: "Anno 9, Edw. Primi. The king sent an injunction to the sheriffs of Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, and Staffordshire, reciting that he had directed Peter de Corbet to hunt and destroy wolves in the forests of those counties, with men, dogs, and snares, and enjoining said sheriffs to give him all possible assistance." According to some chroniclers, Don Carlos of Spain, who was secretly put to death by his father, Philip II., was a model of youthful perfection and exalted heroism. Poets, dramatists, and anecdote-hunters have adopted this opinion for the sake of a romantic subject. If we are to credit a contemporary writer, Brantôme, who, though a little free in expression, is considered faithful and accurate, he was an abandoned profligate, an insulter of everything modest and decent; and the young nobility who kept company with him were notorious for the loose depravity of their lives, and for the miserable ends to which they were brought in time. The account given by the facetious Frenchman of that prince's rambles through the streets of Madrid is more humorous than edifying. Hume states deliberately that Charles I. slept soundly at Whitehall on the night preceding his death, undisturbed by the noise of the workmen who were erecting the scaffold; whereas it is certain that he passed his last night at St. James's, far beyond the sound of the appalling preparations, and walked across the Park in the morning to the place of execution. Guy Patin, a celebrated French physician and *littérateur*, affirms that Lord Darnley was murdered by the Puritans. He also bestows several laborious pages to prove that Mohammed was never a cardinal at Rome, and that there are no silver grapes in Hungary.

"As for the greater number of the stories with which the *ana* are stuffed," says Voltaire, "including all those humorous replies attributed to Charles V., to Henry IV., to a hundred modern princes, you find them in Athanasius and in our old authors. It is in this sense only that one may say, '*Nil sub sole novum*.'"

It will be remembered that upon his fourth voyage to the Western world Columbus was wrecked in 1504 on the island of Jamaica, where the natives, it is said, soon wearied of supplying him with provisions, and the great Christopher was in danger of starvation. The story, as it used to be told, was that the explorer, knowing that an eclipse of the moon was about to occur, informed the savages that the Great Spirit was much displeased by their inhospitality, and would indicate his displeasure on a certain night by hiding

the face of the moon. Sure enough, at the appointed time the moon was darkened, and the dismayed aborigines lost no time in glutting the provision-market. The story is a pretty one, its only defect being that no eclipse occurred anywhere near the specified time.

Edouard Fournier in France and Mr. Hayward in England have shown that almost every celebrated historical saying has either in course of time and through force of repetition become falsified, or had from the beginning been deliberately invented. Francis I. never said or wrote after the battle of Pavia, "Everything is lost save honor." In a letter to his mother occurred the following words: "De toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauvée." The current version may be traced to the mistranslation of the Spanish historian Antonio Devera: "Madama, todo se ha perdido sino es la honra."

Henry IV. never said before entering Paris, "Paris vaut bien une messe." Philip VI., flying from the field of Crécy, and challenged late at night before the gates of the castle of Blois, did not cry out, "It is the fortune of France." What he really said was, "Open, open; it is the unfortunate King of France,"—a version which strips the speech of all its grandeur. Chateaubriand had repeated the story on the authority of Froissart, and when Buchan, the learned editor of the French Chronicles, suggested the propriety of a correction, Chateaubriand refused to make it.

Other Frenchmen have manifested equal indifference to strict accuracy. When Vertot, who had just finished a long description of a certain siege, was reminded by a friend that no such siege had taken place, he replied with a memorable phrase, "Mon siège est fait;" and Voltaire, on being asked where he had heard the story that when the French became masters of Constantinople in 1204 they danced with the women in the sanctuary of the church of Santa Sophia, replied, calmly, "Nowhere; it is a frolic [*espiglerie*] of my imagination."

The Duke of Wellington at Waterloo never uttered the famous words, "Up, Guards, and at them!" nor did General Cambronne say anything resembling "The Guard dies and does not surrender," in reference to the attitude of the admirable body of men who did not die and who did surrender.

The French have a delight in *mots*; no event seems to them complete without one, and they eagerly catch up every invention. The Abbé Edgeworth frankly acknowledged to Lord Holland that he had never made the famous invocation to Louis XVI. on the scaffold, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven." It was invented for him on the evening of the execution by the editor of a newspaper. Sieyès indignantly denied that when the fate of Louis XVI. was put to the vote he exclaimed, "La mort,—sans phrase," or that when asked what he did during the Reign of Terror he made answer, "J'ai vécu" ("I lived").

But the French is not the only nation which has invented historical speeches. Pitt's celebrated reply to Walpole, beginning, "The atrocious crime of being a young man," is well known to have been in reality composed by Dr. Johnson, who was not even present when the actual reply was spoken; and Horne Tooke wrote the speech inscribed on the pedestal of Beckford's statue at Guildhall purporting to be the reply extemporized by the spirited magistrate to George III.

Talleyrand was continually having credited to him the good things said of other people. He was often much astonished by these compliments to his genius, but if he liked the saying he assumed its responsibility without hesitation. His paternity of the famous "It is the beginning of the end" is doubted by Fournier. The still more famous "Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts" was assigned to Talleyrand in the "Nain Jaune" by

Harel, who in this case was not only a forger but a thief, because, as the author of a eulogy on Voltaire, he must have known that the latter wrote, "Men employ speech only to conceal their thoughts." But, indeed, the phrase can be traced back almost as far as Adam and Eve. Talleyrand was even so fortunate as to be credited with the good things said at his expense. Thus, "Who would not adore him, he is so vicious?" was said by Montrond of him, not by him of Montrond. Again, it was not he who, to the sick man complaining that he suffered the tortures of the damned, curtly exclaimed, "Déjà !" Louis Blanc says that when Talleyrand was on his death-bed Louis Philippe asked him if he suffered. "Yes, like the damned." Louis Philippe murmured, "Déjà !" a word that the dying man heard, and which he revenged forthwith by giving to one of the persons about him secret and terrible indications. But, in fact, the repartee may be found in one of Lebrun's Epigrams, and has been attributed to a number of people.

"History repeats itself," is a common saying. But historians are often a little too hasty in assuming that the repetition indicates falsity. We might believe that William Tell had shot the apple off his son's head, in spite of the fact that many archers before his time had performed the same feat, if there were any evidence that William Tell ever existed. Columbus may have shown the Spanish courtiers how to make an egg stand upon end, although before his time Brunelleschi had adopted the same method of embarrassing the enemies who sarcastically inquired the method by which he proposed to build the dome in Florence. Nor need there be any question of plagiarism here. When Louis XII. said, "The King of France does not avenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans," he may have been entirely ignorant that he had been anticipated by Philip, Count of Bresse, who said, when he became Duke of Savoy in 1497, "It would be shameful as duke to avenge the injuries of the count." Christina of Sweden may have said of Louis XIV. when he revoked the Edict of Nantes, "He has cut off his left arm with the right," in spite of the fact that Valentinian had made use of the same expression. In fact, we are all in danger of becoming too sceptical. Walpole wrote an ingenious work to show, taking for his base the conflicting statements in history, that no such person as Richard III. ever existed, or that, if he did, he could have been neither a tyrant nor a hunchback. Whately's "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte," which was published in 1810, created widespread amusement by its amazing cleverness. It proved with infinite ingenuity that Napoleon had never existed, and was written to expose Hume's axiom concerning testimony by a *reductio ad absurdum*. About ten years after the appearance of Whately's pamphlet, one J. B. Pérès, who probably never heard of Whately, published his "Comme quoi Napoléon n'a jamais existé," which resolved Napoleon into a solar myth. And it will be remembered that in his ingenious paper on the great Gladstone myth Mr. Andrew Lang has followed in the wake of Pérès and proved conclusively that Gladstone is only another name for the sun, and that the various deeds attributed to him are simply allegorical embodiments of the sun's doings.

Hoaxes, Some famous. Many etymologies for the word "hoax" have been suggested,—the most plausible making it a corruption from the first word of *hocus-focus*, which in its turn is a corruption from the *hoc est corpus* of the mass. A hoax may be defined as a successful effort to deceive without any motive but fun. With a further limitation of its meaning as a deception of the many, a useful line of demarcation might be drawn between the hoax and the practical joke which is aimed only at individuals. This definition would exclude all the famous literary forgeries, from Chatterton to Lew Vanderpoole, where the object was pelf rather than amusement, such deliberate swindles as the South Sea Bubble, and even such famous instances as De

Foe's story of the apparition of Mrs. Veal, which was written to sell "Drelincourt on Death."

When Sheridan completed the Greek sentence levelled against him—which the country members cheered, not because they understood it, but because it was quoted on their side—by saying that the passage should have been continued to the end, and glibly adding a screed of Irish, it is doubtful whether his jest rose to the dignity of a hoax. But the constant victimization of antiquaries by fabricated articles purporting to be interesting as relics of the past is clearly a hoax, except when it is done for profit. Every one will remember, in Scott's "Antiquary," the metal vessel inscribed with the letters A—D—L—L, which Monkbarns interpreted to mean *Agricola dicavit libens lubens*, but which Edie Ochiltree pronounced to be *Aikin Drum's lang ladle*. And every one will also remember the uneven and broken stone on which the Pickwick club laboriously deciphered this inscription :

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which turned out to be nothing more nor less than "Bil Stumps, his Mark." Here again the hoax is not perfect, because there is no evidence that either Aikin Drum or Bill Stokes had any deliberate intention to deceive. But the following inscription is a genuine hoax. It was sent to the secretary of an enthusiastic band of archæologists exploring the town of Banbury, as having been copied from the corner-stone of an old structure lately pulled down :

SEOGEH SREVE EREH WCISUME VAHL
LAH SEHS SE OTREH NOS LLEBDNAS
REGNI FREH NOS GNIREH ROHYER
GANOED IRYD ALE NIFAE ESOTS SORCY
RUB NABOT ES ROHK CO CAED IR.

After the learned heads had been puzzled for a while, one of their number hit upon the expedient of reading the inscription backward, when it was found to be an ingenious transposition of the well-known nursery rhyme, "Ride a cock-horse," etc.

The ever-amusing "Raikes's Diary" tells of a stone found near Nérac in 1838 which bore this legend : *Similiter causâ-que ego ambo te fumant cum de suis*. After puzzling all the learned brains of the locality, it was about to be sent to Paris, when an old inhabitant remembered that the stone came from a building occupied by Russian troops during the invasion of 1814. The explanation that it was only a bit of military fun at once suggested itself, and finally it was discovered that by reading off the inscription with the proper French pronunciation of the syllables it became, *Six militaires cosaques égaux en beauté fumant comme deux Suisses*, which, translated, means, "Six Cossack soldiers equal in beauty, smoking like two Swiss."

The archæologist Gough, at a curiosity-shop, came across a slab of stone with a curious inscription, bought it, and had it described before the Society of Antiquaries, and engraved for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The legend read, "Here Hardcnut drank a wine-horn dry, stared about him, and died." The evidence seemed to be in its favor. It had been found, so the shopkeeper asserted, in Kennington Lane, where the palace of Hardcnut is supposed to have been situated. At last it transpired that George Steevens, to satisfy an old grudge against Gough, had procured a fragment of an old chimney-slab,

scratched the inscription in rude characters, and got the curiosity-dealer so to manage that Gough should see and buy the stone.

Traps of this sort are continually being laid for unsuspecting antiquarians by the waggishly inclined, and many a supposed old coin has been found on investigation to be nothing more than a sou or a centime melted in the fire, battered with a hammer, punched with a cold-chisel in imitation of antique lettering, and then hidden in some place where it was sure to be discovered. "There is a cairn," says the Rev. J. G. Wood, "broken and battered, on the summit of the hills near the Vale of White Horse, and visible from the railway. A very well known author refers in a very well known book to that cairn as a Danish monument, whereas I built it myself; and, by the same token, there is in the middle of it a flat-iron without any handle. Jokes of this sort," he adds, "are very prevalent among scientific men. There is, for example, one of our best entomologists who prides himself on his skill in manufacturing insects. If they have wings, he discharges the color by chemical means, and paints them afresh. He substitutes various parts of various beings for those of the creature which he manufactures, cutting out from an old champagne-cork anything that may be found wanting. He once tried to palm off on me a most ingenious combination. The head was made of cork, the wings were real wings, only turned the wrong side upwards, and the body had been taken to pieces, painted, and varnished. Unfortunately for himself, this very clever forger of entomological rarities had visited one of those houses where the celebrated Cardinal spider lives, and had added the legs of a spider from Hampton Court to the body, wings, and antennæ of insects from all parts of the world. The spider's legs betrayed him, but the author of the entomological forgery was not in the least disconcerted at the discovery of the fraud. There are no school-boys who enjoy a joke half as much as your celebrated scientific and literary men. Their reputation is too safe for cavil, and when they get together they are as playful as so many kittens. The museum of the late Charles Waterton was full of zoological jokes."

Many such hoaxes have been perpetrated for the purpose of silencing critics and exposing their pretensions. Thus, Michael Angelo, wearied of hearing modern sculpture contrasted with ancient to the disparagement of the former, hit upon the plan of burying a Cupid, having first knocked off an arm or so, and when it was dug up he had the satisfaction of hearing his former detractors praise it as a genuine antique. Muretus played a similar trick upon the critic Joseph Scaliger, a great admirer of the ancients, by palming off upon him some Latin verses as being copied from an old manuscript. Scaliger was delighted, ascribed them to an old comic poet, Trabeus, and quoted them in his commentary on Varro "*De Re Rustica*," as one of the most precious fragments of antiquity. Then Muretus wickedly informed the world of his deception, and pointed out the small dependence to be placed on the sagacity of one so prejudiced in favor of the ancients. A famous hoax of this sort was practised by Johann Meinhold upon the Tübingen school of critics. These gentlemen believed their judgment unerring in deciding upon the authenticity of any writing, and throughout the Gospels they professed to discriminate the precise degree of credibility of each chapter, each narrative, each word, with a certainty that disdained all doubt and a firmness no argument could move. In 1843 Dr. Meinhold published "*The Amber Witch*," professedly from a mutilated manuscript which had been found by an old sexton in a closet of the church at Usedom in Pomerania. It purported to be a contemporaneous chronicle, by the pastor of Coserow, of certain events that took place in his parish in the early part of the seventeenth century, and was accepted as such by the profoundest of the Tübingen *savants*.

A very different sort of hoax was recently practised upon English publishers

and magazine-editors. A disappointed literary aspirant, weary of having his articles declined with thanks, and doubtful of his critics' infallibility, copied out "Samson Agonistes," which he rechristened "Like a Giant Refreshed," and the manuscript, as an original work of his own, went the rounds of publishers and editors. It was declined on various pleas, and the letters he received afforded him so much amusement that he published them in the *St. James' Gazette*. None of the critics discovered that the work was Milton's. One, who had evidently not even looked at it, deemed it a sensational novel; another recognized a certain amount of merit, but thought it was disfigured by "Scotticisms;" a third was sufficiently pleased to offer to publish it, provided the author contributed forty pounds towards expenses.

A hoax which did not deceive the learned, but sorely puzzled them, was that known as the Dutch Mail hoax. Some fifty years ago, an article appeared in the *Leicester Herald*, an English provincial paper, under the title of "The Dutch Mail," with the announcement that it had arrived too late for translation, and so had been set up and printed in the original. Much attention was attracted to the article, and many Dutch scholars rushed into print to say that it was not in any dialect with which they were acquainted. Finally, it was discovered to be a hoax. Sir Richard Phillips, the editor of the paper, recently told this story of how the jest was conceived and carried out: "One evening, before one of our publications, my men and a boy overturned two or three columns of the paper in type. We had to get ready some way for the coaches, which, at four in the morning, required four or five hundred papers. After every exertion, we were short nearly a column, but there stood a tempting column of 'pi' on the galleys. It suddenly struck me that this might be thought Dutch. I made up the column, overcame the scruples of the foreman, and so away the country edition went with its philological puzzle to worry the honest agricultural readers' heads. There was plenty of time to set up a column of plain English for the local edition." Sir Richard met one man in Nottingham who for thirty years preserved a copy of the *Leicester Herald*, hoping that some day the letter would be explained.

Madame de Genlis tells a story in point. The Duc de Liancourt was an intimate friend of Abbé Delille. Both were at Spa, when one morning the Abbé was deeply chagrined by seeing some couplets on the birthday of the Duchess of Orleans, regular enough in manner, but foolish in matter, published, with his name, in a daily newspaper. The verses were in fact the duke's composition. We all remember the letter on American Philistinism which was credited to Matthew Arnold, the letter about public bores which was credited to Carlyle (and which Ruskin, by the way, endorsed as "not the least significant of the utterances of the Master"), and many similar forgeries, more or less clever imitations of style, which have gone the rounds of the press, provoked surprise, anger, applause, condemnation, and finally called forth vigorous denials from the supposed authors. A poem called "A Vision of Immortality," ascribed to William Cullen Bryant and copied as such into many papers, has been pasted into a host of scrap-books. The author had made a wager that he could write a poem which would deceive the general public into the impression that it was Bryant's. Poe has ever been a favorite subject for this sort of jesting, as the mannerisms of his style are easily caught; and every now and then a fresh imitation, claiming to be a genuine treasure trove, starts on its journey through the papers.

Perhaps this is only a fair *quid pro quo*. No man ever had a greater fondness for gulling the public. That gruesome tale, "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," was worked up with an appalling verisimilitude of detail which imposed upon many people. Mesmerism at that time had just begun to be talked of. The Abbé Migne, in his "Dictionary of Popular Superstitions,"

seemed more than half inclined to believe in its truth. "We will not leave the subject of animal magnetism," he says, "without acquainting the reader with an extraordinary, we might say an incredible, incident which is just now creating a great sensation in the learned world," and then he translates Poe's story entire.

The "Balloon Hoax" was Poe's most successful imposition upon the public. One day in April, 1844, the New York *Sun* astonished its readers with an article headed thus, in magnificent capitals :

ASTOUNDING NEWS BY EXPRESS *VIA* NORFOLK!

THE ATLANTIC CROSSED IN THREE DAYS!!

Signal Triumph of Mr. Monck Mason's Flying-Machine!!!

Arrival at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina, of Mr. Mason, Mr. Robert Holland, Mr. Henson, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, and four others, in the Steering Balloon "Victoria," after a passage of seventy-five hours from land to land! Full particulars of the voyage!

Every one was on the *qui vive*. "The rush for 'the sole paper which had the news,'" says Poe, "was something beyond even the prodigious; and, in fact, if (as some assert) the 'Victoria' *did* not absolutely accomplish the voyage recorded, it will be difficult to assign a reason why she *should* not have accomplished it." It is not a little curious that the New York *Sun* was the very paper in which, nine years before, in September, 1835, the celebrated "Moon Hoax" had appeared, overshadowing and interrupting forever the story of "Hans Pfaall's Journey to the Moon," which, by an extraordinary coincidence, Poe had begun three weeks previous in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Poe had originally intended his own story as a hoax, but his friends, who had less faith in the gullibility of the public than himself, persuaded him to give up the idea of deliberate deception. "I fell back upon a style half plausible, half bantering, and resolved to give what interest I could to an actual passage from the earth to the moon, describing the lunar scenery as if surveyed and personally examined by the narrator." The success of the "Moon Hoax" showed that Poe was right and his friends wrong. The former took up the very idea which Poe claims to have abandoned,—that of accounting for the narrator's acquaintance with the satellite by the supposition of an extraordinary telescope. The "Moon Hoax"—so called, of course, after its bogus nature had been discovered—opened with an account of how Sir John Herschel, with Sir David Brewster's assistance, had invented an apparatus (minutely described) by which the magnifying power of an immense telescope could be sufficiently increased to detect minute objects in the moon. Sir John was sent out to the Cape of Good Hope at the expense of the English, French, and Austrian governments. "Whether the British government were sceptical concerning the promised splendor of the discoveries, or wished them to be scrupulously veiled until they had accumulated a full-orbed glory for the nation and reign in which they originated, is a question which we can only conjecturally solve. But certain it is that the astronomer's royal patrons enjoined a masonic taciturnity upon him and his friends until he should have officially communicated the results of his great experiment." This was a clever explanation of the circumstance that nothing had before been heard regarding the gigantic instrument taken out by Herschel. That he was actually at that time at the Cape of Good Hope was generally known.

On the night of January 10, 1835, the telescope was ready to be employed upon the moon. The first things observed were basaltic rocks covered with poppies; then fields, trees, and rivers; then amethyst mountains and verdant valleys; then animals like bison, a unicorn goat, pelicans, sheep, etc. All these things were described with a gorgeous wealth of detail. At last

winged creatures were seen to light upon a plain, something between a human being and an orang-outang in appearance, with wings like those of a bat. These beings were at once christened the *Vespertilio-homo*, or Bat-man. They were doubtless innocent and happy creatures, but some of their ways were unpublishably singular, and were reserved for a scientific book by Herschel. Meanwhile, several ministers, on a promise of temporary secrecy, were allowed a peep at these things which were unfit for the laity.

Such was the substance of a narrative which astounded all America. Many were deceived, many were only perplexed. Poe himself wrote an examination of its claims to credit, showing distinctly its fictitious character, but was astonished at finding that he could obtain few listeners, "so really eager were all to be deceived, so magical were the charms of a style that served as the vehicle of an exceedingly clumsy invention. Not one person in ten discredited it, and (strangest point of all!) the doubters were chiefly those who doubted without being able to say why,—the ignorant, those uninformed in astronomy,—people who *would not* believe because the thing was so novel, so entirely 'out of the usual way.' A grave professor of mathematics in a Virginia college told me seriously that he had no doubt of the truth of the whole affair." Many prominent newspapers fell squarely into the trap. The *Mercantile Advertiser* thought the document bore "intrinsic evidence of being authentic." The *New York Times* thought it displayed "the most extensive and accurate knowledge of astronomy," was "probable and plausible," and "had an air of intense verisimilitude." The *Albany Daily Advertiser* had read the article with "unspeakable emotions of pleasure and astonishment;" while the *New Yorker* considered the discoveries "of astounding interest, creating a new era in astronomy and science generally." The hoax was reprinted in pamphlet-form, and, though by this time its bogus nature had been discovered, an edition of sixty thousand copies was readily disposed of. Lately a single copy of that edition sold for three dollars and seventy-five cents.

One effect of the hoax was to deprive us of the conclusion of "Hans Pfaall." "Having read the Moon Story to an end," says Poe, "and found it anticipative of all the main points of my 'Hans Pfaall,' I suffered the latter to remain unfinished. The chief design in carrying my hero to the moon was to afford him an opportunity of describing the lunar scenery; but I found that he could add very little to the minute and authentic account of Sir John Herschel. I did not even think it advisable to bring my voyager back to his parent earth. He remains where I left him, and is still, I believe, the man in the moon." It is worth noting that Poe, who was ever morbidly keen on the subject of plagiarism, distinctly says, "I am bound to do Mr. Locke the justice to say that he denies having seen my article prior to the publication of his own: I am bound to add, also, that I believe him."

Mr. Richard Alton Locke, a clever New York journalist, was the author of the hoax. Not for many years, however, was the secret divulged. Some of the New York journals, indeed, published the "Moon Story" side by side with "Hans Pfaall," thinking that the author of one had been detected in the author of the other. Subsequently suspicion settled down upon Nicollet, a French astronomer who had come to America after the revolution of 1830, and whose object, it was said, was to raise money and to deceive his enemy, Arago. It was added that he succeeded in doing both. But Mr. Proctor discredits the Arago story, and states that no astronomer could have either written or been deceived by the hoax. He adds that as gauges of general knowledge scientific hoaxes have their use, just as paradoxical works have. "No one, certainly no student of science, can thoroughly understand how little some people know about science, until he has observed how much will

be believed if only published with the apparent authority of a few known names and announced with a sufficient parade of technical verbiage; nor is it as easy as might be thought, even for those who are acquainted with the facts, to disprove either a hoax or a paradox." He therefore notes without any wonder that in January, 1874, he was gravely asked whether an account in the *New York World*, purporting to describe how the moon's frame was gradually cracking, threatening eventually to fall into several separate fragments, was in reality based on fact. "In the far West, at Lincoln, Nebraska, a lawyer asked me in February, 1876, why I had not described the great discoveries recently made by means of a powerful reflector erected near Paris. According to the *Chicago Times*, this powerful instrument had shown buildings in the moon, and bands of workmen could be seen with it who manifestly were undergoing some kind of penal servitude, for they were chained together." It is singular how often these pseudo-scientific hoaxes refer to the moon.

A certain Joe Mulhatton, who was connected with various papers, kept the public continually on the *qui vive* with his inventions. His story of a meteor which fell in Kansas had an air of scientific possibility that imposed upon many. His thirteen story was widely copied and commented upon. In Western Texas, so the tale ran, a traveller came upon the ruins of a stage-coach, and in the coach were thirteen skeletons. And this was the explanation. Some two years before the ghastly find was made, thirteen hunters hired a stage-coach in a small Texas town, and started to explore a great uninhabited region in the western part of the State, where they expected to find good hunting. When they started, one of the party said something about thirteen being an unlucky number. The others merely laughed, and the expedition proceeded. The thirteen hunters were never seen again.

The ruins of their coach and the skeletons of the thirteen men and four horses were found near the centre of a vast desert of sand and sage-bush, and it was evident that men and horses had died of thirst or starvation.

In 1883 Mulhatton was in Birmingham, Alabama. One day he read in a local paper an item to the effect that some men engaged in boring an artesian well in the town had struck what seemed to be a small flowing stream of water, at a depth of three hundred feet. This gave Mulhatton an idea. A few days later a thrilling story appeared in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* to the effect that an immense underground river flowed under Birmingham, Alabama, and the entire town was in great danger of falling in and being swept away.

While excavating for the foundation of a large building, the stone crust that supported the few feet of earth above the river had been pierced, and it was breaking and giving way all over the city. Several buildings had fallen down, and one corner of the City Hall had settled four feet into a fissure which was rapidly widening, and soon the entire building would go down into the dark, underground river.

This story made an immense sensation when it was printed. For two days the telegraph-office at Birmingham was flooded with telegrams from all parts of the country, asking if there were any truth in the story.

The *New York Herald*, in 1874, created great, though temporary, alarm by a circumstantial story that the wild animals had escaped from the Zoological Garden and were roaming about Central Park in search of prey. The anxiety of mothers who had sent their children out to the park, the general excitement and suspense which ensued until the falsity of the story was announced, are remembered by many.

The *Levant Herald* of September 22, 1890, quoted a curious letter from Bjelina, Bosnia, which disclosed a state of things among the Bosniaks that recalls some of the old stories we used to hear about China. It appears that

numbers of Bosniaks had recently applied to the authorities for permission to be beheaded in the place of Baron de Rothschild. The authorities at once set themselves to investigate the matter, and found that a rumor had been spread abroad among the rural population that Baron Rothschild had been sentenced to death for some crime or other, and that he would pay a million florins to any one who would become his substitute and undergo the penalty for him. Clubs were speedily formed among the peasants who desired to share the million, and each member bound himself to sacrifice his life for the benefit of his fellow-members if he should draw the fatal lot that designated one of the club as the victim. The money, of course, was to be divided among the rest as a prize. In this manner several substitutes for the baron were provided, and they offered themselves to the authorities ready to fulfil their bargain to the last. No explanations were sufficient to convince them that the story was a hoax, and for a long time new postulants for decapitation were still coming in, and still going away grieved and unhappy in their disappointment.

Of bibliographical hoaxes the most complete and artistic was the Fortsas Catalogue. In 1840, bibliographers were electrified by the appearance of a pamphlet purporting to be a catalogue of the library of the late Count J. N. A. de Fortsas, of Binche, Belgium. It contained only fourteen pages, to be sure, and described only fifty-two books; but each of these was unique: no book mentioned by any bibliographer was to be found in the collection. The count, it was represented, "pitilessly expelled from his shelves books for which he had paid their weight in gold—volumes which would have been the pride of the most fastidious amateurs—as soon as he learned that a work up to that time unknown had been noticed in any catalogue." The publication of the "*Nouvelles Recherches*" of Brunet had caused the destruction of one-third of the count's library and broken the collector's spirit. From that time he made no further acquisitions; but the bulletin of Techener "from time to time still further thinned the already decimated ranks of his sacred battalion." Weary of books and of life, he had died, September 1, 1839, and his library was now offered for sale. The bibliographical world was fairly agog. The titles in the catalogue were of the most tantalizing description. Orders poured in from all parts of Europe. The most expert bibliographers were deceived. Charles Nodier, indeed, suspected a hoax, but Techener laughed at his doubts, and ordered No. 36,—"*Evangile du citoyen Jésus, purgé des idées aristocrates et royalistes, et ramené aux vrais principes de la raison, par un bon sans-culotte.*" Van de Weyer and Crozat ordered the same book. The Princesse de Ligne, for the honor of her family, ordered No. 48 at any price,—"*a catalogue more than curious of the bonnes fortunes of the Prince de Ligne,*" with a title that is hardly quotable. The director of the Royal Library of Brussels obtained an appropriation to purchase all the Fortsas treasures except seven, which were considered a little too *free* for a public library. A number of Parisian bibliophiles met in the stage for Brussels, and there discovered that they were all possessed with the same intention of stealing away unnoticed, each hoping by this means to have the game all to himself. In the course of the affair there were the usual illustrations of human mendacity and self-deception. Men remembered seeing books that had never existed. The foreman in Casteman's printing-office at Tournay had distinct recollection of a bogus volume credited to his press, and recalled its mythical author "perfectly."

On the 9th of August, 1840, the day before the sale, an announcement appeared in the Brussels papers that the library of the Count de Fortsas would not be sold,—that the people of Binche, in honor of its collector, had determined to buy it entire. Eventually it transpired that catalogue, library,

and Count de Fortsas himself were all the invention of one René Châlons, a humorist living in Belgium. His ingenious catalogue begot quite a literature of its own, which was collected and published in a volume entitled "Documents et Particularités historiques sur le Catalogue du Comte de Fortsas," Mons, 1850.

Theodore Hook was a famous practical joker, and once, at least, he perpetrated a jest that disturbed all London and amused all England. This was the famous Berners Street hoax. Berners Street in 1810 was a quiet street, inhabited by well-to-do families, and even people of social importance, as the Bishops of Carlisle and of Chester, Earl Stanhope, etc. On the morning of November 26, soon after breakfast, a wagon-load of coals drew up before the door of Mrs. Totttenham, a widow lady living at No. 54. A van-load of furniture followed, then a hearse with a coffin, and a train of mourning-coaches. Two fashionable physicians, a dentist, and an accoucheur drove up as near as they could to the door, wondering why so many lumbering vehicles blocked the way. Six men brought a great chamber-organ; a brewer sent several barrels of ale; a grocer sent a cart-load of potatoes. Coach-makers, clock-makers, carpet-manufacturers, confectioners, wig-makers, mantuamakers, opticians, and curiosity-dealers followed with samples of their wares. From all quarters trooped in coachmen, footmen, cooks, housemaids, and nursery-maids, in quest of situations. To crown all, dignitaries came in their carriages,—the Commander-in-Chief, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chief Justice, a Cabinet minister, a governor of the Bank of England, and the Lord Mayor. The latter—one among many who speedily recognized that all had been the victims of some gigantic hoax—drove to Marlborough Street police-office, and stated that he had received a letter from a lady in Berners Street, to the effect that she had been summoned to attend at the Mansion House, that she was at death's door, that she wished to make a deposition upon oath, and that she would deem it a great favor if his lordship would call upon her. The other dignitaries had been appealed to in a similar way. Police-officers were despatched to maintain order in Berners Street. They found it choked up with vehicles, jammed and interlocked one with another. The drivers were infuriated. The disappointed tradesmen were clamoring for vengeance. Some of the vans and goods were overturned and broken; a few barrels of ale had fallen a prey to the large crowd that was maliciously enjoying the fun. All day and far into the night this state of things continued. Meanwhile, the old lady and the inmates of adjoining houses were in abject terror. Every one soon saw that a hoax had been perpetrated, but Hook's connection with it was not discovered till long afterwards. He had noticed the quietness of the neighborhood, and had laid a wager with a brother-wag, a certain Henry Higginson, who afterwards became a clergyman, that he would make Berners Street the talk of all London. A door-plate had furnished him with Mrs. Totttenham's name, and he had spent three days in writing the letters which brought the crowd to her door. At the appointed time he and Mr. Higginson had posted themselves in a lodging just opposite, which he had rented for the purpose of enjoying the scene. He deemed it expedient, however, to go off quickly into the country and there remain *incog.* for a time. Had he been publicly known as the author of the outrageous hoax, he might have fared badly.

But perhaps the most gigantic hoax ever perpetrated was that known to history as the Great Bottle Hoax.

Early in the year 1749 a distinguished company of Englishmen were discussing the question of human gullibility. Among them were the Duke of Portland and the Earl of Chesterfield.

"I will wager," said the duke, "that let a man advertise the most impos-

sible thing in the world, he will find fools enough in London to fill a play-house and pay handsomely for the privilege of being there."

"Surely," returned the earl, "if a man should say that he would jump into a quart bottle, nobody would believe that."

At first the duke was staggered. But having made the wager he held to it. The jest pleased the rest of the company. They put their heads together and evolved the following advertisement, which appeared in the London papers of the first week in January:

AT THE NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET, on Monday next, the 16th instant, is to be seen a Person who performs the several most surprising things following,—viz., 1st. He takes a common walking Cane from any of the Spectators, and thereupon plays the music of every Instrument now in use, and likewise sings to surprising perfection. 2dly. He presents you with a common Wine Bottle, which any of the spectators may first examine; this Bottle is placed on a Table in the middle of the Stage, and he (without any equivocation) goes into it, in the sight of all the Spectators, and sings in it; during his stay in the bottle, any Person may handle it, and see plainly that it does not exceed a common Tavern Bottle. Those on the Stage, or in the Boxes, may come in masked habits (if agreeable to them); and the performer, if desired, will inform them who they are. Stage, 7s. 6d. Boxes, 5s. Pit, 3s. Gallery, 2s. Tickets to be had at the Theatre. To begin a half an hour after six o'clock. The performance continues about two hours and a half.

NOTE.—If any Gentlemen or Ladies (after the above Performance), either single or in company, in or out of mask, is desirous of seeing a representation of any deceased Person, such as Husband or Wife, Sister or Brother, or any intimate Friend of either sex, upon making a gratuity to the Performer, shall be gratified by seeing and conversing with them for some minutes, as if alive; likewise, if desired, he will tell you your most secret thoughts in your Past life, and give you a full view of persons who have injured you, whether dead or alive. For those Gentlemen and Ladies who are desirous of seeing this last part, there is a private Room provided.

These performances have been seen by most of the crowned Heads of Asia, Africa, and Europe, and never appeared public anywhere but once; but will wait on any at their Houses, and perform as above for five Pounds each time. A proper guard is appointed to prevent disorder.

The public rose to the bait like a huge gudgeon. The duke's wildest expectations were more than realized. For days all London was talking of the man who was going to jump into a quart bottle. On the appointed night the theatre was crowded to suffocation. Every box, every seat in the pit and in the gallery, was taken. Standing-room was at a premium. The appointed hour came, and still there was no sign of the expected performance; not even a fiddle had been provided to keep the audience in good humor. Evidence of impatience had already been manifested. Now the vast audience burst into groans, catcalls, and other cries, emphasized by the pounding of canes and stamping of feet. At last a person appeared on the stage. With bows and scrapes and profuse apologies he protested that if the performer did not appear within a quarter of an hour the money would be refunded at the doors. There were more groans and hisses. A wag in the pit shouted that if the ladies and gentlemen would give double price he would crawl into a pint bottle. This sally restored good humor for the nonce. But scarcely had the quarter of an hour elapsed, when a gentleman in one of the boxes seized a lighted candle and threw it on the stage. It was the signal for a general outbreak. The mob rose *en masse*, tore up the seats and benches, and proceeded to demolish everything within reach. Ladies shrieked, their escorts fought for an exit through the infuriated crowd. Such were the hurry and scramble that wigs, hats, cloaks, and dresses were left behind and lost. Meanwhile, the building had been almost gutted. Everything portable was carried into the street and made into a mighty bonfire, over which the curtain, torn from its hangings and hoisted upon a pole, was waved by way of a flag. The box-receipts were made away with.

Now, in those days Foote was the wickedest wag in the town. Of course he was suspected of having originated the hoax. He indignantly disclaimed

the responsibility. He had even, he averred, warned Mr. John Potter, the proprietor of the play-house, that he thought a fraud on the public was intended. Then the public rage turned upon Potter. But it was evident that Potter, too, was innocent. A strange man had made all the arrangements for letting the theatre on behalf of the conjurer. On the night of the performance, Potter had allowed no one to handle the receipts save his own servants, and he would have returned them, as announced from the stage, only the house was sacked and the receipts stolen.

All attempts failed to discover the origin of the hoax, and not until many years after did the secret leak out.

Meanwhile the wits of the town would not let the matter drop. They issued pamphlets ridiculing the gullibility of the public; they printed humorous explanations of the conjurer's failure to appear; they taxed their brains in the effort to produce advertisements of performances as outrageously impossible as the now famous bottle trick.

It was asserted by one paper that the conjurer had been ready and willing to appear on the fatal night, but just prior to the performance a gentleman begged him for a private view. The conjurer consented to crawl into a bottle for five pounds. The moment he had done so the gentleman played on the unhappy conjurer the same trick which the fisherman in the "Arabian Nights" found so efficacious with the genie. He quietly corked up the bottle, whipped it in his pocket, and made off. "Thus the poor man being bit himself, in being confined in the Bottle and in a Gentleman's Pocket, could not be in another Place; for he never advertised he would go into two Bottles at one and the same time. He is still in the Gentleman's custody, who uncorks him now and then to feed him; but his long confinement has so damped his Spirits that instead of singing and dancing he is perpetually crying and cursing his ill Fate. But though the Town have been disappointed of seeing him go into the Bottle, in a few days they will have the pleasure of seeing him come out of the Bottle; of which timely notice will be given in the daily Papers."

Here is an advertisement that appeared on January 27, 1749:

DON JOHN DE NASAQUITINE, sworn Brother and Companion to the Man that was to have jumped into the Bottle at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket on Monday the 10th past, hereby invites all such as were then disappointed to repair to the Theatre aforesaid on Monday the 30th, and *that* shall be exhibited unto them which never has heretofore nor ever will be hereafter seen. All such as shall swear upon the Book of Wisdom that they paid for seeing the Bottle Man will be admitted gratis; the rest at Gotham prices.

Here is another:

THE MOST WONDERFUL AND SURPRISING DOCTOR BENIMBE ZAM-MANPOANGO, Oculist and Body Surgeon to the Emperor Monoemungi, who will perform on Sunday next at the Little T— in the Haymarket the following surprising Operations,—viz.: 1st. He desires any one of the Spectators only to pull out his own Eyes, which as soon as he has done, the Doctor will show them to any Lady or Gentleman then present to convince them there is no Cheat, and then replace them in the Sockets as perfect and entire as ever. 2dly. He desires any officer or other to rip up his own Belly which when he has done, he (without any Equivocation) takes out his Bowels, washes them, and returns them to their place, without the Person's suffering the least hurt. 3dly. He opens the head of a J— of P—, takes out his Brains, and exchanges them for those of a Calf, the Brains of a Beau for those of an Ass, and the Heart of a Bully for that of a Sheep; which Operations will render the Persons more sociable and rational Creatures than they ever were in their Lives. And to convince the Town that no imposition is intended, he desires no Money until the Performance is over. Boxes, 5 guin. Pit, 3. Gallery, 2.

N.B.—The famous Oculist will be there, and honest S— F— H— will come if he can. Ladies may come masked, so may Friables. The Faculty and Clergy gratis. The Orator would be here, but is engaged."

A third advertiser announced that he would jump down his own throat, a fourth offered to change himself into a rattle, a fifth to shoot himself with two pistols, "the first shot to be directed through his abdomen to which will be

added another through his brain, the whole to conclude with staggering convulsions, grinning, etc., in a manner never before publicly attempted." And so on, and so on. Money seems to have been as plentiful as wit in those days, and those who had money were glad to throw it away to see their wit in print. The newspapers were probably the only gainers by the hoax. At last the excitement, having continued far beyond the traditional nine days, burned itself out, and the public mind, as it ever must, turned to other things.

Hobson's Choice, colloquial English for no choice at all, an alternative that is forced upon you, to take it or leave it. The term is thus explained by Addison: "Tobias Hobson was the first man in England that let out hackney-horses. When a man came for a horse he was led into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door, so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, 'Hobson's choice.'" (*Spectator*, No. 509.)

To the above it may be added that Thomas (not Tobias, as Addison and others have it) Hobson (1544-1631), besides his livery business, was for sixty years a carrier between London and Cambridge, conveying to and from the university letters and packages as well as passengers. Though he had grown to be one of the wealthiest citizens of Cambridge, generally respected for his private and civic virtues, he still continued to drive his own stage until the plague in London stopped all traffic between the metropolis and the outside world. A few months later he died, at the ripe age of eighty-six. His death called forth many tributes from members of the university, officers and students, among them two poems from Milton, then an undergraduate at Christ's College. These are curious as being the only extant specimens of Miltonic humor. They ascribe Hobson's death to his enforced idleness:

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

Who sickened and died in the Time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague.

Here lies old Hobson. Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one
He's here stuck in a slough and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had, any time this ten years full,
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and "The Bull."
And surely Death could never have prevailed,
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed;
But lately, finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain
Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
"Hobson has supped, and 's newly gone to bed."

January, 1631.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

Here lieth one who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot;
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motions, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion numbered out his time;

And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
 Too long vacation hastened on his term.
 Merely to drive the time away he sickened,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickened.
 "Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretched,
 "If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetched,
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers."
 Ease was his chief disease; and to judge right,
 He died for heaviness that his cart went light;
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,
 That even to his last breath (there be that say 't),
 As he were pressed to death, he cried, "More weight."
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.
 Obedient to the moon, he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas;
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase.
 His letters are delivered all, and gone,
 Only remains this superscription.
 January, 1631.

In George Eliot's "Middlemarch," Mrs. Cadwallader makes the astute remark, "A woman's choice usually means taking the only man she can get."

Hocus-Pocus, or Hokey-Pokey, a slang term for charlatanism or jugglery. Tillotson's derivation is still accepted as a possibility by etymologists: "Those common juggling words of *hocus-pocus* are nothing else but a corruption of *hoc est corpus*, by way of ridiculous imitation of the priests of the Church of Rome in their trick of transubstantiation." (*Works*, vol. i., Sermon 26.) But Nares thinks the expression is taken from the Italian jugglers, who said "Ochus Bochus," in reference to a famous magician of those days. In the *Mirror*, vol. xxi., there is a reference to this gentleman: "Ochus Bochus was a magician and demon among the Saxons, dwelling in forest and caves, and we have his name and abode handed down to the present day in Somersetshire (viz., Wokey Hole, near Wells)." Nevertheless, Skeat looks upon the word as a mere jingling reduplication. Hokus-Pokos is the name of the juggler in Ben Jonson's "Magnetic Lady" (1632), and the word appears in an earlier play by the same author, "The Staple of News" (1625): "Iniquity came in like hokus-pokos in a juggler's jerkin, with false skirts like the knave of clubs."

Hodge-Podge, or Hotch-Potch, as the lexicographers (with commendable caution) say, is a confused mass of ingredients shaken or mixed together in the same pot (Fr. *hocher*, "to shake," + *pot*). If anybody wants to know what *are* the ingredients shaken in a confused mass, what is in the pot, let him take a warning from an experience of the late Prince Consort, and curb his curiosity:

During the earlier visits of the royal family to Balmoral, Prince Albert, dressed in a very simple manner, was crossing one of the Scotch lakes in a steamer, and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and, among other things, cooking. Approaching the "galley," where a brawny Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savory odors of a compound known by Scotchmen as "hodge-podge," which the Highlander was preparing.

"What is that?" asked the prince, who was not known to the cook.

"Hodge-podge, sir," was the reply.

"How is it made?" was the next question.

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and cairots intil't, and——"

"Yes, yes," said the prince, who had not learned that "intil't" meant "into it," "but what is intil't?"

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and cairots intil't, and——"

"Yes, I see; but what is intil't?"

The man looked at him, and, seeing that the prince was serious, he replied,—

"There's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and——"

"Yes, certainly, I know," urged the inquirer; "but what is intil't—intil't?"

"Ye daft gowk!" yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big spoon, "am I no telling ye what's intil't? There's mutton intil't, and——"

Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the prince's suite, who was fortunately passing, and stepped in to save his royal highness from being rapped over the head with the big spoon.

Hog. To go the whole hog. This phrase probably arose from the Arabian story versified in Cowper's "Love of the World Reproved." Mohammed allowed his followers to eat pork, except one portion of the animal, which he did not specify, and consequently strict Mohammedans were debarred from eating any. Others, however, through one piece being forbidden,

Thought it hard
From *the whole hog* to be debarred,

and so, one taking a leg, another a shoulder, and so on,

With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

Analogous expressions in English are "In for a penny, in for a pound," "As good be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb," "Neck or nothing, for the king loves no cripple," "Make a spoon or spoil a horn," and "Over shoes, over boots;" in Scotch, "Ne'er go to the de'il wi' a dish-clout in your hands;" in German, "It is all the same whether one has both legs in the stocks or one;" in Italian, "It is the first shower that wets;" and in French, "There is nothing like being bespattered for making one defy the slough." When Madame de Cornuel remonstrated with a court lady on certain improprieties of conduct, the latter exclaimed, "Oh, do let me enjoy the benefit of my bad reputation!"

Hog not bacon until hung. In the opening chapter of Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" is an edifying conversation between Wamba the fool and Gurth the swineherd, in which the peculiarity of the English language is enlarged upon, that it calls the dressed or cured meat by a different name from that of the animal from which it came, as ox = beef, calf = veal, etc., as though by being properly dressed and hung up it becomes something more exalted, Latinized from a Saxon villein into a Norman courtier:

"Why, how call you these grunting brutes running about on their four legs?" demanded Wamba.

"Swine, fool, swine," said the herd; "every fool knows that."

"And swine is good Saxon," said the jester; "but how call you the sow when she is flayed, and drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels, like a traitor?"

"Pork," answered the swineherd.

"I am very glad every fool knows that, too," said Wamba, "and pork, I think, is good Norman French; and so when the brute lives, and is in charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the castle hall to feast among the nobles: what dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?"—*Ivanhoe*, ch. i.

This pleasantry is older than Scott. In his "Apothegms" Francis Bacon relates an anecdote of his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, who when about passing sentence on a malefactor was "mightily importuned" by the latter "for to save his life,"—

Which, when nothing that he said did avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. "Prithee," said my lord judge, "how came that in?" "Why, if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon and mine is Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be separated." "Ay, but," replied Judge Bacon, "you and

I cannot be kindred except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged."—
 BACON: *Apothegms*, 36.

Shakespeare may have had an adumbration of this jest when he lets Mrs. Quickly say,—

"Hang-hog" is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv., Sc. 1.

It may be added that the parallelism between Judge Bacon's jest and Mrs. Quickly's exclamation is one of the proofs advanced for their theory by the Baconians. A similar play upon words was made by Curran. One day at dinner he sat opposite Lord Norbury, who was famous for his severity as a judge. "Curran," asked Norbury, "is that hung beef before you?" "You try it, my lord," answered Curran, "and it's sure to be."

Hoist with his own petard, to be defeated by one's own device, caught in one's own trap. The petard was an iron canister filled with gunpowder, used for blowing up gates, barricades, etc. The danger was lest the engineer who fired the petard should be blown up with his own explosion.

Let it work;

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petard, and it shall go hard

But I will delve one yard below their mines,

And blow them at the moon.

Hamlet, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Holy Alliance, a league of the sovereigns of Europe, proposed by the Emperor of Russia, September 26, 1815, after the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, and founded upon the idea that religion should be made the basis of politics, and that thereafter the affairs of Europe should be regulated by the principles of Christian charity. The act establishing the alliance was signed by Alexander, Francis of Austria, and Frederick William of Prussia, and the treaty was formally promulgated in the *Frankfort Journal*, February 2, 1816. The kings of England and France acceded to it in 1818, and at a congress held at Aachen a declaration of the five monarchs was issued, stating that the objects of the alliance were peace and legitimate stability. Principles of such vague import soon made the league an instrument of oppression, and it presently became little more than a conspiracy of the monarchs against the liberties of the peoples, and the symbol of reaction. In its name Austria, in 1821, crushed the aspirations of the Piedmontese for independence, and stamped out the rising in the kingdom of Naples in 1823. France intervened in Spain, aiding in the re-establishment of absolutism in that country. Subsequently France and England withdrew from the alliance, after which it became the mere shadow of a name. By a special article of the treaty, members of the Bonaparte family were forever excluded from occupying any European throne.

Holy City, a designation given by various peoples to that city which is peculiarly identified with, as the centre of, their religious faith, and generally the objective point of devout pilgrimages. Thus, Allahabad is the Holy City of the Indian Mohammedans, Benares of the Brahmanical Hindus, Jerusalem of the Christians and Jews, Mecca of all Mohammedans, and Moscow of the Russians. In the time of the Incas in Peru the name was given to Cuzco, where there was a great temple of the sun, to which pilgrims resorted from the farthest ends of the empire.

Holy League, the name of several important and historical combinations. The earliest was that formed in 1508 between Louis XII. of France, Maximilian I., Emperor of Germany, Ferdinand V of Spain, and several Italian princes, at the instance of Pope Julius II. (whence its name *Holy League*), and directed against the republic of Venice. By it Venice was com-

pelled to abandon her possessions in the kingdom of Naples to the Spanish crown. The next was a treaty concluded in 1533 between Pope Clement VII., the Venetians, Francesco Maria Sforza, Duke of Milan, and Francis I. of France, to compel the Emperor Charles V. to re-establish Sforza in Milan and to release the French king's son, who was his prisoner, on the payment of a reasonable ransom. It was so called because the Pope stood at the head of the league. Another was a politico-religious association formed in France in 1576, in the reign of Henry III., under the auspices of Henri, Duc de Guise, "for the defence of the Holy Catholic Church against the encroachments of the Reformers." Its political object was to prevent the accession of Henry IV. and to place the Duke of Guise on the French throne. The Pope gave it his sanction, but its reliance was upon Philip II. of Spain.

Holy Roman Empire, the name of the Germanic empire of the Middle Ages, by a fiction supposed to be a continuation of the universal dominion of the Romans, and the Kaisers the successors to the world-wide sovereignty of the Cæsars. Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the West by Pope Leo III. in 800 A.D. In 962, Otto the Great was crowned as Emperor of the Romans by Pope John XII., and the "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation" formally proclaimed. The fiction was continued under one form or another and through many vicissitudes, which belong to the domain of history,—the empire and the power of the imperial overlord becoming more and more mythical.

When Voltaire directed his shafts of ridicule against this empire which was no empire, and whose other characteristics were, as he said, twofold,—*viz.*, it was neither holy nor Roman,—it had, in fact, long been practically extinct.

Napoleon was crowned Emperor of the French in 1804, and finally even the shadow of the unholy and un-Roman thing vanished in the sun of Austerlitz. With the renunciation by Francis II. of the imperial crown and title, August 6, 1806, came the end.

Home, No place like. These words occur in John Howard Payne's famous song "Home, Sweet Home," which originally formed a part of his opera, "Clari, the Maid of Milan :—"

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, sought through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.

Payne may have had in mind the popular proverb found in this form in Clarke's "Parœmiologia" (1639), p. 101 :

Home is home, though it be never so homely.

There is a faint likeness also in the following lines :

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam.
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

NATHANIEL COTTON : *The Fireside*, Stanza 3.

Popular proverbs express the same thought with a pathetic simplicity and tenderness, especially the exquisite Italian one, which can be only rudely translated :

Casa mia, casa mia,
Per piccina che tu sia,
Tu mi sembri una badia.

("My home, my home,
Tiny though thou be,
Thou seemest an abbey to me.")

"To every bird its nest is fair" is found both in Italian and in French. "The smoke of my own house," says the Spanish, "is better than the fire of another's." And almost every modern language has the equivalent of "Every cock is proud on his own dunghill," a proverb which has descended to us from the Romans. Seneca quotes it thus: "Gallus in suo sterquilinio plurimum potest." Its mediæval form, "Gallus cantat in suo sterquilinio," was probably in Napoleon's mind when he rejected the Gallic cock as the imperial emblem, saying, "No: it is a bird that crows upon a dunghill." Here are a couple of modern forms:

A dog is stout on his own dunghill.—*French*.

Every dog is a lion at home.—*Italian*.

And as a counterpart,—

The fierce ox grows tame on strange ground.—*Portuguese*.

Two parallel passages in two great English poets strikingly depict the wretchedness of the homeless outcast:

And homeless, near a thousand homes, I stood,
And, near a thousand tables, pined and wanted food.

WORDSWORTH: *Guilt and Sorrow*.

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

HOOD: *The Bridge of Sighs*.

Yet, oddly enough, it is to the homeless that the world owes some of its dearest descriptions of home. John Howard Payne, himself, says, "How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing or heard organs playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head! The world has literally sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood, and, in my old age, have to submit to humiliation for my bread." "How contradictory it seems," remarks Washington Irving, in his "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," "that one of the most delightful pictures of home and home-felt happiness should be drawn by a homeless man; that the most amiable picture of domestic virtue and all the endearments of the married state should be drawn by a bachelor who had been severed from domestic life almost from boyhood; that one of the most tender, touching, and affecting appeals on behalf of female loveliness should have been made by a man whose deficiencies in all the graces of person and manner seemed to mark him out for a cynical disparager of the sex." The English are fond of asserting that the French language has no equivalent for the word home, and deduce therefrom the moral that home life is unknown to the French. Mark Twain notices this slander in his "Innocents Abroad:" "They say there is no word for 'home' in the French language. Well, considering that they have the article itself in such an attractive aspect, they ought to manage to get along without the word. Let us not waste too much pity on 'homeless' France. I have observed that Frenchmen abroad seldom wholly give up the idea of going back to France some time or other. I am not surprised at it now."

Max O'Rell has made a still more effective answer to the charge in his "Brother Jonathan :"

I was not greatly surprised, on coming to America, to hear that home life hardly existed in France. I had heard that before. And the overpowering reason advanced to prove this statement was that time-honored Anglo-Saxon chestnut : The French language has no equivalent for the English word home.

How glib is the criticism of the ignorant !

To feel the whole meaning of those sweet words *chez soi*, *chez nous*, one must know the language they form part of. They call up in French hearts all the tender feelings evoked by the word home in the Anglo-Saxon breast.

How many English or American people have an inkling of their value ?

Do they care to know that some hundred years back the French used to say *en chez* (from the Latin *in casa*, at home), and that the word *chez* was a noun ? That, later on, they took to adding a pronoun, saying, for example, *en chez nous* : and that the people, mistaking the word *chez* for a preposition, because it was always followed by a noun or a pronoun, suppressed the *en*, so that now the French language has lost a noun for home, but has kept a word, *chez*, which to this very day has all its significance ? What an idea of snugness, happiness, is conveyed by the little sentence *Restons chez nous* on the lips of a young couple !

Home they brought her warrior dead, the first line of a song without other title in Tennyson's "Princess." The lady who could find no tears for the crushing blow which desolated her life weeps at the sight of her infant child, and is saved. The same idea occurs in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" (Canto i., Stanza 9) :

O'er her warrior's bloody bier
The ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear,
Until amid her sorrowing clan
Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee.

* * * * *

Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

The climax of Tennyson's poem—the sudden and passionate resolve on the part of the bereaved parent to live for the child—closely resembles a passage in Darwin's episode of "Eliza" in the "Botanic Garden." There the mother has been slain in war, the young husband abandons himself to despair, but at sight of his two little children he exclaims, like Tennyson's heroine,—

These bind to earth—for these I pray to live.

Home Rulers, a name more particularly applied to the Irish members in the British Parliament, under the leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell, from their scheme of "Home Rule," whose paramount feature is the establishment of a separate national parliament for Ireland to legislate on and regulate all her internal affairs, with full control over Irish resources, revenues, and police, under condition only of contributing a just proportion to imperial expenditure ; the only matters excluded from its jurisdiction being foreign and colonial questions and the defence of British possessions. In its wider sense the term includes all those English, Irish, or Scotch who favor Home Rule, as distinguished from their opponents, who are called collectively "Unionists" because they favor the continuance of the present system of a union Parliament of the three kingdoms for all purposes.

Homo sum ; humani nihil a me alienum puto (L., "I am a man, and I deem nothing human alien to me"), a famous line in Act i., Sc. 1, of Terence's "The Self-Tormentor" ("Heauton-timorumenos"). St. Augustine tells us that at these words the whole audience, though many of them rude and ignorant, broke out into thunders of applause. And well they might. For it was the first important literary enunciation of the great doctrine of human brotherhood which in later ages found expression in the "Am I not a man and a brother ?" of Wilberforce, and the "All men are created equal" of the Declaration of Independence. It was the first important protest against castes,

aristocracies, and superiorities of all kinds. The expression of Socrates, sometimes quoted as its literary ancestor, "I am neither Athenian nor Greek, I am of the whole world" (see *FIRST AN ENGLISHMAN*),—this expression only foreshadows its cosmopolitan but hardly its humanitarian meaning. Far closer is Seneca's imitation, "Homo sacra res hominis" (*Epistles*, xcv. 33).

An amusing variation of the theme is supplied by the vivacious Max O'Rell. In "*Les chers Voisins*," p. 285, he says, "A Frenchman feels the influence of the *beau sexe* to such a degree that with him woman is a fixed idea. It is his worship. Parodying the verse of Terence, he says to himself, 'I am a man, and everything that concerns womankind interests me.'"

Honest—Honesty. "To be honest, as this world goes," says Hamlet, "is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."

An honest wise man is a prince's mate,
says Fletcher, in the "Triumph of Love," and elsewhere,—
Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man.

Pope's version is better known :

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

A phrase from Defoe may be added : "An honest man is the best title that can be given in the world."

The modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can,—
"Here lies a truly honest man!"

CRASHAW : *Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton.*

Heinrich Heine says of Lafayette,—

The world is surprised that there was once an honest man ; the situation remains vacant.—
Thoughts and Fancies.

Honest Injun, in colloquial American, is equivalent to the English "honor bright," and is often heard among school-boys as a pledge of faith. Originally, no doubt, the reference to Indian honesty was sarcastic.

Honesty is the best policy, a proverb found in Cervantes,—"*Don Quixote*," Part II., ch. xxxiii.,—but probably a proverb before his day. It has been objected that he who acts on the principle is no honest man. Indeed, the maxim has been condemned as a scoundrelly saying, which would resolve a rule of right into a question of expediency. Trench's gloss, however, is good common sense. "Doubtless," says the Dean, "there are proverbs not a few which, like this, move in the region of what has been well called 'prudential morality ;' and did we accept them as containing the whole circle of motives to honesty or other right conduct, nothing could be worse, or more fitted to lower the moral standard of our lives. He who resolves to be honest because, and only because, it is *the best policy*, will be little likely long to continue honest at all. But the proverb does not pretend to usurp the place of an ethical rule ; it does not presume to cast down the higher law which should determine to honesty and uprightness, that it may put itself in its place ; it only declares that honesty, let alone that it is the right thing, is also, even for this present world, the wisest."

Shakespeare says,—

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act iii., Sc. 5.

Honey-moon, the first month of marriage. Among the northern nations of Europe there was an ancient practice for newly-married couples to drink metheglin, or mead, a kind of wine made from honey (hydromel), for thirty

days after marriage. Hence the term honey-month or honey-moon. Attila the Hun drank so much mead at his wedding-feast that he died.

Honi soit qui mal y pense ("Shame"—or, as it is more commonly though erroneously translated, "evil—to him who evil thinks"), the motto of the Order of the Garter and of the Crown of England. The order was established by Edward III. on April 23, 1349. But why the garter was selected as its name and symbol, and what is the special significance of the motto, have long been moot questions with historians. Camden and others suggest that as Richard Cœur de Lion had once distinguished some chosen knights by causing them to tie a thong or garter round the leg, Edward had reminiscently given his own garter as the signal for a battle, probably Crécy, in which he was successful. Polydore Virgil, whose history appeared in 1536, nearly two hundred years after the event, is the first authority for the familiar story that the Countess of Salisbury, the king's mistress, dropped her garter at a ball, and that Edward picked it up and handed it back to the lady with the remark, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," and forthwith founded the order. Polydore's authority, therefore, is no authority at all. It is extremely unlikely that such an incident would have been suppressed by Froissart, who makes no mention of it, though he relates the story of the countess's amour with the king. The motto, it may be added, is an old French one proverbial in France before Edward's day.

Honor. Everything is lost save honor, the famous phrase attributed to Francis I., King of France. Guy de Maupassant thus comments upon it in "*Sur l'Eau*:" "Francis I., silly though he was, addicted to courtesans and an unfortunate general, has saved his memory and surrounded his name with an imperishable halo by writing to his mother those few superb words after the defeat at Pavia: *Tout est perdu, madame, fors l'honneur*. Does not this saying to-day seem to us as fine as a victory? Has it not illustrated the prince more than the conquest of a kingdom? We have forgotten the names of most of the great battles fought at that distant epoch; shall we ever forget *Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur*?" Unfortunately, Francis I. never used the phrase, but only something remotely analogous, which formed a part of a long letter to his mother, Louise de Savoie. The letter itself has been lost. But his mother's reply, which makes copious quotations from the letter, was found in the manuscript registers of Parliament and published in 1835. From this it appears that the king's missive began with the words, "Nothing remains to me but honor and life which is saved" ("*De toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauvée*").

Three days after the battle of Waterloo, Caulaincourt exclaimed to Napoleon at the palace of the Elysée, "All is lost!" "*Excepté l'honneur*," said Napoleon, recognizing the cue.

When the Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.) was asked to renounce his claim to the French throne, he is reported by Bourrienne to have said that he was ignorant of the designs of Providence, but he knew the obligations of his rank; as a Christian he would perform those obligations to the last; as a son of St. Louis he would respect himself even in chains; as the successor of Francis I. he would say, as he had said, "*Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur*." (*Memoirs of Napoleon*, vol. ii. ch. xxvi.)

"What is left when honor is lost?" is the 265th Maxim of Publius Syrus. And the noble lines of Richard Lovelace spring at once to the mind:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars.

Honor among thieves. Edmund Burke, in his great speech on the

impeachment of Warren Hastings, says, "You see how they are bound to one another, and how they give their fidelity to keep the secrets of one another to prevent the directors having a true knowledge of their affairs; and I am sure if you do not destroy this honor among conspirators and this faith among robbers that there will be no other honor and no other fidelity among our servants in India." The proverb is far older than Burke. The principle in human nature upon which it is founded has been a fruitful topic with students of man. John Locke remarks of justice and the keeping of contracts that it is a principle which is thought to extend itself to the dens of thieves and the confederacies of the greatest villains:

Justice and truth are the common ties of society, and therefore even outlaws and robbers, who break with all the world besides, must keep rules of faith and equity among themselves, or else they cannot hold together.

Hazlitt explains that honor among thieves may flourish in inverse proportion to their honesty towards outsiders:

Their honor consists in the division of the booty, not in the mode of acquiring: they do not (often) betray one another; they may be depended on in giving the alarm when any of their posts are in danger of being surprised; and they will stand together for their ill-gotten gains to the last drop of their blood.

Sir Walter Scott frequently refers to this principle. "They call us marauders, thieves, and what not," says the jackman in "The Monastery," "but the side we take we hold by." And he paints his Borderers as severe observers of the faith which they have pledged to an enemy:

Even the wild outlaw in his forest walk
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline;
For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,
Hath man with man in social union dwelt,
But laws were made to draw that union closer.

To this a parallel may be found in Sheridan Knowles's "Virginius:—

Well, 'tis true,
Dog fights with dog, but honesty is not
A cur that baits his fellows, and e'en dogs,
By habit of companionship, abide
In terms of faith and cordiality.

In view of the fact that honor is so universal among thieves, no wonder Falstaff thinks things have come to a pretty pass when Poins and the Prince, who had agreed to help him out in a highway-robbery, turn round and play tricks upon him. No wonder he vows to give up thieving altogether and turn honest: "A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another."

Moody, the actor, was robbed of his watch and money. He begged the highwayman to let him have cash enough to carry him to town, and the fellow replied, "Well, Master Moody, as I know you, I'll lend you half a guinea; but, remember, honor among thieves!" A few days after he was taken, and Moody, hearing that he was at "The Brown Bear," in the Strand, went to inquire after his watch; but when he began to speak of it, the fellow exclaimed, "Is that what you want? I thought you had come to pay the half-guinea you borrowed of me."

Honorable Bilk, originally an English phrase to designate a member of Parliament who, being a fraudulent creditor (as Dryden used the word "bilk"), avails himself of the privilege of Parliament in regard to arrest on civil process. The term has somehow found its way to California, and has there a wider application, describing all people who grovel for office and the wages of office.

Honors change manners, a familiar English proverb, literally translated from the mediæval Latin "*Honores mutant mores*," which may be found in the "*Gesta Romanorum*," 205, App. ix., and in Polydore Virgil's collection of "*Adagia*," Prov. ccii. In the form "Honors should change manners" it is quoted in Camden's "*Remains*," p. 125, ed. 1870, and in Latin in Polydore

Virgil's "History of England," Book xxii., where, speaking of Henry V., he says, "Hic vir, hic fuit, qui a primo docuit honores, ut est in proverbio, debere mutare honores" ("This man it was who from the first taught that honors, according to the proverb, should change manners"). The proverb is frequently used in a derogatory sense, meaning that honors unduly inflate the recipient's self-esteem. Thus, when Sir Thomas More was made chancellor, Manners, who had himself lately been created Earl of Rutland, told him that he was too much elated with his preferment; that he verified the old proverb, "Honores mutant mores." "No, my lord," said Sir Thomas, "the pun will do much better in English: 'Honors change *Manners*.'"

Hoodlums, a name which originated on the Pacific coast about 1868, first applied to a gang of young ruffians in San Francisco, whence it spread eastward, and is now generally applied, with some political significance, to a tough, and is incorporated in the phrase "The hoodlum element in politics." The true origin of the word is uncertain. The following are offered for what they are worth:

A newspaper man in San Francisco, in attempting to coin a word to designate a gang of young street Arabs under the beck of one named "Muldoon," hit upon the idea of dubbing them "noodlums," that is, simply reversing the leader's name. In writing the word the strokes of the *n* did not correspond in height, and the compositor, taking the *n* for an *h*, printed it "hoodlums."—*The Congregationalist*, September 26, 1877.

A gang of bad boys from fourteen to nineteen years of age was associated for the purpose of stealing. These boys had a place of rendezvous, and when danger threatened them their words of warning were, "Huddle 'em! Huddle 'em!" An article headed "Huddle 'em," describing the gang and their plan of operations, was published in the *San Francisco Times*. The name applied to them was soon contracted into hoodlum.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Express*, August 25, 1877.

Before the late war there appeared in San Francisco a man whose dress was very peculiar. The boys took a fancy to it, and, organizing themselves into a military company, adopted in part the dress of this man. The head-dress resembled the fez, from which was suspended a long tail. The *gamins* called it a "hood," and the company became known as the "hoods." The rowdy element in the city adopted much of the dress of the company referred to, who were soon designated as "hoodlums."—*San Francisco Morning Call*, October 27, 1877.

Hook or by Crook. By. A number of ingenious hypotheses regarding the origin of this phrase may be found in current works of reference, but, as the majority of them are invalidated by the single circumstance that the phrase mounts up to a much higher antiquity than the time of the alleged origin (it may be found in "Colin Clout," written about 1240), it is only necessary to consider the two explanations which can stand this test of time. One is that when Strongbow invaded Ireland in 1172 he swore that he was going to take it by Hook or by Crook, those being the names of two places in the port of Waterford. If he did make use of this expression, it is not at all unlikely that it was a punning allusion to a proverb already in circulation. Certainly the most satisfactory explanation of the phrase makes it rise from the ancient forestal rights granted to the poor and others of carrying away for fuel any refuse, dead or damaged portions of trees which could be removed without detriment to the owner of the wood by some simple means, falling short of the axe and the saw, incidental to the felling of timber for general purposes. Such simple means of removal were the hooked poles or crooks by which dead branches, etc., could be detached and pulled down and hauled homewards. Accordingly, this right is in old records called "a right, with hook and crook, to lop, crop, and carry away fuel." For very full information see a number of discussions upon the subject in *Notes and Queries*, first series, i. 168, etc.; ii. 78, 204; iii. 116, 212; second series, i. 522; fourth series, viii. 64, etc.; ix. 77.

Hoosier State, in common parlance and political phrase, a name given

to the State of Indiana. Its origin is uncertain, and the best explanation is that which derives it from the customary challenge or mode of greeting in the local vernacular current in the early history of the State: "Who's yer?" (Who's here?) pronounced hoosier. A native of Indiana is called a "Hoosier."

Hope. Matthew Prior gives us the following definition of hope:

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.

Solomon on the Vanity of the World, Book iii., l. 102.

But the definition is a very ancient one, and has been referred to Plato by Ælian (*Var. Hist.*, xiii. 29) and by Diogenes Laertius to Aristotle, who, when asked what hope is, answered, "The dream of a waking man." In Latin Quintilian echoes the phrase with a qualification:

Et spes inanes, et velut somnia quædam, vigilantium ("Vain hopes are like certain dreams of those who wake").—*Institutes*, vi. 2, 27.

Another ancient thought is echoed by Gay:

While there's life there's hope, he cried,

The Sick Man and the Angel:

which is literally the same as Cicero's

Ægroto, dum anima est, spes est ("While the sick man has life, there is hope").—*Epistolarum ad Atticum*, ix. 10.

Theocritus, in *Idyl IV.*, l. 42, says, less pointedly,—

For the living there is hope, for the dead none.

Goldsmith expands the thought in the lines thus printed in "The Captivity," Act ii.:

To the last moment of his breath
On hope the wretch relies;
And even the pang preceding death
Bids expectation rise;

but more familiar, and deservedly so, in the original manuscript, which has fortunately been preserved to us:

The wretch condemn'd with life to part
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Still another change upon the fruitful theme is rung by Pope in the famous lines,—

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come,

Essay on Man, Epistle I., l. 95;

which are, after all, but a versification of the passage in Pascal:

Thus we never live, but we hope to live; and always disposing ourselves to be happy, it is inevitable that we never become so.—*Thoughts*, ch. v. 2.

This finds an echo also in Massillon:

We never enjoy, we always hope.—*Sermon for St. Benedict's Day*.

Dryden had already said,—

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat.
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favor the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse, and while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.

Aurengzebe, Act iv., Sc. 1.

'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue ;
It pays our hopes with something still that's new.
Ibid.

The following familiar lines, which are preserved to us in "The Universal Songster," vol. ii. p. 86, are credited to a certain Miss Wrother, and belong to the end of the eighteenth century :

Hope tells a flattering tale,
Delusive, vain, and hollow.
Ah ! let not hope prevail,
Lest disappointment follow.

But why should we banish hope, if what Cowley tells us is true ?—

Hope, of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure.

The Mistress : For Hope.

The New Testament reckons hope among the three great virtues, and commends those "who against hope believed in hope" (*Romans* iv. 18),—a commendation echoed by two modern poets :

Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive,
MONTGOMERY : *The World before the Flood* ;

It is to hope, though hope were lost,
MRS. BARBAULD : *Come here, Fond Youth* ;

and magnificently paraphrased by Milton in his sonnet on his own blindness :

Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

Sonnet XXII.

The Old Testament, however, recognizes that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick" (*Proverbs* xiii. 12),—a thought which has been amplified by Spenser :

Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide ;
To loose good dayes, that might be better spent ;
To wast long nights in pensive discontent ;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow.
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire ;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spende, to give, to want, to be undonne.
Unhappie wight, borne to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tedious spend !

Mother Hubberds Tale, l. 895.

Nevertheless, the loss of all hope is the final and most terrible of all evils, which both Milton and Dante reserve for the inmates of hell,—the first in Satan's acknowledgment,—

Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair,

Paradise Lost, Book ii., l. 139,

and the latter in the famous legend which he places over the entrance to hell :

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.
(" Abandon all hope, ye who enter here.")

Inferno, iii. 9.

Horn. Coming out of the little end of the horn. This proverbial expression, meaning that a man has been swindled, or taken in, or otherwise "badly left," is not a pure Americanism, although it is almost extinct at present in England. But a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, seventh series, iv. 323, says he has heard the phrase in Warwickshire. The same

correspondent describes an old panel-painting seen by him in a country curiosity-shop, and apparently of the sixteenth century, which represents a poor wretch being thrust into the large end of a horn, while his unhappy head and one arm protrude from the little end. Underneath is written,—

This horn emblem here doth show
Of svretishipp what harm doth growe.

Pictures similar to this appear to have been common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In "Eastward Hoe" (1605) Ben Jonson makes one of his characters say, "I had the horne of suretishipp ever before my eyes. You all know the device of the horne where the young fellow slippes in at the butte-end and comes squeezed out at the buckall." Subsequently a ballad seems to have been written on the subject. Thus, in Fletcher's "Wife for a Month,"—

Thou wilt look to-morrow else
Worse than the prodigal fool the ballad speaks of,
That was squeezed through a horn.

The Spaniards have a proverb somewhat akin to this: "*La ley del embudo; el ancho para mí, el estrecho para tí*,"—that is, "The law of the funnel; the broad end for me, the narrow for thee." Another equivalent is the American "Heads I win, tails you lose," or the once familiar "You no talkee turkey to me at all," said to be the answer of an Indian to a Yankee who proposed a shooting-match at a turkey: "If you kill it, I get it; and if I kill it, you lose it."

Horn-book, a thin board of oak about nine inches long and five or six wide, on which were printed the alphabet, the nine digits, and sometimes the Lord's Prayer. It had a handle, and was covered in front with a sheet of thin horn to prevent its being soiled, and the back-board was ornamented with a rude sketch of St. George and the Dragon. The board and its horn cover were held together by a narrow frame of brass. Formerly the first "book" put in the hands of the English school-boy.

Thee will I sing in comely wainscot bound
And golden verge enclosing thee around;
The faithful horn before, from age to age
Preserving thy invulnerable page;
Behind, thy patron saint in armor shines,
With sword and lance to guard the sacred lines.
Th' instructive handle's at the bottom fixed,
Lest wrangling critics pervert the text.

TICKELL: *The Horn-Book*.

Their books of stature small they took in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letter fair.

SHENSTONE: *The School-Mistress*.

Lord Lytton, when some one pointed to the successful attempts at democratic government in the colonies as examples for monarchical and aristocratic England, replied, "I can only say that he has not studied the horn-book of legislation" (of Lord Palmerston's Reform Bill in 1860).

Horns, when given to Moses as a distinctive mark,—e.g., in Michael Angelo's well-known statue, in an older figure in Roslin Chapel, and in most mediæval representations of the law-giver,—afford a curious instance of a misunderstanding being stereotyped in stone. In Exodus xxxiv. 29 *et seq.* it is said that when Moses came down from the mount his face *shone*. The verb for this in the Hebrew is *qāran*, to emit rays, originally to put forth horns; from *qeren*, a horn. "This meaning has developed itself from a comparison of the first rays of the rising sun, which shoot out above the horizon, to the horns of the gazelle, a comparison which is met with in the Arabian poets." (KEIL) So

the correct translation of Habakkuk iii. 4, "He had horns coming out of his hand," would be, as in the margin, "bright beams." St. Jerome made, unfortunately, a similar mistake in rendering "his face shone" in the passage in Exodus according to its primitive meaning, *faciem esse cornutam*, "his face was horned." From this misconception sprang the horned Moses of the painters and sculptors, with some reference perhaps to horns as a symbol of power, which in this sense are assigned to Alexander and others on coins.

From the association of horns with cuckoldry, a man who for a consideration assumes the paternity of another's bastard is said in colloquial English to stand Moses, and is obliged by the parish to maintain it. A cognate phrase is in the same manner explained by Cotgrave: "Holie Moses, whose ordinarie counterfeit having on either side of the head an eminence or lustre, arising somewhat in the forme of a horne, hath emboldened a prophane author to stile cuckolds parents de Moÿse."

Horse. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! the cry with which the unhorsed monarch appears upon the stage in Act v., Scene 4. of "Richard III.," while the battle of Bosworth is supposed to be raging. It is not an historical exclamation, but had been familiar to the stage even before Shakespeare's use of it. Indeed, it is found in the older play the "True Tragedie of Richard the Third" (1594), in this form:

A horse, a horse, a fresh horse!

Shakespeare Society Reprint, p. 64.

But the cry is older than this, and is not even peculiar to Richard III. Thus, in Peele's "Battle of Alcazar" (1588 or 1589) the Moor calls out,—

A horse, a horse, villain, a horse!

That I may take the river straight, and fly!

Shakespeare's very words were frequently imitated, copied, or burlesqued, as in the following instances:

A horse! a horse!

Ten kingdoms for a horse to enter Troy.

HEYWOOD: Iron Age, Part II. (1632).

Ha! he mounts Chirall on the wings of fame.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Look thee, I speak play scraps.

MARSTON: What you Will (1607), Act ii., Sc. 1.

A man, a man, a kingdom for a man!

MARSTON: Satires (1599).

In Shakespeare the thought reappears in an entirely different form in "The Tempest," Act i., Sc. 1, when Gonzalo gives the ship up for lost:

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; brown heath, long furze, anything.

Horses, Four-in-hand. Great culprits at one time were fastened limb for limb to four horses, which being urged in different directions, the victim was literally torn limb from limb. The last person to suffer in this manner in Europe was Robert François Damiens, in 1757, for an attempt to assassinate Louis XV. Other notable instances of this form of capital punishment were those of Poltrot de Méré, in 1563, for the murder of the Duc de Guise; Salcède, in 1582, for conspiring against the Duc d'Alençon; Brillaud, in 1588, for poisoning the Prince de Condé; and Ravailiac, in 1610, for the murder of Henry IV.

Diomedes, tyrant of Thrace, fed his horses with strangers who visited his coast. Hercules vanquished him and gave him to his own horses for food.

Here such dire welcome is for you prepared

As Diomedes' unhappy strangers shared;

His hapless guests in silent midnight bled,

On their torn limbs his snorting coursers fed.

CAMOENS: Lusiad.

The first person, according to Virgil, that drove four-in-hand was Erichthonius :

Primus Erichthonius currus et quattuor ausus
Jungere equos.

("Erichthon was the first who dared command
A chariot yoked with horses four-in-hand.")
Georgics, Book iii., l. 113.

Horses, Not best to swap, when crossing a stream. This remark, which has become a colloquialism in the United States, was made by Abraham Lincoln on June 9, 1864, after his renomination to the Presidency. On that occasion he replied to the congratulations of the National Union League, "I have not permitted myself, gentlemen, to conclude that I am the best man in this country; but I am reminded in this connection of the story of an old Dutch farmer, who remarked to a companion that it was not best to swap horses when crossing a stream."

Horseshoes and Good Luck. The custom of nailing a horseshoe over the door of a house or other building as a protection against evil spirits and an assurance of good luck is widely spread over England and the United States. It also lingers among all the Teutonic and Scandinavian races, and flourishes apace in Hindostan. The horseshoe unites within itself three lucky elements: it is crescent-shaped, is a portion of a horse, and is made of iron. Popular superstition has long endowed iron with protecting powers. Such powers attached in some degree to most metals, but since, in most countries, iron has been the metal latest worked, it naturally inherited the virtues of the others. The Romans drove nails into the walls of cottages as an antidote to the plague. When Arabs in the desert are overtaken by a simoon, they seek to propitiate the Jinns who have raised it by crying, "Iron! iron!" The Scandinavian exorcises the Neckan, or river spirit, with an open knife in the bottom of his boat, or a nail set in a reed, singing,—

Neckan, Neckan, nail in water!
The Virgin Mary casteth steel in water!
Do you sink, I flit.

Celtic, Finnish, and Welsh superstitions agree that iron is a guard against witchcraft. It has always been held a good omen to find old iron, and, as horseshoes are the readiest form in which old iron could be found, it is naturally the form to which the remnant of the superstition has longest clung.

Horses, in the popular mythology of England, were looked upon as luck-bringers. In Yorkshire it is still thought that disease may be cured by burying a horse alive. A horse's hoof placed under an invalid's bed is a specific for many complaints in rural districts. In Ireland, Camden says, "when a horse dies, his feet and legs are hung up in the house, and even the hoofs are sacred."

On account of its form, there is no doubt that the qualities anciently ascribed to the crescent have been transferred to the horseshoe. The crescent, like the horseshoe, is semicircular in shape and ends in two points. From the earliest antiquity ornaments shaped in this way have been popular as preservatives against danger, and especially against evil spirits. Hudibras embalms this ancient superstition in the couplet,—

Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of sickle, horseshoe, and hollow flint,—

and Herrick, in his "*Hesperides*," says,—

Hang up hooks and shears to scare
Hence the hag that rides the mare.

All these have this curved or forked shape terminating in two points. The seal of Solomon, infelicitously styled the pentacle, was supposed to have great power ; it consisted of two triangles, presenting six forks. In Italy and Spain, the evil eye is averted by extending the forefinger and little finger forward like a pair of horns, the two middle fingers being bent down under the thumb. The Chinese have their tombs built in a semicircular form like a horseshoe, and the Moors are also wont to use that form in their architecture. The fact that the nimbus or halo which in old pictures surrounds the heads of saints and angels bears a rude resemblance to a horseshoe is no doubt one of the many accidental coincidences that have strengthened this popular superstition.

The belief in the horseshoe attained its greatest diffusion at the end of the last century and the beginning of this. Aubrey, in his "Miscellanies," tells us that in his time most houses in the West End of London had a horseshoe nailed over the threshold. In 1813, Sir Henry Ellis counted seventeen horseshoes in Monmouth Street, but in 1841 only five or six remained. Lord Nelson nailed a horseshoe to the mast of the Victory; and "Lucky Dr. James" attributed the success of his fever-powders to the finding of a horseshoe, which symbol he adopted as a crest for his carriage.

Horsy, or **Horsey**, an epithet often used in the general sense of *fast*, vulgar, coarse, from the fancy that horse-dealing, horse-racing, and love of horses carry with them a lowering of the moral tone. Thus, Portia says contemptuously of one of the pretenders to her hand, "That's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse" (*Merchant of Venice*, Act i., Sc. 2),—colt meaning a witless youngster. Pope, in his "Epistle to Miss Blount, on her leaving the town after the Coronation," pictures her in rural retirement, flirting with a country squire :

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack ;
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries, No words !
Or with his hound comes hallooing from the stable,
Makes love with nods and knees beneath a table ;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

This vivid bit of portraiture bears some resemblance to the picture which the hero of "Locksley Hall" draws of Cousin Amy's husband :

As the husband is, the wife is : thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

Are not all these a reminiscence of Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 25? Few passages in the Apocrypha are more familiar than that in which the Son of Sirach asks, "How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labors, and whose talk is of bullocks?" Ever since his day these words have been quoted to stigmatize the stupidity of squires and landed gentry, who live on their estate and like to talk about its products. Thus, Dr. Johnson said of his hospitable entertainer, Dr. Taylor, the rector of Ashborne, that his regard for the good man did not increase, "for his talk is of bullocks." Yet Dr. Johnson was delighted when Mrs. Thrale's mother, answering a country clergyman's complaints that his parishioners were unsocial, that "they talk of runts," said, "Sir, Mr. Johnson would learn to talk of runts," implying that there was a man who would make the most of circumstances and surroundings. Shakespeare, in the "Second Part of King Henry IV." (Act iii.,

Sc. 2), makes his country justice eagerly divert his thoughts from the death of his old friends to the question of bullocks :

Shallow. To see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead !

Silence. We shall all follow.

Shallow. Certain, 'tis certain ; very sure, very sure ; death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all ; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford Fair ?

Host in himself. Samuel Rogers relates that walking one day, in 1838 or 1839, with the Duke of Wellington, and naming the formidable antagonists of Lord John Russell in the House, the duke replied, " Lord John is a host in himself." But Pope in his translation of Homer's *Iliad* had already applied the same epithet to Ajax :

Ajax the great (the beauteous queen replied),
Himself a host, the Grecian strength and pride.

Book iii., l. 293.

The same passage is thus translated by Bryant :

Helen, the beautiful and richly robed,
Answered, " Thou seest the mighty Ajax there,
The bulwark of the Greeks."

The duke himself rang another change upon the phrase when he said that he considered Napoleon's presence in the field equal to forty thousand men in the balance. Afterwards, in conversation with Stanhope, September 18, 1836, he explained his meaning as follows : " This is a very loose way of talking ; but the idea is a very different one from that of his presence at the battle being equal to a reinforcement of forty thousand men."

In 1798, President John Adams, in view of a war with France which seemed imminent, wrote to Washington at Mount Vernon, " We must have your name, if you will permit us to use it. There will be more efficacy in it than in many an army." Sir Walter Scott has a somewhat similar expression :

Where, where was Roderick then ?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men.

Lady of the Lake, Canto vi., Stanza 18.

Plutarch, in his " *Apothegms*," records that when Antigonus II. was told by his pilot, before a naval battle with the lieutenants of Ptolemy, that the enemy's ships outnumbered his own, he replied, " But how many ships do you reckon my presence to be worth ?"

Hot and cold, To blow. When Dr. Reid was permitted to make his experiment in ventilation of the houses of Parliament by alternate blasts of hot and cold air, the following appeared in the London *Times* :

Peel's patronage of Dr. Reid
Is very natural indeed,
For no one need be told
The worthy scientific man
Is acting on the premier's plan
Of blowing hot and cold.

The phrase, which means to be a trimmer, to veer with the wind, to be hypocritical, takes its origin in Æsop's fable of the man who alarmed his neighbor by warming his fingers and cooling his soup with his breath.

Hot-Water War. Soon after the Whiskey Rebellion (*q. v.*) fresh trouble arose from an attempt of the Federal government to levy a direct tax on houses, and, as in the former trouble, the centre of disturbance was the State of Pennsylvania. When the officers came to make the necessary measurements, the women deluged them with hot water, whence the disturbance became known as the Hot-Water War. In the town of Bethlehem, in March, 1799, when the United States marshal arrested some offenders, the latter were rescued by an armed mob under the leadership of one John Fries, and the

disturbance assumed a serious aspect, so that the militia were called in to restore order. Fries was arrested, convicted of treason, and sentenced to death, and a number of his followers were condemned to longer or shorter terms of imprisonment. All were pardoned, however, by President John Adams. The law imposing the tax was repealed two or three years later, under Jefferson's administration.

House. A man's house is his castle. This phrase originated with Sir Edward Coke, in his Third Institute, p. 162: "For a man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium*" ("and his house the safest retreat for every one"). The quotation is from the Roman law (*Pandects*, ii. 4). A less pithy expression of the idea occurred in the opinion delivered by Coke in *Semayne's case*, 5 Rep., 91: "The house of every one is to him his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence as for his repose." In a speech on the Excise Bill Chatham amplified Coke in this splendid fashion: "The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter,—but the king of England cannot enter; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!" When an Irish attorney quoted the phrase "The rain may enter, but the King of England cannot," Lord Norbury, who was on the bench, exclaimed, "What! not the reigning king?"

The French say, "The collier (or charcoal-burner) is master in his own house" ("*Charbonnier est maître chez soi*"), and they refer the origin of the proverb to a hunting-adventure of Francis I., related by Blaise de Montluc. Having outridden all his followers, the king took shelter at nightfall in the cabin of a charcoal-burner, whose wife he found sitting alone on the floor before the fire. She told him, when he asked for hospitality, that he must wait her husband's return, which he did, seating himself on the only chair the cabin contained. Presently the man came in, and, after a brief greeting, made the king give him up the chair, saying he was used to sit in it, and it was but right that a man should be master in his own house. Francis expressed his entire concurrence in this doctrine, and he and his host supped together very amicably on game poached from the royal forest.

"Man," said Ferdinand VII. to the Duke of Medina-Celi, the premier nobleman of Spain, who was helping him on with his great-coat,—“man, how little you are!” “At home I am great,” replied the dwarfish grandee. “When I am in my own house I am a king” is another Spanish saying.

Hub of the universe, or simply **The Hub**, a *sobriquet* for Boston, which its citizens have humorously appropriated, with the consciousness that there's many a true word spoken in jest. Hub is provincial English for anything knobby or projecting,—a boss. In the United States it survives chiefly as the name for the wooden or metal centre of a carriage- or wagon-wheel. Hence the Hub, metaphorically, means the centre. The jest had its origin with Dr. Holmes, in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" (1859):

A jaunty-looking person . . . said that there was one more wise saying that he had heard. It was about our place, but he didn't know who said it:

"Boston State-house is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a cross-bar."

"Sir," said I, "I am gratified with your remark. It expresses with pleasing vivacity that which I have sometimes heard uttered with malignant dulness. The satire of the remark is essentially true of Boston, and of all other considerable and inconsiderable places with which I have the privilege of being acquainted. Cockneys think London is the only place in the world. Frenchmen—you remember the lines about Paris, the Court, the World, etc. I recollect well, by the way, a sign in that city which ran thus: "Hôtel de l'univers et des États-Unis," and, as Paris is the universe to a Frenchman, of course the United States are outside of it." "See Naples and then die." It is quite as bad with smaller places.

The Rev. F. B. Zincke, an Englishman who travelled through the United States, and on his return published "Last Winter in the United States" (1868), does not seem to have been aware of Holmes's claim :

The hub, in America, is the nave or centre-piece of the wheel from which the spokes radiate, and on which the wheel turns. . . . Massachusetts has been the wheel within New England, and Boston the wheel within Massachusetts. Boston, therefore, is often called the "hub of the world," since it has been the source and fountain of the ideas that have reared and made America.

The phrase "hub of the world," or "hub of the universe," is now applied humorously to any place supposed by its inhabitants to be of unusual importance.

Calcutta . . . swaggers as if it were the hub of the universe.—*London Daily News*, January 18, 1876.

An excellent bit of comic etymology in *Notes and Queries*, fourth series, iv., seeks to derive hub from *umbilicus*. Yet there is a strange connection between the two words. For whereas to-day Boston is the hub of the universe, Homer describes Calypso's island as the "navel of the world," the centre of all the seas. In Æschylus, a certain round stone in the temple of Delphi is the "navel" or centre of the earth, and here does Orestes take refuge when pursued by the Eumenides. Pindar has anticipated Æschylus here, and, after an era, Pausanias (like Herr Schick) had the pleasure of seeing the only genuine central hub at Delphi. "It is made," he says, "of white stone, smooth and polished, and is the middle point of the whole world." Delos, as well as Delphi, claims to be one of the sacred places perforated by the earth's axis.

Jerusalem has pretensions that are not to be despised, founded less on physical science than on prophecy. It is written in the Psalms, "God is my king of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth." This can refer only to the scenes of the passion and of the holy sepulchre, and the midst of the earth must, therefore, be found where the holy sepulchre is. The belief that the centre is there or thereabouts is ancient, for it occurs in a work by St. Ephrem, quoted by John Gregory in reference to Noah's prayer. Here St. Ephrem says that Adam was buried "in the middle of the earth."

Huckleberry above my persimmon, a Southern expression, meaning something beyond one's ability. Thorpe, in his "Backwoods" (published in 1846), speaking of the hunting achievements of one of the characters, said, "It was a huckleberry above the persimmon of any native of the country." The explanation may be found in the fact that in many parts of the South huckleberries are esteemed above persimmons. A story goes that on one occasion a number of persons happened to meet at the store in a village in one of the "huckleberry counties." A frost late in April had done much damage to the fruit-crop. One mourned his ruined peaches, another his cherries, a third his apples, and so on. At last a lanky individual, whose tallowy face proclaimed him a denizen of the swamps, heaved a deep sigh of relief and exclaimed, "Thank God, the huckleberries ain't touched; I'm all right!" To him, certainly, the huckleberry was above the persimmon.

Huggins and Muggins, the embodiment of vulgar pretension. It is probably derived from "Hogen and Mogen," which is itself a travesty of the adjective "Hoogmogende" (sometimes "Hoogen en Mogende") in the style and title of the Dutch States-General. "Hoogmogende," while it does not quite imply omnipotence, comes very near it (it may be pretty accurately translated "all-powerful"), a high and mighty (Hoogen en Mogende) pretension which furnished much food for amusement in England, and was often ridiculed by the writers of the latter part of the seventeenth century,—e.g. :

But I have sent him for a token
To your Low-Country Hogen-Mogen.

BUTLER: *Hudibras*.

The modern application of the term will appear from the following:

Whitford and Milford joined the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
Before the plug was found.

Rejected Addresses.

Huguenot. The origin of this term is involved in obscurity: it came into use in France about the middle of the sixteenth century, and was used as a term of reproach towards the Protestants. Many explanations of its origin have been given, but it has most plausibly been derived from the Swiss-German word *Eidgenossen* ("Confederates" or "oath colleagues"), a political nickname borne by the patriotic party in Geneva a quarter of a century earlier, and afterwards extended to all secret conspirators against the crown. An explanation given by Etienne Pasquier is interesting because in literature the word first occurs in a letter of his. He says that it arose in Tours, from a popular superstition that a hobgoblin, known as *le roy Hugon*, nightly roamed the streets of the city, whence the Protestants, who, from fear of persecution, dared not to meet save under the cover of darkness, came to be called Huguenots.

Scheler, in the latest edition of his "*Dictionnaire d'Etymologie Française*," Paris and Brussels, 1888, pp. 275, 276, enumerates no less than fifteen etymologies which from time to time have been suggested for this word. He closes his article with these words: "In the presence of popular forms current in the south of France for *huguenot*, such as *alghanau*, *higanau*, *iganau* (see *Romania*, xi. 414), the etymology *eidgenossen* gains much in authority; indeed, M. Baudry has placed it beyond doubt in the preliminary notice to the reproduction of the historical engravings of Tostorel and Périssin." Scheler is perhaps the safest authority at present in matters of French etymology.—*American Notes and Queries*.

Humanum est errare (L., "To err is human"), a saying which seems to owe its verbal dress to the elder Seneca (*Controv.*, lib. iv., dial. 3), but in sentiment may be found at least as far back as Theognis, *circa* B.C. 540, who, according to Buchmann, has it in the form, "Mistakes wait on mortal man." Sophocles in "Antigone," 1023-24, Euripides in "Hippolytus," 615, and an unknown tragic poet, reaffirm the sentiment in the same words. The epigram upon the Greeks who fell at Chæroneæ, quoted by Demosthenes, *Pro Corona*, § 289, declares that "to err in nothing is the affair of the gods." Cicero, *Philippics*, xii. 2, puts the thought in this form: "Cujusvis hominis est errare, nullius nisi insipientis in errore perseverare" ("Any man may err, only a fool persists in error"). In modern literature the most famous repetitions of the idea are Goethe's

Es irrt der Mensch, so lang er strebt,
Faust: Prologue in Heaven,

and Pope's

To err is human; to forgive, divine.
Essay on Criticism, Part II., l. 325.

Bayard Taylor translated Goethe as follows:

While man's desires and aspirations stir,
He cannot choose but err.

But he has the grace to be dissatisfied with this rendering. "It has seemed to me impossible," he says, "to give the full meaning of these words—that error is a natural accompaniment of the struggles and aspirations of Man—in a single line." He quotes a number of other versions, the worst being Birch's,

Man's prone to err in acquisition,

and the best, where none are good, being Hayward's literal prose, "Man is liable to err, while his struggle lasts." A little lower down, in the lines thus translated by Bayard Taylor,—

A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way,—

Goethe proclaims his faith in human nature through all its errors and shortcomings. The same large faith dwelt in Shakespeare :

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.

Henry V., Act iv., Sc. 1.

And again,—

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together ; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not ; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.—*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Burns's appeal for charity and mutual forgiveness is based on the same great truth :

Then gently scan your brother-man,
Still gentler sister-woman ;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.

* * * * *

Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

Heine's similar plea is an awful mingling of irony, sarcasm, and truth :

Alas! one ought really to write against no one in this world. We are all of us sick and suffering enough in this great Lazaretto, and many a piece of polemical reading involuntarily reminds me of a revolting quarrel in a little hospital at Cracow, where I was an accidental spectator, and where it was terrible to hear the sick mocking and reviling each other's infirmities, how emaciated consumptives ridiculed those who were bloated with dropsy, how one laughed at the cancer in the nose of another, and he again jeered the locked-jaw and distorted eyes of his neighbors, until finally those who were mad with fever sprang naked from bed, and tore the coverings and sheets from the maimed bodies around, and there was nothing to be seen but revolting misery and mutilation.

Humble pie, To eat, to apologize or humiliate one's self abjectly, an old English expression that harks back to the days when English forests were stocked with deer and venison pasty was commonly seen on the tables of the wealthy. The inferior and refuse portions of the deer, termed the *umbles*, or *numbles*, were generally appropriated to the poor, who made them into a pie: hence "umble-pie" became suggestive of poverty, and afterwards was applied to degradations of other sorts, the word "umble" being misinterpreted into "humble."

Humbug was introduced as a slang word among the *ton* about the middle of the eighteenth century, with exactly its modern meaning or want of meaning. In the interim its meaning had varied :

There is a word very much in vogue with the people of taste and fashion, which, though it has not even the "penumbra" of a meaning, yet makes up the sum total of the wit, sense, and judgment of the aforesaid people of taste and fashion!—"This peace will prove a confounded humbug upon the nation. These theatrical managers humbug the town damnably!"—Humbug is neither an English word nor a derivative from any other language. It is, indeed, a blackguard sound, made use of by most people of distinction. It is a fine make-weight in conversation, and some great men deceive themselves so egregiously as to think they mean something by it.—*The Student* (1751), vol. ii. p. 41.

Two etymons are worth noting for their humorous value, and also because they are often cited. The first is that of Mr. F. Crossby, who suggests a derivation from the Irish *uim bog* (pronounced um-bug), meaning "soft copper," or worthless money. James II. issued from the Dublin mint a coinage of a mixture of lead, copper, and brass, so worthless that a sovereign possessed an intrinsic value of only twopence, and might have been bought after the revolution for a halfpenny: hence "humbug" as the opposite of "sterling."

The other is thus given by *Notes and Queries*: "Edward Nathaniel Lewer, who was all his life connected with the London Stock Exchange, and died on May 7, 1876, aged eighty, once said in all seriousness that during the Napoleonic wars so much false news of politics and army movements came through Hamburg that anything that smacked of the incredible was received with the derisive phrase 'That's Hamburg,' whence is derived, by corruption, the word 'humbug.' If the word does not date back beyond the period referred to, it seems a more reasonable derivation than the very labored one we get in Webster's Dictionary."

Humphrey, To dine with Duke. The Duke Humphrey with whom the dinnerless are facetiously said to dine was Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester (Henry V's brother), who was Protector during the minority of Henry VI. He was a great patron of literature and the arts, and famous for his hospitality. Fuller, in his "Worthies," tells us that the proverb "hath altered the original meaning thereof, for first it signified *alienâ vivere quadrâ*, to eat by the bounty or feed by the favor of another man, for Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester (commonly called the good duke), was so hospital that every man of fashion, otherwise unprovided, was welcome to dine with him. But after the death of the good Duke Humphrey (when many of his former almsmen were at a losse for a meal's meat) this proverb did alter its copy, to dine with Duke Humphrey importing to be dinnerless."

A more circumstantial explanation of the saying is that on the duke's death the report arose that his monument was to be erected in St. Paul's. The report proved untrue. When a wag had no place to dine he would hang around the aisles of St. Paul's, pretending to be looking for the monument of Duke Humphrey. This soon became known as dining with Duke Humphrey, and a monument (really that of Sir John Beauchamp) was pointed out as his, whom the dinnerless adopted as their patron.

Hunkers, or Old Hunkers, a name by which the conservative wing of the Democratic party in New York State became known in 1844, as distinguished from the younger element, or "Barnburners." (See **HARD SHELL**) The term is derived from the Dutch word *honk* ("home"). It is curious that the latter still survives in the games of children in New York, with its original significance: thus, "I am honk," for "I am home."

Hurly-Burly, meaning a noisy tumult or great confusion, is one of those variant duplications very common in the English language, as, *e.g.*, *harum-scarum*, *helter-skelter*, *hobnob*, *hoity-toity*, *humdrum*, *hurry-scurry*, etc., the etymology of all of which is extremely obscure, and all of which were probably evolved in common speech. Dr. Johnson is reported as saying, "I have been told that this word [hurly-burly] owes its origin to two neighboring families named Hurleigh and Burleigh, which filled their part of the kingdom with contests and violence." He was too careful, however, to put this fanciful derivation into his dictionary.

There is an English word of rare occurrence, *hurly*, meaning "bustle" or "confusion," which is probably the basis for the variant "hurly-burly":

For though we be here at Burley,
We'd be loath to make a hurly.

BEN JONSON: *Gipsies Metamorphosed*.

The "Burley" mentioned in the passage is probably a reference to the house of Burleigh, where the masque of the "Gipsies" was performed.

Hullabaloo, a word of cognate meaning, is of Irish origin, and in its native tongue is the name for the coranach, or crying together at funerals.

Hurrah. This word is of purely German origin. It is generally assumed to be derived from the imitative interjection *hurr*, describing a rapid movement, from which word the Middle High-German *hurren*, to "move rapidly," or, rather, to "hurry," has been formed. Hurrah is, therefore, nothing else than an enlarged form of *hurr*. In Grimm's "*Wörterbuch*" we find the interjection quoted from a Minnesinger. It occurs also in Danish and in Swedish; and it would be interesting to know when it was first introduced into England in the Anglicized form of "hurray." In Germany it was frequently used during the Napoleonic wars by the Prussian soldiers, and it also occurs in some political and martial songs of those days. Since then it seems to have been adopted also by other nations, even by the French in the form of *hourra*. That that interjection did not become so popular in Germany as a cheer at convivial gatherings as in England is probably owing to the circumstance that preference was given there to the brief exclamation "*Hoch!*" forming respectively the end and the beginning of the phrases "*Er lebe hoch*" and "*Hoch soll er leben*." Of late the word hurrah seems to have become rather popular in Germany. It is just possible that the English reimported it there, or that it was revived through the magnificent poem of "*Hurrah Germania*," written by the poet-laureate of the German people, Ferdinand Freiligrath.

Hyperbole (Gr. *ὑπερβολή*, "excess," "overstrained praise," etc.), a recognized figure of rhetoric, meaning an extravagant statement or assertion, which, when used for conscious effect, is not to be taken too seriously or too literally. Yet the hyperbole is often used unconsciously by the men of vivid yet unbalanced imagination whom the world sometimes calls liars and sometimes fools.

Aristotle says that hyperbole is a figure suited only to a person enraged or to children who exaggerate everything. Whereupon Chevreau pertinently notes, "I suppose, according to this maxim, that the man who said that his estate was no larger than a laconic epistle must be set down either as a child or a very irascible person. I remember an acquaintance of M. de Calprenède remarking to M. de Sercy, the bookseller who showed him that romance, 'This author boasts of having a large mansion and an extensive forest; I assure you, on my honor, that he has not wood enough to make a toothpick, and that a tortoise might make the tour of his house in a quarter of an hour.'" This is the hyperbole of minimizing. The hyperbole of magnifying is the more usual form. Excellent instances of the latter style Chevreau might have found in his own country in the sayings of the Gascons, some of which will be found duly commemorated under the head of GASCONADE (*q. v.*). To give an additional example, what could be better than the description given by one Gascon soldier of another?—"Hit him anywhere, and the wound is mortal, for he is all heart." Yet even the Gascon is sometimes compelled to yield to the superior prowess of his neighbor the Marseillais, if the following story be a characteristic one:

Three young soldiers, a Parisian, a Gascon, and a Marseillais, were walking one starry summer night on the shore of the Mediterranean, and seeing who could frame the most colossal wish for a fortune.

"I," said the Parisian, "wish this sea were all ink; then I'd dip my pen in it, make a big o on a sheet of paper, and after the o I'd set down o's until the ocean were dry, and the sum thus written would represent my fortune."

"And I," said the Gascon, "wish that every star above us represented a bushel-bag of louis-d'or that belonged to me."

"And I," said the Marseillais, "wish that both your wishes were true, and that you might both die of heart-disease the moment after you had made your wills in my favor."

The Irishman through his kinship with the Gaul—for there is more than mere sound-affinity between Gael and Gaul—resembles him in his love of high-flown phrases and verbal pyrotechnics.

Here is a bit of gorgeous rhetoric which appeared in an Irish paper for May 30, 1784, *à propos* of the first appearance of Mrs. Sarah Siddons in Dublin :

On Saturday, Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world had been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamantine, soft, and lovely person, for the first time, at Smock-Alley Theatre, in the bewitching, melting, and all-tearful character of "Isabella."

From the repeated panegyrics in the impartial London newspapers, we were taught to expect the sight of a heavenly angel; but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy at beholding a mortal goddess! The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold,—with thousands of admiring spectators that went away without a sight. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence! this star of Melpomene! this comet of the stage! this sun of the firmament of the Muses! this moon of blank verse! this queen and princess of tears! this Donnellan of the poisoned bowl! this empress of the pistol and dagger! this chaos of Shakespeare! this world of weeping clouds! this Juno of commanding aspects! this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes! this Proserpine of fire and earthquake! this Katterfelto of wonders! exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the natural powers of description! She was nature itself! She was the most exquisite work of art! She was the very daisy, primrose, tuberose, sweet-brier, furze-blossom, gilliflower, wall-flower, cauliflower, auricula, and rosemary! In short, she was the bouquet of Parnassus. Where expectation was raised so high, it was thought she would be injured by her appearance; but it was the audience who were injured: several fainted before the curtain drew up! When she came to the scene of parting with her wedding-ring, ah! what a sight was there! the very fiddlers in the orchestra, albeit unused to the melting mood, blubbered like hungry children crying for their bread and butter; and when the bell rang for music between the acts, the tears ran from the bassoon-player's eyes in such plentiful showers that they choked the finger-stops, and, making a spout of the instrument, poured in such torrents on the first fiddler's book, that, not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played in one flat. But the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience, and the noise of corks drawn from the smelling-bottles, prevented the mistake between flats and sharps being discovered. One hundred and nine ladies fainted, forty-six went into fits, and ninety-five had strong hysterics! The world will scarcely credit the truth when they are told that fourteen children, five old women, one hundred tailors, and six common-councilmen were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, the slips, and the boxes to increase the briny pond in the pit; the water was three feet deep; and the people were obliged to stand upon the benches, and were in that position up to their ankles in tears! An act of Parliament against her playing any more will certainly pass.

But the American beats the world in this field. Indeed, he has invented two words, "highfalutin'" and "spread-eagleism," which contain a vernacular savor that far outshines the feebler Latinism of the term "hyperbole." To the mind of the European the Yankee is a person who is continually bragging that he "kin lick all creation" (and in the few chances that have been offered to him, it must be owned, he has shown some possibilities of realizing his boast), and is continually dwelling on the fact that he lives in the biggest country, with the biggest rivers, the biggest mountains, and the biggest men in the world. It was this tendency that Webster once burlesqued, after dining a little too heavily just before addressing the citizens of Rochester, New York. "Men of Rochester!" he cried, "I am glad to see you; and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high; that is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus; but Rome in her proudest days had never a water-fall a hundred and fifty feet high. Men of Rochester, go on! No people ever lost their liberty who had a water-fall a hundred and fifty feet high!"

An Englishman boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had run a mile a minute. "My good fellow," exclaimed a Yankee present, "that is rather less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live in my country-seat near Boston, and when hurrying to town of a morning my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the office to find me from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as fast as I possibly could several times round a large factory,—just to

take the Old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of riding over myself." This story has a kinship with the familiar yarn of the man who was so tall that he had to go up a ladder to take off his hat, of the man equally small who went down-cellar to untie his shoes, of the man who could find no boot-jack that would fit him and was fain to content himself with the fork in the road.

There is merit in the following story told by *Texas Siftings*. Frank Jones, a gentleman from Indiana, was seated alongside of the driver on the stage going to Brownsville. They were near the Rio Grande. Frank, by the way, had embezzled a lot of money, and was *en route* to Mexico. "Is this country safe?" asked Frank of the driver. "Safe! Why, of course it is." "No robbers?" "Robbers! Why, this part of the country has got such a bad name that the highway-robbers are afraid to risk their lives in these parts."

The following bit of soul-stirring eloquence is credited to one Colonel Zell, who stumped several of the Western States during the Presidential campaign which sent Grant to the White House for the second time. The Democratic watchword throughout the campaign was "Anything to beat Grant." The colonel was addressing an enthusiastic meeting of Republicans, when a Democrat sung out, "It's easy talkin', colonel; but we'll show you something next fall." The colonel at once wheeled about, and with uplifted hands, hair bristling, and eyes flashing fire, cried out, "Build a worm-fence round a winter supply of summer weather; catch a thunder-bolt in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; hang out the ocean on a grape-vine to dry; but never, sir, never for a moment delude yourself with the idea that you can beat Grant." Had the orator been taking points from that other Western speaker who proposed to grasp a ray of light from the great orb of day, spin it into threads of gold, and with them weave a shroud in which to wrap the whirlwind which dies upon the bosom of the West?

In the way of eloquence and graphic power nothing could be better than this from a Cleveland paper's account of a suicide by hanging: "An owl hooted lonesomely; an old clock on the shelf ticked with terror; a dog howled; it was midnight outside; the wind sighed; a cat crouched on the cold hearth in fear, and a sound like the laugh of a maniac came from the garret." A Colorado newspaper tells how "the cry of fire rang out on the still air about eight A.M.," and "a column of smoke poured out of the roof of the adobe building corner of Fifth and G Streets like the signal-smoke of the Utes from the mountain-heights when expecting the incursions of the Arapahoes, Modocs, or other such foes," how the fire was mastered by the gallant firemen, and "thus was a far-reaching conflagration checked like a worm in the bud that never told its love." Perhaps the Washington *Capitol's* story about President Garfield was one of the most remarkable specimens of the remarkable literature provoked by his assassination. Said the eloquent writer,—

The late Czar, when fired at, before the Nihilist bomb blew him into eternity, shrieked and fainted with terror. The phlegmatic Emperor of Germany never recovered the shock of a slight wound from bird-shot fired so far off it would scarcely have killed a reed-bird. But the President of the American republic, with a bullet as large as that of a Remington rifle tearing through his vitals, sets his teeth without a shudder, and says, "I'll chance and I'll win!" and, softening the lines of his face into the sweetness of a lover's smile, whispers to his dear wife as she kneels beside him, "Sweetheart, have no fear; I'll pull through!" Such heroism, such manhood, cause the blood to surge in the heart of every American.

The following elegant marriage-notice appeared in 1890 in the Dallas (Texas) *News*:

A bright sun and a pleasant afternoon seemed to halo the happy occasion, and its refulgence to forecast the happiness of a union of two young hearts that had been devoted from

youth and young girlhood through the years to the full maturity of young manhood and womanhood, and at last so auspiciously brought together under the holy sanction of God's ordinance to beat as one.

On the very threshold of their lives they start together along the journey of existence hand in hand, heart to heart, full of that hope and that joy which aureoles the vistas that stretch out before them and gives promise of so much of that brightness that pleases and gives zest to life.

After the ceremony which made them one, a wedding-dinner awaited them, and in that feast of good things they read an earnest, it is hoped, of the largess fate with kindly hand has in store for them through all their years to come, and with the blessings of those they love and who love them. It is the sincere hope of all their many friends that no shadow may ever fall upon their lives and only fragrant flowers bloom along their pathway.

The East and the South have their rhetoricians, as well as the great and wild and woolly West. Here is a marriage-notice which appeared in a Georgia paper somewhere in the fifties :

Married simultaneously, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. J. W. Wallace, J. H. Burritt, Esq., of Connecticut, to Miss Ann W. Watson, and Mr. Augustus Wood to Miss Sarah Wair, Columbia County, Georgia. The ceremony was conducted under the most engaging forms of decency, and was ministered with sober and impressive dignity. The subsequent hilarity was rendered doubly entertaining by the most pleasing urbanity and decorum of the guests ; the convivial board exhibited an elegant profusion of all that fancy could mingle or the most splendid liberality collect ; nor did the nuptial evening afford a banquet less grateful to the intellectual senses. The mind was regaled with all that is captivating in colloquial fruition, and transported with all that is divine in the union of congenial spirits :

While hovering seraphs lingered near,
And dropped their harps, so charmed to hear!

Two paragraphs may also be quoted from English country newspapers as affording excellent examples of what Lord Coleridge called, when alluding with mild malice to the late Sir Fitzroy Kelly's annual discourse to the Lord Mayor of London, "copiousness of diction : " "After a long period of unsettled weather, it must have gladdened every one yesterday morning when the sun, with all his glorious brilliancy and splendor, shone forth with golden ray, scattering cloud and mist, and with his cheering beams and glowing smile causing the birds to sing, the trees of the forest to rejoice, and the flowers of the field to unfold themselves in bright array." "We are being constantly reminded of the inexorability of death,—the certain, and it may be sudden, visit of 'the angel with the amaranthine wreath,' as death is so beautifully designated by Longfellow,—and it is our painful duty to-day to chronicle the melancholy fact that one who had played his part, and played it well in life, has passed through nature to eternity."

Indeed, in spite of their phlegmatic temperament the English have occasionally manifested a talent for hyperbole which dimly intimates what they might do if they once threw off the national *mauvaise honte*. It was a British barrister who, in the middle of an affecting appeal in court on a slander suit, treated his hearers to the following flight of genius : "Slander, gentlemen, like a boa-constrictor of gigantic size and immeasurable proportions, wraps the coil of its unwieldy body about its unfortunate victim, and, heedless of the shrieks of agony that come from the uttermost depths of its victim's soul, —loud and verberating as the night-thunder that rolls in the heavens,—it finally breaks its unlucky neck upon the iron wheel of public opinion, forcing him first to desperation, then to madness, and finally crushing him in the hideous jaws of moral death."

The examples so far cited are those in which the humor is of an unconscious, or at most only a sub-conscious, sort. But as a distinct literary figure the value of over-statement, of exaggeration,—of hyperbole, in short,—has been recognized by many of the masters of satire and of innocent fun. Rabelais's humor largely depends upon it. Gargantua, with his insatiable maw, taking a huge mouthful of salad wherein six pilgrims were involved, who found refuge from his tusks in the hollows and recesses of his cavernous

mouth, wherein they subsisted for months,—Gargantua riding to Paris on a great mare, who knocks down whole forests with every swish of her tail,—Gargantua who, *en passant*, robs Notre Dame of its bells, and, after a battle, calmly combs the cannon-balls out of his hair,—is a magnificent conception, more laughable in its wild extravagance than the methodical and statistical creations of Swift.

Falstaff is a true Rabelaisian humorist, as in his description of Justice Shallow, who is "like a man made after supper with a cheese-paring," and who, "when he was naked, was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife," or when he tells red-nosed Bardolph, "I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple, for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. Oh, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have brought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe." Better still is his description of his newly-levied recruits: "You would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of St. Alban's, or the red-nosed innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge."

Dr. Johnson had something Rabelaisian in his mirth, especially when he was attacking Scotchmen. When Albert Lee spoke of some Scotchmen who had taken possession of a barren part of America and wondered why they should choose it, "Why, sir," said the Doctor, "all barrenness is comparative. The Scotch would not know it to be barren;" and when Boswell stated that a beggar starving in Scotland was an impossibility, Johnson's reply was, "That does not arise from the want of beggars, but from the impossibility of starving a Scotchman." Which reminds one of Jekyll's comment on the Irish beggars, that they had helped him to solve one problem that had always vexed him,—what the beggars of London did with their cast-off clothing. Sydney Smith, another defamer of the Scotch, would often throw loose the reins of his fancy and dash into the wildest and most frolicsome metaphors, as when he told a lady the heat was so great "I found there was nothing for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones," or when, seeing a child stroking a turtle's back, thinking it would please the turtle, he exclaimed, "Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the dean and chapter." Nothing could be more Rabelaisian than his burst of astonishment when told that a young neighbor was going to marry a very fat woman double his age:

Going to marry her? Going to marry her? Impossible! You mean a part of her: he could not marry her all himself. It would be a case, not of bigamy, but trigamy; the neighborhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her!—it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her, or give an assembly with her, or perhaps take your morning's walk round her,—always provided there were frequent resting-places, and you were in rude health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half-way and gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the Riot Act and disperse her. In short, you might do anything with her but marry her.

It is curious that this impromptu description, dashed off on the spur of the moment, finds its parallel in the jest-books of the past. Mr. Carew Hazlitt is our authority for the following instances culled from sources dated 1640 and 1790:

"That fellow," said Cyrano de Bergerac to a friend, "is always in one's way and always insolent. The dog is conscious that he is so fat that it would take an honest man more than a day to give him a thorough beating."

A man being rallied by Louis XIV. on his bulk, which the king told him had increased from want of exercise, "Ah, Sire," said he, "what would your majesty have me do? I have already walked three times round the Duc d'Aumont this morning."

A man was asked by his friend when he last saw his jolly comrade —. "Oh," said he, "I called on him yesterday at his lodgings, and there I found him sitting all round a table by himself."

Smith's jest at Lord Russell's small size is well known. "There is my friend Russell," he said, "who has not body enough to cover his mind: his intellect is indecently exposed." Foote caricatured the smallness of Garrick in another way, equally surprising, when he proposed to get up a marionette show, half the size of life, just a little above the size of Garrick.

A much earlier attempt in the same line is found in Athenæus, who tells us that Demetrius Poliorcetes said of the palace of Lysimachus that it was in no respect different from a comic theatre, for that there was no one there bigger than a dissyllable.

Is the following sublime or ridiculous? That is easily answered: It is not sublime. Is it meant to be sublime or ridiculous? One would give the same answer, yet not so glibly. Perhaps Heine himself was not quite certain. If one may hazard a guess, he started out to be very sublime, and then, fearing that he had fallen short of sublimity by a step, saved himself from ridicule by consciously going just a step beyond it:

EXPLANATION.

Adown and dimly came the evening,
Wiuder tumbled the waves,
And I sat on the strand, regarding
The snow-white billows dancing,
And then my breast swelled up like the sea,
And, longing, there seized me a deep homesickness
For thee, thou lovely form,
Who everywhere art near
And everywhere dost call,
Everywhere, everywhere,
In the rustling of breezes, the roaring of ocean,
And in the sighing of this my sad heart.

With a light reed I wrote in the sand,
"Agnes, I love but thee!"
But wicked waves came washing fast
Over the tender confession,
And bore it away.

Thou too fragile reed, thou false shifting sand,
Ye swift-flowing waters, I trust ye no more!
The heaven grows darker, my heart grows wilder,
And, with strong right hand, from Norway's forests
I'll tear the highest fir-tree,
And dip it adown
Into Ætna's hot glowing gulf, and with such a
Fiery, flaming, giant graver,
I'll inscribe on heaven's jet-black cover,
"Agnes, I love but thee."

And every night I'll witness, blazing
Above me, the endless flaming verse,
And even the latest races born from me
Will read, exulting, the heavenly motto,
"Agnes, I love but thee!"

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue (Fr. "*L'hypocrisie est un hommage que le vice rend à la vertu*"). This famous saying is *Maxim 218* in Rochefoucauld's "*Reflections*." Massillon extended the phrase as follows:

"Le vice rend hommage à la vertu en s'honorant de ses apparences" ("Vice pays homage to virtue in honoring itself by assuming its appearance"). And Cowper amplified it still further in verse :

Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
May claim this merit still,—that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause.

The Task.

I.

I. The ninth letter and third vowel in the English alphabet, borrowed through the Latin and Greek from the Phœnician. (See ALPHABET.) The Phœnician alphabet gave to it the consonant value of *y*, the Greeks converted it into a vowel, and the Romans used it both as vowel and as consonant.

I. H. S. These letters are frequently translated as the initials of the sentence "In hoc salus" ("In this safety"), or "Jesus Hominum Salvator" ("Jesus Saviour of Men"). These meanings were, indeed, read into the letters at a very early day. But originally they were merely an abbreviation of the Greek name for Jesus. The chief manuscripts of the New Testament were written throughout in Greek capital letters. Well-known names and words were always abbreviated. Thus, whenever the name ἸΗΣΟΥΣ (Jesus) occurred, the scribes wrote only the first three letters, ΙΗΣ, with a dash over the *eta*, or Η, as a sign of abbreviation. When the Latin scribes came to make copies of the old Latin versions of the Testament or of other ecclesiastical writings, they adopted the old Greek abbreviation for Jesus, and transliterated it, as they imagined, into I H S, forgetting that the Greek Η was not an H, but a long E. Later, they saw in the mark over the H the sign of the cross, and read the initials as "Jesus Hominum Salvator," an error that has been perpetuated to the present day. In the Middle Ages the I. H. S. was held to have an esoteric meaning, and was believed to exert a mysterious influence against the powers of darkness. After the plague in Florence it was put up on the walls of the church of Santa Croce. It was also stamped on the large wafer out of which the host is consecrated, on the hilts of swords, and even on the backs of playing-cards, to increase their value. When Ignatius Loyola in 1540 founded the Order of Jesus, he borrowed the I. H. S. with a new interpretation, placing it under a cross and reading it "In Hoc Salus." This is still in use by the Jesuits, frequently in the form of a monogram, made by an H with the I in the middle extending upward and ending in a cross, the whole being entwined with an S, thus forming a complete cabalistic monogram.

I say, or **A'say**, the nickname which Chinamen bestow upon Englishmen, from their frequent use of the expression. A similar *sobriquet* is common among the French *gamins* at Boulogne. So the French in Java are called by the natives "Orang-dee-dong" = the "*dites-donc* people," and both in England and in America are locally nicknamed "ding-dongs." At Amoy the Chinese used to call out after foreigners, "Akee! akee!" a reminiscence of the Portuguese *Aqui!* ("Here!") And in America Germans are saluted as "Nix cum arouse" and "Wie Gehts."

Iberia's Pilot, Christopher Columbus. Spain, in political language, is called **Iberia**, much the same as England is called **Britannia** and America **Columbia**. The name is probably derived from the **Iberi**, a people, known to the Romans, who lived on the banks of the Iberus river, the modern Ebro.

Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep
To worlds unknown and isles beyond the deep.

CAMPBELL: *The Pleasures of Hope.*

Ice, To break the. Used metaphorically in the sense of removing restraint and preparing the way for intercommunication. The metaphor is employed by Shakespeare, probably the originator of the simile :

Petruchio. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth :
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed :
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tranio. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest,
And if you *break the ice*, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—etc.

Taming of the Shrew, Act i., Sc. 2.

Ici on parle Français ("French is spoken here"), a common sign in English shop-windows, seen also in America and in other non-Gallic countries. Max O'Rell, in "John Bull and his Island," says, smartly enough, "On the windows of all the fashionable shops you see *Ici on parle Français*. On, indefinite pronoun, here refers generally to the person who happens to be absent from the shop when you enter it: I have experienced this many times." But Max O'Rell had been anticipated by Mark Twain in "The Innocents Abroad:"

In Paris we often saw in shop-windows the sign "English Spoken Here," just as one sees in the windows at home the sign "*Ici on parle Français*." We always invaded these places at once,—and invariably received the information, framed in faultless French, that the clerk who did the English for the establishment had just gone to dinner and would be back in an hour,—would Monsieur buy something? We wondered why those parties happened to take their dinners at such erratic and extraordinary hours, for we never called at a time when an exemplary Christian would be in the least likely to be abroad on such an errand. The truth was, it was a base fraud,—a snare to trap the unwary,—chaff to catch fledglings with. They had no English-murdering clerk. They trusted to the sign to inveigle foreigners into their lairs, and trusted to their own blandishments to keep them there till they bought something.

Ignorance, Humors of. A well-known editor is authority for the statement that whenever a man or woman is thoroughly ignorant he or she takes to writing for the magazines.

No doubt an editor's waste-basket would furnish many illustrative examples of the humors of ignorance. It has been said that only an editor can rightly estimate the number of fools in the world. Perhaps the man who said that was right. The mere eccentricities of spelling are beyond number. An excellent example of what may be done in a limited space is the following: "They were very stricked on these wholly days." In one narrative a "weekly mother" has figured,—a portentous parturitive phenomenon. Another author describes the heroine's "masses of raving black hair." On a later page, by the same hand, appears "a female figure, down which flowed a beautiful set of hair." A valuable advertising agent this writer would make to the Sutherland sisters!

Here is a misquotation that has decided merits :

There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
No matter how we may rough-hew the outside.

A single instance will show what danger lurks in foreign tongues: "G—V— was a brilliant society man, and had been the idol of the *décolleté* of two continents." And so on and so on. Booksellers, librarians, and other people who are supposed, more or less facetiously, to come in contact with the intel-

ligent classes, also have their anecdotes of curious mistakes made by patrons and customers.

"Have you Cometh?" said a lady to a clerk in a book-store.

"Cometh, ma'am?" replied the clerk, in perplexity.

"Oh, well," said the lady, "I saw a book called 'Goeth,' and I thought there might be a companion book called 'Cometh.'"

It was some time before the bookseller realized that Goethe was in the lady's mind. That name, indeed, has always been a phonetic stumbling-block. A Chicago newspaper, as an instance of the spread of enlightenment in the Western Athens, says that formerly his fellow-townsmen used to pronounce the name to rhyme with teeth, but now they pronounce it to rhyme with dirty.

The librarian of the Portland (Maine) public library furnishes an amusing budget of anecdotes. A small boy anxiously inquired, "Is this the Republican library?" Another asked for the first book that Rose ever wrote, Rose being interpreted to mean E. P. Roe; still another wanted a book by the same opera,—"author" and "opera" probably being equally meaningless to his youthful understanding; and a fourth wanted one of Oliver Twist's books about Little Dorrit. The following is a list of titles recently called for in this library:

TITLES GIVEN.

Jane's Heirs,
John Ingersoll,
Illuminated Face,
Prohibition,
Bullfinch's Agent Fables,
Patty's Reverses,
Little Lord Phantom,
Silence of Dean Stanley,
Mona's Charge,
Zigzag's Classic Wonders,
Boots and Spurs, and
Boots and Shoes,
Mary's Lamb,
Fairy Tails,
Chromos from English History,
Not in the Perspective,
Sand Maid,
The British Encyclo Dom Pedro,

BOOKS REQUIRED.

Jane Eyre.
John Inglesant.
Face Illumined.
Probation.
Bullfinch's Age of Fables.
Patty's Perversities.
Little Lord Fauntleroy.
Silence of Dean Maitland.
Mona's Choice.
Zigzag Journeys in Classic Lands.

Boots and Saddles.
Mary Lamb.
Fairy Tales.
Cameos from English History.
Not in the Prospectus.
Sun Maid.
British Encyclopædia.

But the laugh is not always on the side of the book-clerk or the library attendant. A lady went into a music-store in Philadelphia and asked for "Songs without Words." The clerk stared at her in astonishment. "But," he said, "you know, that is impossible: there cannot be songs without words." "Can you tell me where I can find 'Rienzi's Address'?" asked a young lady of a clerk in Brooklyn. "You might look in the Directory," he suggested.

In the famous shop of Herr Spithoefer, in Rome, an American damsel, asking for Max O'Rell's book on the United States, was scornfully advised that "Marcus Aurelius was neffer in der Unided Shtades." In a large library in Philadelphia, a young lady asked for "English as She is Spoke." The assistant librarian, in a tone of indirect reproof which reached the delighted ears of the young lady, bade the boy get "English as It is Spoken."

The perversity of man is amusingly illustrated by an anecdote Max Müller told in the course of a recent lecture at Oxford: "I was lecturing at the

Royal Institute, in London. The audience there is the most enlightened and critical one has to face in the world,—but it is mixed. It being necessary to prove that Hebrew was not the primitive language of mankind, I had devoted a lecture to this subject. I explained how it arose, and placed before my audience a genealogical tree of the Aryan and Semitic languages, where everybody could see the place which Hebrew really holds in the pedigree of human speech. After the lecture was over, one of my audience came to thank me for having shown so clearly how all languages, including Sanscrit and English, were derived from the Hebrew, the language spoken in Paradise by Adam and Eve!"

The learned philologist was overwhelmed with dismay, and, thinking the fault lay in his inability to elucidate his point, told Professor Faraday that he must really give up lecturing. But the latter consoled his friend with an anecdote from his own experience. He said,—

"I have been lecturing in the Institute many years, and over and over again, after I have explained and shown how water consists of hydrogen and oxygen, some stately dowager has marched up to me after the lecture to say in a confidential whisper, 'Now, Mr. Faraday, you don't really mean to say that this water here in your tumbler is nothing but hydrogen?'"

Educated people may be found in England who believe that Henry Clay makes the cigars which go by his name, that Daniel Webster wrote the Unabridged Dictionary, that Washington Irving was an eccentric preacher. Fame, indeed, is an old lady who shudders at the Atlantic voyage; and there is nothing which so startles an American traveller into realizing that he is actually abroad as to find the reputations and authorities which had awed him from his cradle not only unhonored, but absolutely unknown.

But it is not on American subjects alone that English people, people of culture and refinement, are curiously ignorant. Men who have devoted great attention to the classics and mathematics frequently have but little current information. Ignorance of this sort is said to have lost the English the island of Java. The story runs that the minister by whom it was ceded to Holland in 1816 was under the impression that it was too small and insignificant to contend about; and among the most firmly rooted traditions of American diplomacy is one which represents the English commissioner as agreeing to the surrender of Oregon "because a country in which a salmon does not rise to the fly cannot be worth much."

A curious incident occurred during the Crimean War. Commodore Elliot was blockading a Russian squadron in the Gulf of Saghalin, on the east coast of Siberia. Thinking he had the Russians in a *cul-de-sac*, he complacently waited for them to come out, as the water was too shallow for him to attack them. As the enemy did not come out, he sent in to investigate, and found, to his astonishment, that Russians and ships had vanished! While he had been waiting for them in the south they had quietly slipped out by the north, teaching both him and the British government a rather severe lesson in geography, as it had been thought that Saghalin was an isthmus; and they were totally unaware of a narrow channel leading from the gulf to the Sea of Okhotsk.

Speaking of the small circle in which even the greatest move, Lord Beaconsfield used to tell the story that Napoleon I., a year after he became emperor, determined to find out if there was any one in the world who had never heard of him. Within a fortnight the police of Paris had discovered a wood-chopper at Montmartre, within Paris, who had never heard of the Revolution, nor of the death of Louis XVI., nor of the Emperor Napoleon.

Mr. Roebuck, in a speech made at Salisbury in 1862, asserted that when he told a "shrewd, clever Hampshire laborer" that the Duke of Wellington

was dead, the man replied, "Ah, sir, I be very sorry for he, but who was he?"

A contemporary magazinist shortly afterwards dwelt at some length upon this anecdote, deducing from it that the Hampshire laborer was a true gentleman, in being above the meanness of pretending to know a thing of which he was ignorant.

There must be many true gentlemen and many true ladies in the world!

The Miss J., for example, whose letters to and from the Duke of Wellington were recently published, was a true lady. In the preliminary biography (page 2) we are told that she belonged to the "smaller English gentry," and was brought up at "one of the best schools in England, where many of her companions were of noble birth;" and yet this young woman of twenty, this companion of the aristocracy, when she made her first epistolary attack in 1834, confessedly in the hope of getting the duke to marry her, "was not aware that he was the conqueror of Bonaparte, and did not even know when the battle of Waterloo took place."

An effort has been made to prove that General Grant was a true gentleman of the same kind. In England the following story has been related as a fact: "General Grant was once invited to dine at Apsley House by the second Duke of Wellington. A most distinguished party assembled to meet him. During a pause in the middle of the dinner the ex-President, it is related, addressing the duke at the head of the table, said, 'My lord, I have heard that your father was a military man. Was that the case?'"

The anecdote is repeated in Sir William Fraser's book, "Words on Wellington." But in the very same book, one hundred pages farther on, Sir William regretfully owns that he asked the second duke what really took place, and was assured there was not a word of truth in the story.

Anecdotes run in cycles. Mr. Roebuck's conversation with the Hampshire laborer bears a striking resemblance to a story that is found in many jest-books, touching an old lady "in a retired village in the West of England," who, when it was told her that Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, was dead, exclaimed, "Is a', is a'? The King o' Prussia! And who may he be?"

It is the fashion to speak of Shakespeare as a writer of world-wide renown. Yet it appears that there are many true gentlemen in the world who have never heard of him.

While passing through Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. Toole, the English comedian, saw a rustic sitting on a fence. "That's Shakespeare's house, isn't it?" he asked, pointing to the building. "Yes." "Ever been there?" "No." "How long has he been dead?" "Don't know." "Brought up here?" "Yes." "Did he write anything like the *Family Herald*, or anything of that sort?" "Oh, yes, he writ." "What was it?" "Well," said the rustic, "I think he wrote for the Bible."

"Come and dine with me to-morrow," said a T. G. to a friend the other day.

"Afraid I must decline; I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'"

"Never mind; bring him with you."

"Have you seen the 'Merchant of Venice'?" asked a New-Yorker.

"No; what does he sell?" queried the Chicago drummer in return.

But these are jokes from the comic papers, and lack authenticity.

George Moore, the English novelist, once had a play at the Odéon, in Paris. At the same time an adaptation of "Othello" was being rehearsed at the same theatre. One morning Moore called to see the manager.

"What name shall I give, monsieur?" asked the *concierge*.

"Tell M. Porell that the English author whose play he has accepted desires to see him."

The *conciierge* went toward the manager's room.

"There is a gentleman in the hall who tells me he is the English author whose play has just been accepted," he said to the official.

"Quite right," answered the latter. "Send him in. Monsieur Shakespeare, no doubt."

A correspondent of the English *Notes and Queries* recently supplied two instances of remarkable ignorance that came under his personal notice. Although they occurred at the opposite ends of England, they are, oddly enough, both connected with the *Waverley Novels*. He was once concerned in the letting of a "public," as it would be called, in Cumberland, on the road to Scotland, named "The Dandie Dinmont." Some one who called at the office to make inquiries about it said, "It's a very curious name. What does it mean?" Yet he was a Borderer, and the neighborhood of Carlisle is no great distance from Liddesdale. "I tried," says the correspondent, "to explain to him who Dandie Dinmont was; but how far he was the wiser for my elucidation I know not."

The other was in Devonshire. The narrator was on the outside of a coach which ran at that time through a district where there is now a railway. Passing a house called "Ivanhoe Cottage," he heard another passenger, who was talking to the coachman, say, "I have often wondered what the name of that house means." The "often" showed that he was of an inquiring mind; and yet he was evidently ignorant of the very existence of Scott's splendid romance.

Tennyson is fond of telling, apropos of his early residence at Haslemere, a story of a certain laboring-man. "Who lives there?" asked a visitor, pointing to the Laureate's house. "Muster Tennysun," answered the laboring-man. "What does he do?" was the next inquiry. "Well, muster, I don't rightly know what he does," answered the rustic, scratching his head. "I's often been axed what his business is, but I think he's the man as maks the poets."

An Oxonian tells the following story to show how ignorant a very learned man can manage to be of what almost everybody else knows. One of the professors was in conversation with a friend who happened to refer to the novelist Thackeray, and was much surprised to see that the professor did not understand.

"Why," said the friend, "don't you remember the author of 'Vanity Fair'?"

"Oh, ah, yes!" was the answer. "Bunyan; clever, but not orthodox."

Such ignorance, however, is not confined to English professors. Hon. Jerry Simpson, familiarly known as Sockless Jerry, was complimenting Daniel Webster in one of his speeches, and, in glowing terms, referred to his dictionary. A friend pulled Jerry's coat-tail and informed him that Noah was the man who made the dictionary. "The deuce you say!" replied the imperturbable Jerry. "Noah built the ark."

In 1887 the principal of a public school in Pennsylvania wrote to Nathaniel Hawthorne, care of Ticknor & Fields, asking for his autograph, as it was proposed to hold a literary fair to obtain money for a school library. Evidently the library was badly needed. Similarly a letter was received in Philadelphia from the compiler of a proposed "Directory of Authors," which was addressed to Edgar Allan Poe, and requested some biographical particulars.

It is a pity the directory has not yet been published. Let us trust that publication has only been suspended. It would be a valuable work.

And this reminds one of Lady Bulwer's story of the society lady.

"Who is this Dean Swift they are talking about?" she whispered to Lady Bulwer, during a pause in the conversation. "I should like to invite him to one of my receptions."

"Alas, madame, the Dean did something that has shut him out of society."

"Dear me! what was that?"

"Well, about a hundred years ago he died."

The elder Dumas used to find amusement in telling a story in point concerning Victor Hugo and himself. "One fine day," he says, "Hugo and myself were chosen as witnesses of a marriage, and we went to the *mairie* to give our names and addresses. The author of 'Ruy Blas' was then in the meridian of his fame, and, what is more, he was an Academician and a peer of France. 'Your name?' asked the official at his little window. 'Victor Hugo.' 'With an *i*?' queried the scribe. 'As you wish,' said Hugo, with admirable coolness. I was then asked my profession. Now, I had brought out at this time more than twenty pieces. My name for ten years might have been seen at the foot of the *feuilletons* of twenty journals read everywhere and of which I had tremendously increased the circulation, and I found myself unknown by this servant of the government,—a man who could read and write! I kept my self-possession, nevertheless, seeing that Hugo was in the same case as myself, and when the clerk, surprised at my silence, again asked my profession, I answered, '*propriétaire*.'"

Talleyrand's wife was the reverse of brilliant, and he used to excuse his marriage on the ground that "clever women may compromise their husbands, stupid women only compromise themselves." One day the famous traveller M. Denon was expected to dinner, and Talleyrand conjured Madame to prepare herself for sensible conversation by looking over Denon's works. Unfortunately, on her way to the library Madame forgot the name. She could only remember it ended in *on*. The librarian smilingly handed her a copy of "Robinson Crusoe." Madame easily mastered its contents, and at table astonished her guest by exclaiming, "Mon Dieu, monsieur, what joy you must have felt in your island when you found Friday!"

Practical jokers are often fond of assuming a similar ignorance for the purpose of taking down undue self-importance. When Mr. Moody, the revivalist, was at the height of his reputation, he entered a drug-store in Chicago to distribute temperance tracts. At the back of the store sat an elderly citizen reading a morning paper. Mr. Moody threw one of the tracts on the paper before him. The old gentleman glanced at the tract and then benignantly at Mr. Moody. "Are you a reformed drunkard?" "No, I am not," said Mr. Moody, indignantly. "Then why in thunder don't you reform?" asked the old gentleman.

But the best of all these stories is told of Artemus Ward. As he was once travelling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down, and said,—

"Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus. "Horace Greeley? Who is he?"

The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said,—

"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England: do you think they will put him in a bastille?"

"Train? Train? George Francis Train?" said Artemus, solemnly. "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes; then he said,—

"What do you think about General Grant's chances for the Presidency? Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant? Grant? Hang it, man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious. He walked up the car, but at last came back and said,—

"You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up, and said, "What was his other name?"

hh

Ignorance is bliss. One of Gray's most familiar mintages occurs at the end of stanza 10 of his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College:—"

Yet ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more. Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Davenant has the same idea in the lines,—

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
'Tis better not to know,
The Just Italian, Act v., Sc. 1;

and Prior comes still closer:

From ignorance our comfort flows:
The only wretched are the wise.
To the Hon. Charles Montague.

Here are two modern instances:

A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.
COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner.*

Grief should be the instructor of the wise;
Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.
BYRON: *Manfred, Act i., Sc. 1.*

The thought may be traced back as far as the Bible: "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." (*Eccles. i. 18.*)

But compare the above with Socrates: "He said that there was only one good, namely, knowledge, and only one evil, namely, ignorance." (DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Lives and Opinions of Eminent Philosophers.*) Bossuet thought that "Well-meant ignorance is a grievous calamity in high places," and Goethe echoed Bossuet: "Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance."

Ignorance is the mother of devotion. In his "Church History of Britain" Fuller says, "I shall here relate what happened at the convocation at Westminster [1640]. A disputation is appointed by the council, nine Popish bishops and doctors on that side, eight Protestant doctors on the other side, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord-Keeper, moderator. The first question was about service in an unknown tongue. The first day passed with the Protestants. The second day the Popish bishops and doctors fell to cavilling against the order agreed on, and the meeting dissolved. Dr. Cole stands up and declares, 'I tell you that ignorance is the mother of devotion.'" This is sometimes referred to as the origin of the familiar expression. But it is far older. Luther quotes it satirically in assailing a peculiar order of Italian monks, "The Brothers of Ignorance." Dryden says,—

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me,
The Maiden Queen, Act i., Sc. 2.

Ignorances, Our small. The spelling-book and the dictionary are the two great forces that conserve our language in its purity; they are also the most effectual bars to progress. Indeed, that marvellous English tongue, which has proved so resonant, so flexible, so ductile, in the hands of our great masters of prose and verse, would have had no existence if Dr. Johnson and Noah Webster had come over in the train of the Conqueror. When there is a recognized standard, a recognized authority, language is no longer the fluent thing it was at first; it becomes crystallized, it resists corruption and innova-

tion. The dictionary is king, whose sway it were treason to dispute. Yet it is with the dictionary as with other monarchs :

Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason ?
For when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

The most conservative lawyers, Littleton, Coke, Blackstone, are constrained to acknowledge the latent right of rebellion against constituted authority when it becomes tyrannical and unbearable. Success succeeds, prosperous treason justifies itself, and establishes a new code of loyalty. In the last analysis the monarch is only the expression of the will of the people. That will is always the true sovereign, and may overthrow the exponent it once set upon a pedestal. The authority of King Dictionary rests upon common usage, sanctioned by the aristocracy of the intellect. Common usage makes the aristocracy subservient, and overrides the king's veto. But this result is attained only after a long and bitter fight.

Take the word *reliable*, for example ; the dictionary has been compelled to acknowledge it. You will find it in Worcester, in Webster, in the great English lexicons of the present. You will look for it in vain in Johnson or Walker. It is a useful word, it supplies a want ; to our accustomed ears it even sounds well. It was a barbarism to our cultivated ancestors. When it first appeared in print it was greeted with contempt and ridicule by pedant and pedagogue. They adduced excellent arguments for their scorn ; they showed conclusively that, as *to rely* is a neuter verb, it cannot precede an accusative without the intervention of the preposition *on* or *upon*. "If we must have a new word," they urged, with nice sarcasm, "if *trustworthy* and *credible*, which were good enough for our fathers, are not good enough for us, then let the new word be *reliable*, not *reliable* ! We are familiar with *audible*, able to be heard ; *ponderable*, able to be weighed ; *desirable*, worthy to be desired ; we won't even reject Carlyle's *doable*, able to be done. But if *reliable* is to mean able to be relied on, why may we not have *dependable*, *goable*, *runable*, *risable*, *fallable*, and such jargon ?" Why, indeed ? The answer is ready to hand. Because the sovereign will of the people has not so decreed.

An earlier instance of the same sort, equally defiant of analogy and philological loyalty, and indeed whose triumph is a matter of some regret, is afforded by the persistent pluralizing of words that are properly and rightly singular ; as, circumstances for circumstance. The word circumstance means the surrounding environment of a central fact or truth, the detail of a story, and so it was used up to a late time. Thus, Milton wrote,—

Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

If the *s* had not added a redundant syllable, it is not at all unlikely that later editors would have corrected "circumstance" into "circumstances," as they actually have done with prose authors. For example, South wrote ("Sermons," 1693), "So apt is the mind, even of wise persons, to be surprised with the superfluities or circumstance of things ;" and in later editions (e.g., that of 1793) the word is made circumstances. Bacon and his contemporaries talked of *physic* and *metaphysic*, we of *physics* and *metaphysics*. We have added the useless final *s* to ethics, politics, morals, mechanics, acoustics, and a multitude of words by which we name particular arts and sciences. Rhetoric seems to be the only one that has escaped, why or wherefore is a mystery. We shudder at such a barbarism as "I am in hopes," yet who can tell when it may become classic ? In spite of the fact that physiologists speak of the brain as an individual organ, our popular speech will have it brains, as, "a man of brains," "he blew his brains out," etc. With a belated sense of the fact that political science is singular, we are beginning to say, "politics is." Shall we ever say, "the brains is" ?

Nay, this persistent pluralization carries us often to the verge of nonsense. Garrick wrote, "Heart of oak are our ships," meaning by heart of oak the choice timber of which the best ships are built. We continually misquote the line into the absurdity of "hearts of oak," etc. Even Tennyson says, in his sonnet on Bonaparte,—

He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak.

But here there is probably a variant meaning. Hamlet declares of the man that is not passion's slave,—

I will wear him
In my heart's core, even in my heart of heart,—

which is a fine phrase, and intelligible withal. Nowadays we insist on speaking of heart of hearts, as though each man carried a heart-system in his breast revolving around a common centre. But the cultivated minority have been forced to accede even in this instance to the majority. Thus, Keble says,—

I, in my heart of hearts, would hear
What to her own she deigns to tell.

It is idle to protest. The rebellious people has so willed it.

The word Behring Sea is a remarkable instance of how, in linguistic matters, wrong can become right if it be insisted upon long enough. Veit Bering is the way in which the first explorer of those waters spelled his name, but English-speaking people for some time spelled it indifferently Bering, Beer-ing, or Behring, and finally settled down to the last-named form. That form, accordingly, was accepted almost everywhere until very recently. Biographical dictionaries, as well as geographies, gave Behring as the correct denomination of explorer and explored, and all the weight of the United States government was necessary to suppress the treasonable misspelling.

It is wonderful, however, what confusion prevails in our geographical nomenclature. There is no uniform rule for the spelling and pronunciation of non-English names. Accident, the whims of our geographers, and the persistent ignorance of the public at large are the determining factors. And a pretty mess they have made of it.

Sometimes we turn out an entirely new name, as Leghorn for Livorno, Venice for Venezia, Florence for Firenze, etc. Sometimes we keep the foreign spelling, but ignore the foreign pronunciation, as in Paris, Orleans, etc. Sometimes we reject the foreign spelling, and attempt to give a phonetic equivalent for the pronunciation, as in those extraordinary bits of alphabetic acrobaticism which have followed the recent discoveries in Africa. But our very worst confusions result from the fact that in former times French was the only foreign language which an educated Englishman was familiar with, and consequently he derived his knowledge of continental Europe through the French. It was only natural, therefore, that French names of places should creep into the English language.

Now, the French names themselves are the outcome of a noble Gallic struggle to master the foreign pronunciation, and then to put the pronunciation so mastered into phonetic form. Thus, Hague and Prague are the nearest French equivalents for the German sounds, which in German spelling are represented by Haag and Prag. But when Hague and Prague are incorporated into the English language they are pronounced as if they rhymed with plague, and then neither to the ear nor to the eye do they represent the German Haag and Prag.

It has often happened that English and American travellers have passed through Prag without knowing where they were. A Frenchman would recognize it by the pronunciation.

"I remember once meeting a compatriot," says a writer in the *Illustrated*

American, "in the capital of Bavaria. We call it Munich; the natives, you will remember, call it München.

"What a wonderful town this is," said Brother Jonathan; "and to think that I never heard of München in my life! Why, it's not mentioned in any geography that ever I studied!"

Mr. Grant Allen has poured out the vials of his wrath with well-deserved and well-directed energy against the foolish grammatical nicety of pedants who are always correcting good, sound, idiomatic English into conformity with their own half-educated ideas of extreme accuracy; who would insist, like Mr. E. A. Freeman, upon restoring such words as triumph, ovation, decimate, to the strict etymological meaning that they bore in Roman military life, forgetting the natural and beautiful growth of metaphor, the extension of meaning, the exaggeration and metonymy that are familiar factors in the genesis of vocabulary; who would reject what Macaulay calls the low vulgarism of mutual friend, really a harmless colloquialism which the genius of Dickens has stamped forever upon the language, because they remember that the root of mutual in Latin implies reciprocal action; who dispute *against* their opponent instead of *with* him, in ignorance of the fact that the word *with* means *against* in the early forms of the English language, and still retains that meaning in withstand, withhold, withdraw, and dozens of other instances; who will not say "these sort of people are," but "this sort of people is" (an impossible locution in speaking), not perceiving that popular instinct has rightly caught at the implied necessity for a plural subject to the really and essentially plural verb. As a *reductio ad absurdum* of their own argument, he cites the case of metropolis. Now, the superfine people object to calling London a metropolis, or even to the use of the ordinary phrases "Metropolitan Police," "Metropolitan Board of Works," and so forth. According to these purists, Canterbury is really the metropolis of Southern England. And why? Because in later ecclesiastical Latin the Greek word metropolis meant the mother-city from whose bishopric other bishoprics derived their origin. "But," says Mr. Allen, "if we are going to be so very classical and Hellenic as this, we might respond that by a still older Greek usage metropolis means the mother-state of a colony, and so that neither Canterbury nor London, but Sleswick-Holstein, is the original and only genuine metropolis of England. Is not this the very midsummer madness of purist affectation? The English language is the English language, and in that language metropolis, by long prescription, means the chief city or capital of a country."

In fact, the *role* of Mrs. Partington is neither useful nor honorable. It is vain to attempt to beat back the Atlantic Ocean or to arrest the onward march of nations. The meaning which people choose to put upon words they have got to bear, and there's an end on't. And as with meanings, so with pronunciation. Poor old Samuel Rogers complained that *con'tem'plate* was bad enough, but *bal'cony* made him sick. That was only thirty-five years ago. To-day an outraged public sentiment would forbid him to *con'tem'plate* the beauties of nature from his *balco'ny*.

Nevertheless, there are misuses of words which result from pure blunders, and while these are in the bud it is just as well to nip them, lest they blossom out into flowers of rhetoric.

Let us make a note of some of the most flagrant examples while they are still treasonable and have not prospered so far as to be stamped with the approval of the sovereign people.

It is not too late to prevent people from "expecting" what they really only suspect, or from "predicating" when they are predicting. Nor is it too late to warn them that they cannot make up for withdrawing a necessary *u* from bouquet by introducing an unnecessary and indeed harmful *u* into sobriquet;

and that a villain only becomes a renegade and an apostate by being converted into a villain. Yet these are errors of spelling, which would seem also to predicate (not predict) errors of pronunciation that are becoming strangely prevalent among people who appear otherwise well bred and well educated. It seems almost hopeless to warn the unwary against speaking of De Tocqueville and De Lamennais. That error, apparently, has come to stay. French people speak of M. de Tocqueville or l'Abbé de Lamennais, but when they drop the complimentary prefix it is always Tocqueville or Lamennais. Is it too nice a distinction for the general public to recognize that things are hung and criminals are hanged? Macaulay informs us that though few people remember the rules which govern the use of *will* and *shall*, no educated Englishman misuses those words. Yet does it not seem that the educated men of our generation, in England and America alike, are unmindful of this distinction, and that a similar negligence is creeping into literature? Is this the beginning of the end? Must the rules which govern *shall* and *will* fall into the same disuse as other rules that have sought to impose upon the public a distinction too subtle to be apprehended readily and instinctively?

When will people stop speaking of the Russian Czar, or Tsar, as the modern *fad* dictates? The title is not used now in Russia, for it means simply king. The Russian autocrat claims the higher title of Emperor. He is so styled by the educated among his subjects, while the peasantry call him Gosudar, or lord. Peter the Great made a determined diplomatic fight in order to obtain his recognition as Emperor, and this was at last conceded to him by the English, partly because for commercial purposes they wanted his alliance, and partly because some members of the Russian embassy in London had been imprisoned or otherwise maltreated, so that it was by way of compensation to make the concession Peter so much desired. If, however, we are unwilling to concede the higher dignity, why not call him simply king? We don't speak of the French *Roi*, of the Italian *Re*. Why, then, the Russian Czar or Tsar?

The "Emperor of Germany," also, is diplomatically wrong, although no doubt William II. would be glad to take that title. "German Emperor" is the correct location. Frederick Barbarossa and his line were indeed Emperors of Germany. But in 1871 the other German states were much too jealous of the Prussians to restore the old empire for the benefit of the Prussian king. Instead, they raised up a new empire, and gave its head a new title, as a standing memorial of the various forces that brought it into being. The Emperor himself must furnish us with an instance of another frequent error. In a speech made in 1890 he described Frederick the Great as his "ancestor," thereby committing the same mistake as did Queen Victoria when she talked to Macaulay of "my ancestor, James II.," and the historian reminded her majesty that James II. was merely her "predecessor." The Emperor on another occasion has referred to Frederick as "my relative," a sufficiently absurd manner of describing a man who has been in his grave for more than a century.

Why will people persist in saying Henri Taine? The name of the brilliant Frenchman is Hippolyte, not Henry. Perhaps the great stupid public has somehow mixed him up with Heinrich Heine.

A still more persistent error is that which turns Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, into Lord Bacon. Properly speaking, he might be called Lord Verulam, or Lord St. Albans, but he is no more Lord Bacon than Lord Beaconsfield was Lord Disraeli. It is true that a reason for thus miscalling him has been found in the disgrace which deprived him of the Great Seal and banished him from the House of Peers. Having nothing but the barren titles, being nobody save Francis Bacon, ex-Lord-Chancellor,

and a nominal viscount without any of the privileges of rank, Lord Bacon became a sort of courtesy title. It was natural to call him by the name he had made great, and to style him "Lord" as an ex-Chancellor, rather than to speak of him by the titles he had disgraced, and which were virtually set aside. So he was first Lord-Chancellor Bacon, then Lord Bacon.

For a great number of years English people, even historians of repute, insisted on talking of Admiral Van Tromp, meaning the great Dutch admiral who almost brought his fleet into London. Van Tromp is no more known in the Netherlands than Von Gladstone in England, or Von Blaine in America. His name was Tromp, and is so engraved on his tombstone. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" in its ninth edition set the right fashion almost for the first time, correcting its own error in the eighth, and it is to be hoped that Van Tromp has now disappeared forever.

A curious but common error is exemplified in the following toast, volunteered in honor of Aaron Burr at the Boston banquet of Federal chieftains, April 24, 1804: "Aaron's rod: may it blossom in New York, and may Federalists be still and applaud while the great serpent swallows the less!" The symposiarch had forgotten that the rod which blossomed in the Biblical story was not the same with the rod that swallowed serpents. The latter was really the rod of Moses wielded by Aaron for miraculous purposes as the vicegerent or "prophet" of his brother. The former was one of the twelve rods selected to be representative of the twelve tribes of Israel, with the understanding that the high-priesthood should belong to him whose rod was found to have blossomed overnight after they had all been placed in the "Tabernacle of the Congregation." To make the test perfectly fair, Moses was commanded to write Aaron's name on "the rod of Levi."

A little attention to lines of latitude would probably diminish the almost irresistible tendency of some tourists to write of the Azores, for instance, as "these southern islands" and "this southern clime." The Azores are not so very much nearer to the equator than is the city of New York. Such remarkable statements as that of a recent purveyor of fine writing, that the mountain-peaks which inspired his eloquence "almost touched the zenith," cannot be classed among the blunders here recorded, but deserve to rank among specimens of "English as she is wrote." But it is certain that a little brushing up of elementary information would save many writers from appearing to improve upon nature, though their pages would thereby be deprived of an element of unconscious humor which now and then provokes a smile.

Has the term "a pair of balances" come to stay? One would fain hope not. It is a pure absurdity. The very word balance means a pair of scales (from *bis*, "two," and *lanx*, "a pan or scale"). Yet the solecism is found in Tyndale's rendering of Revelation vi. 5, and in all subsequent versions, with the exception of the Douay, until the revision of 1881 restored the word "balance," which had been used in Wiclif's translation. The expression "a pair of balances" must have come in vogue between the time of Wiclif and that of Tyndale.

A very common mistake is made in the use of the word "edition." Thus, popular novelists frequently describe their heroine as reading a complete edition of "Longfellow's Poems." But no single heroine, nay, not half a dozen Samsons, could hold a complete edition of anybody's poems. The word needed is "copy." An edition of a book means all the copies printed from a set of type at the same time.

Another term the novelists delight in is the bar sinister. There is no such term in heraldry. Indeed, the very name involves an absurd contradiction in terms. Bend sinister is more plausible. Yet there are heralds who insist that no sign for illegitimacy was ever known to their science.

Iliad in a nutshell (L. "Ilias in nuce"), a proverbial phrase for anything infinitesimally small. According to the elder Pliny, there existed in his day a copy of Homer's "Iliad" which some indefatigable trifter had copied in such minute characters that the whole manuscript could be enclosed in a nutshell. But history fails to say whether it was a filbert- or a walnut-shell, which, of course, would make some difference. P. D. Huet, the learned Bishop of Avranches, in his "De Rebus ad eum pertinentibus" (1718), p. 297, assures us that he at one time looked upon this as a fiction, but that further examination proved it to be at least a possibility. In the presence of several gentlemen he demonstrated that it was feasible to write seven thousand five hundred verses on a piece of vellum ten inches in length and eight in width. Thus the two sides would contain fifteen thousand verses, the total number in the "Iliad." If the vellum were pliant and firm, it could then easily be folded up and enclosed in the shell of a large walnut. Professor Schrieber, a German inventor of a stereographic process, in order to offset this wonder, transcribed both the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" into so small a compass that both books complete could be hidden in the shell of an English walnut. Books have been printed the size of a postage-stamp, and only recently a volume was sold measuring eleven-sixteenths of an inch by half an inch, containing six portraits of the Czar and other celebrities. An Oriental scribe once wrote in letters of gold a poem of eight lines, the whole of which he enclosed within a grain of allspice and sent as a present to the Shah of Persia. But the untutored monarch showed small appreciation of the gift. Indeed, it is even said that he threw the penman into prison, where he languished several months until released through the influence of the American consul. In 1883 a Jewish penman at Vienna, Austria, wrote four hundred letters on a common-sized grain of wheat. He sent it to the emperor, who had failed to sign a bill to allow the Jew to become a clerk in some one of the royal departments, giving as a reason that it was absolutely necessary to have an uncommonly good penman in that department. After finishing the cereal wonder and despatching it to his majesty, the Jew picked up a common visiting-card and wrote on the edge a prayer for the imperial family.

In the year 1881 the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* made mention of a gentleman who had written the entire first chapter of the Gospel of St. John on the back of a postal card. That little notice, innocent as it was, caused the editor several sleepless nights.

Within the next three days postal cards and slips of paper with minute specimens of penmanship began to pour in from all directions. Among the hundreds of samples submitted for inspection, the editor acknowledged that the greatest curiosity was a postal card from John J. Taylor, of Streator, Illinois, upon which were written four thousand one hundred words in legible characters, the whole embracing the first, second, and third chapters of St. John, and nineteen verses of the fourth chapter of the same, and also the sixth and seventh chapters of St. Matthew, besides having nine words, in which mistakes occurred, crossed out.

All of this wonderful production, which would make three columns of the *Inter-Ocean* set in minion type, could be plainly read with the naked eye. Since that period, however, Mr. Taylor's record has been frequently eclipsed. Harper's *Young People* records that Joseph English, of Boston, Massachusetts, wrote with a pen an entire speech containing four thousand one hundred and sixty-two words on a postal card. On another postal card William A. Bowers, of Boston, wrote eight chapters of the Bible which contained two hundred and one verses, or five thousand two hundred and thirty-eight words; while W. Frank Hunter, of Topeka, Kansas, succeeded in writing the fifth, sixth,

seventh, eighth, ninth, and part of the tenth chapters of St. John, or six thousand two hundred and one words in all, on a space of equal size.

Last and greatest came Walter S. McPhail, of Holyoke, Massachusetts, "who claims to have transferred to the back of a postal card ten thousand two hundred and eighty-three words. These comprise the ninth to the twentieth chapters of St. John, inclusive, and are written with a pen so as to be perfectly legible—through a magnifying-glass."

Addison, in the "Spectator," No. 59, refers to that famous picture of King Charles the First which has the whole book of Psalms written in the lines of the face and the hair of the head. "When I was last at Oxford," he says, "I perused one of the whiskers; and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard that there is now an eminent writing-master in town who has transcribed all the Old Testament in a full-bottomed periwig; and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of wigs which were in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary locks that shall contain all the Apocrypha. He designed this wig originally for King William, having disposed of the two books of Kings in the two forks of the foretop; but that glorious monarch dying before the wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchase it."

This is not a mere piece of humor on Addison's part. The picture of Charles I. is still carefully preserved in the library of St. John's College, Oxford, though now so faded as to be scarcely legible. Besides the Psalms it is said to contain the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. Tradition says that King Charles II. was so anxious to get hold of it that when all his offers of purchase were refused, he told the college they might ask him for anything as a reward if they would but give him the picture. The Fellows complied. Then for a reward they asked to have the picture given back to them.

But a newspaper story credits one Gustave Dahlberg, a student in the Swedish University, with a wonder far exceeding this. He has made a portrait of King Oscar, the whole in microscopic letters, forming short and long extracts from the Bible. The right eye of this wonderful portrait is made up of even verses from the Psalms of David; the left, of verses from the Proverbs of Solomon, the book of Chronicles, and the Song of Solomon, containing in all three hundred and seventeen words and seventeen hundred and nine letters. The king's uniform is composed of the whole of the first fifty Psalms. The exact number of words and letters in the whole portrait is not stated, but, judging from the fact that it took seventeen hundred and nine letters to make one eye, the whole number of letters in this triumph of the penman's art cannot fall much short of fifty thousand. In making the name of the king alone Dahlberg used all of the one-hundred-and-twenty-sixth and one-hundred-and-twenty-seventh Psalms. The portrait, which is said to look life-like and natural, is on tinted paper of the kind known as "Haynes's Standard," and is so small that a United States half-dollar laid upon it comparatively hides it from view.

But all these feats with the pen have been overshadowed by the achievements of William Webb, of London, England.

In 1886, Mr. Webb invented a machine composed of exquisitely graduated wheels and running a tiny diamond point at the end of an almost equally tiny arm, whereby he was able to write upon glass the whole of the Lord's Prayer within a space measuring the two-hundred-and-ninety-fourth of an inch in length by the four-hundred-and-fortieth of an inch in breadth, or about the size of a dot over the letter *i* in common print.

With that machine Mr. Webb, or any one else who understood operating it, could write the whole three million five hundred and sixty-six thousand

four hundred and eighty letters of the Old and New Testaments eight times over in the space of one inch square. When this wonderful microscopic writing was enlarged by photography, every letter and point was perfect, and it could be read with ease.

The British Museum, among its many curiosities, has probably the most unique collection of miniature books in the world.

Here is a rather dilapidated book of songs, bound in brown leather, little more than an inch square, called "The Maid's Delight," dated London, 1670. Next is a little brown Bible, known, from its diminutive size, as the Thumb Bible, dated London, 1693. Its gilt edges are excellently preserved. Here is a very small summary of the Bible, in perfect condition, made curious from the fact that it has the tiniest of illustrations. By its side rests a complete copy of Dante, with an engraving of the author. It is only one and a half inches wide, yet it contains four hundred and ninety-nine pages, on which are printed one hundred cantos.

Short-hand writers, too, have a miniature volume containing the New Testament and Psalms, bound in a green cover,—once velvet or plush,—with silver clasps and bands. It is a wonderful little book, written in short-hand, by Jeremiah Rich, as far back as two hundred and thirty-one years ago. On the fly-leaf are these words: "The pen's dexterity by these incomparable contractions, by which a sentence is as soon written as a word, allowed by authority and passed the two Universities with great approbation and applause, invented and taught by Jeremiah Rich, 1659. John Lilburne offered to give the author a certificate, under his own hand, that he took down his trial at the Old Bailey with the greatest exactness. The Book of Psalms in Rich's characters is in print. His short-hand was taught in Dr. Doddinge's Academy, at Northampton."

The Chinese and Japanese excel in the art of manufacturing miniatures. Their fingers must indeed be deft if they could carve correct and striking portraits of William III. and George I. on the half of a walnut-shell,—a feat which has been accomplished. Some time ago a British needle-manufacturer sent out to China a number of exceedingly fine needles, saying that he thought nobody in the Celestial Empire could be found to drill a hole as small as that necessary for the eye. He received them back with holes drilled through the very points,—truly a wonderful piece of workmanship.

But even this pales before the work now being done by a naturalist.

His hobby consists in collecting the fine dust with which the wings of moths and butterflies are covered, and forming them into the most artistic and picturesque designs. He mounts each single grain of dust separately, so as to make bouquets of flowers, fern-leaves, and butterflies hovering round. This he does in a space occupied by the eighth of an inch. In another design he has a vase of passion-flowers made of upward of five hundred grains of dust; and again he has represented a pot of fuchsias, with butterflies and birds, in three-sixteenths of a square inch. This marvellous mounting in miniature will be more readily understood when it is mentioned that there are so many single grains of dust on a butterfly's wing that no man has ever succeeded in counting them.

This same naturalist mounted a couple of hundred of the tiniest eggs of the smallest insects, so as to make a perfect geometrical design, yet the whole did not cover a space a quarter of an inch in diameter; while another ardent naturalist selected and arranged three thousand six hundred young oysters within a circle a little less than three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

Tiny shells arrive in this country from Barbadoes, a hundred of which could be placed on a space covering the eighth of a square inch. An ingenious individual has made a perfect shot-gun capable of firing a consider-

able distance, yet only measuring two inches in length, and now detectives have managed to find a photographic camera so small as to be contained within the limits of a breast-pin. An enterprising photographer succeeded in taking the portraits of one hundred and five eminent personages on a piece of glass no bigger than a pin's head.

Miniature portraits and pictures necessarily call for some comment. They are painted on ivory. First of all, you make your sketch in pencil, then it is transferred to the ivory. The tiniest take a number of days to work up. In the old days the subjects would give eight to a dozen sittings of from one to two hours, but now photography is often called in in order to obviate the number of sittings. Van Blarenberghe was so clever at painting miniature pictures in water-colors that he could represent a battle-scene, with battalions marching, horses galloping to and fro, colors flying, and fair follow-the-drums, —hundreds of figures, every uniform correct and every face a study,—all on the lid of a snuff-box. Watteau excelled as a painter of the sweetest of little Cupids upon lockets.

Ilk. Of that ilk, an expression of frequent occurrence in newspapers in the sense "of the same sort or stamp." The phrase is Scotch, and is, in Scotland, exclusively applied to a gentleman whose family name is the same as that of his estate. *Menzies of Menzies* is an example; as is *Anstruther of Anstruther*. The number of families to whom the title is applicable is extremely limited, and it is regarded as more honorable than those of the new-made nobles. Several of the oldest and highest of the Scotch nobility were earlier of that ilk, as the Dukes of Hamilton, Gordon, etc. *The Chisholm, The O'Connor Don*, is an analogous and not less distinguished title, indicating that its bearer is chief of the name.

Ill-gotten goods never prosper, a proverb common to all modern languages, and in classic literature found in the "Ill-gotten goods are productive of evil" of Sophocles and the "Ill gotten is ill spent" of Plautus. A common proverb tells us, "Happy is the rich man's son whose father went to hell," meaning that as the father has suffered the retribution which follows avarice and dishonesty, the son may be able to put the money he has hoarded to successful use.

Didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?

Henry VI., Part III., Act ii., Sc. 2.

Ills we have, And makes us rather bear those. Hamlet's famous soliloquy beginning "To be or not to be" contains the following among many pregnant passages:

Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

Act iii., Sc. 1.

Livy has a thought similar to the lines we have italicized in the story he tells of Pacuvius Calavius. He was a man of great influence in Capua.

His fellow-citizens rose in mutiny against their magistrates. Haranguing them in the market-place, he counselled them that they should mention the name of every senator they wished deposed and suggest in his stead a worthy and acceptable person. Then he began the roll-call. The first name mentioned was received with a cry of execration. Out it went. But when it came to the question of a successor a great turmoil arose. One name after another was hooted down. "In the end, growing weary of this bustle, they began, some one way and some another, to steal out of the assembly; every one carrying back this resolution in his mind, that the oldest and best-known evil was ever more supportable than one that was new and untried."

To the same effect was a saying of Socrates, thus recorded by Plutarch :

Socrates thought that if all our misfortunes were laid in one common heap, whence every one must take an equal portion, most persons would be contented to take their own and depart.—*Consolation to Apollonius*.

Addison enlarges upon this thought in No. 558 of the "Spectator," in an apologue where the human race are invited by Jupiter to a large plain, there to cast off their miseries and exchange them for what they consider the lighter burdens of their neighbors. But when the change is made the man is far unhappier than ever, the new evils seem far greater to unaccustomed shoulders than the old, and there is general joy when Jupiter, having taught a salutary lesson, allows every one to resume his former condition. From this tale Addison draws the moral never to repine at one's own misfortunes, nor to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings.

As the motto of his paper Addison makes a long quotation from the opening lines of Horace's first satire, "which implies," says Addison, "that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be in case we could change conditions with him."

Illuminated Doctor, a title bestowed upon Raymond Lulle or Lully, a distinguished scholastic (1235-1315), and author of the system called "Ars Lulliana," which was taught throughout Europe during several centuries, and whose purpose was to prove that the mysteries of faith are not contrary to reason.

The same appellation is sometimes given to John Tauler, a celebrated German mystic (1294-1361), who professed to have seen visions and heard spiritual voices.

Impending Crisis. "The Impending Crisis of the South" was the title of a book by H. R. Helper, of North Carolina, published in 1858. As events proved, the political forecasts of the volume were prophetic. It had a powerful influence in precipitating the conflict, and its title became a watchword with orators on both sides.

Imperium et Libertas. Lord Beaconsfield, in a speech at Guildhall, November 9, 1879, said, "One of the greatest of Romans, when asked what was his politics, replied, 'Imperium et libertas.' That would not make a bad programme for a British minister." Was the reference to Nerva, of whom Tacitus (*Agricola*, ch. iii.) said, "Ile joined two things hitherto incompatible, *principatem ac libertatem*"?

Impossible is not a French word, a famous phrase attributed to Napoleon I. by Colin d'Harlay. Other authorities quote it in the form "Impossible is a word I never use," or "Impossible, a word found only in the dictionary of fools." But before Napoleon something of the same sort had been said by

Mirabeau. "Monsieur le Comte," said his secretary, "the thing you require is impossible." "Impossible!" cried Mirabeau, starting from his chair; "never mention that stupid word again!" ("Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot!") And, before Mirabeau, Lord Chatham, in a fit of the gout, received one of the admirals in his sick-room, only to be told that to get the required expedition afloat was "impossible." "It must sail, sir, this day week," was the eagle-eyed man's fire-flashing reply. As he rose from his chair, the beaded perspiration burst from his forehead with the agony caused him as he firmly planted the gouty foot upon the floor, and, suiting the action to the word, added, "I trample on impossibilities!" He fell back fainting, but he conveyed his lesson, and the fleet sailed. Wellington once exclaimed, "Impossible! Is anything impossible? Read the newspapers." And here are other analogous expressions:

To him that wills, nothing is impossible.—KOSUTH.

Nothing is impossible; there are ways which lead to everything, and if we had sufficient will we should always have sufficient means.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. *Maxim* 255.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.—JOHNSON: *Rasselas*, ch. xii.

It is our will
That thus enchains us to permitted ill.
We might be otherwise: we might be all
We dream of, happy, high, majestic.
Where is the beauty, love, and truth we seek,
But in our minds? and if we were not weak
Should we be less in deed than in desire?

SHELLEY: *Julian and Maddalo*.

A most extraordinary illustration of Shelley's words might be found in the career of Benjamin Disraeli. Once when Premier of England he addressed the boys at Rugby in these words: "Boys, you can be anything you determine to be. Thirty years ago, when I was a boy, I determined to be Premier of England."

But to return. Napoleon's accredited phrase, "Impossible, a word found only in the dictionary of fools," is the obvious origin of Bulwer-Lytton's famous lines in "Richelieu" (Act ii., Sc. 2):

In the lexicon of youth which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As fail.

The superior judgment of the multitude has once more been evidenced in the persistent misquotation, "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail," which is good prose substituted for bad verse.

After all, what are all the above quotations but more or less splendid paraphrases of the old saw, "Nothing is impossible to a willing heart"? This may be found in Heywood.

Impromptus. *Litera scripta manet*, but *bons mots* are creatures of an hour, soon sinking into oblivion, to be born again, by a species of metempsychosis, under a different form and another parentage. Readiness, originality, are the rarest gifts of the gods. "The impromptu is precisely the touchstone of all wit," said Molière, truly enough. "There is nothing so unready as the readiness of wit," repeats that "Frenchman *par excellence*," as Voltaire called him, Comte de Rivarol. The man whose happy thoughts all come on the stairs is a proverbial figure. If ready wit is so exceedingly rare, the ability to improvise songs, to extemporize in verse, is as rare, if not still rarer. The very small number of genuine instances that have been preserved testify to this. A very few pages would suffice to print all the well-authenticated examples in the language. It will not do to judge most of them by any very high literary

standard : such a proceeding would be as foolish, and as fatal, as to analyze a joke. It is their spontaneity which tells : thoroughly to appreciate one must approach them with a predisposition to be surprised or amused, and in a mood not too critical ; the moment and the occasion that gave them life and point must, if possible, be recalled, and the scene and circumstance in which they originated re-enacted in the imagination. You must hear the hum of conversation at Miss Reynolds's (" Renny dear's ") tea, when, suddenly, Dr. Johnson's sonorous " To be sure, sir," attracts all ears, or imagine you are at a jovial reunion of sparks in the early years of the century, and, midst the clinking of glasses and roars of laughter, Hook, at the piano, is pouring forth his delicious nonsense.

If many are here included of no very high merit, the answer is, that this is not a collection of elegant extracts, but of impromptus, and that a too rigorous critique would have attenuated to vacuity an already sufficiently limited class of literary curiosities. There are, indeed, quite a number of very clever alleged impromptus floating among the drift-wood of literature, but they are mostly without sufficient voucher of genuineness. The remark of De Quincey applies with peculiar force to this *genre*, that " Universally it may be received as a rule, that when an anecdote involves a stinging repartee, a collision of ideas fancifully and brilliantly relating to each other by resemblance or contrast, then you may challenge it as false."

The fathers of these supposed sun-bursts of smartness are usually designated by some indefinite phrase, as, " a celebrated Irish wit," or " a clerical gentleman in Blankshire," *et cæteris paribus*. The first of these great unknowns is responsible for the following. During a discussion at a dinner-party, Lord E——, who, much better than he deserved, was blessed with a beautiful and accomplished wife, dropped the remark that " a wife was only a tin canister tied to one's tail." Here was the " Irish wit's " opportunity ; he seized it, and, hastily scribbling something on a scrap of paper, presented it to the mortified wife of his foolish lordship. The truthful eye-witness that invented this story forgets to say that the wit was rewarded by the lady's most grateful smile when she read this :

Lord E——, at woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife a " tin canister " tied to one's tail ;
And poor Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.

But wherefore degrading ? Considered aright,
A canister's *polished*, and *useful*, and *bright* ;
And should any dirt its white purity hide,
That's the fault of the *puppy* to whom it is tied !

To the category of invented impromptus probably also belongs that of the two scholastics who had frequent disputes on the divinity of Christ. Chancing to meet in a convivial company, one of them wrote the following lines, and, with assumed severity, handed them to the other :

Tu Judæ similis Dominumque Deumque negasti ;
Dissimilis Judas est tibi—pœnituit.

(" You, Judas-like, your Lord and God denied ;
Judas, unlike to you, repentant sighed.")

Whereupon the " heretic " retorted,—

Tu simul et similis Judæ, tu dissimilisque ;
Judæ iterum similis sis, laqueumque petas.

(" You are like Judas, yet unlike that elf ;
Once more like Judas be, and hang yourself.")

The same must in all likelihood be said of this next, which involves, however, a very good pun. A clergyman of Hartford, having opened the session of

the Connecticut House of Representatives by a prayer, was requested by the Speaker to remain seated by him during the sitting. At the time the State of Connecticut had no general law of divorce, and to obtain annulment of the bonds of matrimony it was necessary for the parties to make application to the legislature. The clerical gentleman, having witnessed an instance of this process of legislative unmarried, wrote and handed the following to the Speaker :

For cutting all connections famed
Connect-i-cut is fairly named ;
I twain connect in one, but you
Cut those whom I connect in two :
Each legislator seems to say,
" What you connect I cut away."

All that history records of the following is that it was written on the window of an inn at Huddersfield :

" The queen is with us," Whigs exulting say,
" For when she found us in, she let us stay."
It may be so ; but give me leave to doubt
How long she'll keep you when she finds you out.

And the following is said to have been dashed off in a court-room by a flippant young barrister while the tedious and ruddy-faced Serjeant C—, bewigged and clothed in purple gown, was making an interminable argument :

The serjeant pleads with face on fire,
And all the court may rue it ;
His purple garment comes from Tyre,
His arguments go to it.

It is the generally-accepted theory that the earlier poets, the Homeridæ, the Bards, Skalds, Troubadours, Jongleurs, Minnesingers, or whatever other names they go by, were mostly extemporizers and their songs improvisations. If true, then in one respect at least the human intellect has degenerated. The gentlemen that write with ease, and write well, are, according to the best authorities, a literary myth. To prove the popular theory incorrect is as difficult as it is proverbially hard to prove a negative, and practically the whole question reduces itself to a balancing of probabilities. The folk-loristic ballad is the product of generation upon generation of accretion and polish. Of the true genesis of the most ancient poetry extant we have plenty of theory and correspondingly little historic fact. Of the well-authenticated examples of extemporizing the most notable are probably the Italian, particularly the Florentine, *improvvisatori*. These dainty rhymers, who never would permit their songs to be written down,—"*così se perderebbe la poca gloria*,"—making the Italian summer nights melodious with the tinkle of the guitar, flourished down to nearly modern times. Their themes, however, were extremely limited. Their most common subjects were the commendation of their several mistresses, or the contending of two swains for the same maiden, or a debate which was the best poet, after the manner of eclogues ; indeed, they put one in mind of Virgil's third, fifth, and seventh eclogues, where the shepherds contend in alternate verse ; and Virgil's shepherds seem sometimes to be tied down by the thoughts in the preceding stanza, just as these Tuscan extempore poets were by the rhyme of the one who had immediately preceded. The immediate influence of these *canzonari* on English literature is beautifully portrayed in the idyllic picture of Sir Walter Raleigh and himself as painted by Edmund Spenser, when the two were neighbors and visitors on their Irish estates. He sings of their song-contests, when

He sitting me beside in that same shade
Provoked me to play some pleasant fit ;
And when he heard the music which I made,
He found himself full greatly pleased at it.

Yet æmuling, my pipe he took in hond,—
 My pipe, before that æmuled of many,—
 And play'd thereon (for well that skill he cond),
 Himself as skilful in that art as any.

He pip'd, I sung : and when he sung I pip'd ;
 By change of turns each making other merry ;
 Neither envying other, nor envied ;
 So piped we, until we both were weary.

Some of the feats, however, of the improvisatori are astonishing enough. "When I was at Florence, at our resident's Mr. C.," writes Spence, "I first thought it impossible for them to go on so readily as they did without having arranged things beforehand. He said it amazed everybody at first ; that he had no doubt it was all fair, and desired me, to be satisfied of it, to give them some subject myself, as much out of the way as I could think of. As he insisted, I offered a subject on which they could not be well prepared. It was but a day or two before that a band of musicians and actors set out from Florence to introduce operas for the first time at the Empress of Russia's court. This advance of music, and that sort of dramatic poetry which the Italians at present look upon as the most capital parts of what they call *virtù*, so much farther north, was the subject I offered them. They shook their heads a little, and said it was a very difficult one. However, in two or three minutes' time one of them began with his octave upon it ; another answered him immediately, and they went on for five or six stanzas, alternately, without any pause, except that very short one which is allowed them by giving off of the tune on the guitar at the end of each stanza. They always improvise to music." It is a pity that the relator did not preserve a record of this contest ; it would have proved a veritable curiosity. Something in this line were the exhibitions of the Signora Taddi in 1824 at Naples and elsewhere of her wonderful power of improvising lyric poetry and melody at the same time. She would not only adopt whatever stories or incidents might be suggested as her subjects, but would utter her improvisations in any metre prescribed and fit her words to music the time or measure of which should be dictated at the moment.

Returning to England and Raleigh, the story is about as well authenticated as any of the details of his career, that when a young adventurer, seeking the queen's favor, he wrote on a window which she must pass the line,—

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall,

which catching her eye, Elizabeth immediately completed the couplet by adding,—

If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.

Other prompt rejoinders are attributed to Queen Elizabeth. When asked by a priest whether she allowed the real presence in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, she adroitly replied,—

Christ was the word that spake it ;
 He took the bread and brake it ;
 And what that word did make it,
 That I believe and take it.

Even more clever was her reply, and in a Latin hexameter too, to the insolent message of Philip II., delivered by the Spanish ambassador in these lines :

Te, veto, ne pergas bello defendere Belgas ;
 Quæ Dracus eripuit, nunc restituantur, oportet ;
 Quas pater evertit, jubeo te condere cellas ;
 Religio papæ fac restituatur ad unguem.

She instantly answered,—

Ad Græcas, bone rex, fiant mandata, calendas.

Much more doubtful is the tradition which, without sufficient reason, seeks to fasten on Shakespeare the epitaph on a rich usurer, one Combe, said to have been extemporized by the poet in a tavern at Stratford :

Ten in a hundred the devil allowes,
But Combe will have twelve he swears and voves.
If any aske who lies in this tombe,
"Hoh," quoth the devil, "'tis my John-O-Combe."

Another version, which at least gives the jest more point, is that John Combe was a rich Stratford burgess and intimate friend of Shakespeare. During a discourse, not unaccompanied, we may imagine, with a discussion of beer, Mr. Moneybags remarked to the poet that in all likelihood he would write his epitaph, and if he postponed it until it was actually needed the interlocutor would never see it ; therefore he would have him compose it, whatever it was, at once. With a laugh Shakespeare immediately complied by reciting this verse :

Ten in the hundred lies here engraved,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved.
If any man ask who lies in this tomb,
"Oho," quoth the devil, "'tis my John-a-Combe."

In the Warwickshire dialect "a combe" means "has come." Was it in memory of this *jeu-d'esprit* that Combe left the poet a legacy of five pounds?

Only less apocryphal than the foregoing is that ascribed to Ben Jonson. It appears that "rare Ben" had been invited to a conviviality at the Falcon Tavern. At the time he was heavily in debt at the hostelry. Mine host's heart softening, he offered to accept payment in the poet's own coin,—to wit, he would wipe out the score if he would instantanely compose a rhyme in which he would tell what God and the devil, what the world and mine host himself, would be most pleased with : to which the poet promptly responded,—

God is best pleased when men forsake their sin ;
The devil is best pleased when they persist therein ;
The world's best pleased when thou dost sell good wine ;
And you're best pleased when I do pay for mine.

Leaving now the mythological and advancing into the historical ages of the impromptu, it may be remarked by way of preface that, the spontaneousness of their creation apart, impromptus are in all other respects a most heterogeneous lot. They assume every imaginable form, and their contents may be a parody or a polemic, a clever thought epigrammatically expressed, a bit of drollery, grotesquerie, or persiflage. The object is generally to elicit an approbatory smile or to raise a laugh.

A very effective impromptu was that of the Duke of Dorset. The duke, John Dryden, Bolingbroke, and Chesterfield were in the habit of spending their evenings together. On one occasion it was proposed that the three aristocrats should each write a something and place it under the candlestick, and that Dryden (who was at that period in very indifferent circumstances) should determine who had written the *best* thing. No sooner proposed than agreed to. The scrutiny commenced, judgment was given. "My lords," said Dryden, addressing Bolingbroke and Chesterfield, "you each of you have proved your wit, but I am sure you will, nevertheless, agree with me that his Grace the Duke of Dorset has excelled ; pray attend, my lords : 'I promise to pay to *John Dryden, Esq.*, on demand, *One Hundred Pounds.*—DORSET.'" It scarcely need be observed that the noble wits subscribed to the judgment.

Not a whit less effective, however, was the well-timed speech by a mechanic. At the time when Sir Richard Steele was preparing his great room in "York Building" for public orations, he happened to be considerably behind—

hand in his payments to the workmen ; and coming one day among them to see what progress had been made, he ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The fellow mounted, and, scratching his poll, told Sir Richard that he knew not what to say, for he was no orator. "Oh," cried the knight, "no matter for that ; speak anything that comes uppermost." "Why, then, Sir Richard," says the fellow, "here have we been working for your honor these six months and cannot get a penny of money. Pray, sir, when do you design to pay us?" "Very well, very well," said Sir Richard ; "pray come down. I have heard quite enough. I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't much admire your subject."

The following lines are sometimes claimed for Jane Brereton, but are more generally ascribed as an impromptu to Lord Chesterfield. When he saw Beau Nash's full-length picture flanked to right and to left by the busts of Newton and Pope, he exclaimed,—

The picture placed the busts between
Adds to the thought much strength :
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

This suggests one of the best-known *mots* of William R. Travers. In the palmy days of the Fiske-Gould partnership the steamboat Mary Powell had been completely refitted and furnished, and a party of gentlemen were invited by the owners to inspect her appointments, among them Mr. Travers. The saloon of the vessel had been decorated in a magnificent manner, and two life-size oil-paintings of the owners, Fiske and Gould, hung up, one on each side. In the midst of the hum of admiration from the guests, the portraits attracting particular attention, "Very fine," cried Travers, "you on one side and Gould on the other, but where is our Lord?"

Even the sober dons sometimes are infected. Shortly after the tumult at the University of Oxford had been quelled, on which occasion troops had to be called in, King George I. sent to the University of Cambridge a present of books, which circumstance induced Dr. Grapp, of Tory Oxford, to write this epigram :

Our royal master saw with heedful eyes
The wants of his two Universities :
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why
That learned body wanted loyalty ;
But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
That that right loyal body wanted learning.

To this slur Sir William Thompson retorted with this very clever improvisation :

The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories know no argument but force ;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

The following is credited to the poet Præd, who, while a member in Parliament and observing the Speaker asleep, wrote and passed up this squib :

Sleep, Mr. Speaker ! Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon ;
Hume will, no doubt, be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteen pence ;
Statesmen will howl, and patriots will bray,—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

When Burke had concluded his exceedingly bitter speech against Warren Hastings, the latter, it is asserted on the authority of Mr. Evans, his private secretary, promptly penned and handed around these lines :

Oft have we wondered that on Irish ground
No poisonous reptile ever yet was found.
The secret stands revealed in Nature's work :
She saved her venom to create a *Burke* !

And of Charles James Fox it is stated that when a certain lady, in whose house he made one of a party, declared she "did not care three skips of a louse for him," he retorted with the stanza,—

A lady has told me, and in her own house,
That she cares not for me "three skips of a louse."
I forgive the dear creature for what she has said,
Since women will talk of what *runs in their head*.

A very elegant impromptu is that of Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts." Walking in his garden at Welwyn with two ladies, one of whom afterwards became his wife, a visitor was announced. "Tell him," said the doctor to the servant, "I am too well engaged to change my situation." The ladies, however, declared that this would not do, and, as the visitor was a distinguished gentleman, begged their host by all means to go in ; finally, the doctor remaining obdurate, they grasped him each by an arm, and gently but firmly led and thrust him out of the garden. Finding himself worsted, the doctor succumbed with a grandiloquent bow, and, laying his hand upon his heart, declaimed in his impressive and expressive manner these extempore lines :

Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven.
Like him I go, but yet to go I'm loath ;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

One of the neatest impromptus is another of Young's. Seated at a table after dinner, in company with a number of *gens d'esprit*, he borrowed Lord Chesterfield's diamond-mounted pencil, and with the diamond scratched upon a wineglass,—

Accept a miracle, instead of wit
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

The nearness of genius to madness is again illustrated by the retort of poor Nat Lee, when Sir Roger L'Estrange came to visit him in the mad-house. Shocked by the appearance of his friend, the visitor could not suppress an expression of solicitude for the sad alteration. The ear of the lunatic overheard the remark, and his quick eye caught the change of expression in the face of the visitor. In a flash he retorted,—

Faces may alter, names can't change.
I am strange Lee altered, you are still L^e-strange.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, the apostle of common sense, the dread of the fool and the affected, of the untruthful and inaccurate, whose conversation was as happy and witty as his writing was pedantic and labored, had the truly Tuscan gift of improvisation. No man ever lived of whose sayings and doings the world has nearly so accurate a report, and the examples of his aptness in this direction are very numerous.

Johnson was discoursing with Boswell on a certain writer of poetry. "He has taken to an odd mode," said Dr. Johnson. "For example, he'd write thus :

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray.

Now, gray evening is common enough ; but evening gray he'd think finer.—
Stay, shall we make out the stanza ?—

"Wear the gown and wear the hat,
Snatch thy pleasures while they last;
Hadst thou nine lives like a cat,
Soon these nine lives would be past."

He was most happy in extemporizing translations, often finding odd and ludicrous parallels. When a translation of a famous ballad, beginning "Rio Verde, Rio Verde," was commended to him, "I could do it better myself," he said, "as thus :

Glassy water, glassy water,
Down whose current clear and strong,
Chiefs confused in mutual slaughter,
Moor and Christian, roll along."

"As for translations, we used to make him run off one or two in a good humor. He was praising the song of Metastasio :

Deh, se piacermi vuoi,
Lascia i sospetti tuoi,
Non mi turbar con questo
Molesto dubitar;
Chi ciecamente crede
Impegna a serbar fede;
Chi sempre inganno aspetta
Alletta ad ingannar.

'Should you like it in English?' said he, 'thus :

Would you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teasing doubts depart;
He who blindly trusts will find
Faith from every generous mind;
He who still expects deceit
Only teaches how to cheat."

As an instance of caricature imitation might be quoted the one given by Mrs. Piozzi, who says that one day when some one was praising these verses by Lope de Vega,—

Se aquien los leones vence,
Vence una muger hermosa;
O el de flaco avergüence,
O ella de ser mas furiosa,—

more than he thought they deserved, Dr. Johnson observed with some animation "that they were founded on a trivial conceit, and that conceit ill explained and ill expressed. The lady, we all know, does not conquer in the same manner as the lion does. 'Tis a mere play on words, and you might as well say that

If a man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip than a father."

This readiness of finding a parallel, or making one, was perpetually shown in the course of his conversation. When the French verses of a certain pantomime were quoted to him,—

Je suis Cassandre descendue des cieux,
Pour vous faire entendre, mesdames et messieurs,
Que je suis Cassandre descendue des cieux,—

he cried out gayly and suddenly,—

I am Cassandra come down from the sky,
To tell each by-stander, what none can deny,
That I am Cassandra come down from the sky.

And the humor is of the same sort with which he answered a commendation upon the following line out of a tragedy which was being read :

Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free.

"To be sure," said Dr. Johnson :

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

The famous distich, too, of an Italian improvvisatore, who, when the Duke of Modena ran away from the comet in the year 1742 or 1743,—

Se al venir vestro i principi sen' vanno,
Deh venga ogni di—durati un anno,—

he said, "would do just as well in our tongue, thus :

If at your coming princes disappear,
Comets, come every day and stay a year."

One in a company commended the verses of M. de Benserade "A son Lit :"

Théâtre de ris et de pleurs,
Lit, où je nais et où je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voisins
Sont nos plaisirs et nos chagrins.

To which he replied, without hesitating,—

"In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And, born in bed, in bed we die.
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe."

The following was an extempore on a picture of some people skating, with a French verse written under :

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulfs profound,
With nimble glide the skaters play ;
O'er treacherous pleasure's flowery ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

These pretty Italian verses, too, he Englished, says Mrs. Piozzi, doing it *all' improvviso* in the same manner :

Viva ! viva la padrona !
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona e un angioletta
Tutta buona e tutta bella ;
Tutta bella e tutta buona :
Viva ! viva la padrona !

Long may live my lovely Hetty !
Always young and always pretty ;
Always pretty, always young,
Live my lovely Hetty long !
Always young and always pretty ;
Long may live my lovely Hetty !

This extempore definition of a point of admiration is also attributed to him :

I see—I see—I know not what :
I see a dash above a dot,
Presenting to my contemplation
A perfect point of admiration !

Dr. Percy, by the publication of his "Reliques," had made a furore in favor of ballad poetry with which Dr. Johnson was by no means in thorough sympathy. In the year 1771 the learned antiquarian published "a long ballad in many fits ; it is pretty enough." It was called "The Hermit of Warkworth : a Ballad, in Three Cantos." At one of Miss Reynolds's teas it was the subject of discussion, and some one expressed great admiration of it in particular and of ballads in general for their simple beauty or beautiful simplicity. A stanza was read from the unfortunate "Hermit." "Why, sir," cried Johnson, "I could produce you as good stuff in ordinary narrative conversation. For instance :

As with my hat upon my head
 I walked along the Strand,
 I there did meet another man
 With his hat in his hand."

See BOSWELL, *Life*, vol. ii. p. 136 (ed. of Birkbeck Hill).

"Or, to make such poetry subservient to my immediate use," he continued, turning to Miss Reynolds,—

"I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
 That thou wilt give to me,
 With cream and sugar softened well,
 Another cup of tea.

"Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
 Shall long detain the cup,
 When once unto the bottom I
 Have drunk the liquor up.

"Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
 Nor hear it with a frown:
 Thou canst not make the tea as fast
 As I can gulp it down."

MURRAY'S *Johnsoniana*, p. 175.

"Have you heard Johnson's criticism on Percy's ballads?" asked a friend of Garrick the next morning. "It is all over town," replied the latter. On still another occasion, at Streatham, he caricatured this legendary ballad poetry:

The tender infant, meek and mild,
 Fell down upon the stone;
 The nurse took up the squealing child,
 But still the child squeal'd on.

PIOZZI: *Anecdotes*.

William Cowper was noted for his facility in extemporizing. A party of gentlemen, with Cowper among them, were assembled at the house of Lord Macclesfield, when one proposed that a number of slips each with an uncomplimentary device be drawn by lot, and the poet challenged to turn each into a compliment on the gentleman who had drawn it. Agreed and done, and here is the result:

Vanity.—Drawn by Lord Macclesfield.

Be vain, my lord, you have a right;
 For who, like you, can boast this night
 A group assembled in one place
 Fraught with such beauty, wit, and grace?

Insensibility.—Mr. Marsham.

Insensible can Marsham be?
 Yes, and no fault, you must agree;
 His heart his virtue only warms,
 Insensible to vice's charms.

Inconstancy.—Mr. Adams.

Inconstancy there is no harm in
 In Adams, where it looks so charming;
 Who wavers, as he well may boast,
 Which virtue he shall follow most.

Impudence.—Mr. St. John.

St. John, your vice you can't disown:
 For in this age 'tis too well known
 That impudent that man must be
 Who dares from folly to be free.

Intemperance.—Mr. Gerard.

Intemperance implies excess:
 Changed though the name, the fault's not less:
 Yet blush not, Gerard, there's no need,—
 In all that's worthy you exceed.

A Blank was drawn by Mr. Legge.

If she a blank for Legge designed,
Sure Fortune is no longer blind;
For we shall fill the paper given
With every virtue under heaven.

Cowardice.—General Caillard.

Most soldiers cowardice disclaim,
But Caillard owns it without shame:
Bold in whate'er to arms belong,
He wants the courage to do wrong.

Canning, being challenged to find a rhyme on Juliana, immediately produced this:

Walking in the shady grove
With my Juliana,
For lozenges I gave my love
Ipecacuanha.

Ipecacuanha lozenges, however, were unknown at the time, and this circumstance makes the story doubtful. The same may be said of one attributed to Goldsmith. He was put into the hands of a dancing-master, for whom the awkward, ugly, pockmarked lad was a butt of ridicule; he made all manner of fun of him, and called him his little Æsop. Goldsmith, nettled by the jest, stopped short in his hornpipe, and cried,—

Our herald hath proclaimed this saying:
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing.

The repartee which was thought wonderful in a boy of seven years becomes still more so when it is remembered that in after-years Garrick, in his distich on Goldsmith, describes his conversation to be "like that of poor Poll."

The story of Burns's alleged improvised diatribe against Andrew Horner is probably culled from the Book of Ananias. Burns's power of extemporizing was magnificent, and there is no need of going outside of his acknowledged writings for brilliant examples. As they are easily accessible, only a few of the brightest and lightest and most spontaneous will be given. Those who want to see Burns angry should read the following, and then compare it with the Andrew Horner fit. Surely here are invective and rage, but with none of the scurrility which makes the other unreadable. The lines were written by the indignant poet on a window of the tavern at Inverary, when he was smarting under the sting of an imaginary slight:

Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their God, his Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride
And Highland scab and hunger:
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in his anger.

Here is the poem on Andrew Horner:

In seventeen hundred an' forty-nine,
Satan took stuff to mak' a swine,
And cuist it in a corner;
But wilily he changed his plan,
Shaped it to something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Horner.

The following is not printed in his works, but is generally credited to him, and certainly has much of his native archness. At a kirk the preacher was hurling denunciation at sinners, and painting in lurid colors—quoting, after the Scotch fashion, many texts—the pains and terrors of eternal damnation. A beautiful girl who was sitting in a pew before him was becoming greatly agitated, noting which, the poet took her Bible and wrote on its fly-leaf,—

Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue :
'Twas only sinners that he meant,
Not angels such as you.

The following lines were written under the portrait of the celebrated Miss Burns on the poet's first visit to Edinburgh. The lady was more notorious than reputable :

Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—confess !
True it is, she has one failing,—
Had a woman ever less ?

The following was extemporized in the Court of Sessions :

LORD-ADVOCATE CAMPBELL.

He clenched his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation mist
His argument he tint it :
He gapèd for't, he grapèd for't,
He fand it was awa', man ;
But what his common sense came short,
He eked it out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

Collected, Harry stood a wee,
Then open'd out his arm, man :
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And eyed the gathering storm, man ;
Like wind-driven hail it did assail,
Or torrents owre a linn, man ;
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Half wauken'd wi' the din, man.

On being requested to say grace at the table of the Earl of Selkirk :

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it,
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

Bushe, the Irish Chief Baron, made this impromptu verse upon two agitators who had refused to fight duels, one on account of his affection for his wife, and the other because of his love for his daughter :

Two heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
Improved on the Hebrew command :
One honored his wife, and the other his daughter,
That his days might be long in the land.

The greatest, the very king among improvisators, however, was Theodore Hook, although, unhappily, of his wonderful feats there remain only the merest scraps. His impromptu essays, being for the most part hits at passing events, have been, with few exceptions, swept from the face of the literary globe. The coincidence of a Boswell and a Johnson is an event that has happened but once in the history of the world.

As a rule, men endowed with mere conversational talents, howsoever brilliant their wit and perfect their success, must be content, like actors, whom they in a measure resemble, with the applause of their contemporaries.

In Hook's case we must be content mainly with the information that in the art, if art it may be called, of pouring forth extemporaneous poetry, music and words, rhyme and reason, he stood alone. Mrs. Mathews gives this account of his performances :

In the course of the evening many persons sung, and Mr. Hook, being in turn solicited, displayed, to the delight of all present, his wondrous talent in extemporaneous singing. The company was numerous and generally strangers to Mr. Hook, but without a moment's pre-

meditation he composed a verse upon every person in the room, full of the most pointed wit and with the truest rhymes, unhesitatingly gathering into his subject, as he rapidly proceeded, in addition to what had passed during the dinner, every trivial incident of the moment. Every action was turned to account; every circumstance, the look, the gesture, or any accidental effects, served as occasion for more wit. Mr. Sheridan was astonished at this extraordinary faculty, and declared that he could not have imagined such power possible had he not witnessed it. No description, he said, could have convinced him of so peculiar an instance of genius, and he protested that he should not have believed it to be an unstudied effort had he not seen proof that no anticipation could have been formed of what might arise to furnish matter and opportunities for his good-natured verse.

He was, indeed, not always equal, and sometimes he failed. But when the call was well timed and the company such as excited his ambition, it is impossible to conceive anything more marvellous than the felicity he displayed. He accompanied himself on the piano-forte, and the music was frequently, though not always, as new as the verse. He usually stuck to the common ballad-measures, but one favorite sport was a mimic opera, and then he seemed to triumph without effort over every variety of metre and complication of stanza. On one occasion he sang a song upon a company of sixty persons, each verse containing an epigram. Sheridan said it was the most extraordinary exertion of the human intellect he had ever witnessed.

While it is true he was without rivals, of course he found imitators. One of these gentlemen probably saw reason to remember his attempt at rivalry. Ambitious of distinction, he took an opportunity of striking off into verse immediately after one of Hook's happiest efforts. Theodore's bright eyes flashed and fixed on the intruder, who soon began to flounder in the meshes of his stanzas, when he was put out of his misery at once by the following couplet from the master, given, however, with a good-humored smile that robbed it of all offence:

I see, sir, I see, sir, what 'tis that you're hatching;
But mocking, you see, sir, is not *always* catching.

One of the participators relates the following occurrence at a gay young bachelor's villa near Highgate, when the other literary lion was one of a very different breed,—Mr. Coleridge. Much claret had been shed before the "ancient mariner" proclaimed that he could swallow no more of anything, unless it were punch. The materials were forthwith produced, the bowl was planted before the poet, and, as he proceeded in his concoction, Hook unbidden took his place at the piano. He burst into a bacchanal of egregious luxury, every line of which had reference to the author of "Lay Sermons" and the "Aids to Reflection." The room was becoming excessively hot. The first glass of the punch was handed to Hook, who paused to quaff it, and then, exclaiming that he was stifled, flung his glass through the window. Coleridge rose with the aspect of a benignant patriarch, and demolished another pane; the example was followed generally,—the window was a sieve in an instant; the kind host was farthest from the mark, and his goblet made havoc of the chandelier. The roar of laughter was drowned in Theodore's resumption of the song, and window, chandelier, and the peculiar shot of each individual destroyer had apt, in many cases exquisitely witty, commemoration. In walking home Coleridge declared to the relator of this story, in a most excellent lecture on the distinction between talent and genius, that Mr. Hook was as true a genius as Dante.

Among other things, the names of those present afforded not unfrequently matter for his songs, and once he is said to have encountered a pair of most unmanageable patronymics, Sir Moses Ximenes and a Mr. Rosenagen, a Dane. "The line antiphotonic to the former has escaped us," says Mr. Barham in his "Life of Hook," vol. i. p. 35, but the latter, reserved till near the conclusion, was thus played upon:

Yet more of my Muse is required,
 Alas! I fear she is done;
 But no! like a fiddler that's tired,
 I'll Rosen-agen, and go on.

The following lines were left at Theodore Hook's house, in June, 1834, by his friend and biographer. Hook was publishing at this time his "Sayings and Doings :—"

As Dick and I
 Were a-sailing by,
 At Fulham Bridge I cocked my eye,
 And says I, "Ad-zooks!
 There's Theodore Hook's,
 Whose Sayings and Doings make such pretty books."

"I wonder," says I,
 Still keeping my eye
 On the house, "if he's in,—I should like to try."
 With his oar on his knee,
 Says Dick, says he,
 "Father, suppose you land and see!"

"What, land and sea,"
 Says I to he,
 "Together? why, Dick, why, how can that be?"
 And my comical son—
 Who is fond of fun—
 I thought would have split his sides at the pun.

So we rows to the shore
 And knocks at the door,
 When William—a man I've seen often before—
 Makes answer and says,
 "Master's gone in a chaise
 Call'd a *hominibus*, drawn by a couple of bays."

So I then,
 "Just lend me a pen."
 "I will, sir," says William, politest of men;
 So having no card, these poetical brayings
 Are the records I leave of my doings and sayings.

RICHARD H. BARHAM.

One day, while Hook was delighting and astonishing some friends with his improvised songs, the maid came in, and, unconsciously falling into metre, announced,—

Please, Mr. Winter has called for the taxes.

Hook immediately fell into the jingle, and, facing the abashed girl, continued,—

I advise you to give him whatever he axes.
 He isn't the man to stand nonsense or flummery,
 For though his name's Winter, his actions are summary.

Hook was one of a dinner-party where the conversation turned on the Trojan war. Then the peculiarities of the Latin language were discussed. A slight lull in the conversation occurring, one of the party, alluding to Hook's extemporizing powers, challenged him to make on the spot a joke out of the Latin gerunds. Hook made a few humorous remarks, referring to *Æneas* and *Dido*, and then extemporized two lines, thus :

When Dido found *Æneas* did not come,
 She wept in silence, and was *Di-do-dumb*.

Alexandre Dumas fils dined one day with Dr. Gistal, one of the most popular and eminent physicians in Marseilles, says the *Figaro*. After dinner the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where coffee was served. Here Gistal said to his honored guest,—

"My dear Dumas, I know you are a capital hand at improvising. Pray oblige me with four lines of your own composing here in this album."

"With pleasure," the author replied. He took his pencil and wrote,—

For the health and well-being of our dear old town

Dr. Gistal has been anxious—very.

Result: The hospital is now pulled down,

"You flatterer!" the doctor interrupted, as he was looking over the writer's shoulder. But Dumas went on:

And in its place we've a cemetery.

The talent at improvising in rhyme has cropped up in some very out-of-the-way places. An instance comes from North Carolina. James Dodge was at one time the clerk of the Supreme Court of that State. A number of distinguished lawyers, among them Hillman, Dews, and Swain (the last-named being president of the State University), thought it would be capital fun to have a joke at the clerk, so one of them composed and handed him, amid the laughter of the company, the following epitaph:

Here lies James Dodge, who dodged all good,

And never dodged an evil;

And, after dodging all he could,

He could not dodge the devil.

Mr. Dodge read the paper, smiled, sat down, and, quickly writing something at the foot of the verses, handed it back to the gentlemen, who were still laughing. This is what he had done:

Here lies a Hillman and a Swain;

Their lot let no man choose:

They lived in sin, and died in pain,

And the devil got his dues (Dews).

In. This word is used in American slang with many attributed meanings. The single phrase "to be in it" has several nuances. "I'm in for the stuff" means "I am after the boodle," often with an ulterior meaning, looking towards bribery and corruption. "He isn't in it" means that the individual alluded to is left out in the cold, is hopelessly distanced, defeated, or worsted, either prospectively or actually. Possibly this was originally a race-track expression. Of a horse who has no apparent chance of victory, or who has been badly beaten, it is said that he is not, or was not, in the race. The expression is now usually shortened to "not in it" in lieu of "not in the race." "To be in it," on the other hand, means to take an interest—pecuniary, personal, or mental—in anything; to agree to; to comprehend.

I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jest say rite straight out what you're driving at. If you mean gettin' hitched, I'm in.—ARTEMUS WARD.

Pops. Black eye, nose out of plumb, clothes torn? Been in a fight, haven't you, my son?

My Son. N-N-No, sir.

Pops. What's that you're saying? Why, you must have been in a fight? Now, tell the truth.

My Son. Well, Pops, there was a fight, but I wasn't in it!—Puck.

In hoc signo vinces (L., "Under this standard thou shalt conquer"), the motto assumed by the Emperor Constantine the Great, in connection with a monogram consisting of a Greek X with a P, the same as our R, in the middle of it. The story of its adoption is related by Eusebius, who claims to have received it from the emperor himself. In the campaign against Maxentius (A.D. 312), Constantine just before crossing the Alps held a general review of his troops, during which he prayed fervently to the God of the Christians for assistance. At noon of the same day, gazing up in the heavens, Constantine saw above the sun the monogram and the motto. Again in the night-time the sign appeared to him in a dream. On awakening he copied it down

on a piece of paper, and sent for some Christian teachers to explain it. They informed him that XP were the first two letters of the Greek word ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ, or Christ. Constantine thereupon adopted the sign as his device. He caused a new standard to be made, which he called the Labarum. It consisted of a long gilt staff with a transverse bar, from which hung a piece of purple silk, adorned with the images of the emperor and his children. At the top of the staff was a wreath of gold, enclosing the sacred sign.

"Constantine's own narrative to Eusebius," says the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "attributed his conversion to the miraculous appearance of a flaming cross in the sky at noonday, under the circumstances already indicated. The story has met with nearly every degree of acceptance, from the unquestioning faith of Eusebius himself to the incredulity of Gibbon, who treats it as a fable, while not denying the sincerity of the conversion. On the supposition that Constantine narrated the incident in good faith, the amount of objective reality that it possesses is a question of altogether secondary importance."

Incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso (L., "You are walking upon fire covered with deceitful ashes"). This familiar quotation is from Horace (*Odes*, ii. 1, 7), the person addressed being Pollio, who was writing a history of the recent civil war. A curious analogue is the expression used by Count de Salvandy at a ball given at the Palais Royal in Paris, June 5, 1830, to the King of Naples by his brother-in-law, then Duke of Orleans, but a few weeks later King Louis Philippe. Charles X. was himself present. At the height of the festivities Salvandy, a former minister to Naples, said to the host, with a prescience of coming events, "You are giving us quite a Neapolitan fête: we are dancing upon a volcano." On July 30 the three days' revolution occurred which sent Charles X. in exile to England and placed the citizen-king on the throne.

There are so many dangerous pitfalls that in order to be safe one must slip through the world somewhat lightly and superficially,—one must glide and not press too hard on any point. Pleasure itself is painful in its intensity. *Incedis per ignes*, etc.—MONTAIGNE: *Essays*.

Inch. Give him an inch and he'll take an ell, an old English proverb, applied to a grasping and covetous nature, or to one who abuses another's patience or generosity. It is found thus in Heywood:

For when I gave you an inch you tooke an ell.—*Proverbs*.

Give an inch, he'll take an ell.—WEBSTER: *Sir Thomas Wyatt*.

Incroyable (Fr., literally, "the incredible," but never used in its English equivalent), the name for a fashion of male costume which sprang up under the French Directory:

It was under the Directory that the *incroyable* and *merveilleuse* costumes competed for supremacy with Roman togas and Grecian drapery. The beau of the period enveloped his throat in two and a half ells of wide muslin or cambric. This he fenced round with the high standing collar of a short-waisted coat, which fell low at the back in two long narrow tails. It was also much cut away at the hips, to give room for the puckerings and plaits of his wide *pantalon*. This ample garment was bunched up at the back in the form of a lady's bustle, its amplitude probably signifying that the wearer no longer gloried in the appellation of *sans-culotte*. His hair fell in ringlets around his immense cravat, and he was crowned with a hat so small that with difficulty he kept it on his head.—*Temple Bar*.

Independence forever. On the 30th of June, 1826, John Adams, lying on his death-bed, was applied to for a toast to be given in his name on the approaching Fourth of July. He replied with the above words. Asked whether he would add anything to them, he replied, "Not one word." On the morning of the 4th, hearing the noise of bells and cannon, he inquired the cause. When told it was Independence Day, he murmured, "Independence forever." Before evening he was dead. On August 2 of the same year

Daniel Webster, in a eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, introduced an imaginary speech by Adams in favor of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. The concluding words were, "It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment,—Independence now, and Independence forever." The same supposed speech opened with the famous sentence, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart and my hand to this vote." This sentence was derived from an actual conversation held between Adams and Jonathan Sewall in 1774, and duly recorded in the "Works of John Adams," vol. iv. p. 8: "I answered that the die was now cast; I had passed the Rubicon. Swim or sink, live or die, survive or perish with my country, was my unalterable determination." It will be noticed that Adams's phrase "Swim or sink" in lieu of "Sink or swim" adds to the logical unity of the sentence at the expense of its euphony. Long before Adams, Peele had said, "Live or die, sink or swim" (*Edward I.*),—less tautological, but less magnificent.

Index. In early English literature a number of words were at various periods used to indicate a list or summary of the topics treated in a book,—viz., Register, Calendar, Summary, Syllabus, Index, and Table, or Table of Contents. After a faint struggle the first four dropped out of the contest, and left the field clear to the two other contestants, who eventually compromised their claims. The table of contents became the name of the ordered and sometimes classified list placed usually at the beginning of a book, and the index that of the alphabetical list placed usually at the end. On the whole, we may say that the victory remained with the word Index, inasmuch as the alphabetical list is infinitely the more valuable of the two.

Yet its value and the degree of honor to which it is legitimately entitled were not always acknowledged. In older English authors we find continual gibes at what was known as index-learning. Thus, John Glanville writes in his "Vanity of Dogmatizing," "Methinks 'tis a pitiful piece of knowledge that can be learnt from an index, and a poor ambition to be rich in the inventory of another's treasure." And Swift and Pope both use an image which has become classic. In the "Dunciad," Old Dulness explains to her votaries

How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.

Swift was before Pope. In the "Tale of a Tub" he had said,—

The most accomplished way of using books at present is twofold: either, first, to serve them as men do lords,—learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the *Index*, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door. For the arts are all in a flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body by consulting only what comes from behind.

But before the time of Pope and Swift the *pros* and *cons* had been admirably though quaintly summarized by Thomas Fuller, and the value of the index triumphantly vindicated. "I confess," he says, "there is a lazy kind of learning which is only indical, when scholars (like adders, which only bite the horse's heels) nibble but at the tables, which are *calces librorum*, neglecting the body of the book. But, though the idle deserve no crutches (let not a staff be used by them, but on them), pity it is the weary should be denied the benefit thereof, and industrious scholars prohibited the accommodation of an index, most used by those who most pretend to condemn it." Carlyle heartily approved this sentiment. His citations of the German historians who supplied the materials for his "Frederick the Great" form one continuous wall

over their neglect to provide indexes as a guide through the wide-spread, inorganic, trackless desert of their writings "to the poor half-peck of cinders hidden in wagon-load of ashes, no sieve allowed." Lord Campbell is reported to have proposed that any author who published a book without an index should be deprived of the benefit of the Copyright Act.

It was towards the close of the sixteenth century that the value of indexes first began to be appreciated, though only in a staccato sort of fashion. Some books, like Lyndewood's "Constitutiones Provinciales" (London, 1525), Juan de Pineda's "History of the World" (Salamanca, 1588), and Baronius's "Annales Ecclesiastici" (1588 to 1607), possessed full and excellent indexes, which are still the admiration of the scholar and the bibliophile. And even where an author published an important book without an index he seems sometimes to have had an uneasy consciousness that he was not doing the right thing by the reader. Thus, Howel's "Discourse concerning the Precedency of Kings" (1664) has a preliminary notice, nominally from "The Bookseller to the Reader," which runs as follows: "The reason why there is no Table or Index added hereunto is, that every page in this work is so full of signal remarks that were they couch'd in an Index it would make a volume as big as the book, and so make the Postern Gate to bear no proportion to the building." This is amusing enough as a magnificent bit of egotism, but the plea is one which the true index-lover cannot for a moment admit.

An index need not be dry. There are instances in literature where it is the most interesting, nay, delightful, portion of the book. Take Prynne's "Histrio-Mastix." Carlyle rightly refers to it as "a book still extant, but never more to be read by mortal." Well, many a mortal might still find amusement from its index. It is very evident that the index, and perhaps the index alone, had been read by Attorney-General Noy. When engaged in the prosecution of Prynne for publishing this very book, he pointed out that the accused "says Christ was a Puritan in his Index." Here are a few amusing extracts from the same index:

Crossing of the face when men go to plays shuts in the Devil.

Devils—inventors and fomenters of stage-plays and dancing. Have stage-plays in hell every Lord's-day night.

Heaven—no stage-plays there.

Kings—infamous for them to act or frequent Playes or favour Players.

Players—many of them Papists and most desperate wicked wretches.

These bits of wisdom, so lightly and succinctly treated in the index, are weighted down in the book itself with such a mass of verbiage as to be absolutely forbidding.

Mr. Burton, in his "Book-Hunter," justly observes that an expert controversialist need not exhaust himself in the body of the book, but "if he be very skilful he may let fly a few Parthian arrows from the index." This great truth had already been discovered and acted upon by Dr. William King, whom D'Israeli calls the inventor of satirical and humorous indexes. Thus, in his index to the famous book which the Christ Church wits published against Bentley's "Phalaris" (1698), we have reference to Dr. Bentley's "modesty and decency in contradicting great men" followed by the names of Plato, Selden, Grotius, Erasmus, and ending with "everybody." The last entry, "his profound skill in criticism," refers the inquirer "from beginning to end."

A further elaboration of this idea was to take the work of an antagonist and turn it to ridicule in a satirical index. This was not infrequently done for political effect, as in the case of William Bromley, a Tory member of Parliament who, in 1705, was a candidate for the Speakership. His opponents

republished a juvenile book of travels which he had issued twelve years before with an index which was full of malicious humor. Thus :

Eight pictures take up less room than sixteen of the same size, p. 14.

February an ill season to see a garden in, p. 53.

Three several sorts of wine drank by the author out of one vessel, p. 101.

The English Jesuites Colledge at Rome may be made larger than 'tis by uniting other Buildings to it, p. 132.

The Duchess dowager of Savoy, who was grandmother to the present Duke, was mother to his father, p. 243.

Dr. Parr had in his possession a copy of this book so indexed which had formerly belonged to Bromley himself. In it was the manuscript note, "This edition of these travels is a specimen of the good nature and good manners of the Whigs. This printing of my book was a very malicious proceeding; my words and meaning being very plainly perverted in several places. But the performances of others may be in like manner exposed, as appears by the like tables published for the travels of Bishop Burnet and Mr. Addison."

Perhaps it was with some premonitory anticipations of these wilful perversions of the index-maker that a once celebrated Spaniard, quoted by the bibliographer Nicolaus Antonius, held that the index of a book should be made by the author, even if the book itself were written by some one else. Macaulay, too, recognized how an author's words can be turned against himself when he wrote to his publishers, "Let no d——d Tory make the Index to my History."

Nevertheless, if authors were to make their own indexes we should be deprived of many good stories of mistakes and misapprehensions, which, however exasperating to the anxious inquirer, have afforded pleasant food for mirth for many generations. The story about Mr. Best's great mind is a classic. As usually quoted it occurred as an entry in the index to Binns' "Justice," thus :

Best, Mr. Justice, his great mind.

And when the reader turned to the designated page, full of anticipatory admiration, he found only "Mr. Justice Best said that he had a great mind to commit the man for trial." Alas! the ruthless scientific investigator who has deprived us of William Tell, and King Alfred's cakes, and Washington's hatchet, could not allow this little gem to escape his devastating eye. Beyond a doubt the entry does not occur in Binns' "Justice." Nobody has been able to find it elsewhere. In all probability it is an anecdote invented out of the whole cloth as a personal fling against Sir William Draper Best, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas from 1824 to 1829, and it is even said to have been invented by Leigh Hunt and first published in the *Examiner*.

Another classic is the oft-quoted entry,—

Mill on Liberty.
" on the Floss.

Mr. Wheatley, in his excellent little monograph "What is an Index?" assures us that this is not an invention, but actually occurred in a catalogue. And he gives a number of companion-blunders which are quite as good.

The following are from the index of the "Companion to the Almanack" (London, 1643) :

Cotton, Sir Willoughby.
" price of.
Old Stratford Bridge.
" Style.

And the following are perpetuated in the indexes to various editions of "Pepys's Diary :

Child, Mr.
 " of Hales, the giant.
 Court Ladies, masculine attire of the.
 " of Arches.
 Fish, method of preserving.
 " Mrs.
 Lamb's conduit.
 " wool.
 Scotland, state of.
 " Yard.

In one of the volumes of the Rolls series there is a blunder of a different kind. Jude in the body of the book is misprinted Inde, consequently the "land of Jude," that is, Judea, is indexed India, with the following extraordinary result :

India . conquered by Judas Maccabeus and his brethren, 56.

A similar mistake occurs in a French bibliographical list, where White-knights, the former seat of a Lord Blandford, is given as "le Chevalier Blanc." Another foreign book cautiously but correctly explains that a learned society of the West Riding is not a "société hippique."

Index-makers are often betrayed by similarity of names, or by different renditions of the same name, into ludicrous blunders. Thus, in an index to the "Letters of Sir George Cornewall Lewis" (1870) appear the following entries :

Mill, John, his article on Civilization, 49. His Dialogue on Theory and Practice, 49. His "History of British India," 72. His book on Logic, 120, 245.

Mill, John Stuart, his letter to Sir A. Duff Gordon, referring to Mr. Austin's article on Centralization, 153.

Evidently in the index-maker's opinion John Mill and John Stuart Mill are two distinct persons. In revenge, John Mill and James Mill are blended into one. Turning first to p. 49, we find Sir George speaking in disparagement of a "dialogue on theory and practice in the *London Review* by old Mill in the character of Plato. *Per contra*," he adds, "there is an article on Civilization by John Mill which is worth reading." There may arise historians in the future who, on the joint evidence of the text and of the index, will construct a theory that at thirty years of age John Mill was prematurely old. This identification of the father and the son bears a certain literary analogy to the theological heresy of the Patripassians. Again, under reference to Archbishop Whately in the index appears "His book of gardening, 160." The inquirer, turning to page 160 for information about a book he has never heard of, learns, "Whately, the author of the book on gardening, was either the father or the uncle of the Archbishop of Dublin." From text and index combined it follows that Archbishop Whately was either his own father or his own uncle. Extraordinary as these mistakes may appear, they are not without parallel in our own and in foreign literature. Thus, in an edition of Vapereau's "Dictionnaire des Contemporains" John Forster the editor of the *Examiner* is mixed up with John Foster the moralist, and of Francis Newman we are told that his work on the "Soul" was responsible for numerous returns to the Christian faith. The index-maker who rolled Louis the Pious and St. Louis under one heading no doubt thought he had achieved a very clever feat and taught his author to be more careful of his epithets. Emperors and Popes are great snares to the index-makers ; so are Ferdinands, Fredericks, Henrys,—any royal name which is to be found in more than one country.

There are some mistakes, however, which are sufficiently venial. In the case of people who have two or three surnames, it is only natural that the index-maker should be at fault. It would not be easy at a first attempt to assign his proper position to Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton, first Lord Lytton and a baronet ; and similar difficulties are suggested by the names

of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. The rule which most authorities are now agreed upon, that the names of peers should be arranged under their titles and not their family names, is subject to numerous recognized exceptions. Though Lord Lytton would now go under Lytton, and the Earl of Oxford under Oxford, the Earl of Orford would be classed under Walpole, because that is the name by which he is familiarly known to the public. Another source of confusion is afforded by women who assume a new name with every marriage and remarriage.

A still more delicate point is involved in the case of George Eliot. During the larger portion of her authorial life she was known as Mrs. Lewes; but she was never legally Mrs. Lewes. Her maiden name was Mary Ann Evans, her name by her last and only legal union was Mrs. Cross. Yet, on the whole, librarians prefer to catalogue her as Mrs. Lewes.

Cross-references are a frequent source of confusion to the careless or incompetent. We can all sympathize with Cobbett's complaint in his "Woodlands:" "Many years ago I wished to know whether I could raise birch-trees from the seed. I then looked into the great book of knowledge, the 'Encyclopædia Britannica:' there I found in the general dictionary,—

BIRCH tree—*see Betula* (Botany Index).

I hastened to *Betula* with great eagerness, and there I found,—

BETULA—*see Birch* tree.

That was all; and this was pretty encouragement."

Again, in Eadie's "Dictionary of the Bible" (1850) there is a reference "Dorcas, *see* Tabitha," but there is no Tabitha to be seen when one looks where she ought to be.

Cross-referencing has other curiosities. In Hawkins's "Pleas of the Crown" there are some most amusing instances of apparent *non sequiturs*:

Assault, *see* Son.
Chastity, *see* Homicide.
Convicts, *see* Clergy.
Death, *see* Appeal.
King, *see* Treason.
Shop, *see* Burglary.
Sickness, *see* Bail.

Some index-makers make no cross-references, but enter the same subject under all its possible heads. This often leads to unnecessary duplications and increases the bulk of the index without corresponding gain. An instance may be cited from the index to St. George Mivart's "Origin of Human Reason," where a short story of a cockatoo appears no fewer than fifteen times:

Absurd tale about a Cockatoo, 136.
Anecdote, absurd one, about a Cockatoo, 136.
Bathos and a Cockatoo, 136.
Cockatoo, absurd tale concerning one, 136.
Discourse held with a Cockatoo, 136.
Incredibly absurd tale of a Cockatoo, 136.
Invalid Cockatoo, absurd tale about, 136.
Mr. R—— and tale about a Cockatoo, 136.
Preposterous tale about a Cockatoo, 136.
Questions answered by a Cockatoo, 136.
R——, Mr., and tale about a Cockatoo, 136.
Rational Cockatoo, as asserted, 136.
Tale about a rational Cockatoo, as asserted, 136.
Very absurd tale about a Cockatoo, 136.
Wonderfully foolish tale about a Cockatoo, 136.

In the card catalogue at the Public Library in Boston is an interesting entry, "God, *see* Fiske, J.," which reminds one that the heading to one of the

shelves is "D. The Poor." This at first blush sounds like an echo of William K. Vanderbilt's phrase, "D—— the people."

A tombstone might seem a strange place on which to find a cross-reference. In Barnes church-yard, England, the following inscription appears on the monument to a once-famous actor :

Mr. J. Moody,

A native of the Parish of Saint Clement Danes
and an old member of Drury Lane Theatre.

For his Memoirs see the European Magazine; for his professional abilities see Churchill's Rosciad.

Obiit Dec. 26, 1812,
Anno Ætatis 85.

Great inconvenience often results from the ignoring of the important catch-words to which readers would naturally refer. Thus, of the index to the handsome edition of Jewell's "Apology" by Isaacson (1825), Mr. Wheatley sweepingly asserts, "I think I may say that there is hardly an entry in the index that would be of any use to the consulter," and he gives a few specimens :

Belief of a resurrection.

If Protestants are Heretics, let the Papists prove them so from Scripture.

In withdrawing themselves from the Church of Rome, Protestants have not erred from Christ and the Apostles.

The Pope assumes regal power.

He finds equal reason to disapprove of the Catalogue of the British Museum. "Could any plan be adopted," he asks, "by which the following books would more thoroughly be hidden out of sight than by the following arrangement?—

KIND. A Kind of a Dialogue in Hudibrasticks; designed for the use of the unthinking and unlearned. (1739.)

KINDS. How to make several kinds of miniature pumps and a fire-engine; a book for boys. (1860.)

And he also pathetically describes a vain search for the date of the first edition of the Latin "Gradus," which eventually turned up among "Dictionaries."

Worse than the neglect of the proper catch-word is the total omission of the very things which ought to be chronicled in an index. Paradoxical as it may seem, the fact remains a fact that it is the less important details which are most important in an index. The important topics you can easily find without an index. They belong to the essential logic of the work, therefore you know not only that they are there, but, approximately, where to find them. Not so with some minor point of detail, some name, some title, some minute fact, some illustrative anecdote or quotation, which, being embedded in the general discussion, may therefore be anywhere. Now, the mechanical index-maker too often argues that these things do not matter to the main story, so they need not be in the index. But it is precisely because they do not matter to the main story that they ought to be put in the index. It is exactly for the kind of things which the index-maker leaves out that the index is really wanted. The things which he puts in we could find without his help. With the things for which we really need his help he refuses to help us.

The path of the index-maker, therefore, is beset with difficulties. And the reason that indexes are seldom done well is, that they are quite above the powers of those who commonly undertake them, while they are thought to be beneath the powers of the only people who really can do them. Most people think that an index is a purely mechanical work, which can safely be entrusted to any harmless drudge. Now, this idea is all wrong. Index-making is no merely mechanical business. It calls for careful thought, for a considerable knowledge of the subject of the book indexed, for some sort of

sympathy not only with the author but with his readers. A perfect index can perhaps be made only by the author himself; even a tolerable one cannot be made except by one who has thoroughly familiarized himself with the author's matter and manner.

And as we have few perfect indexes, nay, few tolerable ones, we cannot but admit the justice of the following acrostic, contributed to *Notes and Queries*, second series, i. 481 :

I
Never
Did
Ensure
Xactness.

Indo-European, of India and Europe, a term applied to the Aryan race, which was the parent stock of both Hindoo and European. Max Müller once said that the coining of this word not only marked a new epoch in the study of language, but ushered in a new period in the history of the world. Alien races, who had long looked upon each other with averted eyes as strangers and inferiors, found in the linguistic bond evidenced by consonants, vowels, and accents an intellectual fraternity, if not an actual genealogical relationship. It was not so much that either the one or the other party felt very much raised in their own eyes by this discovery, as that a feeling sprang up between them that, after all, they might be chips of the same block. And he quotes approvingly from an American authority, who affirms that "the discovery of the Sanskrit language and literature has been of more value to England in the retention and increase of her Indian Empire than an army of one hundred thousand men." Perhaps we may doubt whether the practical humanizing effect of the conclusions of philology is quite as great in overcoming race-prejudice as Max Müller believes; but their power in broadening the minds of men is certainly very great. Questions of politics and statesmanship will hardly be influenced by linguistic generalizations; but any sense of the antiquity of our Aryan relationships ought to give us a fuller sympathy with the other civilizations of our stock, and a sounder foundation for our respect for those of our own Germanic branch.

Indulgence, in the terminology of the Roman Catholic Church, does not mean, as many imagine, a permission to commit sin, or the purchase of forgiveness for sins committed. It is taken from Roman jurisprudence, where *indulgentia*, meaning graciousness, is used as the opposite of *severitas*. A parent, a creditor, or a magistrate shows indulgence when he mitigates or remits a fine or punishment. That is all. In the Catholic Church an indulgence is not the pardon of sin, but the remission or mitigation of ecclesiastical penalties. It is never exercised save towards the penitent whose sin has been forgiven. Indulgences came up in the early Church, when persons had to be dealt with who had renounced the Christian religion and then asked for reinstatement in the Church. Among the first indulgences in the Christian Church is St. Paul's (II. Cor. ii. 6-11) towards the sinner at Corinth (I. Cor. v.). Such kindness towards a repenting sinner was called *philanthropy*, a term used repeatedly in the New Testament and also at the council at Ancyra (the modern Angora in Asia Minor), A.D. 314, where bishops were authorized to mitigate the length of an offender's penitence, this act being called *philanthroping*. The schoolmen tried to find a working theory for such clemency, by assuming that the Church could administer the treasure of good works accumulated by the saints and by the founder of the Christian religion. Christ, so they taught, had done more than to satisfy for all sins of repentant mankind, and the excess of his work could be applied to the benefit of penitent sinners. In the same way many saints, through works of supererogation, had

done more than vindicate their right to heaven, and the balance due them lay in the ecclesiastical treasury, ready to be applied to the sufferers in purgatory or the repentant on earth. This theory is offered by Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas. The Protestant Church rejected the theory, but in practice retained the exercise of indulgences, precisely as parents, teachers, employers, creditors, judges, and heads of government practise indulgence, either by mitigating a sentence or by its entire remission. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, affirmed at the Council of Trent (sess. xxv., ch. 21, s. 538) that it had the right to grant indulgences, that they are "most salutary," that they are to be retained, and that those are anathema who affirm them to be useless. The people at large, even many in the Catholic Church, have frequently misunderstood the nature of indulgences, and many Catholic agents have scandalously abused the privilege. The official doctrine of the modern Catholic Church is simply this, that it may exercise clemency towards the penitent whose sins are forgiven, and that the privilege of granting indulgences is vested in the Pope, not in the bishops, and still less in the priests.

Influence. In American current phrase, to have political influence is to have power to secure appointment to public office, or by hugger-mugger to be able to secure favors from legislative and other public functionaries and from organized political parties. The ward-boss, in the words of his heelers, has "infloence."

Inn. To many writers, an inn appears to be the ideal of comfort and happiness. Indeed, Dr. Johnson expressly called a tavern-chair "the throne of human felicity," and declared that nothing that had been contrived by man had produced so much happiness as a good tavern or inn. (BOSWELL: *Life*, 1776.) Falstaff asks, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" (*Henry IV., Part I., Act iii., Sc. 2.*)—which seems to have been a proverbial saying, for in Heywood's "Proverbs" we find the line,—

Let the world wagge, and take mine ease in mine inne.

A very curious coincidence is worth noting. Miss Reynolds informs us that while Johnson was reciting Shenstone's poem "The Sun" he slipped in the following extempore lines :

And once again I shape my way
Through rain, through shine, through thick and thin,
Secure to meet at close of day
A kind reception at an inn.

Recollections.

Now, before Johnson, Shenstone himself had written on the window of an inn at Henley,—

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

But Cato the Censor (B.C. 234-149) looked upon an inn as a poor substitute for a home, if we may judge inferentially from his comparison, "Man must depart from life as from an inn, not as from a dwelling." Later writers have adopted and amplified the comparison :

Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend :
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.

DRYDEN: *Palamon and Arcite*, iii. 887.

In Heaven is our home, in the world is our inn : do not so entertain yourself in the inn of this world for a day as to have thy mind withdrawn from longings after the heavenly home. —GERHARD: *Meditations*, xxviii.

Our life is nothing but a winter's day :
 Some only break their fast, and so away :
 Others stay dinner and depart full-fed :
 The deepest age but sups and goes to bed :
 He's most in debt that lingers out the day :
 Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.

FRANCIS QUARLES: *Divine Fancies* (1633).

The verses of Quarles have passed into church-yard literature, and, varied, amplified, and paraphrased, appear on numerous English tombstones. Here is an example from Barnwell church-yard, near Cambridge, England :

Man's life is like a winter's day,
 Some only breakfast and away ;
 Others to dinner stay and are full-fed,
 The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
 Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
 Who goes the soonest has the least to pay ;
 Death is the waiter, some few run on tick,
 But some, alas ! must pay the bill to Nick !
 Though I owed much, I hope long trust is given,
 And truly mean to pay my debts in heaven.

Innocuous desuetude. On January 28, 1886, President Cleveland, through Attorney-General Garland, refused to transmit to the Senate, in executive session, the papers with reference to certain suspensions from office made during a recess of the Senate. On February 18, resolutions were presented in the Senate by the Republicans censuring the Attorney-General for refusing to give information as to the suspensions, and announcing that it would not confirm persons nominated to succeed suspended officials where the reasons for suspension were not given. The Republicans based their action mainly on an Act of Congress, passed in 1867, which provided that "in cases of suspension from office during a recess of the Senate, the President should report, within twenty days after the next meeting of the Senate, such suspension, with the evidence and reasons for his action in the case." President Cleveland stood by his Attorney-General, and in a message to the Senate, March 1, 1886, he argued that the Constitution gives to the President the sole right of removal or suspension, and that he is responsible to the people alone, that those sections of the Tenure of Office Act which directed the President to report to the Senate his reasons for suspension had been repealed, or had become obsolete :

And so it happens that after an existence of nearly twenty years of an almost innocuous desuetude these laws are brought forth, apparently the repealed as well as the unrepealed, and put in the way of an executive who is willing, if permitted, to attempt an improvement in the methods of administration.

The words "innocuous desuetude" were caught up by the newspapers, imitated, burlesqued, and ridiculed.

Ins and Outs, i.e., those who are in power and in possession of the political offices, and those who are not but would like to be. The words are more definite and distinctive of the real difference between opposing factions of political partisans than ordinary party names, which latter often stand for certain sets of political principles and convictions, at one time or in one State, and something quite different at or in another.

Inside track, in politics, as on the race-course, the shortest route to victory. Sometimes used synonymously with "influence" (*q. v.*).

Institution. "The institution" was a common euphemism for slavery in America.

I am not going into the slavery question. I am not an advocate for "the institution."—**THACKERAY: Roundabout Papers, No. 17.**

Insult and Injury. In his fable of "The Bald Man and the Gnat," Phædrus relates how a bald man seeking to crush a gnat that had settled upon his pate only succeeded in striking himself a heavy blow. The gnat jeeringly said, "You wanted to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death: what will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury?"

("Quid facies tibi,
Injuriz qui addideris contumeliam?")

International. This word is the invention of Jeremy Bentham. It seems now almost inconceivable how the world could get along without it. "The word international introduced by the immortal Bentham, and Mr. Carlyle's gigmanity," says Hall (*Modern English*, p. 19), "are significantly characteristic of the utilitarian philanthropist and the futilitarian misanthropist respectively."

The following is the paragraph in which the word made its first appearance:

With regard to the political quality of the persons whose conduct is the object of law. These may, on any given occasion, be considered either as members of the same state, or as members of different states; in the first case the law may be referred to the head of internal, in the second case to that of international, jurisprudence. The word international, it must be acknowledged, is a new one, though, it is hoped, sufficiently analogous and intelligible. It is calculated to express, in a more significant way, the branch of law which goes under the name of the law of nations,—an appellation so uncharacteristic that, were it not for the force of custom, it would seem rather to refer to internal jurisprudence. The Chancellor d'Aguesseau has already made, I find, a similar remark: he says that what is commonly called *droit des gens* ought rather to be termed *droit entre les gens*.—BENTHAM: *Introduction to Principles of Morals*.

Interrupted sentences. "How you frightened me!" cried Lamb in a letter to Thomas Allsop in the summer of 1829. "Never write again 'Coleridge is dead' at the end of a line and tamely come in 'to his friends' at the beginning of another. Love is quicker, and fear from love, than the transition ocular from line to line." Allsop's offence was doubtless unintentional. Yet many wags have of malice prepense adopted this method of raising the expectations, hopes, or fears of the party addressed, to dash them to earth again the next moment with a laugh. Lord Erskine, for example, was in the habit of making a very effective pause in all letters replying to solicitations for subscriptions. He wrote, "Sir,—I feel much honored by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe"—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—"myself your very obedient servant," etc.

One of the best instances of this form of pause occurred in a letter received by a popular physician. This gentleman was pleased with a certain aerated water, and by his assiduous recommendations procured for it a celebrity it justly deserved. The doctor acted solely in the interests of humanity generally, and expected no return. To his surprise, there came one morning an effusive letter from the company, saying that his recommendations had done them so much good that they "ventured to send him a hundred—" Here the page came to an end. "This will never do," said the doctor; "it is very kind, but I could not think of accepting anything." He turned the page, and found the sentence ran—"of our circulars for distribution."

Much more satisfactory to the recipient was Lord Eldon's note to his friend Dr. Fisher, of the Charterhouse: "Dear Fisher,—I cannot to-day give you the preferment for which you ask. Your sincere friend, Eldon. (*Turn over.*) I gave it to you yesterday."

Dean Swift could not have concocted a more bitter joke than that of the testator who, after citing the obligations he was under to a particular friend, bequeathed to him, at the bottom of the first page of his will, ten thousand—dollars, of course, thought the delighted legatee; but on turning the leaf the

bequest was discovered to be ten thousand thanks. What a wet blanket for "great expectations"!

An amusing story of a similar kind is told of a lady, a Roman Catholic, who in her last illness promised the priest to leave him a sum of money for charitable uses. When she was dying, she begged the priest to come nearer to the bedside, and gasped out, "Father—I've—given—you——" "Stay," said the priest, anxious to have as many witnesses as possible to the expected statement, "I will call in the family;" and, opening the door, he beckoned them all in. "I've given you," repeated the old lady, with increasing difficulty,—"given—you—a great deal of trouble."

This incident may remind the reader of a passage in one of Lord Bolingbroke's letters, in which, writing to a friend, he says, "I am very sorry my Lord Marlborough gives you so much trouble. It is the only thing he will give you."

A wife gave her husband a sealed letter, begging him not to open it till he got to his place of business. When he did so, he read,—

"I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know it, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that it was coming, but kept it to myself until to-day, when it has reached a crisis, and I cannot keep it any longer. You must not censure me too harshly, for you must reap the results as well as myself. I do hope it won't crush you."

Here he turned the page, his hair slowly rising.

"The coal is all used up! Please call and ask for some to be sent this afternoon. I thought by this method you would not forget it."

He didn't.

At the New York Chautauqua Assembly in the summer of 1889, when Dr. Henson, of Chicago, came to lecture on "Fools," Bishop Vincent introduced him thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are now to have a lecture on 'Fools,' by one of the most distinguished"—long pause and loud laughter—"men of Chicago." Dr. Henson, whose readiness of wit holds every emergency captive, began his lecture, when silence was at length restored, by saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not as great a fool as Bishop Vincent"—long pause and uproarious laughter—"would have you think."

The value of an explanation is finely illustrated in the old story of a king who sent to another king, saying, "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else——" The other, in high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied, "I have not got one, and if I had——" On this weighty cause they went to war for many years. After a satiety of glories and miseries, they finally bethought them that, as their armies and resources were exhausted and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well enough to consult about the preliminaries of peace. Before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which formed the ground of the quarrel. "What could you mean," said the second king to the first, "by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else——'?" "Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color. But," he continued, "what did you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had——'?" "Why, of course, if I had, I should have sent it." The explanation was entirely satisfactory, and peace was concluded accordingly.

In its obituary notice of the Rev. Charles Spurgeon a Washington paper repeated and attributed to that clergyman a very ancient gag. The story ran that one warm summer day he began his sermon with the words "It's a d——d hot day," and when he had electrified his audience out of all actual or potential somnolence he blandly added, "as I heard a somewhat irreverent young

man say at the door-step," and then went on to preach against the sin of levity and blasphemy. The same story has also been fathered upon Beecher. A correspondent of the paper forthwith wrote to show what an ancient and peripatetic rounder the story is :

In 1848, the year before Mr. Spurgeon entered the pulpit as a "boy preacher," I was the youngest apprentice in a printing-office, the foreman of which used to repeat a story exactly identical with the above, except that he laid it to the charge of a minister who had labored and died in Erie, Pennsylvania, years before, when the foreman was a boy. Twenty years later the story was revived, with Henry Ward Beecher's name in it. After it had gone the rounds several years in the face of explicit denials, I mentioned to Mr. Beecher my first acquaintance with the story, under circumstances which carried it back to a period before his birth. He smilingly replied that he was tired of denying the truth of the story as applied to himself, and felt compelled to let it run. And now that same old lie comes to the surface again, with Mr. Spurgeon as the principal actor; it will never die. In the dim future, when some dusky scholar from Central Africa sits upon the crumbling arches of the Congressional Library and views the ruins of the Capitol, it will still be in circulation, modified only by inserting the name of the latest renowned preacher.

An equally ancient chestnut is attributed to Spurgeon by the Rev. Mr. Haweis, who says that once, in the middle of his sermon, the preacher shouted out, "What's that thee says, Paul, 'I can do all things'? I'll bet thee half a crown o' that." So the preacher took out half a crown and put it on the Bible. "However," he continued, "let's see what the apostle has to say for himself." So he read on, "'through Christ that strengtheneth me.' Oh," says he, "if that's the terms of the bet I'm off!" and he put the half-crown back into his pocket. The same story had already been told of Rev. Rowland Hill.

A good story is told of a cantankerous Kentucky Hard-Shell who read from Revelation, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven: a woman——" Pausing here, he added, "Yes, John, it was a wonder if there was a woman there. It was the first one and the last one as'll ever get there."

And here is another good old chestnut that every now and then bobs up again from out of the waters of oblivion: An old preacher, after service on Sunday, announced his reading for the following Sabbath. During the week some mischievous boys managed to paste together two of the leaves of his Bible just where he was to read. So on Sunday the minister read as follows: "And Noah took unto himself a wife who was"—and here he turned the leaf—"forty cubits broad, one hundred and forty cubits long." With a look of astonishment he wiped his glasses, re-read and verified the passage, and then said, "My friends, although I have read the Bible many times, this is the first time I have ever seen this passage, but I take it as another evidence of the fact that man is most fearfully and wonderfully made."

Lord Palmerston once made use of some very effective pauses which he could not have prepared beforehand. While electioneering at Taunton he was greatly troubled by a butcher who wanted him to support a certain Radical policy. At the end of one of his lordship's speeches the butcher called out,—

"Lord Palmerston, will you give me a plain answer to a plain question?"

"I will."

"Will you, or will you not support this measure,—a Radical bill?"

Lord Palmerston hesitated, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, replied, "I will"—he stopped (tremendous Radical cheers)—"not"—continued his lordship (another stop and loud Conservative applause)—"tell you." Whereat he immediately retired.

A certain Mr. Martin, member of the House of Commons, had a reputation for wit which survives in only a single example. He had delivered a furious invective against Sir Harry Vane, and when he had buried him under a load of sarcasm, he said, "But as for young Sir Harry Vane——" and so sat down. The House was astounded. Several members exclaimed,—

"What have you to say against young Sir Harry?"

Martin at once rose, and added, "Why, if young Sir Harry lives to be old he will be old Sir Harry."

A memorable scene in the same house was that when Disraeli's maiden speech was cut short by his fellow-members. Here is the *Morning Chronicle's* report of the *fiasco*: "'Notwithstanding the noble lord, secure on the pedestal of power, may wield in one hand the keys of St. Peter, and——' Here the honorable member was interrupted with such loud and incessant bursts of laughter that it was impossible to know whether he really closed his sentence or not." Richard Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), who was sitting beside Disraeli, and, when the latter muttered, "The time will come when you will hear me," replied, "Yes, old fellow, so it will,"—Milnes wrote in a letter that the Attorney-General had the impudence, not knowing Disraeli personally, to go up to him in the lobby and say, "A very pleasant speech of yours, Mr. Disraeli. Will you be kind enough to tell me what Lord John held besides the keys of St. Peter?" "The red cap of liberty, sir."

Interview, a feature of modern journalism of distinctly American invention, and still flourishing most vigorously in its native soil, but not unknown in England, while in France it has almost acclimated itself under the delightful name of *interviewee*. Mr. James Redpath, the historian, used to claim that he was the original interviewer. "I started the practice of interviewing many years ago," he remarked to a reporter of the *New York Evening Telegram*, just before his death, "in the columns of the *Boston Advertiser*. My first interview was widely discussed, and my plan was immediately imitated by Editor Dana, of the *Sun*, who, the day after my interview appeared, sent out a corps of writers to interview the leading men of the day on various topics." Mr. Hudson, however, in his "History of American Journalism," says the practice was commenced by the *New York Herald* in 1859, at the time of the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry. This authority does not mention the name of the original interviewer, but he says that the first interviewee (readers will please not confound this with the Franco-English word) was Gerrit Smith, the well-known Abolitionist, who was called upon at his home in Peterborough by a representative of the *Herald*. The interview was published in full in conversational style, and created a sensation. "It was the origin of interviewing. Interviews were had on the eve of the rebellion, in 1860, with leading rebels at their homes,—one, in particular, between Alexander H. Stephens and Robert Toombs and a special correspondent of the *Herald*, with entertaining and instructive results." After the war they were continued with leading statesmen, army and navy officers, and politicians.

But all this was in a staccato and amateurish sort of way. As a regular institution, as part of the reportorial profession, the interview seems to date from about 1868. This was probably the period Mr. Redpath had in mind when he claimed to be the original interviewer. At that time the two most interesting figures in American political life, from the point of view of the reporter, were Charles Sumner and General Butler. Both were willing to talk, the former on the Alabama question, the latter on his Greenback crusade. The public was eager to hear from both. And so day after day they were interviewed. The politicians all over the land were agog at this new pulpit opened for their occupancy. Quick to see the advantages of the system, they coyly requested to be interviewed also. Whenever a candidate came up for office, whenever a politician wished to call attention to himself, to explain some scandal that had attached to him, to boom a political project in which he was interested, he always managed to get himself interviewed. Abuses crept in. As the *New York Nation* observed, June 23, 1869, "The interview as at present

managed is generally the joint production of some humbug of a hack politician and another humbug of a newspaper reporter. The one lives by being notorious, and the other by seeking out notorieties and being spicy,—by stringing together personalities about them. Sometimes, of course, it happens that the opinions given are those of an able and respectable man, but this is very rare, and it is still rarer that when this does happen they have been honestly learned by the person who gives them to the press. Usually he has made a rascally use of a chance opportunity, or in some indirect manner has learned what So-and-so has said among his friends, and this he puts down, mixed with other matters, as having been said to himself." There was a good deal of truth in the *Nation's* charges. Yet the general tone of the article was too despondent. Abuses existed, as we have said, indeed, they still exist, yet the interview has, on the whole, vindicated its right to existence. One may perhaps assume a tacit recognition of this fact in the answer which the *Nation* itself, nearly fifteen years afterwards, made to the strictures of the London press on this very subject. "The attitude of the English newspapers towards 'interviews' is a curiously contradictory one," says the *Nation* of November 29, 1883. "When interviewing began to be a regular enterprise a few years ago, the English leader-writers denounced it as the most dreadful form which American impertinence had yet assumed. They continue to denounce it in much the same terms now, but, strangely enough, they ignore the actual presence of the interview in their own columns. All the leading London papers employ American correspondents, who send daily despatches concerning all important American events, and their longest despatches are nearly always interviews with illustrious Englishmen who are visiting this country. It has frequently happened that a London journal has contained on the same day a leading article denouncing interviewing, and a column cable message, costing several hundred dollars, which was an interview pure and simple." And then it tells the story of how a London journal published a long cable despatch, reproducing the substance of an interview with Herbert Spencer in New York, and simultaneously a scathing leader condemning the irrepressible impertinence with which Mr. Spencer had been worried during his entire visit in America, until he had been forced to give his views in order to obtain peace. The plain truth is that, instead of being worried into an interview, Mr. Spencer prepared it himself and sent it through a friend to all the New York newspapers for simultaneous publication. Other foreign visitors have taken to the interviewing system with equal favor.

There is Max O'Rell, for example. One of the most genial and amusing chapters in "Jonathan and his Continent" is that on the interview. He acknowledges that he found it something of an ordeal. But the humor of the situation and the cleverness of his interviewers prevented it from becoming annoying. Even before sailing he had received a cable from an enterprising journal asking him for his preconceived ideas of America. His ship had hardly entered the harbor of New York when it was boarded by a boat-load of reporters. They asked him questions, they took his portrait. Finally, he put them off till the afternoon.

"Oh, that first afternoon in New York, spent in the company of the interviewers!" he cries. "I shall never forget it!"

Bored at first, he soon began to be amused. "One wanted biographical details, another the origin of my pseudonyme. One wished to know if I worked in the morning, the afternoon, or the evening; another whether I worked sitting or standing up, and also whether I used ruled paper and quill pens. One reporter asked me if I thought in English or in French, another whether General Boulanger had any chance of soon being elected President of the French Republic. If I crossed my legs during the conversation, if I

took off my glasses, nothing escaped these journalists ; everything was jotted down.

"The questions they asked really appeared to me so commonplace, so trivial, that I was almost ashamed to think I was the hero of this little farce.

"With the idea of giving them something better worth writing, I launched into anecdotes, and told a few to these interviewers.

"This brought about a little scene which was quite comic. If I looked at one reporter a little oftener than the rest, while I told an anecdote, he would turn to his brethren, and say,—

"‘This story is for my paper, you have no right to take it down ; it was told especially to me.’

"‘Not at all,’ would cry the others, ‘it was told to all of us.’

"In spite of this, the harmony of the meeting was not disturbed, and it was easy to see that an excellent spirit of fellowship prevailed in the fraternity.

"With the exception of a phrase or two, occasionally jotted down, they took no notes of my answers to their questions, and I wondered how it was possible that, with so few notes, they would manage to make an article of a hundred or two hundred lines that would be acceptable in an important paper, out of an interview so insignificant and so devoid of interest, according to my idea, as this one.

"After having spent nearly two hours with me, the reporters shook hands, expressed themselves as much obliged to me, and went their way.

"How childish these Americans must be ! thought I ; is it possible that a conversation such as I have just had with those reporters can interest them ?

"Next day, I procured all the New York morning papers, more from curiosity, I must say in justice to myself, than from vanity, for I was not at all proud of my utterances of the day before.

"Judge of my surprise, on opening the first paper, to find nearly two columns full of amusing details, picturesque descriptions, well-told anecdotes, witty remarks, the whole cleverly mingled and arranged by men who, I had always supposed, were mere stenographers.

"Everything was faithfully reported and artistically set down. The smallest incidents were rendered interesting by the manner of telling. The Major, for instance, who, accustomed to this kind of interview for many years, had peacefully dropped asleep, comfortably installed, with his head on the sofa pillows and his feet on the back of a chair ; my own gestures ; the description of the pretty and elegantly-furnished office,—all was very crisp and vivid. They had turned everything to account ; even the arrival of the lemon squash was made to furnish a little paragraph that was droll and attractive. You might have imagined that the whole thing was the first chapter of a novel, commencing with the majestic entry of a steamer into New York harbor.

"Well, I said to myself, the American journalist knows, at any rate, how to make a savory hash out of very little."

Nevertheless, no fair-minded man can deny that great abuses still exist in the methods of reporters and interviewers. They have too little regard for the sanctities of daily life, for the feelings of the living or the memory of the dead, if their wares are only marketable. A good story is told of an Eastern traveller who had put up at a "hotel" in a mining town in Colorado. His window looked on a piazza filled with loafers. It had no shades. So he pinned a shirt across to screen him while he was dressing. It was almost immediately torn down, and to his angry remonstrance the intruder only replied, "I wanted to see what there is so damned private going on here." The loafer's surprise and curiosity were doubtless natural. Still, the traveller was entitled to the screen. Now, the newspaper reporter, like the loafer, does not always understand this great truth.

The most vivid recent instance is afforded by the wedding of President Cleveland. It will be remembered that this took place in the White House in June, 1886, and that subsequently the couple spent their honey-moon in Deer Park, Maryland. Naturally, the President did not care to have his domestic affairs paraded before the world. No reportorial witnesses were permitted within the White House. But the divine voice of the public cried out for news, the great ear of the public was extended for gossip, and the reporters were not to be baffled. They could not gain admittance, but they surrounded the White House, they caught glimpses of the bride and the bridal guests as they drove up to the White House steps, they recorded that the bride's cheeks were tinged with soft color, that her observing eye caught sight of the fact that one of the ladies in descending from her carriage allowed a glimpse of "rather more of her anatomy" than was usual in public, whereupon Miss Folsom "with a dainty kick gathered her skirts about her, and jumped to the walk with only her boot-tips protruding." Nothing of the ceremony itself could be seen by the reporters. Expecting that the President would try to slip away unobserved, "a number of newspaper men," we are quoting from the reports, "stationed themselves near the southwest entrance to the grounds with carriages convenient, to follow the President in case he should make his exit by that gate." This was reported to the President, who baffled his tormentors by taking another and almost unused route. Balked of their prey, the reporters made a wild break for the station in time to see the train move off towards Deer Park, "where the couple hope to spend their honey-moon in quiet. . . The Chicago Limited, which followed the President's special, carried a number of special correspondents, who will reach Oakland about sunrise. None of the hotels open at this season, and the question of providing the journalistic pilgrims with food and shelter will have to resolve itself when the unexpected colony invade the mountain precincts of the President's retreat."

And in very truth they found scant accommodations when they arrived at their destination. Many slept on the bare ground. None had sufficient food. Yet for two weeks they nobly held their ground,—a starving army besieging a home of plenty. The President had taken the precaution to employ eight detectives to guard the approaches to his retreat. These being found insufficient, the number was increased to twelve. The interviewers hid behind bushes and strove to sneak under fences. But the Argus-eyed watchers were too many for them. The bridal couple passed their honey-moon in unchronicled privacy.

Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, himself a newspaper man of large experience, tells this story:

One of the funniest interviews of the past three years was that which was unconsciously given by Senator Ingalls to Mr. Lewsley, then of the *Washington Post*, but now connected with *The World*. Mr. Lewsley was sent to interview Senator Ingalls on politics. Senator Ingalls did not want to talk, and he turned the conversation, at every question that Lewsley put, to the subject of shaving. When Lewsley asked him as to the prospects of the party, Senator Ingalls remarked that Mr. Lewsley's beard needed trimming, and, "as a friend," told him, "a gentleman could not go through life without shaving himself at least once a day."

"You should shave the first thing in the morning," said Ingalls. "You will want a cup of hot water; and as to the razor——"

Here Lewsley broke in, "But, Senator, I want to ask you as to the Presidential situation." "I was speaking of the razor, Mr. Lewsley. I would advise you to get one of the Sheffield make, with a hollow blade, and the lighter and smaller the better; and——"

"But, Senator Ingalls," interrupted Lewsley, "I want to talk to you about the political——" "Ah, Mr. Lewsley, I forgot to speak about the soap. The finest soap you will find on the market is that made in New England by a man named——" And then Ingalls mentioned the name of one of the noted soap men of the United States, and went on with a quarter of a column of eulogy in his usual linguistic pyrotechnics upon the virtues of this shaving-soap.

Mr. Lewsley, finding he could not get what he wanted, left, and, having a certain amount of space to fill, he wrote up the interview on shaving, quoting Ingalls's words as they were uttered.

The next day everybody in Washington was laughing over this interview, and by the following week it was copied into nearly every paper in the United States. Senator Ingalls did not object to it until he saw it on one of the advertising pages of *Harper's Weekly*. The shaving-soap man had taken a picture of Senator Ingalls and had paid for a whole page of *Harper's Weekly* for this and the interview advertising his soap. Mr. Lewsley bought *Harper's Weekly* the day it came out, and he had it in his pocket as, going up towards the Capitol, he met Senator Ingalls, and said,—

"Senator, there are some things in my life of which I feel very proud, and some for which I am sorry. I feel, for once, however, that I have done myself great credit, and I have never appreciated that fact as I do now."

"How so?" said Senator Ingalls.

"I find that I have been the humble means, Senator, of making you truly famous. I have elevated you to the rank of Patti, Henry Ward Beecher, Lydia Pinkham, Harriet Hubbard Ayer, and the other really great who find their place in the advertising columns of great newspapers."

"What do you mean?" said Ingalls.

"I mean this," said Lewsley, and he thereupon handed the Senator the paper. Ingalls screwed his double-spectacled eyes close to the paper a moment without speaking, and then he raised it up and said,—

"My God, Lewsley, you've ruined me!"

"Oh, no, I think not," said Lewsley. "It is just as you have given it to me, is it not?"

"Yes, I believe it is," said Ingalls, "and there is no use in trying to lie out of it. I couldn't afford to enter the ring with a great professional liar like yourself. I will do one thing, however,—I will prevent the reappearance of that advertisement;" and thereupon the Senator went to his room and telegraphed to the soap man that if he did not take that advertisement out of the paper he would be subject to a suit for damages. The result was that the advertisement was dropped.

The newspaper man, indeed, is a dangerous person to fool with. He is extremely ingenious in his methods of retaliation. Here is another story in point. One Bennett was city editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* somewhere in the sixties. It was Bennett's plan, if news were scarce, to make small children—offspring of the brain only—fall from the Newport ferry-boat into the Ohio River, where they would infallibly have been drowned but for the gallant rescue of some by-stander, usually a personal friend of Bennett's. One of these friends, Kellum by name, grew very weary after he had figured several times as a savior of drowning innocents, and requested that Bennett should desist. So, in next day's *Enquirer*, Kellum read that a beautiful little girl, child of a prominent citizen in Newport, had fallen into the river, and that Mr. Kellum, who was standing near and could have rescued her, refused to render the slightest assistance. A few minutes later the maddest man in Cincinnati arrived in the *Enquirer* office, threatening the direst vengeance on Bennett. But Bennett calmly pulled off his coat, and said, "See here, Kellum, you are a good enough fellow in your way, but I can't stand any interference with my department. If I make any statement in the *Enquirer* you mustn't come round here contradicting it. That isn't journalism."

The following story is told of a Democratic convention in Missouri. Each interviewer from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* wore a badge of white satin pinned to his coat-lapel with a silver star, and bearing this legend:

GLOBE-DEMOCRAT INTERVIEWING CORPS.

I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, Father, Royal Dane. Oh, answer me.

Let me not burst in ignorance.

As he finished with his victim, each interviewer handed him a check, which he put in his hat-band, and thus evaded any further bother with the reporters. These checks were inscribed as follows:

PUMPED.

Keep this check in your hat, and you will not again be disturbed by a reporter.

So much for American journalist exploits. Foreigners, especially the English, are rather apt to sneer at them. Yet foreigners, and among them the

English, are learning the same tricks. It was an English scribe who during the Franco-Prussian war, when the French general Bataille occupied Saarbrücken for a brief period, and had his meals sent from a hotel in the town to his tent on the hill,—it was an English scribe who disguised himself as a knight of the napkin, and, in consequence, was enabled to send to his paper an account of what he had seen and heard. Again, when the Lieutenantcy of the City of London went to Windsor to present its congratulations on the recovery of the Prince of Wales, an English newspaper man, in an imitation Windsor uniform, joined the deputation, and, although stopped at the door of the Throne Room, eventually sat down with the luncheon-party in the Waterloo Chamber. It was a German reporter who, during the visit of Emperor William and King Humbert to Naples, disguised himself as a waiter, and succeeded in establishing himself behind the Kaiser's chair during the banquet that followed the naval review. And, again, it was an Englishman, Mr. Beatty Kingston, who was able during the Franco-Prussian war, as correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, to obtain a copy of the convention entered into between Jules Favre and Prince Bismarck for the capitulation of Paris. Dr. Moritz Busch, in his diary of the war, records the latter's astonishment when it appeared in the *Telegraph* of the following day.

Iipse dixit (L., "He himself said it"), an assertion without proof, a dogmatic expression of opinion which neither courts nor will yield to argument. The phrase comes to us through the Romans from the disciples of Pythagoras, who, when asked the reason of their doctrines, would only reply, *Ἄυτός ἐφα*, ("He said so.") The further development of the phrase into ipsedixitism, = the practice of dogmatic assertion, is happily rare.

That day of ipsedixits, I trust, is over.—J. H. NEWMAN: *Letters*, 1875.

Irish. No Irish need apply. In advertisements for servants in American papers this phrase was repeated so often that it grew to be a popular by-word and the shibboleth of the Know-Nothing party and their sympathizers.

He was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. He never could stand it to see things go wrong. He's done more to make this town quiet and respectable than anybody in it. I've seen him lick four Greasers in eleven minutes myself. If a thing wanted regulating, *he warn't* a man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself. He warn't a Catholic. Scasely. He was down on them. His word was "No Irish need apply!" But it made no difference about that when it come down to what a man's rights was; and so, when some roughs jumped the Catholic bone-yard and started to stake out town-lots in it, he *went* for 'em. And he *cleaned* 'em, too! I was there, pard, and I seen it myself.—MARK TWAIN: *Roughing It*, p. 334.

Iron and blood (Ger. "Eisen und Blut"), a famous phrase of Bismarck's, persistently misquoted in the more euphonic form "blood and iron." The germ of the phrase in Bismarck's mind is found in a letter from St. Petersburg to Baron von Schleinitz, the Prussian minister of foreign affairs, written May 12, 1859, which did not, however, see the light of print until 1866: "I perceive in our relations with the Bund a fault of Prussia's which we must heal sooner or later *ferro et igne*." The more famous phrase was uttered in a speech before the Budget Commission of the Prussian House of Delegates, September 30, 1862: "It is desirable and it is necessary that the condition of affairs in Germany and of her constitutional relations should be improved; but this cannot be accomplished by speeches and resolutions of a majority, but only by iron and blood." Yet the phrase was an old one even in Germany. Heine had anticipated it as it stood in the first draught when, in some manuscript memoranda printed after his death, he said, "Napoleon healed the sick nation through sword and fire." (SCHERER: *History of German Literature*, ii. 116.) Schenkendorf, in "Das Eiserne Kreuz," had

anticipated the second form when he said that only iron and blood could save his countrymen; but he had borrowed from Arndt's famous lines,—

Zwar der Tapfere nennt sich Herr der Länder
Durch sein Eisen, durch sein Blut.

Lehre an den Menschen.

And, centuries before, Quintilian, in his "Declamations," had defined slaughter as meaning blood and iron: "Cædes videtur significare sanguinem et ferrum." But the phrase caught the fancy of the world as descriptive of the character and methods of Bismarck himself, and is the undoubted origin of his famous *sobriquet*, the Iron Chancellor.

Iron Duke, a *sobriquet* by which the Duke of Wellington was generally known in his later days. It was originally applied, not to the man, but to an iron steamboat called "The Duke of Wellington," which plied between Liverpool and Dublin. The name so well expressed the popular idea of the sternness of his character and his want of feeling towards the masses that it was soon transferred from the steamboat to the old soldier himself.

Iron entered into his soul, **The**, a common phrase for extreme agony,—probably a reminiscence of the ancient custom of torturing the flesh with instruments of iron. The phrase seems to have been first used in the Prayer-Book version of Psalm cv. 18: "Whose feet they hurt in the stocks: the iron entered into his soul." The passage is translated in the King James Bible as "He was laid in irons," and in the Revised Version, "He was laid in chains of iron."

I saw the iron enter into his soul, and felt what sort of pain it was that ariseth from hope deferred.—STERNE.

Ironclad oath, the name given to the oath of office prescribed by Congress after the close of the civil war as a safeguard against future disloyalty on the part of citizens of the reconstructed Southern States.

Irons in the fire, a familiar locution, found also in the French language, meaning many and various things to attend to. "He has too many irons in the fire" is not dissimilar from the American "He has bitten off more than he can chew," and signifies that he has undertaken more than he can perform. The figure is probably borrowed from the smithy. A story is told of Samuel Foote that he was much bored by a pompous physician at Bath, who told him that he thought of publishing his own poems, but had so many irons in the fire that he really didn't know what to do. "Take my advice, doctor," said Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are." But precisely the same story is told of Dr. Johnson. When Miss Brooke, author of "The Siege of Sinope," said she had too many irons in the fire to read her play over carefully, Johnson retorted, "Put your tragedy where your irons are." And before either Johnson or Foote the story appeared thus in the "Nain Jaune," a French collection of *bons mots*: "A gentleman who had the unfortunate talent of throwing once a month a volume to the public asked a friend to speak frankly of one he was threatening to bring out: 'If that is worth nothing, I have other irons in the fire.' 'In that case,' replied the friend, 'I advise you to put your manuscript where you have put your irons' ('Dans ce cas je vous conseille de mettre votre manuscrit où vous avez mis vos fers')."

Ironsides, a surname given to Edmund II., King of the Anglo-Saxons (989-1016); furthermore, a name given to Cromwell's soldiers after their victory at Marston Moor. The United States frigate *Constitution* was familiarly known as "Old Ironsides." She was launched at Boston, September 20, 1797, and became celebrated for the prominent part she took during

the expedition to suppress the Barbary corsairs, particularly in the bombardment of Tripoli, in 1804, and for the gallantry displayed by her officers and men during the War of 1812.

Irony. In the well-known "Verses on his own Death" Swift humorously asserts that

Arbutnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use.

This, even as a bit of humorous exaggeration, is an absurd claim. That the great Dean was one of the mightiest masters of irony in the English language may be granted. But irony (*elpwveia*, "dissembling") was a well-known figure in Greek literature, and was handled with marvellous dexterity by Aristophanes, by Plato, and by Socrates. It was so pervading an element in the latter's discourse that even his contemporaries spoke of it as his "customary irony," and in more modern times *Socratic* and *ironic* have come to be almost convertible terms :

Most socrattick Lady !
Or, if you will, ironick !
BEN JONSON : *New Inn.*

Nay, a still more ancient instance is found in the Old Testament, in Elijah's ridicule of the prophets of Baal (*I. Kings* xviii. 27), when in answer to his challenge they clamor to their god to send fire from heaven upon the altar : "And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud, for he is a god ; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." Even if the Dean confined his boast to the English language he would find it difficult of vindication. Nowhere in Swift is there irony more admirably sustained than in Antony's speech over the corpse of Cæsar, deriving as it does additional intensity from contrast with his impassioned soliloquy in the preceding scene, which reveals the world of fury that Antony is really suppressing when he reiterates that Brutus is an honorable man.

As good a definition of irony as any is that by E. P. Whipple. Irony, he says, is a kind of saturnine, sardonic wit, having the self-possession, complexity, and continuity of humor, without its geniality. It is "an insult conveyed in the form of a compliment ; insinuating the most galling satire under the phraseology of panegyric ; placing its victim naked on a bed of briars and thistles thinly covered with rose-leaves ; adorning his brow with a crown of gold, which burns into his brain ; teasing and fretting, and riddling him through and through, with incessant discharges of hot shot from a masked battery ; laying bare the most sensitive and shrinking nerves of his mind, and then blandly touching them with ice, or smilingly pricking them with needles." It is with special reference to the irony of Swift that Whipple pens this characterization, and he deems that the most exquisite piece of irony in modern literature, and at the same time the most terrible satire on the misgovernment of Ireland, is Swift's pamphlet entitled "A Modest Proposal to the Public for Preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Country, and for making them Beneficial to the Public." It was published in 1729, when people were starving in hundreds from the famine and the dead were left unburied before their doors. And what was Swift's plan ? It was to turn the children into food. "I have been assured," he says, "by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London that a young healthy child, well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled ; and I make no doubt it will equally serve as a ragout." He argues out the propo-

sition with the calm deliberation of a statistician, or of a projector suggesting the importation of food from abroad. "A child," he continues, "will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish." The expense of fattening a child for the table will not be great, not above two shillings per annum, "rags included," and he believes "no gentleman will repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child." This would leave the mother eight shillings net profit. Further, the flesh of young lads and maidens not exceeding fourteen or under twelve might be found an admirable substitute for venison on squires' tables. He considers and answers with mock arguments all objections that might be raised to the scheme "as a little bordering on cruelty," and is careful to add that he has no personal motive, as his own children "are all past the age when he could make a profit of them." The purport of this tract has been strangely misunderstood. It has been denounced as ghastly, cold-blooded, callous, cynical. Even Thackeray, himself a master of irony, cites it as an evidence of the Dean's hatred for children. These critics are as much in error as the French author who, taking the Proposal seriously, drew therefrom a frightful picture of the extremities to which the Irish people had been reduced.

In truth, the calm exterior is but a thin veil, through which the scorn and indignation of the writer shoot with blistering and blighting force. He does not wear his heart on his sleeve. This does not prove that he is heartless. On the contrary, it shows that his heart is in the right place.

Another most effective example of Swift's peculiar manner is his "Argument against Abolishing Christianity." The title in full is itself an admirable bit of calm sarcasm: "An Argument to prove that the Abolishing of Christianity in England may, as things now stand, be attended with some inconveniences, and perhaps not produce those many good effects proposed thereby." He starts out with a semblance of hesitation and timidity, as of one who feels that he is arraying himself against the general consensus of intelligent opinion. He hastens to guard against misinterpretation. Of course he is not defending real Christianity: that would be proper for none but an uncivilized age. His aim is only to show the practical uses of the conventional fiction that now prevails. Leave the people a god to revile, or they might be tempted "to reflect upon the ministry." He acknowledges that it seems ridiculous that a set of men should be suffered, much less hired, to bawl one day in seven against the constant practices of all men alive during the other six. But he points out that more than one-half the pleasure of enjoyment lies in the fact of a thing being forbidden. Doubtless it costs a good deal to maintain ten thousand parsons and a score of bishops; doubtless, too, their revenues would suffice to maintain, as ornaments to the court and town, at least a couple of hundred young gentlemen of wit, pleasure, and free-thinking, enemies to priestcraft, narrow principles, pedantry, and prejudices. But, after all, parsons have their uses. Their diet is moderate enough to let them breed a healthy progeny, without which the nation would in an age or two become one great hospital, for the lives led by men of pleasure only entail rottenness and politeness on their posterity. And after the present refined way of living it is not certain that more than one hundred young gentlemen of fashion could be kept on the parsons' revenues. The offer of such scanty support might even offend their dignity. As for the argument that one day in seven is lost by the practice of Christianity, this is mere cavil. Sunday serves excellently for a dose of physic; the wits need not change the course of their lives; the churches are fitted for all the purposes of assignation, or offer conveniences and incitements to sleep. But supposing the parsons to go, and the churches, what would become of the free-thinkers, the wits, the strong

reasoners, the men of profound learning? How would they be able to shine or distinguish themselves? Who would ever have suspected Asgil for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with material? For had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion they would have immediately sunk into silence and oblivion.

Defoe's "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," which was written in 1702, has been sometimes held to be the literary predecessor of these tracts of Swift. But Defoe had none of the coruscating wit which illuminates the productions of Swift and makes their meaning intelligible to all save the dullards. It has been said that the "Modest Proposal" was taken seriously by a Frenchman. On the other hand, the "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" imposed on almost all England. It was really a burlesque on the intolerance of the High-Church element in the Tory party. Defoe assumed the character of a bigoted "High-flyer," and proposed, with apparent seriousness, that "whoever was found at a conventicle should be banished the nation, and the preacher hanged." So well was the character maintained that a Fellow of Cambridge College wrote to his bookseller, "I received yours, and with it that pamphlet which makes so much noise, called 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' for which I thank you. I join with that author in all he says, and have such a value for the book, that, next to the Holy Bible and the Sacred Comments, I take it for the most valuable piece I have. I pray God put it into her Majesty's heart to put what is there proposed into execution." Not only were Churchmen imposed upon, but Dissenters also. Defoe had to write a serious protestation that it was all a joke, and that he meant to expose only the non-juring faction among the Tories by putting their secret wishes into English. "'Tis hard," he complains, "that this should not be perceived by all the town; so that not one man can see it, either Churchman or Dissenter." This was just before his surrender to the Tory government, which, furious at discovering the trick that had been put upon it, sentenced him to the pillory.

Defoe was not the only person who found irony a two-edged sword. The sense of humor is no universal birthright. Even in America the blood of the thick-witted middle-class English sometimes asserts itself above the lighter and clearer fluid which comes to us from Gaul and Gael. When "The New-comers" was in course of publication, a passage in one of the chapters alluding to "Mr. Washington" was so far misunderstood by the dullards here that the fact was referred to by the New York correspondent of the *Times*. Whereupon Thackeray addressed the following letter to that journal:

SIR,—Allow me a word of explanation in answer to a strange charge which has been brought against me in the United States, and which your New York correspondent has made public in this country.

In the first number of a periodical story which I am now publishing appears a sentence in which I should have never thought of finding any harm until it has been discovered by some critics over the water. The fatal words are these:

"When pig-tails grew on the backs of the British gentry, and their wives wore cushions on their heads, over which they tied their own hair and disguised it with powder and pomatum; when ministers went in their stars and orders to the House of Commons, and the orators of the opposition attacked nightly the noble lord in the blue riband; when Mr. Washington was heading the American cause with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause,—there came to London, out of a northern country, Mr. etc."

This paragraph has been interpreted in America as an insult to Washington and the whole Union; and from the sadness and gravity with which your correspondent quotes certain of my words, it is evident he, too, thinks they have an insolent and malicious meaning.

Having published the American critic's comment, permit the author of a faulty sentence to say what he did mean, and to add the obvious moral of the apologue which has been so oddly construed. I am speaking of a young apprentice coming to London between the years 1770 and '80, and want to depict a few figures of the last century. (The illustrated head-letter of the chapter was intended to represent Hogarth's "Industrious Apprentice.") I fancy the old society,

with its hoops and powder—Barré and Fox thundering at Lord North asleep on the Treasury bench—the news-readers at the coffee-room talking over the paper, and owning that this Mr. Washington who was leading the rebels was a very courageous soldier, and worthy of a better cause than fighting against King George. The images are at least natural, and pretty consecutive. 1776—the people of London in '76—the Lords and House of Commons in '76—Lord North—Washington—what the people thought about Washington,—I am thinking about '76. Where in the name of common sense is the insult to 1853? The satire, if satire there be, applies to us at home, who called Washington Mr. Washington; as we called Frederick the Great "the Protestant Hero," or Napoleon "the Corsican Tyrant" or "General Bonaparte." Need I say that our officers were instructed (until they were taught better manners) to call Washington "Mr. Washington"? and that the Americans were called rebels during the whole of that contest? Rebels!—of course they were rebels; and I should like to know what native American would not have been a rebel in that cause?

As irony is dangerous, and has hurt the feelings of kind friends whom I would not wish to offend, let me say, in perfect faith and gravity, that I think the cause for which Washington fought entirely just and right, and the champion the very noblest, purest, bravest, best, of God's men.

I am, sir, your very faithful servant,
W. M. THACKERAY.

ATHENÆUM, Nov. 22.

But if irony is sometimes inconvenient, it also has its advantages. Heine has pointed them out in a memorable passage, all the more quotable because, while dealing of irony, it exemplifies what it glosses. Heine represents himself as holding a dialogue at Munich with a Berlin philister who denied that Munich had any claim to the title of "a new Athens" or contained the first grain of Attic salt.

"That," he cried, tolerably loudly, "is only to be found in Berlin. There, and there only, is wit and irony. Here they have good white beer,—but no irony."

"No,—we haven't got irony," cried Nannerl, the pretty, well-formed waiting-maid, who at this instant sprang past us, "but you can have any other sort of beer."

It grieved me to the heart that Nannerl should take irony to be any sort of beer, were it even the best brew of Stettin, and, to prevent her from falling in future into such errors, I began to teach her after the following wise: "Pretty Nannerl, irony is not beer, but an invention of the Berlin people,—the wisest folks in the world,—who were awfully vexed because they came too late into the world to invent gunpowder, and therefore undertook to find out something which would answer as well. Once upon a time, my dear, when a man had said or done something stupid, how could the matter be helped? That which was done could not be undone, and people said that the man was an ass. That was disagreeable. In Berlin, where the people are shrewdest, and where the most stupid things happen, the people soon found out the inconvenience. The government took hold of the matter vigorously,—only the greater blunders were allowed to be printed, the lesser were simply suffered in conversation,—only professors and high officials could say stupid things in public, lesser people could only make asses of themselves in private; but all of these regulations were of no avail,—suppressed stupidities availed themselves of extraordinary opportunities to come to light; those below were protected by those above, and the emergency was terrible, until some one discovered a reactionary means, whereby every piece of stupidity could change its nature, and even be metamorphosed into wisdom. The process is altogether simple and easy, and consists simply in a man's declaring that the stupid word or deed of which he has been guilty was meant ironically. So, my dear girl, all things get along in this world,—stupidity becomes irony, toadyism which has missed its aim becomes satire, natural coarseness is changed to artistic raillery, real madness is humor, ignorance, real wit, and thou thyself art finally the *Aspasia* of the modern Athens."

I would have said more, but pretty Nannerl, whom I had up to this point held fast by the apron-string, broke away loose by main force, as the entire band of assembled guests began to roar for "a beer! a beer!" in stormy chorus. But the Berliner himself looked like irony incarnate as he remarked the enthusiasm with which the foaming glasses were welcomed, and, after pointing to a group of beer-drinkers who toasted their hop-nectar and disputed as to its excellence, he said, smiling, "Those are your Athenians!"

In Heine the irony is paramount over everything. You can never be sure of his mood. You can never take his word at its apparent meaning. There is a tear behind every laugh, a laugh behind every tear. His earnestness has a substratum of mockery, there is an awful depth of pathos behind his levity. When he gushes out into lyric ecstasy there is a tremble of humor on his lips, his eyes dance while he describes his own sufferings, he interrupts his finest poetry with a wild laugh at his reader's emotion and his own. He gazes into

the North Sea from the ship's bulwarks, and his fancy paints a lovely city under the waves, with quaint mediæval figures going hither and thither, a highly-colored, gorgeous, holiday scene, and in a corner he beholds the ideal maiden of his dreams, he holds out his arms to her, and then, just in time, the captain lays holds of his heels with a loud cry of,—

Why, doctor, what the devil ails you?

Or he cries out in his agony,—

What avails it to me that enthusiastic youths and maidens crown my marble bust with laurel, when the withered hands of an aged nurse are pressing Spanish flies behind my ears? What avails it to me that all the roses of Shiraz glow and waft incense for me? Alas, Shiraz is two thousand miles from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where, in the dreary solitude of my sick-room, I get no scent unless it be the perfume of warmed-over poultices. Alas, the irony of heaven weighs heavily upon me! The great author of the universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, wished to show me, the little earthly so-called German Aristophanes, how my wittiest sarcasms are only pitiful attempts in comparison with his, and how miserably I am beneath him in humor, in colossal irony.

George Eliot has wisely said that the paradoxical irreverence with which Heine professes his theoretical reverence is pathological, the diseased exhibition of a predominant tendency urged into anomalous action by the pressure of pain and mental privation, as the delirium of wit starved of its proper nourishment. But "it is not for us to condemn," she adds, "who have never had the same burden laid on us; it is not for pygmies at their ease to criticise the writhings of the Titan chained to the rock." There are humor and poetry, lit up by a flashing and glancing irony, in Heine's famous dictum, "The Englishman loves liberty like his lawful wife, the Frenchman loves her like his mistress, the German loves her like his old grandmother. And yet, after all, no one can ever tell how things may turn out. The grumpy Englishman, in an ill temper with his wife, is capable of some day putting a rope round her neck and taking her to be sold at Smithfield. The inconstant Frenchman may become unfaithful to his adored mistress, and be seen fluttering about the Palais Royal after another. But the German will never quite abandon his old grandmother; he will always keep for her a nook by the chimney-corner, where she can tell her fairy-stories to the listening children."

Heine has asserted his kinship with Byron. There is, indeed, a strong affinity between his humor and that of Don Juan and of Beppo. The cynicism, the mockery of others and of self, the hatred of hypocrisy and cant, dwell alike in both. Examples are easy to cull:

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice
Methinks I must take up with avarice.

Don Juan, Canto i., Stanza 216.

There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion.

Ibid., Canto ii., Stanza 34.

He was the mildest-mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.

Ibid., Canto iii., Stanza 41.

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell.

Ibid., Canto v., Stanza 49.

Here we have the same startling transitions, the tricky malice, the wild laugh full in the face of an admiring reader, that Heine so delights in.

Irony of Fate, or Sarcasm of Destiny, two familiar phrases embodying the truth which may be found expressed or implied in the literature of most countries as the result of the common observation and experience of mankind. History and the daily life of all of us teem with examples of objects long and impatiently pursued attained at last with indifference or dis-

gust ; of changes anticipated with anxiety or dread which have brought with them the fulfilment of the most ardent wishes ; of events from which the utmost good or evil has been expected which have passed without leaving a trace ; and of persons or things which have hardly been heeded at all yet which have turned out to be the arbiters or the turning-points of our fortunes. When, after an interval, we look back, we are in a position to see the full extent of this mockery of fate. It is a consciousness of this great truth that forms the pathos and the power of the old Greek drama. Nowhere is it enunciated more strikingly than in two master-works of Sophocles. In the midst of the public confusion and misery with which "*Œdipus Rex*" opens, the royal house alone is calm and secure. The king, beloved and revered, is the object towards which all eyes are turned for succor. Yet this very man not only is, but by unconscious steps proves himself to be, the very fount and source of the calamity, and is left at the end of the play a hopeless, self-blinded outcast. Reversing the picture, we see, apparently, in the first scenes of "*Œdipus Coloneus*," the same fallen and pitiable being. Yet this seemingly destitute wanderer is now the object of the special protection of heaven ; he is not only a pious but a sacred and prophetic man, and two powerful states are to contend with each other for the possession of his person and the right of paying honor to his tomb. The reader hardly needs to be reminded of the tremendous parallel in the opening scenes of "*King Lear*."

Irrepressible Conflict, a locution current during the anti-slavery agitation, supposed to have been originated by William H. Seward in an address to a public meeting at Rochester, New York, October 25, 1858 : "It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces,"—i.e., Freedom and Slavery. If not invented, the phrase at least was brought into prominence by him through this utterance.

Isabella. This color, a sort of yellow, was chosen by the great Condé for his own. The origin of the name is curious. When the Spaniards were besieging Ostend, in 1601, the Archduchess Isabella, wishing to encourage the troops, and thinking success near at hand, made a vow of never changing her linen before she entered the town. Unfortunately for this princess, the siege lasted three years longer. It may be conceived that during this time her linen lost some of its original brightness ; and her ladies, to console her and to follow her example, had their linen dyed of a color which afterwards became the fashion, and which was called Isabella.

Isolation. That we are alone in this world, that each man lives in a hermitage of his own thoughts and carries a great silence about with him, is a sentiment that finds constant expression in literature, nowhere more beautifully than in Matthew Arnold's stanza,—

Yes ! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone.
The islands feel the encircling flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.
Switzerland.

Thackeray has put the idea into humorous prose in the following passage from "*Pendennis* :"

How lonely we are in the world ! how selfish and secret of everybody ! Ah, sir, a distinct universe walks about under your hat and under mine,—all things in nature are different to each,—the woman we look at has not the same features, the dish we eat from has not the same taste to one and the other,—you and I are but a pair of infinite isolations, with some fellow-islands a little more or less near to us.

Keble says, with gentle pathos,—

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
 Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die?
 Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
 Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

The Christian Year : Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

These fine lines are by Christopher P. Cranch :

Thought is deeper than all speech,
 Feeling deeper than all thought;
 Souls to souls can never teach
 What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
 Man by man was never seen;
 All our deep communing fails
 To remove the shadowy screen.

Stanzas.

They have some analogy with Carlyle :

Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance ; and that fade away again into air and Invisibility ? Oh, Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry a future Ghost within us ; but are, in very deed, Ghosts ! These Limbs, whence had we them ; this stormy Force ; this life-blood with its burning Passion ? They are dust and shadow ; a Shadow-system gathered round our Me ; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh.—*Sartor Resartus : Natural Supernaturalism.*

And Carlyle, in turn, suggests Marcus Aurelius :

This Being of mine, whatever it really is, consists of a little flesh, a little breath, and the part which governs.—*Meditations*, ii. 2.

Ivan Ivanovitch, a fictitious personage supposed to be the embodiment of the peculiarities of the Russian people, in the same way that John Bull stands for the English and Jean Crapeau for the French. He is represented as a lazy, good-natured fellow.

J.

J, the tenth letter in the English alphabet, originally only another form of *i*, and in the Latin, as in the modern Italian, used with exactly the same value. In England, with a consistency which makes it a rare jewel in our orthography, it is used only to represent the consonant sound *dzh*. There is one exception, and one only, the word *hallelujah*, though that is now sometimes written as it is pronounced, *halleluiah*. When that innovation is fully established there will be no further blot on the integrity of this austere and unpromising consonant.

Jack, the diminutive or colloquial form of the name John. Etymologists have gone on repeating that Jack is the Anglicized form of Jacques, which in its turn is French for the Jacob of the Old Testament and the James of the New, the Jago, Diego, or Iago of the Spaniards, the Giacomo and Giacobbe of the Italians, etc. When these etymologists come to establish the connection between Jacob and John they can only perform a neat little bit of philological acrobatics, which dazzles but not convinces. The probability is that there is no connection ; the etymon is all wrong. Jack has an entirely different origin. As *lambkin* and *manikin* are the diminutives of *lamb* and *man*, and *Tompkin* and *Watkin* of *Thomas* and *Walter*, so *Jonkin* and *Jankin* were the original diminutives of *John*, and they, in their turn, being too long and cumbrous for nursery use, were cut down to *Jocky* and *Jacky*, and finally to *Jock* and *Jack*. *Jack*, the more French of the two, has always been more current in the south of England, and *Jock* in Scotland. The frequency of the name in all sections of Great Britain has led to the employment of the diminutive as an equivalent for *lad* or *boy*, and, alone or in composition, for a number of tools and appli-

ances which do the work of a common servant or are subjected to rough usage. Meat-jack, smoke-jack, boot-jack, jack-knife, jack-plane,—all are so many tributes to the popularity of the name John. So also are jack-in-the-box, jack-in-the-pulpit, jack-o'-lantern, and such proverbial phrases as every man Jack of them, Jack at a pinch, and Jack of all trades (*q. v.*). The colloquialism, more common in America than in England, which nicknames the knave in cards as the Jack, bears witness in like manner to its universal applicability. A common seaman is still a Jack-tar. Nor can one pass over the oft-quoted cases of the black-jack, the jack-fool, the union-jack, and the jack-pudding, or the extension of the name to the animal world, in the jack-daw, the jack, or pike, and the jackanapes.

Jack of all trades, or Jack at all trades, often quoted with the addition "and master of none," a colloquial expression for a person who has many accomplishments but no serious and settled pursuit, who does a number of things cleverly and not one pre-eminently well, who knows a little of everything and knows that little wrong.

In the middle of the eighteenth century England appears to have been full of gentry who, having a vast amount of misinformation on all possible subjects, were willing to impart it for a consideration, and who employed the leisure left them by their professorial duties in various and apparently incompatible branches of trade. A single specimen will suffice. Here is the way the famous Roger Giles described himself in hand-bill advertisements :

Roger Giles, Imperceptible Penetrator, Surgin, Paroch Clarke, &c., Romford, Essex, hiforms Ladis and Gentlemen that he cuts their teeth and draws corns without waiten a moment. Blisturs on the lowest turns, and fysics at a penny a peace. Sells god-fathers cordial and strap-ile, and undertakes to keep any Ladis nales by the year and so on. Young Ladis and Gentlemen tort the heart of rideing, and the gramer language in the natest manner, also grate Kare takein to himprove their morals and spelling, sarm singing and whisseling. Teaches the jewsarp, and instructs young Ladis on the gar-tar, and plays the ho-boy. Shotish, poker and all other ruls tort at home and abroad. Perfumery in all its branches. Sells all sorts of stashionary, barth bricks and all other sorts of sweet-meats, including beeswax postage stamps and lusifers ; likewise tatus, roobub, sossages and other garden stuffs, also fruits, such as hard-bake, inguns, toothpicks, ile and tinware, and other eatables. Sarve, treacle, winegar, and all other hardware. Further in particular he has laid in a stock of tripe, china, epsom salts, lollipops and other pickels, such as oysters, apples and table beer, also silk, satin and hearth-stones, and all kinds of kimistry, including wax-dolls, rasors, dutch cloks, and gridirons, and new laid eggs evry day by me, Roger Giles. P.S.—I lectures on joggrefy.

Jackanapes, an impertinent coxcomb. A curious derivation of the name is that of Mr. W. Chatto. In 1379 was brought to Viterbo the game of cards called by the Saracens *naib* : Jackanapes is the Jack o' naibs. Jackanape is the adjective form of the word :

I will teach a scurvy jackanape priest to meddle and make.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i., Sc. 4.

Jack-Pudding, a buffoon. It is curious that each country names its stage buffoon from its favorite viand. The Dutch call him "Pickelhäring" (soused herring) ; the Germans, "Hans-Wurst" (jack-sausage) ; the French, "Jean Potage ;" the Italians, "Macaroni ;" and the English, "Jack-Pudding."

Jacksonites, a nickname for the followers of Andrew Jackson, in vogue between 1821 and 1832, as opposed to the *Adamsites*, followers of John Quincy Adams. According to a standing joke, common for a generation after Jackson's death, there were still "Jacksonites" in the rural districts who continued to vote for the "Hero of New Orleans," quite oblivious of his death, or even stoutly denying it, and denouncing the report as a Whig lie.

Jacobins, the name by which a coterie or political club of turbulent extremists in the French Revolution is generally known. The club was

formed at Versailles in 1789, under the name of the Club Breton. The name of "Jacobins" had been previously applied in France to the Dominican friars, from the Rue St.-Jacques in Paris, where they first established themselves in 1219, and when the Breton Club removed to Paris they met in the hall of the former convent of the Dominicans, whence they and their partisans in turn were called Jacobins.

Jacobites, the name given in England to the adherents of James II. and his son and grandson, from Jacobus, the Latin form of James.

Jacquerie, La, a peasants' insurrection in France, 1358. The complaining peasantry had been facetiously referred for redress of their grievances to Jacques Bon-homme (Johnny Goodman, a sort of fairy good-luck),—i.e., nobody. At length a leader appeared who called himself Jacques Bonhomme, and declared war to the death against every gentilhomme in France. In six weeks' time some twelve thousand of the insurgents were cut down, including Jacques Bonhomme their leader.

Jacques, a generic name of the poor artisan class in France. Jacques is a sort of short cotton waist or tunic without sleeves :

Jacques, il me faut troubler ton somme ;
 Dans le village un gros huissier
 Rôde et court, suivi du messier.
 C'est pour l'impôt, là ! mon pauvre homme.
 Lève-toi, Jacques, lève-toi,
 Voici venir l'huissier du roi.

BÉRANGER (1831).

Jag, in American slang, a state of intoxication. Originally jag meant a small load, and when load grew to be a synonyme for a "drunk," jag was humorously substituted for a small drunk. But it is now applied to the most imposing form of intoxication :

The word "jag" can be found in any dictionary, but its popular meaning, in present use, is not there explained. It may be profitable to trace the etymology of the word from its probable origin.

Cassell's "Encyclopædic Dictionary" says,—

JAG. 1. A small load, as of hay, grain, or straw. Etym. doubtful.

2. A saddle-bag, a pedlar's wallet.

Stormonth says,—

JAG (Gaelic *gag*). The nodding of the head ; short irregular sounds, then the sort of figures traced out by the tremulous, irregular movements of bodies.

JAGGER. One who jags, in Scot. a pedlar.

JAGGERY. The Indian name for a kind of coarse dark sugar obtained from the juice of palms and the sugar-cane.

Here are four possible origins of the root *jag* which is now used in its purity.

1. The pedlar idea, the condition of mind and body most frequently to be noticed in perambulating merchants and tinkers.
2. (a) The nodding of the head as in drowsiness ; and (b) the irregular line described by bodies moving uncertainly along a plane, as a sidewalk.
3. The suggestion of acrid alcoholic strength in a solid, as sugar, which becomes fluid easily.
4. The common provincial use of the word to express the idea of a light burden, a small load of irregular shape, as, "a little jag of hay" which is gleaned with a pitchfork in the wake of the harvest-wagon which carries the bulk of the crop.

The present use of the word comes most clearly, perhaps, from the last of these four possible sources, but incidental shades of meaning are seen to be derived from the others. The jag is that state of exhilaration produced by the absorption in the human body of a greater or less quantity of alcoholic liquor. In its primary use it implied only "a little load," but the word is elastic.

Its grand divisions are : (a) The Quiet Gentlemanly Jag ; (b) the Windward Jag, in which the subject appears to stand in great need of a centre-board to enable him to steer a reasonably straight course (*cf.* Stormonth *supra*) ; (c) the Running Jag, under whose influence the man finds it necessary to progress in a trot to avoid falling over forward,—a Chicago variety of the condition ; and (d) the Rip-staving Jag, used as a synonyme for the Boiling Drunk, where the man betrays an overweening desire to maim, slaughter, slay, and deal damnation round with a free and impartial hand. This last species of jag has no special habit.—*New York Evening Sun* (1891).

Jarnac, Le coup de (Fr., "Jarnac's thrust"), a famous thrust in fencing, named after its inventor.

Chasteneraye and Jarnac, both peers of France, had fallen out over the virtue of the latter's mother-in-law. The king had interested himself in the matter, and it was finally settled that the whole question should be referred to the arbitrament of arms. As it chanced, Chasteneraye was one of the first swordsmen of France, so that Jarnac exhausted his ingenuity in devising some abstruse and little-known weapon by means of which he might be more on an equality with his adversary. The names of thirty such arms were drawn up and submitted to the judges, who, however, to Jarnac's despair, laid them all aside and decided upon the sword. In his difficulty he sought the advice of a tried old Italian swordsman, who bade him be of good heart, and confided to him a secret trick of swordsmanship devised by himself and never before taught to mortal man.

Armed with this horrid ruse, Jarnac repaired to the scene of the encounter, where, in the presence of the king, Henry II., and all the high officials of the kingdom, the two litigants were put face to face. Chasteneraye, confident in his skill, pressed hotly upon the less experienced Jarnac, when suddenly the latter, to the astonishment of the spectators, put in such a cut as had never before been seen, and severed the tendon of his enemy's left leg. An instant later, by a repetition of the same stroke, he cut the sinew of the right one, and the unfortunate Chasteneraye fell hamstrung to the earth. In this sore plight he still continued upon his knees to make passes at his antagonist and to endeavor to carry on the combat. His sword, however, was quickly struck from his grasp, and he lay at the mercy of his conqueror. The wily Jarnac was disposed, very much against the customs of the time, to grant him his life, but the humiliation was too much for the beaten and crippled man, and, refusing all assistance, he allowed himself to bleed to death. The "coup de Jarnac" in sword-play still remains as a memorial of this encounter.—*The Cornhill Magazine*.

Jay, in American slang, a fool, a simpleton, a guy,—of which latter word it may be a corruption. The expression is much used in the theatrical profession, both as a noun and as an adjective. A jay town means a town which does not patronize stage performances, and a jay audience is a slim, or an unappreciative, audience.

Jayhawkers, a name for guerillas or bush-rangers, which originated during the Kansas troubles in 1856, and was subsequently applied generally to political marauders; probably derived from jay-hawk, a bird of prey noted for its wanton ferocity, killing other creatures, it is said, in sport. In later years the inhabitants of Kansas humorously nicknamed themselves Jayhawkers.

Jeames, an obsolete form of the name James, which was one time often spelt thus and so pronounced. It was revived for ironical purpose by Thackeray, who made it a contemptuous embodiment of flunkysm, and since the publication of "Jeames's Diary" it has obtained proverbial currency as a designation for a footman or a flunky.

A poor clergyman, or a poor military man, may have no more than three hundred a year; but I heartily venerate his endeavors to preserve his girls from the society of the servants' hall and the delicate attentions of Jeames.—A. K. H. BOYD.

It has also been applied as an epithet to the London *Morning Post*, the organ of the "haristocracy."

Jean Crapaud, *anglicé* "Johnny Frog." A fictitious personage, the humorous embodiment of the idiosyncrasies of the French people, as Brother Jonathan is of the Yankee.

Jean de Paris, a name applied with sardonic humor to the guillotine.

Jean des Vignes. Jean was the name and des Vignes the *sobriquet* of a drunken marionette performer of considerable ability. The French jongleurs call the poupée to which they address themselves "Jean des Vignes," and the French Protestants of the sixteenth century so called "the host." When a person does an ill action the French say, "Il fait comme Jean des Vignes;"

an illicit marriage is called "le mariage de Jean des Vignes." Hence Assoucy says, "Moi, pauvre sot, plus sot que Jean des Vignes!"

Jean ! que dire sur Jean ? c'est un terrible nom,
 Qui jamais accompagne une épithète honnête.
 Jean des Vignes, Jean ligne. Où vais-je ? Trouves bon
 Qu'en si beau chemin je m'arrête.

Virgile Travesti, vii.

Jeddart, or Jedwood, Justice. Jeddart or Jethart was the former, and is still the local, name for Jedburgh, the capital of the shire of Roxburgh, Scotland. Jedwood designates the whole district lying on the little river Jed, on which Jedburgh stands. In ancient times this burgh was a place of considerable strength and importance. From its situation on the borders, as well as from the character of the clans by which it was surrounded, it was especially exposed to violence and rapine, and was repeatedly sacked by the English, and once, at least, burned to the ground. The long-suffering of its natives at length came to an end, and when an Englishman or other marauder was captured the rule came to be, "A short shrift and a long rope." But the canny burghers did not altogether dispense with legal forms. After the culprit was executed, an assize was held by the Warden of the Marches, evidence heard, and sentence pronounced in due form of law. Hence the well-known rhyme,—

You've heard men talk of Jeddart law,
 Whereby they first do hang and draw,
 Then sit in judgment after.

A variant of this is,—

I oft have heard of Jeddart law,
 And shook my sides with laughter,
 Where in the morn they hang and draw,
 And sit in judgment after.

Scott frequently alludes to Jeddart law in his poems and border minstrelsy. In his "Fair Maid of Perth" (ch. xxxii.), Douglas, dealing with the murderers of Rothesay, asks, "Have we not some Jedwood men in our troop?" and, receiving an affirmative reply, says, "Call me an inquest of these together; they are all good men and true, saving a little shifting for their living. Do you see to the execution of these fellows, while I hold a court in the great hall, and we'll try whether the jury or the provost-marshal do their work first; we will have Jedwood justice,—hang in haste and try at leisure." Macaulay alludes to "Jeddart justice" in his essay upon Moore's "Life of Byron."

Other accounts have been given to explain the expression. Thus, Crawford, in his *Memoirs*, says, "Jedburgh justice—'first hang a man and syne judge him'—took its rise in 1574, on the occasion of the Regent Morton trying and condemning with vast precipitation a vast number of people." But had this explanation, or any other than the popular one, been well founded, it would without doubt have been noticed by Scott. Analogous expressions are "Cuppar Justice," "Abingdon Law," "Lydford Law," and even our own "Lynch Law." "Abingdon Law" takes its name from Abingdon, Berkshire, England, where, during the Commonwealth, Major-General Brown used first to hang his prisoners and then try them. Lydford is an obscure corporation of Devonshire, where a court of stannaries (certain royal prerogatives connected with the working of the tin-mines) was anciently held. The saw, "First hang and draw, then hear the case by Lydford law," is supposed to allude to some absurd rulings of the mayor and corporation, who were but mean and illiterate persons.

The same speedy justice was practised in Spain at Peralvillo, where the Holy Brotherhood used to execute without trial robbers taken red-hand. Hence the Spanish saying, "Peralvillo justice, after the man is hanged try him."

Jeffersonian simplicity, an allusion much affected in political speech, especially by the Democrats. The reference is to the intense dislike displayed by Thomas Jefferson to any form of ostentation. It is said that he even objected to the title Mister. He abolished the Presidential levees, and the story was long told, though latterly challenged as apocryphal, that in going to the Capitol to assume the Presidency he rode on horseback alone, and, dismounting, tied his horse to the hitching-post.

Je ne sais quoi, literally, "I know not what," but used both in French and in English—it may almost be parsed as an English substantive—in the sense of the indefinable, of a vague and nameless charm. The more modern *chic* has to a certain extent supplanted it.

I dare say you have heard and read of the *je ne sais quoi*, both in French and English, for the expression is now adopted into our language, but I question whether you have any clear idea of it, and indeed it is more easily felt than defined. It is a most inestimable quality, and adorns every other. I will endeavor to give you a general notion of it, though I cannot an exact one; experience must teach it you, and will if you attend to it. It is, in my opinion, a compound of all the agreeable qualities of body and mind, in which no one of them predominates in such a manner as to give exclusion to any other. It is not mere wit, mere beauty, mere learning, nor indeed mere any one thing, that produces it, though they all contribute something towards it. It is owing to this *je ne sais quoi* that one takes a liking to some one particular person at first rather than to another. One feels one's self prepossessed in favor of that person without being enough acquainted with him to judge of his intrinsic merits or talents, and one finds himself inclined to suppose him to have good sense, good nature, and good humor. A genteel address, graceful motions, a pleasing elocution, and elegance of style are powerful ingredients in this compound. It is, in short, an extract of all the Graces. Here you will, perhaps, ask me to define the Graces, which I can only do by the *je ne sais quoi*, as I can only define the *je ne sais quoi* by the Graces. No one person possesses them all, but happy he who possesses the most, and wretched he who possesses none of them.—CHRISTIEFIELD: *Letters to his Godson*.

Jenkins's Ear. At the beginning of the eighteenth century Spain claimed and sought to enforce a monopoly of the trade with her New World colonies. Though England admitted the claim, her sailors constantly evaded it, and carried on a large contraband trade with these colonies. On April 20, 1731, the English vessel Rebecca, Captain Robert Jenkins, was visited by the coast-guards of Havana. Finding nothing contraband, they sought to extort a confession from the captain by hanging him up to the yard-arm, with the cabin-boy fastened to his feet as a make-weight. The rope broke, however, and, finding him still recalcitrant, they then cut off one of his ears, and bade him take it to his king. Jenkins returned to London and claimed vengeance. But England did not care to quarrel with Spain just then, and all was apparently forgotten. Seven years afterwards some fresh insults offered by the Spaniards to English sailors brought up again the topic of Jenkins's ear. He had preserved it in wadding, and exhibited it before the House of Commons in March, 1738. When asked concerning his feelings during the ordeal, he replied that he had commended his soul to God and his cause to his country. The British nation was aroused. "Jenkins's ear" and Jenkins's trust in his country formed party watchwords, and were echoed and re-echoed throughout the country. The sailors went about London wearing the inscription "Ear for ear" on their hats. The large merchants and ship-owners espoused their cause. Pope wrote verses on the subject:

The Spanish own they did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears and sent them to the king.

William Pitt and the nation in general desired war with Spain. Walpole reluctantly yielded to popular clamor. On July 10, 1739, an order in council was issued for reprisals and granting letters of marque. On October 19 war was formally declared. Jenkins's ear had served its purpose. If the English people were poetical, says Carlyle, this ear would have become a constella-

tion, like *Berenice's Crown*. Yet there were not wanting doubters then and afterwards. Burke, in his "*Regicide's Peace*," scornfully alludes to "the fable of Jenkins's ear." Walpole's biographer calls it "a ridiculous story." Tyndal insinuates that Jenkins had lost his ear on a quite different occasion. Others boldly asserted that it had been left behind on the pillory. Finally, according to Horace Walpole, when Jenkins died it was found that his ear had never been cut off at all!

Jericho, Go to, is an expression that has lost its birthright of appositeness and is now used as a sort of euphemism for "Go to Hades." Originally it was an allusion to the scriptural story found in II. Samuel x. 5, as well as in I. Chronicles xix. 5,—how that when David's servants had half their beards cut off and were not presentable at court the king advised them "to tarry at Jericho till their beards were grown." Hence young men were bidden "to tarry in Jericho," or "stay in Jericho," meaning, "Wait till your beard is grown;" satirically equivalent to saying that the party addressed was young, or "fresh," or inexperienced. The transition from this to sending to Jericho was easy enough.

The following lines from Heyward's "*Hierarchie*" may be quoted in evidence:

Who would to curb such insolence, I know,
Bid such young boyes to stay in Jericho
Until their beards were growne, their wits more staid.
Book iv., p. 108.

About fifty years ago a ribald rhyme was current, to the following effect:

Who went to Jericho
To let their beards grow?
There was Judas Iscariot,
And Captain Marryat,
And Harriet Martineau.

Another explanation is that King Henry VIII. had a house in the Manor of Blackmore, some seven miles from Chelmsford, whither he used to retire when he wished to be free from disturbance or to indulge in animal pleasures. To this place, which had formerly been a priory, the name Jericho was given as a disguise. Hence the answer "He has gone to Jericho" conveyed the information to all inquirers after the monarch that he was amusing himself in Essex. In 1880 the Rev. W. Callandar, vicar of Blackmore, wrote that the place "habitually goes by the name of the Jericho Estate, or the Blackmore Priory. There is a brooklet running through the village which I have heard called the 'Jordan.'" So far, so good. But there is no evidence that the slang phrase arose from this custom of Henry VIII., especially as the explanation first given is entirely satisfactory.

Jerry-builder, a term for an inefficient, careless, or hasty builder, used in England with the same sense as *Buddensiek* is in America. Its origin is also very similar. "Jerry Brothers, Builders and Contractors," was a Liverpool firm of the early part of this century, who earned an unpleasant notoriety by putting up rapidly-built, showy, but ill-constructed houses, so that their name eventually became generic for such builders and their work, first in Liverpool and afterwards throughout England. It will be remembered that Charles Buddensiek was a builder of flimsy apartment-houses in New York. A row of these buildings collapsed before they were completed, burying several of the workmen under its ruins. Buddensiek was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Jersey lightning, an American phrase for apple-jack or apple-brandy, a spirit distilled from cider, for which the State of New Jersey is particularly

famous. Lightning is an old cant term for liquor. George Parker's Dictionary of 1789 defines it as a quartern of gin.

The guests now being met,
The first thing that was done
Was handing round the kid,
'That all might smack his mun.
A flash of lightning next
Bets tipt each cull and frow,
Ere they to church did pad
To have it christened Joe.

Life's Paint (1789).

Jerusalem Artichoke. A curious example of folk-etymology is that which has turned the Italian *Girasole Articiocco* into "Jerusalem artichoke." The Italian name means the sunflower artichoke, the vegetable (*Helianthus tuberosus*) being a perennial of the same family as the common sunflower (*Helianthus annuus*), which it resembles in stem, leaves, and flowers. A further extension of the name-error turns the soup made from the artichoke tubers into "Palestine Soup."

Jesse, To give him, an Americanism, meaning to abuse a man, to thrash him severely, sometimes intensified as "particular Jesse" or "d——d particular Jesse." Charles Eliot Norton reminds us that "Give 'em Jessie" was a party war-cry current in the Presidential campaign of 1856. "Fremont, the Republican candidate, had fifteen years before made a runaway match with Jessie, daughter of Thomas H. Benton, and the popular favor with which runaway matches are apt to be regarded was made much of in this case, the lady's name being freely used in song and story by her husband's political supporters." But the phrase is much older than 1856, and the war-cry was merely a punning allusion. One derivation takes us back to the days of falconry. The *jess* was a thong by which the bird was attached to the wrist, and when it retrieved badly it appears to have been the custom to punish it by the application of the thong. But Mr. Leland's suggestion is more probable, that the phrase is derived from the allusion in the Bible to Jesse's valor and the aid which he rendered, a text continually repeated among the Puritans.

Jesuitical compositions, or Equivoques, an ingenious sort of literary trifling, wherein the art consists in so writing and arranging the lines that two opposite meanings may be elicited according as they are read downward or across. An early and excellent specimen was once well known in New England as "The Jesuit's Creed," and is sometimes attributed to Dean Swift. But Collet, in his "Relics of Literature," credits it to the *Weekly Pacquet of Advice from Rome*, No. 23, May 6, 1679. At that date Swift was in his cradle. Here it is, in the original Latin and in the *Pacquet's* translation :

Pro fide teneo sana
Affirmat quæ Romana
Supremus quando rex est
Erraticus tum grex est
Altari cum ornatur
Populus tum beatur
Asini nomen meruit
Missam qui deseruit

I hold for sound faith
What Rome's faith saith
Where the king's head
The flock's misled
Where the altar's dressed
The people's blessed,
He's but an ass
Who shuns the mass

Quæ docet Anglicana,
Videntur mihi vana,
Tum plebs est fortunata,
Cum caput fiat papa.
Communio fit inanis,
Cum mensa vina panis.
Hunc morem qui non capit,
Catholicus est et sapit.

What England's church allows,
My conscience disavows.
The flock can take no shame
Who hold the Pope supreme.
The worship's scarce divine
Whose table's bread and wine.
Who their communion flies
Is catholic and wise.

A good example, in prose, of the same kind of drollery is afforded by the following letter, said to have been written by Cardinal Richelieu to the French ambassador in Rome, but probably an invention of a later day :

SIR,—Mons. Compigne, a Savoyard by birth, is the man who will present to you this letter. He is one of the most meddling persons that I have ever known. He has long earnestly solicited me to give him a suitable character, which I have accordingly granted to his importunity; for, believe me, Sir, I should be sorry that you should be misinformed of his real character; as some other gentlemen have been, and those among the best of my friends; I think it my duty to advertise you to have especial attention to all he does, nor venture to say anything before him, in any sort; for I may truly say, there is none whom I should more regret to see received and trusted in decent society. And I well know, that as soon as you shall become acquainted with him you will thank me for this my advice. Courtesy obliges me to desist from saying anything more on this subject.

a Friar of the order of Saint Benedict, as his passport to your protection, discreet, the wisest and the least or have had the pleasure to converse with, to write to you in his favor, and together with a letter of credence; his real merit, rather, I must say, than to his modesty is only exceeded by his worth. wanting in serving him on account of being I should be afflicted if you were, misled on that score, who now esteem him, wherefore, and from no other motive, that you are most particularly desired to show him all the respect imaginable, that may either offend or displease him no man I love so much as M. Compigne, neglected, as no one can be more worthy to be Base, therefore, would it be to injure him. are made sensible of his virtues and you will love him as I do; and then The assurance I entertain of your urging this matter to you further, or Believe me, Sir, etc. RICHELIEU.

The "Lansdowne MSS." yield the following,—numbered 852 in that collection,—which might have been composed by some Vicar of Bray in the time of the Georges :

I love with all my heart
The Hanoverian part
And for the Settlement
My conscience gives consent
Most righteous is the cause
To fight for George's laws
It is my mind and heart
Though none will take my part

The Tory party here
Most hateful do appear
I ever have denied
To be on James's side
To fight for such a king
Will England's ruin bring.
In this opinion I
Resolve to live and die.

The next on our list is said to have been circulated among the United Irishmen previous to the rebellion of 1798 :

The pomp of courts and pride of kings
I prize above all earthly things
I love my country, but my king.
Above all men his praise I'll sing
The royal banners are displayed
And may success the standard aid

I fain would banish far from hence
The Rights of Man and Common Sense
Destruction to that odious name
The plague of Princes, Thomas Paine
Defeat and ruin seize the cause
Of France, her liberty and laws.

The following was the way an aristocrat of the old régime denounced the French Revolution while seemingly upholding it :

A la nouvelle loi
Je renonce dans l'âme
Comme épreuve de ma foi
Je crois celle qu'on blâme
Dieu vous donne la paix
Noblesse désolée
Qu'il confonde à jamais
Messieurs de l'Assemblée

Je veux être fidèle
Au régime ancien ;
Je crois la loi nouvelle
Opposée à tout bien ;
Messieurs les Démocrates
Au diable allez-vous en ;
Tous les Aristocrates
Ont eux seuls le bon sens.

The newly-made law
From my soul I abhor
My faith to prove good,
I maintain the old code
May God give you peace,
Forsaken Noblesse,
May He ever confound
The Assembly all round

'Tis my wish to esteem
The ancient régime ;
I maintain the new code
Is opposed to all good ;
Messieurs Democrats,
'To the devil go hence ;
All the Aristocrats
Are the sole men of sense.

The American Revolution produced a very good example :

Hark ! hark ! the trumpet sounds,	The din of war's alarms,
O'er seas and solid grounds,	Doth call us all to arms ;
Who for King George doth stand,	Their honors soon will shine,
Their ruin is at hand,	Who with the Congress join ;
The acts of Parliament,	In them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent,	Who with the Congress fight ;
The Tories of the day,	They are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away,	Who independence boast ;
Who non-resistance hold,	They have my hand and heart,
May they for slaves be sold,	Who act a Whiggish part ;
On Mansfield, North, and Bute,	May daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute,	On Congress evermore ;
To North and British lord	May honors still be done,
I wish a block and cord,	To General Washington.

During the civil war, at the time of McClellan's nomination for the Presidency, a number of administration papers published the following ingenious burlesque on the Democratic platform, which they held to be an attempt to straddle every question, and a bid for the votes of all parties :

Hurrah for	The old Union
Secession	Is a curse
We fight for	The Constitution
The Confederacy	Is a league with hell
We love	Free speech
The rebellion	Is treason
We glory in	A free press
Separation	Will not be tolerated
We fight not for	The negro's freedom
Reconstruction	Must be obtained
We must succeed	At every hazard
The Union	We love
We love not	The negro
We never said	Let the Union slide
We want	The Union as it was
Foreign intervention	Is played out
We cherish	The old flag
The stars and bars	Is a flaunting lie
We venerate	The <i>habeas corpus</i>
Southern chivalry	Is hateful
Death to	Jeff Davis
Abe Lincoln	Isn't the Government
Down with	Mob law
Law and order	Shall triumph.

Read crosswise, it gives a satirical presentation of the sentiments of the Democratic platform, but when split in the middle the left-hand column represents the extreme "Copperhead" and the right-hand the extreme "Abolitionist" sentiment.

Hitherto we have confined ourselves to political and religious squibs. Here are a couple of peaceful, secular compositions, the first resolving itself into a satire on woman and marriage, and the second, read in any manner you choose, persistently reiterating the lover's praise of his mistress :

MATRIMONY.

The man must lead a happy life	Who's free from matrimonial chains,
Who is directed by his wife	Is sure to suffer for his pains.
Adam could find no solid peace	When Eve was given for a mate,
Until he saw a woman's face	Adam was in a happy state.
In all the female hearts appear	Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride,
'T ruth, darling of a heart sincere,	Ne'er known in woman to reside.
What tongue is able to unfold	The falsehoods that in woman dwell,
The worth in woman, we behold,	Is almost imperceptible.
Cursed be the foolish man, I say,	Who changes from his single life,
Who will not yield to woman's sway	Is free from quarrelling and strife.

ADDRESS TO MY MISTRESS.

Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
So fair,	so sweet,	so short,
First bent,	then drew,	then hit,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	my heart,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	my heart,
To like,	to learn,	to love,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
Doth lead,	doth teach,	doth move.
Mine eye,	mine ear,	your wit,
With life,	with hope,	with art,
Your face,	your tongue,	doth rule,
Doth feed,	doth feast,	my heart.
Your face,	your tongue,	my heart,
With beams,	with sound,	with skill,
Doth bind,	doth charm,	your wit,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	doth fill.
O face!	O tongue!	O wit!
With frowns,	with check,	with smart,
Wrong not,	vex not,	wound not,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	my heart.
This eye,	this ear,	this heart,
Shall joy,	shall bend,	shall swear,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
To serve,	to trust,	to fear.

Charles Wesley is credited with the following "Musical Creed :—"

Handel d'ye see's	A downright arrant block
The man for me	Is John Sebastian Bach,
Who can write well	Why none but German John
But old Handel	Ought to be spat upon,
George is for air	The stupidest of coons
Beyond compare	Is Bach at graceful tunes,
To Handel's name	We all propine our hate
Give then the fame	To Bach's chromatic pate.

A less literary, but still ingenious, form of equivocation is illustrated by the story of the Milwaukee merchant who, during the civil war, drew on the wall of his store a negro's head, and beneath the legend,—

Dis Union Foreber.

Another stock story relates that during the Presidential campaign of 1872 a non-committal editor sought to propitiate all parties by placing at the head of his editorial column the ticket "Gr—— and ——n," allowing his subscribers a choice of interpretation between Grant and Wilson and Greeley and Brown. (It is added that an ardent Republican subscriber advised him to "Go to the ant, thou sluggard!") *Lippincott's Magazine* called attention to the fact that this editor was a probably unconscious plagiarist from the French army officer who at a mess-meeting gave the toast,—

"Gentlemen, I drink to a thing which—an object that—— Bah! I will out with it at once. It begins with an R and ends with an E."

"Capital!" whispered a young lieutenant of Bordeaux promotion. "He proposes the *République*, without offending the old fogies by saying the word."

"Nonsense! He means the *Radical*," replied another.

"Upon my word," said a third, as he lifted his glass, "our friend must mean *la Royauté*."

"I see!" cried a one-legged veteran of Fröschweiler: "we drink to *la Révanché*."

So the whole party drank the toast heartily, each interpreting it to his liking.

Jew that Shakespeare drew. An anecdote which persistently recurs, with much embroidery of detail added by each successive reporter, made its first appearance, so far as known, in J. T. Kirkman's "Life of Macklin" (1799), vol. i. p. 264. Shylock, it will be remembered, had been degraded to a comic

character on the English stage, but Macklin restored the text and played Shylock as a serious part. The biographer continues,—

In the dumb action of the trial scene he was amazingly descriptive, and through the whole displayed such unequal merit as justly entitled him to that very comprehensive, though concise, compliment paid to him by Mr. Pope, who sat in the stage-box on the third night of the reproduction, and who emphatically exclaimed,—

This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew!

The book is ill written, as may be seen from the above, and no authorities are cited. The anonymous author of a somewhat better biography, "Memoirs of Macklin" (1804), does not mention the story of the couplet, which is presumptive evidence that it was then discredited. In 1812 it reappears in the "Biographia Dramatica," vol. i. p. 469, in this cautious form:

On the 14th of February, 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor in the character of Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice." Macklin's performance of this character so forcibly struck a gentleman in the pit that he, as it were involuntarily, exclaimed,—

This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew!

It has been said that this gentleman was Mr. Pope, and that he meant his panegyric on Macklin as a satire against Lord Lansdowne.

In 1853, the anecdote, trailing clouds of glory, comes out in this fashion:

On the third night of representation all eyes were directed to the stage-box, where sat a little deformed man; and whilst others watched *his* gestures, as if to learn his opinion of the performers, he was gazing intently upon Shylock, and as the actor panted, in broken accents of rage, and sorrow, and avarice, "Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal," the little man was seen to rise, and, leaning from the box as Macklin passed it, he whispered,—

This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew.

The speaker was Alexander Pope, and, in that age, from his judgment in criticism there was no appeal.—*Irish Quarterly Review* (December, 1853).

Now, it is doubtful whether Pope was in London at all when Macklin brought out Shylock. That he was in Bath on February 4, 1741, is evidenced by a letter of that date to Warburton. But, even if he had returned to London, it is unlikely that he was at the theatre (certainly he was not in the pit). His health had been ailing since 1739, when he described himself as "sleepy and stupid enough" in the evenings. "My eyes fail, and the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labor of the past day sufficient to weigh me down, so I hide myself in bed, as a bird in the nest, much about the same time, and rise and chirp in the morning."

Jew's eye, Worth a. This expression is supposed to have arisen out of the practice of torturing the Jews to exact money. Drawing teeth or plucking out an eye was frequently resorted to if the demand was not complied with. The threatened member could be ransomed only by paying the sum exacted. King John, having required a rich Jew of Bristol to pay him ten thousand marks, when the demand was resisted ordered that one of the Jew's teeth should be tugged out every day till the money was forthcoming. The sufferer endured seven days before he would give in, which when he did, John jestingly observed, "A Jew's eye may be a quick revenue, but Jews' teeth give the richer harvest." According to serious philology, however, Jew's eye is simply a corruption of the Italian *gioiello* (a "jewel").

Shakespeare puns upon the word when he makes Launcelot say,—

There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

Merchant of Venice, Act ii., Sc. 5.

Jingo—Jingoism. In the Basque language the word "Jingo" means God, and is a common form of adjuration. Possibly the English caught the oath "by Jingo!" from the Basque sailors. But Halliwell derives the word from a corruption of St. Gingoulph. The word "Jingoism" has acquired a new meaning in British politics since 1877. At the height of the anti-Russian excitement, when Lord Beaconsfield, the Premier, was determined to protect Turkey from Russia, and Gladstone was advocating non-interference, a song became very popular in the English music-halls, the refrain of which was,—

We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too.

"Jingo" was derisively cast as a nickname at the warlike party, and was proudly accepted by them. The term has ever since been applied to those who pander to popular favor by noisy advocacy of popular measures.

The following parody of the song appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,
We've Protestant and Catholic, Turk, infidel, and Jew;
We've "God" and "Mammon," "Allah," "Buddha," "Brahma," and "Vishnu;"
We've collared all the deities, so what *can* Russia do?

Chance has given currency to a word which possibly may one day become as widely known and as respectable as the name of Whig or Tory,—the word jingo. An English traveller abroad is said to have been not long ago asked the question, "Mais qu'est-ce que c'est donc, monsieur, que ce Jingo?" His own ideas on the matter not being very clearly defined, he made answer, with elusive playfulness, that it was Mr. Gladstone's familiar spirit. The epithet is now used by Liberal speakers, even by the most moderate and eminent of them, as a convenient missile to fling at their opponents, and by Radicals it is applied freely, and one may say indiscriminately, to all who desire to maintain the honor and integrity of the British empire. If we turn to that celebrated refrain which has given currency to the word, and which will be remembered longer than many verses of greater lyrical value, we can find nothing more in it than the expression of a modest firmness and self-reliance. It breathes defence, not defiance. It affirms that we have no desire for war, but that should war arise we have the means to face it. This temperate affirmation is clinched with an oath, reprehensible, indeed, and by no means refined, but far less objectionable than many other such words that we unfortunately hear even from the Liberal workingman when we walk the streets.—*Saturday Review* (1880).

Job. Sheridan's definition of a political job is as pat to-day as ever: he says, "Whenever any emolument, profit, salary, or honor is conferred on any person not deserving it, that is a job; if from private friendship, personal attachment, or any view except the interest of the public, anyone is appointed to any public office, that is a job." To which may be added, legislation obtained to procure some private end or profit. An amusing etymology of the word job is that of Southey, who derives it from the Job of the Bible:

For a job in the working or operative sense is evidently something which it requires patience to perform, in the physical and moral sense, as when, for example, in the language of the vulgar, a personal hurt or misfortune is called a bad job, it is something which it requires patience to support; and in the political sense it is something which it requires patience in the public to endure: and in all these senses the origin of the word may be traced to Job, who is the proverbial exemplar of this virtue.—*The Doctor*, ch. cxv.

Job's Turkey, As poor as. Judge Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick," popularized the interesting facts that Job's turkey had but one feather in his tail, and had to lean against the fence to gobble. Obviously, the reference is to the deplorable indigence to which Job was reduced when delivered over to Satan. The fact that Job couldn't have a turkey (for the bird is a native of America) was probably not present to the mind of the originator of the expression. The English "As lazy as Ludlam's dog, which had to lean against the fence to bark," seems to have been in Haliburton's mind, and possibly the Indian proverb "I am as poor as a turkey in summer," recorded by C. Jennings in "The Eggs of British Birds," p. 7, and thus explained by him: "At some seasons of the year, from their excessive wanderings and from

scarcity of food, turkeys, in a wild state, become extremely thin. This circumstance has given rise to a proverb in the Indian language." Jennings asserts that he heard the proverb from "an Omawahaw."

Jockey of Norfolk, a *sobriquet* applied to Sir John Howard, a staunch adherent to the house of York and of Richard III. He was noted alike for the magnificence of his household and for the high offices held by him. He accompanied Richard to Bosworth Field, and entered the fight notwithstanding the friendly warning which was posted on his tent the night preceding the battle :

Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold.

He paid the penalty for his fidelity with his life, being among those who were left dead on the field.

Jocking wi' deeficulty. The origin of this phrase is (unauthoritatively) said to be as follows. A Scotch editor, wishing to enliven the columns of his journal, looked round him, and at last discovered what he wanted in the person of a funny sub-editor. He then boasted himself in the society of his friends, saying, "I have found in my new sub-editor a young man just overflowing with natural wit and humor. Jocks just pour freely from his lips. Now, this is a grand thing for the paper, because, for my part, I confess that I jock wi' deeficulty."

John-a-dreams, a lackadaisical fellow, always in a brown study and half asleep :

Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing.

Hamlet, Act ii., Sc. 2.

John Company, an Anglo-Indian term for the Honorable East India Company, which personified itself to the Hindoo imagination as a mythical being, neither man nor woman, kept especially busy visiting calamities on the heads of all who doubted its actual existence.

Johnny Rebs, a *sobriquet* given by the soldiers of the Union armies to the Confederates during the late war of the Rebellion : said to have originated in a colloquy between pickets,—the Confederate picket objecting to being dubbed by the Union soldier as a "Johnny Bull," in allusion to the countenance given by Great Britain to the cause of the seceding States.

Johnny's upset the coach! This was the phrase which Lord Derby used in a conversation with Sir James Graham on the rejection of the Reform Bill, mainly drawn up by Lord John Russell (1831). The Grey ministry resigned, appealed to the country, and obtained a large majority, by which the bill was finally passed in 1832.

Jones. Davy Jones's Locker, a nautical term for the depths of the ocean,—*i.e.*, the graves of those that perish at sea. It has been suggested that Jones is a corruption of Jonas, who lived for three days in the whale's belly, and that once having turned the prophet into a Welshman it followed naturally that he should be given the name of the Welshman's patron saint, David, the commonest of all patronymics in Wales. Bishop Andrews in one of his sermons alludes to the expression "He hath beene where Ionas was" as being said "of any that hath beene in extreme perill." (*Ninety-Six Sermons*, p. 515, folio.)

Jones, In-I-go (a play upon the name of the famous architect, Inigo Jones), a nickname given in the early part of Queen Victoria's reign to an enterprising youngster of the name of Jones, who attained a certain celebrity through the frequency with which he managed to make his way, unperceived by sentinels and servants, into the private apartments of Buckingham Palace, where he was more than once found concealed under a sofa. The *sobriquet* was afterwards transferred to Richard Monckton Milnes, as a tribute to the latter's unruffled audacity and "cheek." See COOL OF THE EVENING.

Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur (L., "The judge is condemned when the criminal is acquitted"), the 407th Maxim of Publius Syrus, adopted by the founders of the *Edinburgh Review* as the motto of their periodical.

Julienne Soup. This soup was invented by the famous Julien, who came to Boston about the time of the French Revolution and established the "Restorator" on Milk Street. He is also memorable as the inventor, or at least the instigator, of the idea of selling food in hermetically-sealed cans. After his return to France, at the Restoration, he sold his right or patent to a noted restaurant in the French capital, and the new proprietors sold the soup in cans to all nations.

Junker party, a nickname for the strict Conservatives in the Prussian Landtag, from the large majority of that party belonging to the unprogressive rural aristocracy, who in Germany are called, with a touch of opprobrium, "Junker;" the class corresponding, in a measure, with the English squirearchy, uncompromising supporters of the established state church and the established order of things in general.

Junket. In American politics this name is given to any useless legislative investigation, where the inquiry is the ostensible object, the real purpose, however, being to provide for the members of the investigating committee a frolicking tour of the country at the public expense. It is also applied to any similarly purposeless and ostensibly official tour of administrative and executive bodies or officers.

Junto, The, a small group of men who, in the reign of King William III. and under this name, dictated the policy of the Whig party, exercising an authority, in the words of Macaulay, "of which there is, perhaps, no parallel in history, ancient or modern." Its leading members were Russell, Lord-Keeper Somers, and Charles Montague.

Justice the highest expediency. Wendell Phillips, in his speech on the election of Lincoln, November 7, 1860, uttered this sentence: "When Infinite Wisdom established the rules of right and honesty, he saw to it that justice should be always the highest expediency." This is not unlike "Honesty is the best policy."

Agessilaus II., King of Sparta (B.C. 398-361), being asked which he considered the highest virtue, valor or justice, replied, "Unsupported by justice, valor is good for nothing; and if all men were just there would be no need of valor."—PLUTARCH: *Life*.

Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

SHAKESPEARE: *Henry VIII.*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just.

LOWELL: *The Present Crisis*.

Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth.—WEBSTER: *Speech on Mr. Justice Story* (1845).

J'y suis, j'y reste (Fr., "Here I am, here I remain"), the reply of Marshal MacMahon, during the siege of Sebastopol, when advised by General Pélissier, the French commander-in-chief, to abandon the Malakoff, a position he had carried by assault September 8, 1855. Victor Emmanuel used the same expression after the occupation of Rome, when he had transferred the capital of Italy from Florence. But, after all, Luther had anticipated them both in the famous declaration made at the Diet of Worms: "Here I stand; I can do no otherwise; God help me. Amen."

If any one will answer these questions for me with something more to the point than feeble talk about the cowardice of agnosticism, I shall be deeply his debtor. Unless and until they are satisfactorily answered, I say of agnosticism in this matter, *J'y suis, et j'y reste.*—HUXLEY.

K.

K, the eleventh letter and eighth consonant of the English alphabet, derived from the Phœnician through the Latin and the Greek. It was little used in Latin, on account of the double function that was placed upon *C* (*q. v.*).

Kangaroo. When Captain Cook discovered Australia he saw some of the natives on the shore with a dead animal of some sort in their possession, and sent sailors in a boat to buy it of them. When it came on board he saw it was something quite new, so he sent the sailors back to inquire its name. The sailors asked, but, not being able to make the natives understand, received the answer, "I don't know," or, in the Australian language, "Kanga-roo." The sailors supposed this was the name of the animal, and so reported it. Thus the name of the curious animal is the "I-don't-know," which is almost equal to the name given to one of the monstrosities in Barnum's Museum, the "What-is-it?"

Kettle of fish, A pretty, proverbial English, meaning a bad botch, a muddle, a *contre-temps*. Sir Walter Scott, in a note in "St. Ronan's Well," explains that "a kettle of fish is a *fête-champêtre* of a particular kind, which is to other *fêtes-champêtres* what the piscatory eclogues of Browne or Sannazaro are to pastoral poetry." A salmon is the principal dish provided in these picnics. But, acting on the principle attributed to the mythical Mrs. Glasse, it must first be caught. Then it is boiled in brine in a large caldron, or what our Saxon ancestors would call a *cytel*, hung gypsy-fashion on an extempore tripod over a fire of logs.

But when Mr. Western, in "Tom Jones," rushes into the presence of Mrs. Western and Mr. Allworthy with the vociferous cry, "Fine doings at my house! A rare kettle of fish I have discovered!" we may be sure that he is using the phrase not in its literal but in its proverbial sense. That sense, however, is hard to discover.

In the "Eleventh Annual Report of the Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries," Mr. Inspector Walpole, in reporting on the fisheries on the coast of Sussex, says, "The kettle-nets, it may be interesting to note, probably derive their name from the *kiddelus*, or *kiddle*, which is mentioned in Magna Charta and many earlier fishery statutes. In their turn, the kettle-nets are, I conceive, responsible for the old proverb 'a pretty kettle of fish.'"

Palmer, in "Folk Etymology," suggests that when a kettle-net full of fish was drawn up, with its plunging contents, the confusion, flurry, and disorder of the process might easily have been made synonymous with a colloquial expression which would convey the idea of an imbroglio, a "mess," or a *contre-temps* of any sort; or possibly the expression may come from the Scotch

word *kittle*, to puzzle or perplex. "A *kittle* of fish" is also suggestive of a "muddle," the term being derived, we are told, from the apparatus of pulleys employed in dragging the flukes of the anchor towards the bow after it has been hoisted to the cathead. If the pulleys get out of order, it is called a "kittle of fish," but why one cannot understand, unless it be a mere corruption of "a pretty kettle of fish," already established as an equivalent for something gone wrong. It is impossible to fix the exact date when this phrase was first adopted; but perhaps it was used in derision by some early Saxon cook who, having overboiled his fish, spoiled his whole *cytel*-ful.

Short sight in politics affects the collective happiness of mankind much more than short-sight in morals. The short-sighted politician is a pest to his country; the short-sighted moralist is a curse to himself. It is only when such a moralist turns legislator or agitator, and therefore drops the guise of moralist for that of politician, that he becomes dangerous to the peace of others as well as to his own, and illustrates the wisdom of Dr. Johnson's observation, adopted and amplified by Mr. Buckle, that there is no greater social nuisance than your wrong-headed conscientious man. Such a man, if he comes into power, turns the affairs of his country—which previously were in a condition, if not of perfection, at least of order and decency—into the caldron, and makes of them what *Punch* once represented Lord Palmerston as calling "a pretty kettle of fish."—*Saturday Review*.

Kettle-drum, an afternoon tea. The term is sometimes thought to have originated in English barracks, where officers' wives entertain their friends at tea just after dress-parade, and the final rat-tat-tat of the drums gives the signal for reunion over the teacups. But "drum" was a name given to evening parties as far back as the eighteenth century, and possibly "kettle" has been prefixed to impart the idea of a teakettle.

Anyway, a kettle-drum happens to be a pleasant sort of meal,—scarcely a meal at all, but only an excuse for meeting together in an easy manner at an interval when one has nothing else to do; while some will accept it as a welcome prelude to the onerous task of "dressing for dinner." The afternoon tea, or kettle-drum, has other uses. Men have now no leisure for breakfast-parties, even if they were inclined to talk before facing the day's work; and the ponderous formality of the dinner which fashion prescribes, to say nothing of its often finding men tired and jaded, forbids that free interchange of sentiments which renders Johnson's tavern dinners or the sociable feasts of Holland House so pleasant a retrospect in these days and nights of hurry. Much of the friendly talk of a country-house or the liveliness of a London mansion crystallizes round the kettle-drum.

Though afternoon tea is a product of advanced civilization, its analogues may be found in the past. Thus, Isidore, a grammarian of the seventh century, explains the Roman meal called *merenda*, concerning which antiquaries have always been puzzled, as having been "food taken in the afternoon, to be eaten after mid-day, and just before dinner; whence," he adds, "certain call it *antecænia*," or dinner prelude. This exactly corresponds to our cup of tea taken in the afternoon just before dinner. So that in this case, as in so many others, there is nothing new under the sun. Lucullus gathered his guests around him in the shady arbor at his country-house for *merenda* on oppressive afternoons, just as cups of tea now solace our young people under the croquet tent before the dressing-bell rings.—*Chambers's Journal*, November 20, 1875.

"Go to Mrs. Wyson's five-o'clock tea with you?" said Mr. Placer Dam, the California millionaire, to his wife. "Not much, my dear. You can whoop it up to sassiety all you blame please; me and your brother William will keep down to plain old California style. No five-o'clock teas for men who ain't got reel intimate with biled shirts yet. Five-o'clock tea! Bill, let's us take a little pasear round to Ryan's and get a seventeen-minutes-to-three-o'clock whiskey."—*Puck*.

Kick, Kicker. To kick is an expressive Americanism for to object, to find fault, to grumble. The Detroit *Free Press* quotes the following sentences in point: "Citizen Jones kicks against being assessed so high for his Fourth Street property." "Anson raised a double-jointed, gilt-edged kick when the umpire gave him out in the second innings yesterday." "The High School girls kick against long study-hours," etc. A kicker means a chronic grumbler, and in politics the term is applied to a Mugwump, an Independent,—i.e., one who kicks over the traces.

A sensitive exchange dolorously complains that the ballet-girls throughout the country are

kicking because Margaret Sangster has written a poem, "The Girls of Ninety-One." The one who would deny a ballet-girl the right to kick is indeed hard-hearted.—*Philadelphia Press*.

But, like many another "Americanism," this is simply a recrudescence and extension of a good old English phrase which may be found in the Authorized Version of the Bible, and even in Tennyson :

Wherefore kick ye at my sacrifice and at mine offering, which I have commanded?—*I. Samuel ii. 29.*

You hold the woman is the better man :
A rampant heresy, such as, if it spread,
Would make all women kick against their lords.

TENNYSON: *Princess*, iv.

"To kick against the pricks" (*Acts ix. 5*), a metaphorical allusion to ploughing-oxen kicking against the goads, is common in England and America for any ineffectual resistance to superior force.

To kick one's self, often used with an infinite variety of adjuncts,—*i.e.*, to kick one's self "all over the house," "all over the place," etc.,—means to feel or express violent dissatisfaction with one's self, to be mortified or chagrined. This is a pure Americanism.

Ascombe. So Betts lost heavily on the races, eh? What is he doing now?

Bascombe. Trying to invent a perpetual-motion machine.

Ascombe. Of what use will that be to him?

Bascombe. He wants it to kick himself with.—*Puck*.

Kick the bucket, a slang phrase common on both sides of the Atlantic, meaning to die. The allusion is probably to the way in which a slaughtered pig is hung up,—*viz.*, by passing the ends of a bent piece of wood behind the tendons of the hind legs and so suspending it to a hook in the beam above. This piece of wood is locally termed a bucket, and so, by a coarse metaphor, the phrase came to have its present meaning. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, first series, ix. 107, offered a derivation which should be quoted as a curiosity: "One Balsover, having hung himself to a beam while standing on the bottom of a pail or bucket, kicked the vessel away in order to pry into futurity, and it was all up with him from that moment." The physician who attended George Colman in his last illness paid one day a later visit than usual, and explained it by saying that he had been called in to see a man who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" faintly inquired the patient.

Kickshaws, the name for light French ragouts or made-dishes of an unsatisfactory nature; also, and more generally, anything trivial. The word is an Anglicized form of the French *quelque chose*, the end-syllable *shaw* being perhaps mentally associated with *pshaw*, in token of contempt. The Germans have twisted the same word into *geckschoserie* ("foolery"), the contempt in their case being indicated by the first syllable, *geck* being the nearest equivalent in German for *dude* or *jackanapes*. The development of the present English form of the word is shown by the following extracts:

Only let mee love none, no, not the sport
From country grasse, to confitures of court,
Or cities' quelque choses, let not report
My mind transport.

DONNE: *Poems* (1633), p. 8.

Limberham. Some foolish French quelquechase, I warrant you.

Brainsick. Quelquechase! O ignorance in supreme perfection! he means kekshose.

DRYDEN: *The Kind Keeper*.

Sir And. I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickchawses, knight?

Twelfth Night (fol. 1623), Act i., Sc. 3.

Kilkenny Cats have an ill name for ferocity. "As quarrelsome as Kilkenny cats" is a popular proverb. Over a hundred years ago, it is said, a great battle of felines took place in the neighborhood of the town, which was participated in by all the cats in the city and county of Kilkenny, aided and abetted by cats from other parts of Ireland. One thousand cats were found dead next morning upon the field of battle, and many were identified by their collars as coming from remote regions of the country.

But the most famous legend concerning Kilkenny cats is that two of them, fighting in a saw-pit, bit and scratched so long and so ferociously that at last only two tails were left in the arena: each had devoured the other. An anonymous bard has versified the incident as follows:

There once were two cats of Kilkenny,
Which thought there was one cat too many,
So they mewed and they bit,
And they scratched and they fit,
Till, excepting their nails and the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats there weren't any.

This seems nothing but a bit of broad Irish humor, or perhaps even a typical Irish bull; nevertheless an attempt has been made to rationalize the myth in the following story:

During the Irish rebellion of 1798 or 1803—for authorities differ—Kilkenny was garrisoned by a regiment of Hessian soldiers, whose favorite pastime in their barrack-rooms was to throw two cats, tied together by their tails, face to face, across a clothes-line. The officers, learning of this barbarous sport, determined to put an end to it. For this purpose an officer was ordered to inspect each barrack-room daily. But the soldiers, learning of this system of espionage, detailed one of their comrades to watch the officer. One day the sentinel neglected his duty, and the officer was heard ascending the stairs while the cats were fighting. There was no time to disengage them. A trooper hastily drew his sword and with one blow severed the tails of the cats, who thereupon escaped through the window. When the officer entered he severely demanded whence came the bleeding tails upon the floor, whereupon the trooper informed him, with a ready wit worthy of his Irish surroundings, that two cats had been fighting desperately together, that it had been impossible to separate them, and that they had ended by devouring each other,—all but the tails.

Some authorities reject this story as obviously manufactured after the event, and insist on considering the inter-destructive cats an allegory of the neighboring municipalities of Kilkenny and Irishtown, which from A.D. 1377 to the close of the seventeenth century contended so fiercely about boundaries that they mutually impoverished each other and left only a trace of their former selves. De Gubernatis, on the other hand, ingeniously surmises that the origin of the myth may be traced to the German superstition which dreads the combat between cats as presaging death to the one who witnesses it.

Kilmainham Treaty, the name given by the English Conservatives to an arrangement alleged to have been made between Gladstone and certain Irish members of Parliament who were imprisoned in Kilmainham jail during the agrarian troubles of 1880-1882, whereby the prisoners were released on agreeing to support the Liberals, Mr. Gladstone agreeing in turn to certain concessions to be made by him to Ireland.

King. The king is dead! Long live the king! In the French monarchical period, when a king of France died, a herald appeared upon the balcony of the royal palace, and cried three times to the crowd below, "The king is dead! Long live the king!" ("Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!") Again at the funeral ceremonies, when the royal corpse was committed to its

last resting-place in the vaults of Saint-Denis, these words were solemnly repeated. They were heard for the last time in France on the death of Louis XVIII. Seven days after he had breathed his last his remains were taken with great pomp to Saint-Denis, where they lay in state from September 23 to October 24, the day appointed for the funeral. An enormous crowd gathered to witness a ceremony which had been strange to France since the death of Louis XV in 1774. The funeral services over and the body being deposited in its crypt, the grand chamberlain—no less a personage than M. de Talleyrand—waved the standard of France over the catafalque. Then the Duke d'Uzès—acting as grand master of the royal house—lowered his baton, and, placing the end in the opening of the crypt, cried, "The king is dead! The king is dead!" This was thrice repeated by the king-at-arms, who after the third cry added, "Let us all pray to God for the repose of the king." A profound silence fell over the assembly. Clergy and spectators fell on their knees and prayed in silence. Then the Duke d'Uzès, once more lifting his baton, raised the cry, "Long live the king!" Again this was thrice repeated by the king-at-arms, who added, "Long live King Charles, tenth of the name, by the grace of God King of France and of Navarre! Cry all, Long live the king!" The cry was echoed by a thousand voices. Drums beat, trumpets brayed, the military band burst into strains of music that echoed and re-echoed through the church. Without, salvos of musketry and artillery announced that sorrow must give place to joy, and that if Louis XVIII were no more, Charles X. was king.

The phrase has been frequently parodied and paraphrased, as in the instances subjoined :

Polichinelle is invulnerable. The invulnerability of the heroes of Ariosto is not so fully established as that of Polichinelle. I doubt if his heel remained in his mother's hand when she plunged him into the Styx. What is certain is that Polichinelle, pierced with many wounds by the bravi, hanged by the executioner, and carried off by the devil, infallibly re-appears in a quarter of an hour, in his dramatic cage, as tricksome, as fresh, and as gallant as ever, dreaming of nothing but clandestine love-affairs and elf-like pranks. Polichinelle is dead, long live Polichinelle! It is this phenomenon which suggested the idea of the legitimacy. Montesquieu would have said this if he had known. One cannot know everything. —CHARLES NODIER.

My heart will ever love so long as there are women; should it cool over one, it will immediately fire up over another, and as the king never dies in France, so the queen never dies in my heart, where the word is *la reine est morte, vive la reine!* —HEINE: *Reisbilder*.

King can do no wrong. Although verbally the phrase as it now stands is English, the idea which it conveys may be traced in its primary but since modified form to times far anterior to English history, when a very wise but by no means faultless king composed the Book of Proverbs. King Solomon writes, "A divine sentence is in the lips of the king; his mouth transgresseth not in judgment." (*Proverbs* xvi. 10.) Perhaps there is more historical connection than at first meets the eye between our English maxim and this proverb, which, however, does not imply impeccability, but infallibility,—for instance, in uttering judgment. The proverb was quoted by certain theologians in support of the dogma of infallibility. Now, with respect to the English Church, an English king assumed the pope's place; more, he was invested by his devoted servants with attributes that seemed to transcend those of the pope himself. Parliament, prohibiting appeals to Rome, vested in Henry VIII. the right of deciding ecclesiastical causes. Cranmer admitted his superiority to all law, ecclesiastical or civil, which is nearly equivalent to saying the king can do no wrong. English jurisprudence has other similar maxims relating to the crown,—e.g., "The king is under no man, yet he is in subjection to God and to the law, for the law makes the king" (BRACTON, lib. i., fol. 5), and "The king never dies" (BRANCH: *Maxims*, fifth ed., 197). But

it is understood in this connection that "the person of the king is by law made up of two bodies : a natural body, subject to infancy, infirmity, sickness, and death ; and a political body, perfect, powerful, and perpetual." The first appearance of the saying in its present form is in 2 Rolle's Reports, p. 304, *temp.* James I. The maxim, however, has not been interpreted by all Englishmen and in all ages alike. That second Solomon, James I., would probably have much preferred the idea of a king conveyed by Cowell : "He is *supra legem* by his absolute right." The view generally entertained by modern Englishmen is well expressed by Blackstone :

That the king can do no wrong is a necessary and fundamental principle of the English constitution, meaning only that, in the first place, whatever may be amiss in the conduct of public affairs is not chargeable personally on the king ; nor is he, but his ministers, accountable for it to the people.—*Commentaries*, Book iii., ch. xvii.

That is, responsibility for wrong committed is not monarchical, but ministerial. The offending ministry under pressure of public opinion goes out. In this sense the king can do no wrong. Wrong may be done, but it is not done by the sovereign.

To return to the parallel of royal and papal infallibility. This latter is not to be understood as an attribute of the pope personally or *per se*, but of the pope speaking *ex cathedra*,—the pope in council. So, also, according to the maxim, it is not the individual king who can do no wrong, but the king in council ; the administrative authority of the council being constitutionally merged in that of the government for the time-being.

King Cotton, a popular personification of the great staple of the Southern States of the American Union. His reign seems to have been first publicly proclaimed by James H. Hammond, of South Carolina. In a speech delivered by Hammond in the United States Senate on March 4, 1858, he said, "No ; you dare not make war upon cotton. No power on earth dares make war upon it. Cotton is king. Until lately the Bank of England was king ; but she tried to put on her screws, as usual, the fall before the last, on the cotton crop, and was utterly vanquished. The last power has been conquered. Who can doubt, that has looked at recent events, that cotton is supreme ?"

But earlier by some three years (in 1855) David Christy published a book entitled "Cotton is King ; or, Slavery in the Light of Political Economy."

King of Reptiles, a nickname given to Bernard Germain Étienne de la Ville, Count Lacépède (1758-1825), both on account of his researches into natural history embodied in a work called "Histoire des Reptiles," and because of the eloquence with which he justified the arbitrary measures of Napoleon.

King's beard, I have singed the Spanish. The episode which occasioned this exclamation of Francis Drake happened in 1587. Negotiations were going on between the representatives of Philip II. of Spain and Queen Elizabeth for a definitive *modus vivendi*. Notwithstanding, both sides continued their preparations for war. It was no secret that Philip was collecting or building the ships for the "Invincible Armada ;" all Europe was talking of the enormous fleets with which both the Tagus and Cadiz harbor were reported to be crowded. "With some misgivings, but in one of her bolder moments, the queen allowed Drake to take a flying squadron down the Spanish coast. She hung about his neck a second in command to limit his movements ; but Drake took his own way, leaving his vice-admiral to go home and complain. He sailed into Cadiz harbor, burnt eighteen galleons which were lying there, and, remaining leisurely till he had finished his work, sailed away, intending to repeat the operation at Lisbon. It might have been done with the same ease.

The English squadron lay at the mouth of the river within sight of Santa Cruz, and the great admiral had to sit still and fume, unable to go out and meet him *por falta de gente*,—for want of sailors to man his galleons. Drake might have gone in and burnt them all, and would have done it had not Elizabeth felt that he had accomplished enough, and that the negotiations would be broken off if he worked more destruction. He had singed the king's beard; and the king, though patient of affronts, was moved to a passing emotion." (FROUDE: *Spanish Story of the Armada.*)

Kings rise and set. In Shelley's lyrical drama of "Hellas" his Sublime Highness Mahmoud exclaims to Hassan,—

Kings are like stars: they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.

Bacon has a similar figure: "Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest." The thought, of course, is found in Shakespeare:

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

But this is a truism which has been echoed and re-echoed down the ages since kings and crowns were. There is a far-off resemblance also in Shelley's line to Sterne's question, "Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods?" But that question was anticipated by Burton and answered thus: "Kingdoms, provinces, cities, and towns have their periods."

Kiss. The envied kiss to share. One of the most beautiful stanzas in Gray's *Elegy* is this:

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Thomson, Klopstock, Collins, Dyer, and Gessner all have passages very similar to this, and so has Virgil (*Georgics*, ii. 523):

He feels the father's and the husband's bliss;
His infants climb and struggle for a kiss.

But all these copy Lucretius (*De Rerum Natura*, iii. 907):

At jam non domus accipiet te læta; neque uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Præripere, et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent.

("But thy dear home shall never greet thee more;
No more the best of wives!—thy babes beloved,
Whose haste half met thee, emulous to snatch
The dulcet kiss that roused thy secret soul,
Again shall never hasten!")

This beautiful address is said by Good, to whom we owe the above translation, to be "a perfect copy of the Athenian Dirge;" or perhaps the author got the first germ of the thought from Homer's lines, thus rendered by Pope:

Know thou whoe'er with heavenly power contends,
Short is his date, and soon his glory ends.
From fields of death, when late he shall retire,
No infant on his knees shall call him sire.

Kiss the rod, a familiar locution, meaning to accept punishment without remonstrance, to acknowledge that the smiting hand is cruel only to be kind.

Lord Lytton ("Owen Meredith") was seated one day at dinner next to a lady whose name was Birch, and who, tradition says, was beautiful, if not over-intelligent. Said she to his Excellency,—

"Are you acquainted with any of the Birches?"

Replied his Excellency, "Oh, yes, I knew some of them most intimately while at Eton; indeed, more intimately than I cared to."

"Sir," replied the lady, "you forget that the Birches are relatives of mine."

"And yet they cut me," said the viceroy; "but," and he smiled his wonted smile, "I have never felt more inclined to kiss the rod than I do now."

Mrs. Birch, sad to say, did not see the point, and, so the gossips have it, told her husband that his Excellency had insulted her.

John Pomfret (1667-1703) varies the metaphor:

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.

Verses to his Friend under Affliction.

Pope may have had Pomfret in mind when he wrote,—

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

Essay on Man.

D'Israeli has discovered another parallel. "After pausing on the last two fine verses," he says, "will not the reader smile that I should conjecture the image might originally have been discovered in the following humble verses in a poem once considered not as contemptible?"

A gentle lamb has rhetoric to plead,
And when she sees the butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice entreats him not to make her bleed.

DR. KING: *Mully of Mountown.*

Kitchen Cabinet, a name derisively applied to three friends of President Andrew Jackson,—Francis P Blair, editor of the *Globe*, administration organ, Amos Kendall, one of its chief contributors, and Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire. Jackson frequently held private consultations with these gentlemen, admitting them by a back door, so as to avoid observation, and the Whig party held that it was by their advice that so many Whigs were removed from office to make room for Democrats. The following rhymes were very popular at the period:

King Andrew had five trusty 'squires,
Whom he held his bid to do;
He also had three pilot-fish
To give the sharks their cue.

There was Mat and Lou and Jack and Lev,
And Roger of Taney hue,
And Blair the cook,
And Kendall chief cook,
And Isaac, surnamed the true.

The five squires were Martin Van Buren, Secretary of State; Louis McLane, Secretary of the Treasury; John Branch, Secretary of the Navy; Levi Woodbury, Branch's successor; and Roger B. Taney, Attorney-General.

Kite, Kite-flying. Kite is a colloquialism both in America and in England for fictitious commercial paper. Hence kite-flying means raising money on a fictitious bill. The phrase seems to have originated in Ireland, as it is first met with in Irish literature,—*e.g.*:

Here's bills plenty,—long bills and short bills; but even the kites, which I can fly as well as any man, won't raise the money for me now.—MARIA EDGEWORTH: *Love and Law*.

An English judge was once trying a case in Ireland regarding certain false securities for raising money, which in that country are popularly known as "kites." This term, which was applied to the notes in question by the counsel, completely puzzled Lord Redesdale. "Kites,

Mr. Plunkett!" he exclaimed; "kites could never amount to the value of these securities. I do not understand this statement at all, Mr. Plunkett." "It is not to be expected that you should, my lord," answered Plunkett. "In England and in Ireland kites are quite different things. In England the wind raises the kites, but in Ireland the kites raise the wind." —*Enchiridion of Wit*.

In America the term kite-flying is applied to a financial transaction like the following. Two men living in different towns exchange checks larger than their deposits in bank. Each deposits in his own bank and draws. Of course the deficiency of each must be made good, but several days' time may be gained before the respective checks find their way home.

Knee, A sore (Fr. "Mal de genou"), a euphemism common in France, and occasionally used in England, and applied to a woman who is pregnant.

The impresario Véron, in his Memoirs, tells an amusing story about Taglioni. He had resigned his position at the French Opera. Taglioni had still a year's engagement to run with his successor. Soon after Véron's resignation, Taglioni sent round to the new director to say that she could not dance, as she had a bad knee (*mal de genou*). All the ordinary and extraordinary physicians and surgeons connected with the Opera were hastily summoned to consult as to what could be done for Taglioni's knee; for if she did not appear, the opera-house might almost as well close up.

The consultation was brief and serious. The eminent physicians and surgeons paid the fair dancer a visit in her apartments. The knee was examined. They could discover no swelling, no redness, but at the least touch Taglioni's face put on an expression of the greatest suffering. The learned gentlemen lost their tempers discussing tendons and nerves, and eventually decided that the bad knee baffled their skill, and that they must await developments.

Three or four years later, a gentleman who had been present at the consultation was called to St. Petersburg. Taglioni was then dancing at the Imperial Theatre. The gentleman called upon her, and found her fondling in her arms a beautiful little girl.

"Whose pretty little daughter is that?" he asked.

Taglioni burst out laughing, and replied,—

"*C'est mon mal de genou*" ("It's my bad knee").

Knifing, political slang for a form of treachery which consists of organized and secret measures to defeat a party candidate while ostensibly supporting him. The resort is generally had to omitting to furnish the necessary ballots on election-day, and other chicanery, but principally an underhand supporting, in consideration of favors returned or promised, of the opposing candidate.

Knock spots out of. When the use of fire-arms was more general in the United States than it is now, gentlemen used to train the eye by shooting at cards, and when they had acquired sufficient proficiency to be able to shoot through any given spot on a card nailed to a tree at the regulation distance they were said to be able to "knock spots" out of anybody or anything. By extension the phrase means that the person spoken of is proficient in any other accomplishment.

Knock under the table, generally contracted to "knock under," a common expression to denote submission. Johnson says, "Submission is expressed among good fellows by 'knocking under the table.'"

He that flinches his glass, and to drink is not able.

Let him quarrel no more, but knock under the table.

TOM BROWN: *Works*, iv. 16.

Its equivalent, to "knuckle under," appears to be the older phrase. **Knuckle**

was formerly the knee, hence to knuckle under meant simply to kneel in submission. From a modern misapprehension of the expression to knuckle under arose the practice of knocking under the table with the knuckles (suiting the action to the word) as a sign of submission, and thence the phrase as we now have it.

Knocked into a cocked hat, a slang phrase, signifying the demolition of an antagonist, either physically or figuratively by argument, etc. The usual derivation of the phrase is the obvious one that it means to be so beaten as to be limp enough to be doubled up and carried flat under the arm, like the cocked hat of an officer.

Another explanation is suggested, which seems better, since it is derived from a figure less unfamiliar to Americans than an officer's cocked hat. A "cocked hat," in the game of bowls or tenpins, is a figure in which only the two corner pins and the head pin are left standing, forming a triangle. Any one at all acquainted with the game knows that to roll down with a single ball all the tenpins of a frame except the three indicated—*i.e.*, to knock them into a cocked hat—would be a feat sufficiently remarkable to become the foundation for a by-word.

Know. To know her was to love her. Fitz-Greene Halleck's lines on his fellow-poet Drake have imperishably embalmed the memory of both :

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days !
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.
On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.

Rogers may have suggested the third line :

She was good as she was fair,
None—none on earth above her !
As pure in thought as angels are :
To know her was to love her.

Jacqueline, Stanza 1.

But Rogers in turn was indebted to Burns :

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.

Æ Fond Kiss.

An equally famous compliment is that which Steele paid to Lady Elizabeth Hastings :

Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior ; to love her was a liberal education.—*Tatler*, No. 49.

One of Michael Angelo's sonnets to Vittoria Colonna is not unlike Steele's prose in its opening sentiment. Here is Hartley Coleridge's version :

The might of one fair face sublimed my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires.

A close parallel to the last clause is found in Beaumont and Fletcher :

She teaches in her dancing ; 'tis indeed
A school to teach all we call liberal.

The Faithful Friends.

Know, All you. There is a jest current especially among the ingenuous youth of America, and known also in England, which assumes the most protean forms, from the distinctly American "I've got a spare minute ; tell me all you know," or "There's a half-dollar ; quick, tell me all you know, and give me the change," to the Anglo-American gibe thus recorded in Southey's "Doctor :—" "Some of my contemporaries may remember a story once current at Cambridge, of a luckless undergraduate who, being examined for his degree and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that

he had not been questioned upon the things that he knew. Upon which the examining master, moved less to compassion by the impenetrable dulness of the man than to anger by his unreasonable complaint, tore off about an inch of paper, and, pushing it towards him, desired him to write upon that all he knew." The jest has a venerable antiquity. For all we know, it may have been the retort made to the First Man when he endeavored to teach his gorilla grandmother how to suck eggs. Two well-known variations are the rebuke of the clergyman to the young man who said he would believe nothing which he could not understand, "Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know," and the reply of Dr. Parr to the youth who tauntingly asked him why he did not write a book: "Sir," said the doctor, "I know how I could soon write a very large book." "How so?" "Why, sir, by putting in all that I know and all that you do not know."

Know nothing, I know that I. Socrates, in his "Apology" to the court of his fellow-citizens who condemned him to death for impiety, exclaimed,—

He is wisest among you, O citizens, who, like Socrates, has come to know that he is in truth worth nothing as regards wisdom.—PLATO: *The Apology of Socrates*.

This phrase has usually been condensed into "I know only that I know nothing." Thus, Sir Thomas Browne says, "Heads of capacity, and such as are not full with a handful, or easy measure of knowledge, think they know nothing till they know all; which being impossible, they fall upon the opinion of Socrates, and only know they know not anything;" and Congreve, "You read of but one wise man, and all that he knew was that he knew nothing." Congreve's reference may be to Solomon, but the nearest approach to the sentiment in Ecclesiastes is in chap. i. v. 17: "And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit." Later on (iii. 13, 14) the Preacher expressly says, "I saw that wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness. The wise man's eyes are in his head; but the fool walketh in darkness." Nevertheless, as the end of both is death, he conceives that all is vanity. To the Socratic mind the only difference between a wise man and a fool is that the former at least knows that he knows nothing.

Numerous echoes of this doctrine of universal nescience are found in all literature. Thus, Diogenes Laertius, in his *Life of Pyrrho*, tells us that Xenophanes speaks thus:

And no man knows distinctly anything,
And no man ever will,

and that Democritus says, "But we know nothing really; for truth lies deep down." The 598th maxim of Publius Syrus runs, "He bids fair to grow wise who has discovered that he is not so."

In Shakespeare the thought takes this turn:

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.—*As You Like It*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Owen Feltham, in his once-popular "Resolves," says, in his twenty-seventh essay, on "Curiosity in Knowledge,"—

Our knowledge doth but show us our ignorance. Our most studious scrutiny is but a discovery of what we cannot know;

and Pope, in his "Essay on Man," Epistle iv., l. 258,—

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,—
To see all others' faults, and feel our own;

and Voltaire,—

I am ignorant how I was formed, and how I was born. I was perfectly ignorant, for a quarter of my life, of the reasons of all that I saw, heard, and felt, and was a mere parrot, talking by rote in imitation of other parrots. When I looked about me and within me, I conceived that something existed from all eternity. Since there are beings actually existing, I concluded that there is some being necessary and necessarily eternal. Thus the first step which I took to extricate myself from my ignorance overpassed the limits of all ages—the boundaries of time. But when I was desirous of proceeding in this infinite career, I could neither perceive a single path, nor clearly distinguish a single object; and from the flight which I took to contemplate eternity, I have fallen back into the abyss of my original ignorance.

But the finest expression it finds is that put into the mouth of Faust by Goethe, in the soliloquy which opens the drama :

I've studied now Philosophy
And Jurisprudence, Medicine,
And even, alas ! Theology,
From end to end, with labor keen ;
And here, poor fool ! with all my lore
I stand no wiser than before :
I'm Magister, yea, Doctor, hight,
And straight or crosswise, wrong or right,
These ten long years, with many woes,
I've led my scholars by the nose,
And see that nothing can be known.

Goethe owns that his drama is founded on the old puppet-play, one version of which was also utilized by Marlowe. "The puppet-play," says Goethe, "echoed and vibrated in many tones through my mind. I also had gone from one branch of knowledge to another, and was early enough convinced of the vanity of all." Bayard Taylor translates several of the early versions of Faust's soliloquy, showing that Goethe followed the words very closely, only casting them in a rhythmical and more spirited form.

It is probable that the author of the following lines had drawn inspiration from the old puppet-play, and also from Shakespeare :

Yet all that I have learn'd (huge toyles now past)
By long experience, and in famous schooles,
Is but to know my ignorance at last.
Who think themselves most wise are greatest fools.

WILLIAM, EARL OF STIRLING: *Recreations with the Muses*,
London, fol., 1637, p. 7.

In another place Goethe acknowledges in effect that it was only his youthful ignorance that made him a poet : "Had I earlier known how many excellent things have been in existence for hundreds and thousands of years, I should have written no line ; I should have had enough else to do." Michael Angelo, in his last days, made a design of himself as a child in a go-cart, with this motto under it : "I am yet learning." Macaulay, the year before his death, wrote in his diary, "Alas, how short life, and how long art ! I feel as if I had just begun to understand how to write, and the probability is that I have very nearly done writing." Rubens made the same complaint in regard to painting, and Mozart in regard to music. St. Jerome tells us that Theophrastus at one hundred and seven years of age lamented that he was obliged to quit life at a time when he had just begun to be wise. Let us conclude with an Arabian proverb which only partially agrees with the foregoing :

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not ; he is a fool, shun him.
He who knows not, and knows that he knows not ; he is simple, teach him.
He who knows, and knows not that he knows ; he is asleep, wake him.
He who knows, and knows that he knows ; he is wise, follow him.

Know thyself. Diogenes Laertius tells us that when Thales was asked what was difficult he answered, "To know thyself," and what was easy, "To advise another." Thales was one of the so-called Seven Wise Men of Greece. The maxim "Know thyself" has also been attributed to Chilo, Plato, Pythagoras, Cleobulus, Socrates, and others. Juvenal (*Satires*, xi. 27) says the pre-

cept descended from heaven. It was inscribed upon the temple of Apollo at Memphis with that other famous saying, *Μηδὲν ἄγαν*, better known to us in the Latin form *Ne quid nimis* (q. v.). Many moderns have echoed Thales's saying,—e.g. :

Full wise is he that can himselven knowe.

CHAUCER: *Monkes Tale*, l. 1449.

Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world.—CERVANTES: *Don Quixote*, ch. xiii.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan :
The proper study of mankind is man.

POPE: *Essay on Man*, Ep. ii.

The highest point to which man can attain is the consciousness of his own sensations and thoughts, the knowledge of himself.—GOETHE: *Table-Talk*.

But Montaigne held that the saying was luckily impossible of fulfilment: "Nature, that we may not be dejected with our deformities, has wisely thrust the action of seeing outward." "In vain," says Xavier de Maistre, "are looking-glasses multiplied around us which reflect light and truth with geometrical exactness. As soon as the rays reach our vision and paint us as we are, self-love slips its deceitful prism between us and our image and presents a divinity to us. And of all the prisms that have existed since the first that came from the hands of the immortal Newton, none has possessed so powerful a refractive force, or produced such pleasing and lively colors, as the prism of self-love. Now, seeing that ordinary looking-glasses record the truth in vain, and that they cannot make men see their own imperfections, every one being satisfied with his face, what would a moral mirror avail? Few people would look at it, and no one would recognize himself." "Oh, the incomparable contrivance of Nature," exclaims Erasmus, "who has ordered all things in so even a method that wherever she has been less bountiful in her gifts, there she makes it up with a larger dose of self-love, which supplies the former defects and makes all even." "Could all mankind," says John Norris, "lay claim to that estimate which they pass upon themselves, there would be little or no difference betwixt lapsed and perfect humanity, and God might again review his image with paternal complacency, and still pronounce it good." "Blinded as men are as to their true character by self-love, every man," says Plutarch, "is his own first and chiefest flatterer, prepared therefore to welcome the flatterer from the outside, who only comes confirming the verdict of the flatterer within."

Evidently these gentlemen would not echo the prayer of Burns :

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us !
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

To a Louse.

One of Dr. Holmes's most ingenious paradoxes is that wherein he makes his Autocrat announce to the startled breakfast-table that when John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together "it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension." He calms all suspicion as to his sanity by enumerating them, as follows :

- | | | |
|-----------------|---|--|
| Three Johns. | { | 1. The real John ; known only to his Maker. |
| | | 2. John's ideal John ; never the real one, and often very unlike him. |
| | | 3. Thomas's ideal John ; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either. |
| Three Thomases. | { | 1. The real Thomas. |
| | | 2. Thomas's ideal Thomas. |
| | | 3. John's ideal Thomas. |

"Only one of the three Johns is taxed; only one can be weighed on a platform-balance; but the other two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull, and ill-looking. But, as the Higher Powers have not conferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from the point of view of this ideal." So, likewise, with the three Thomases. "It follows that, until a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person." Now, the central meaning of this passage is thus summarized by Alphonse Karr: "Every person has three characters: that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has." The Frenchman and the American may have hit upon the same idea independently, but the likeness is certainly startling. The idea finds a predecessor, too, in a sermon of Adam Littleton's (*circa* 1678): "Every person is made of three Egos, and has three Selves in him," and this appears "in the reflection of Conscience upon actions of a dubious nature, while one Self accuses, another Self defends, and the third Self passes judgment upon what hath been so done by the man." This he adduces as among various "mean and unworthy comparisons, whereby to show that though the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity far exceeds our reason, there want not natural instances to illustrate it." The passage is quoted by Southey in "The Doctor." Here the analogy is less complete than that between Holmes and Karr, but it is still interesting enough to be noted.

Know ye the land. One of the most remarkable similitudes in literature is in the following stanzas, the first from Byron and the latter from Goethe:

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
The Bride of Abydos, Canto i., Stanza 1.

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?
Mignon's Song, in "Wilhelm Meister"

Byron, of course, is the plagiarist. But he has produced a passage equal in beauty to the original, and the beauty of it is essentially Byronic. It is not a question of improving on a great original,—Goethe's lines are unsurpassable,—but of producing a different and equal beauty out of a parallel idea.

Knowledge is power. The coinage of this phrase is generally and perhaps justly attributed to Lord Bacon. The sentence which has been thus rendered into English occurs in his "Meditationes Sacre: De Hæresibus," thus: "Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est," and it is in accord with the whole teachings of his philosophy. In his essay "Of Studies" he says, "Expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of, particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned." Three hundred years before Bacon, however, the Persian Saadi uttered the same sentiment:

Knowledge is a perennial spring of wealth, and if a man of education ceases to be opulent, yet he need not be sorrowful, for knowledge of itself is riches.—GULISTAN: *Of the Effects of Education*, Tale ii.

This is nothing remarkable, as it is only the expression of an opinion of the wise of all ages. "Crafty men," continues Bacon in his essay, "contemn

studies;" and the crafty and worldly-wise point of view is probably best expressed by Hobbes, in "Leviathan," ch. x, "Of Power, Worth, Dignity, Honor, and Worthiness:"

Power is the present means to procure some future apparent good. . . Good success is power; because it maketh reputation of wisdom, or good fortune; which makes men either fear him or rely on him.

Eloquence is power; because it is seeming prudence. .

Form is power; because, being a promise of good, it recommendeth men to the favor of women and strangers.

The sciences are small power; because not eminent; and therefore not acknowledged in any man; nor are at all, but in few, and in them, but of a few things. For science is of that nature as none can understand it to be but such as in good measure have attained it.

Variations on the theme are numerous:

Knowledge is indeed that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above the other.—ADDISON: *The Guardian*, No. 3.

Simple as it may seem, it was a great discovery that the key of knowledge should turn both ways, that it could open as well as lock the door of power to the many.—LOWELL: *Among my Books: New England Two Centuries Ago*.

Shakespeare's dictum,—

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing whereby we fly to heaven,
Henry VI., Part II., Act iv., Sc. 7,—

finds a close parallel in the Persian Sháh-Námah:

Choose knowledge,
If thou dostrest a blessing from the Universal Provider;
For the ignorant man cannot rise above the earth;
And it is by knowledge that thou must render thyself praiseworthy.

Knowledge under difficulties. This phrase, which is now one of the commonest forms of speech, is said to be due to Lord Brougham, who suggested it to Mr. Craik as an improvement to the title of his volume written in 1828, "The Love of Knowledge overcoming Difficulties in its Pursuit," which was accordingly changed to "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties" (CHARLES KNIGHT: *Passages of a Working Life*, ii. 135). The book first appeared in two volumes, 1830-1831, among the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The sentence is put in the mouth of Mr. Weller, senior, on his finding Sam writing a valentine. "Pickwick" was published in 1837, and the phrase was then already current.

Know-Nothings, a name popularly given in the United States to a development out of the "American party." It was a secret political order which sprang up in 1853, and was organized in New York by E. Z. C. Judson, better known as "Ned Buntline." None but "Native Americans"—i.e., natives of the country—were allowed admission. To all questions put to members as to the movements of the organization the prescribed reply was "I don't know," whence the nickname. The secret name of the order is said to have been "Sons of '76." Among the cardinal tenets of the organization were bitter opposition to Roman Catholics, a "pure American" common-school system, repeal or radical modification of the naturalization laws, ineligibility to public office of any but native-born Americans, and hostility to foreigners, whom the enormous emigrations into the United States it was feared would soon make preponderant. After some notable successes at the polls, the organization went to pieces, the American party having first split into "North Americans" and "South Americans" on the slavery question and disappeared from national politics in 1860.

In Massachusetts there is an odd local application of the word. A serious railroad accident in 1854, just before the election of Governor Gardiner, the "Native American" candidate, resulted in the enactment of a law requiring all trains to stop before reaching a "grade" crossing. The recommendation

of its passage was one of the first official acts of the new governor, whence these crossings were called "Know-nothings."

Kootoo, or **Kotow**, in Chinese, to "bow," to "salaam," now accepted into the vocabulary of familiar English on both sides of the Atlantic as a synonyme for to flatter, to be obsequiously polite, to boot-lick.

Mr. Thackeray has said more, and more effectually, about snobs and snobbism than any other man; and yet his frittered life and his obedience to the call of the great are the observed of all observers. As it is so, so must it be; but "O the pity of it, the pity of it!" Great and unusual allowance is to be made in his case, I am aware, but this does not lessen the concern occasioned by the spectacle of one after another of the aristocracy of nature making the kotoo to the aristocracy of accident.—HARRIET MARTINEAU: *Autobiography*.

Kuklux-Klan (a corruption of the Greek word *κύκλος*, "a circle," the "klan" being added to increase the alliterative force of the jingle), a secret association of Southerners, originally organized June, 1866, by a few young men for purposes of amusement during the stagnation that followed immediately after the war. Its founders had builded better than they knew. Branch orders were established all over the South, and it became an immense political organization, whose dual object was to maintain order against the internal lawlessness that was then rife at the South and to resist the encroachments of Federal authority, especially by using all means at hand, either lawful or unlawful, fair or foul, to prevent the threatened ascendancy of the negro race, who in many localities were numerically predominant. Part of their plan of campaign was the intimidation of negro voters and of "carpet-bag" settlers from the North. Many outrages were undeniably committed in the midnight raids of masked members of the Klan, and the reports of these outrages, often intensified, exaggerated, and even manufactured out of the whole cloth for partisan effect, served to keep up the bitter feeling in the North which found vent in the waving of the bloody flag. A. W. Tourgee's "A Fool's Errand" gives an excellent picture of the condition of things in the South at the time when the Klan was most prevalent. It was nominally disbanded by its presiding Grand Wizard in February, 1869, but Kuklux raids were common for several years after that date. An alternative title was "The Invisible Empire." It was also sometimes known as "The Knights of the White Camellia" and "The Knights of the Golden Circle," but these were the names of secret societies founded before the Kuklux-Klan, which had merged into it.

L.

L, the twelfth letter and ninth consonant of the English alphabet. It comes to us through the Greek and Latin from the Phœnician. (See ALPHABET.) As an abbreviation it stands for *libra*, pound sterling, and is written either in lower-case italic after the sum, or in the conventional form £ before it, thus, 100*l.*, or £100. "The three L's" is a nautical phrase, formed possibly on the basis of "the three R's," and meaning "lead, latitude, and lookout," the three chief things to be considered in keeping a ship from running aground.

Labor. He has had his labor for his pains, a proverbial expression, meaning that he has had neither thanks nor reward for trouble taken, work or good deed done.

I have had my labor for my travail.

SHAKESPEARE: *Troilus and Cressida*, Act i., Sc. 1.

They have nought but their toyle for their heate, their paines for their sweate, and (to bring it to our English proverbe) their labour for their trauaile.—THOMAS NASH (1589): *To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities*. (Introductory to Robert Greene's *Menaphon*.)

Laborare est orare (L., "To work is to pray"). This appears to have been originally "Laborare et orare," and as such may have been derived from Jeremiah (*Lamentations* iii. 41). So in Pseudo-Bernard there occurs, with reference made to Jeremiah for authority, "Qui orat et laborat, cor levat ad Deum cum manibus." (S. BERNARD: *Opera*, vol. ii., col. 866, Paris, 1690.) The idea had been expressed before by Gregory the Great, with the substitution of "operari" for "laborare," and by many others after him. Just how and when the alteration of the "et" into "est" in the proverb was accomplished may not with certainty be told, but we find it as an ancient maxim of the Benedictine monks. The sentence reappears in various modifications of form, thus, "Scriptum est et 'oratio mea in sinu meo convertetur' (Ps. xxxiv. 13, Vulg.), et qui pro alio orat pro se ipso laborat." (RADULPHUS ARDEUS, *Homiletica*, i., "De Tempore," 1485.) This may perhaps intimate a transition towards the use of the proverb which is now most commonly thought of. It occurs in verse as follows, "Tu supplex ora, tu protege, tuque labora," in "Carminum Proverbialium Loci Communes" (p. 156, London, 1588), a common text-book which was often reprinted. "Ora et labora" is the motto of the Earl of Dalhousie, and "Orando laborando" of Rugby School.

Laconic, an adjective signifying short, brief, terse, and derived from Lacon, one of the names of Sparta, because the Spartans were held to be especially expert in condensing their meaning into the fewest possible words. Thus, when Xerxes summoned Leonidas to yield up his arms, the latter answered, "Come and take them." Equal conciseness was aimed at in the despatches from the seats of war: the victory of Plataea was announced, "Persia is humbled," and the end of the Peloponnesian war, "Athens is taken."

It was an Athenian, however, who, after one of his countrymen had made a brilliant and showy speech, full of rhetorical promises, rose and said, "Men of Athens, all that he has said, I will do."

Philostratus tells us how Atticus, in digging under a house, found a large treasure of money. Being in fear of informers, he deemed it best to notify the fact to Nerva, the reigning emperor, who wrote him the laconic reply, "Use it." His heart still failing him, he wrote again, saying it was too large to use. "Then abuse it" came the answer.

When Menecrates, a physician who from his wonderful cures was styled Jupiter, addressed Agesilaus a letter,—

M. Jupiter to King Agesilaus. Health,—

Agesilaus answered,—

King Agesilaus to Menecrates. His senses.

But the most famous laconicism in ancient, indeed, in all, history is Cæsar's announcement to his friend Amintius of his victory over Pharnaces, at Zela, in Asia Minor, B.C. 47, "Veni, vidi, vici," which it were a work of supererogation to translate into "I came, I saw, I conquered." John Sobieski, when he sent the Pope the Mussulman standards captured before Vienna, attempted to improve upon Cæsar with this affected bit of humility: "I came, I saw, God conquered." Turenne's paraphrase was much better, because there was no mock-modesty about it. After the battle of Dünen, which resulted in the recovery of Dunkirk from the Spaniards (June 14, 1658), he announced the victory as follows: "The enemy came, was beaten, I am tired, good-night!"

Suwarow's concise announcement of the capture of Prague, in 1794, "Hurrah! Prague! Suwarow," was answered quite as concisely by Catherine II.: "Bravo! Field-Marshal! Catherine."

When he took Tutukay, Suwarow wrote,—

Slava bogu, slava vam!
Tutukai vaiata I ya tam,

which can only be lamely translated,—

Glory to God, glory to you!
Tutukai is taken, and I am there.

Blake's despatch announcing a victory over the French has a magnificent truculence :

Please your honor and glory, met with the French fleet, beat, killed, took, sunk, and burned as per margin. Yours, etc.

During the Spanish war of independence, in 1808, Saragossa was summoned by the French to surrender in these terms : " Head-quarters—Santa Engracia—Capitulation." The reply was equally succinct : " Head-quarters—Saragossa—War to the knife." At the end of sixty days the French were forced to retire.

Perry's despatch to General Harrison after the battle of Lake Erie is a classic : " We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

Three famous laconicisms of modern history take the reprehensible form of a pun. When the ships of the Invincible Armada turned their sails, Drake is said to have sent to Elizabeth the single word *Cantharides* ("the Spanish fly"). General de Bourmont's message to the French war minister in 1830 when his prisoner, the Dey of Algiers, escaped, is reported to have been *Perdidi diem*, which translated into English means, "I have lost a day." But how should the French war minister be expected to translate the message into English, or understand it when translated? Both the above, indeed, are obviously apocryphal, and may have been invented long after the event, as companions to General Napier's famous despatch from India, *Peccavi* ("I have sinned"), which is often given as authentic, but was really a typical joke of *Punch*.

Few military men were more direct, concise, and terse than General Grant. A masterpiece is the letter to General Buckner, dated at Camp Donelson, February 16, 1862 :

GEN. S. B. BUCKNER,
Confed. Army.

SIR,—Yours of this date proposing Armistice, and appointing of Commissioners to settle terms of Capitulation, is just received. No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted.

I propose to move immediately upon your works.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obt. servt.,

U. S. GRANT, *Brig.-Gen.*

Wellington sometimes put a great deal of meaning into a few words. When asked what would be the result of the military operations of De Lacy Evans in Spain, he replied, "Two volumes octavo." And to a cavalry officer, unexpectedly ordered to the Cape of Good Hope, who applied to Wellington for leave to return to England, he briefly said, "Sail or sell."

The story about Dr. Abernethy and his lady patient is a classic. He was a man of few words, and the lady knew it. Being shown into his private office, she bared her arm and said simply, "Burn."

"A poultice," said the doctor.

Next day she called again, showed her arm, and said, "Better."

"Continue the poultice."

Some days elapsed before Abernethy saw her again. Then she said, "Well. Your fee?"

"Nothing," said the doctor, bursting into unusual loquacity. "You are the most sensible woman I ever met in my life!"

Abernethy was once asked by a gourmand what was the best cure for the gout. "Live upon sixpence a day, and earn it," was the answer.

This is as good as the American doctor's recipe, "A quart of sawdust, and make it yourself."

Classic also are Talleyrand's two letters to a widow. The first, written on the death of her husband, read simply, "Hélas, madame !" and the second, written some months afterwards, on receiving news of her engagement, "Ho ! ho ! madame."

But Talleyrand may have had in mind Boileau's criticisms on the elder Corneille. On the "Agésilas" he wrote,—

J'ai vu l'Agésilas,
Hélas !

A couplet short and salt, but he improved it after the dramatist's next play :

Après l'Agésilas,
Hélas !
Mais après l'Attila,
Hélas !

That was a terse and terrible reply of Frederick the Great to the Jew banker, who, dreading subsidies and loans, prayed the king to allow him to travel for the benefit of his health :

Dear Ephraïm, nothing but death shall part us.

Voltaire and Piron had challenged each other to see which could produce the shortest letter. Shortly after Voltaire left for the country, having previously despatched the following letter,—

Eo rus,—

which means, "I am going into the country." That will certainly do the trick, he thought. An answer came back by return,—

I,—

which is excellent Latin for "Go."

But the shortest correspondence ever known took place between Victor Hugo and his publisher, just after the publication of "Les Misérables." The poet, impatient to learn of the success of the book, sent off a letter which contained only the following :

?

and he received the following entirely satisfactory answer :

!

Everyone remembers the famous advice which *Punch* gave "To those about to marry. Don't."

The shortest letter that ever appeared in the London *Times* is said to have been the following, under the heading "How to Make Burial Harmless," December 27, 1889 :

SIR,—Put in the coffin quicklime.

J. HOSKYNs-ABRAHALL
COOMBE, OXON., December 21.

Lord Aberdeen, the Premier of the coalition ministry, was remarkable for his taciturnity. When, by way of reconciling him to accompanying her on a sea-trip, the queen smilingly inquired, "I believe, my lord, you are not often sea-sick?" he replied significantly, "Always, madam." "But not *very* sea-sick?" "Very, madam," said the uncompromising minister.

There was succinct energy in the Jacobite curse which was written on folded slips of paper and handed to likely persons in the streets of Edinburgh during the time of the last Pretender. It ran simply, "May God damn Hanover! *Vivat Jacobus!*"

"Have you read my last speech?" asked a prosy parliamentarian of Curran. The answer was brief: "I hope I have." A poet who asked, "Have you seen my 'Descent into Hell'?" fared equally badly. "No, but I should like to," was Curran's rejoinder.

Epitaphs are sometimes admirably laconic, as a sort of revolt by the unconventional few against the prolixity that is the fashion among the many.

"Effen nyt" ("Exactly nothing") is the single phrase carved on an ancient monument of white marble in the graveyard of the new church of Amsterdam, on which there is also sculptured a pair of slippers. And thereby hangs a tale. The decedent, it is said, had conceived the idea that he would live a certain number of years. Desirous to make the best of them and leave none of his means unenjoyed, he made a nice calculation, and so apportioned his wealth that it would last just his expected lifetime. Fortune befriended him; he died at the moment he had reckoned upon, and had then so far exhausted his estate that, after paying his debts, there was nothing left but a pair of slippers. His relatives put up the tombstone and the legend.

Charles Lamb said, "A speaker should not attempt too much, but should leave something to the imagination of his audience;" and he tells how, on being called on to return thanks for a toast to his health, he rose, bowed to his audience, and said, "Gentlemen," and then sat down, leaving it to their imagination to supply the rest.

J. K. Paulding, when Secretary of the Navy, wanting some information as to the source of a river, sent the following note to a village postmaster:

SIR,—This Department desires to know how far the Tombigbee River runs up.

Respectfully yours, etc.

By return mail came,—

SIR,—The Tombigbee does not run up at all; it runs down.

Very respectfully yours, etc.

The letter was referred to Kendall, the Postmaster-General. Not appreciating his subordinate's humor, he wrote,—

SIR,—Your appointment as postmaster is revoked: you will turn over the funds, etc., pertaining to your office to your successor.

Not at all disturbed by his summary dismissal, the postmaster replied,—

SIR,—The revenues of this office for the quarter ending September 30 have been ninety-five cents; its expenditures, same period, for tallow candles and twine, one dollar and five cents. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance.

His superior officer was probably as much disgusted with his precise correspondent as the American editor who, writing to a Connecticut brother, "Send full particulars of the flood" (meaning an inundation in that State), received for reply, "You will find them in Genesis."

A famous and witty Englishman is said to have been asked, during his American travels, to make an after-dinner speech at the "ladies' night" of a Boston club. It was a literary club, he was a literary man. It was naturally expected that he would glorify his profession and that of his hearers.

He rose, however, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I come not here to talk."

All eyes were turned upon him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he repeated, "I come here not to talk."

People began to laugh, seeing that brevity was really the soul of his wit.

"I come not here to talk," said he. "I come not here to talk." Then, with another glance at the fruit, and a modest gesture of deprecation, "I come not here to talk."

And he sat down, while every one laughed and applauded.

Emile Augier's letter of regret in answer to an invitation to dinner was short and pithy:

1000 remerciements,
1000 regrets,
1000 compliments,
Et 1000 [Emile] Augier.

In Lancashire the word *nowt*, "nothing," and its companion *owt*, "anything," have been known to form a complete conversation between two business-men, one being a seller and the other a buyer. As they met on 'Change the former said, "Owt?" the latter replied, "Nowt," and in this laconic fashion what would have taken some men five minutes' conversation to determine was done in two words.

Lawyers are not noted for brevity of speech, yet an eminent English jurist, probably on the theory that opposites are appositives, is said to have been won by a laconic damsel while on his way to hold court in a country town. The girl was returning from market when the judge met her.

"How deep is the creek, and what did you get for your butter?" he asked.

"Up to the knee; ninepence," was the answer, as the girl walked on.

The judge turned his horse, rode back, and soon overtook her.

"I liked your answer just now," he said, "and I like you. I think you would make a good wife. Will you marry me?"

She looked him over and said, "Yes."

"Then get up behind me, and we will ride to town and be married." Which was accordingly done.

The shortest marriage service in the world is that daily performed in the office of the Milwaukee justices: "Have him?" "Yes." "Have her?" "Yes." "Married. Two dollars."

The shortest charge known to English jurisprudence was given by a judge in a breach of promise case. After the lawyers had talked for several hours, his lordship said to the jury, "How much?"

A practical laconicism is reported of the first President Harrison during the campaign which made him President. At a mass-meeting at Ripley, Ohio, he was expected to speak; but he arrived much fatigued, and, after thanking the audience for their interest in his success, he begged to be excused from making a speech, as he did not feel able to undergo the exertion. "I cannot make a speech," he said, "but I can do something else: I can kiss all these young ladies; and I am going to do it." With that he turned to a lot of pretty girls who were ranged around the stage, and kissed every one in succession before the whole crowd, each smack being received with shouts of delight that shook the building.

Another famous American was less gallant. *Blackwood's Magazine* tells the story of how a lady, having obtained the privilege of an introduction to the renowned Brigham Young, said, "I was always very desirous to see you, Governor Young, and to make the personal acquaintance of one who has had such extraordinary influence over my own sex." Whereto the Governor curtly replied, "You was, was you?"

Lady Blessington condensed an infinite amount of sarcasm into two words. Meeting Napoleon III. in the Champs-Élysées, he asked her, "Do you expect to remain long in Paris?" "And you?" replied the lady, who took this neat revenge for having been snubbed by her quondam friend and visitor.

An inquisitive French bishop once caught a Tartar in the Duke de Roquelaure. The latter, passing in haste through Lyons, was hailed by the bishop with "Hi! hi!" The duke stopped.

"Where have you come from?" asked the prelate.

"Paris."

"What is there fresh in Paris?"

"Green peas."

"But what were the people saying when you left?"

"Vespers."

"Goodness, man!" broke out the angry questioner, "who are you? What are you called?"

"Ignorant people call me 'Hi ! hi !' Gentlemen call me the Duke de Roque-laure.—Drive on, postilion !"

That is how the story appears in French. Horace Smith, in his "Tin Trumpet," gives an English version. The hero this time is "a well-known civic wag." In travelling post, he was obliged to stop at a village to replace a horse's shoe, when the Paul Pry of the place bustled up to the carriage window, and, without waiting for the ceremony of introduction, exclaimed,—

"Good-morning, sir !—horse cast a shoe, I see. I suppose, sir, you be going to——"

Here he paused, expecting the name of the place to be supplied ; but the citizen answered, "You are quite right, sir ; I generally go there at this season."

"Ay—hum—do ye ?—and no doubt you be come now from——"

"Right again, sir ; I live there."

"Oh, ah, do ye ? But I see it be a London shay ; pray, sir, is there anything stirring in London ?"

"Yes ; plenty of other chaises, and carriages of all sorts."

"Ay, ay, of course ; but what do you folks say ?"

"Their prayers every Sunday."

"That is not what I mean. I wish to know whether there is anything new and fresh."

"Yes ; bread and herrings."

"Anan ! you be a queer chap. Pray, muster, may I ask your name ?"

"Fools and clowns call me 'Muster,' but I am, in reality, one of the frogs of Aristophanes, and my genuine name is Brekekekex Koax.—Drive on, postilion."

An American judge is said to have intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. Sitting in court, he saw from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was going to be a long one, and asked, "What is the amount in question ?"

"Two dollars," said the plaintiff.

"I'll pay it. Call the next case."

He had not the patience of taciturn Sir William Grant, who sat for two days listening to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of a certain act, and when they were through quietly remarked, "The act is repealed."

There was once a form of laconicism which was very popular among American humorists, and which consisted in stating cause and ultimate effect of some disaster without any intermediary explanation, as :

An Indiana man bet ten dollars that he could ride the fly-wheel in a saw-mill, and as his wid w paid the bet she remarked, "William was a kind husband, but he didn't know much about fly-wheels."

An Iowa woman gave her husband morphine to cure him of chewing tobacco. It cured him, but she is doing her own spring ploughing.

A Lockport, New York, lad made a wager of two dollars that he could eat twenty-four raw eggs within fifteen minutes and drink twenty glasses of beer. He won the two dollars, leaving a net loss of thirty-eight dollars on his coffin.

A young man in Louisville examined a keg of damp gunpowder with a red-hot poker to see if it was good. It is believed by his friends that he has gone to Europe, although a man has found some human bones and a piece of shirt-tail about twenty miles from Louisville.

John Smith, in Nebraska, said he could handle a rattlesnake the same as a snake-charmer. The churlishness of the undertaker in demanding pay in advance delayed the funeral four days.

A man warned his wife in New Orleans not to light the fire with kerosene. She didn't heed the warning. Her clothes fitted his second wife remarkably well.

Yet this style of humor, distinctively American as it seems, finds a parallel nearly three thousand years old, in II. Chronicles xvi. 12, 13 : "And Asa in

the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great: yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers, and died in the one and fortieth year of his reign."

John Edwin, a once popular English actor of the last century, is credited with the authorship of one of the briefest and most effective sermons ever delivered. His text was, "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards," and this was the sermon: "I shall consider this discourse under three heads: first, man's ingress into the world; secondly, man's progress through the world; thirdly, man's egress out of the world. And—

A man's ingress into the world is naked and bare,
His progress through the world is trouble and care;
And lastly, his egress out of the world is nobody knows where.
If we do well here, we shall do well there:
I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year."

The Eccentricities of John Edwin (2d ed.), i. 74, Lon., 1791.

John Cunningham, a contemporary humorist, was equally laconic in his lines on an alderman:

That he was born it cannot be denied;
He ate, drank, slept, talk d politics, and died.

Several epitaphs of this kind will be found grouped under the head of
EPI TAPH S.

Of all modern nationalities the French are the masters of that brevity which is the soul of wit. Their passion for *mots*, for short, pithy, sententious sayings, is at once cause and effect of their success in this line. It was a Frenchman (Joubert) who described himself as having "the cursed ambition to put a whole book into a page, that page into a phrase, and that phrase into a word." And it was another Frenchman, Pascal, who apologized for writing a long letter on the ground that he had not had time to write a short one. But Pliny had said the same thing before him in his "Letters" (Book i., Epistle 20):

Ex his apparet illum permulta dixisse; quum ederet, omisisse; . ne dubitare possumus, quæ per plures dies, ut necesse erat, latius dixerit, postea recisa ac purgata in unum librum, grandem quidem, unum tamen, coarctasse.

("From this it is evident that he said very much; but, when he was publishing, he omitted much; so that we may not doubt that what he said more diffusely, as he was at the time forced to do, having afterwards retrenched and corrected, he condensed into one single book.")

Ladder, Walking under a. A widely-spread superstition in England forbids a man to walk under a ladder. Some people fancy that this originated from a cautious dread of what a workman upon the ladder might drop upon them. Yet the same people will carefully avoid passing under a ladder which is quite untenanted, and know well that they do so not to avoid the fall of a tile or a paint-pot, but to avoid the fall of ill luck upon their heads. In former days, when hanging was done after a more primitive and simple fashion than it is to-day, the victim at Tyburn or elsewhere had generally to pass under the ladder which stood against the gallows for the convenience of the executioner. And he passed under that ladder with the fair certainty of being immediately hanged. What the unhappy criminal at Tyburn could not avoid the exquisite in Piccadilly avoids to-day, even at the expense of his polished boots, by turning into the road-way. There is a touching humility in the practice. Which of us knows his fate? Though all the world may assure that young man that he was not born to be hanged, he is yet not so certain of himself that he can afford to imitate the criminal even in that single and harmless particular.

Ladies of Llangollen. These ladies,—whose full names and titles were the Hon. Caroline Ponsonby and Lady Eleanor Butler,—weary of society (some say disappointed in love), withdrew to a property which they bought near Llangollen and passed their time amid the simple pleasures of country life and in the exercise of works of charity and a generous hospitality. Refusing all offers of marriage, they remained constant to each other till divided by death. Lady Butler died in 1829, at the ripe age of ninety, and Miss Ponsonby followed in 1831, aged seventy-six. A monument in Llangollen churchyard commemorates their virtues.

It is to them Wordsworth addresses his sonnet composed in the grounds of Plass Newidd, near Llangollen, 1824. We quote the concluding portion :

Glyn Cafaillgaroch, in the Cambrian tongue,
In ours, the Vale of Friendship, let this spot
Be named ; where, faithful to a low-roofed cot,
On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long ;
Sisters in love,—a love allowed to climb
Even on this earth, above the reach of Time.

De Quincey also refers to them in "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater :"

Just two-and-twenty miles from Che-ter lay a far grander scene, the fine vale of Llangollen in the centre of Denbighshire. Here, also, the presiding residents were two ladies, whose romantic retirement from the world at an early age had attracted for many years a general interest to their persons, habits, and opinions. These ladies were Irish,—Miss Ponsonby and Lady Eleanor Butler, a sister of Lord Ormond.

Lady—Woman. Much may dwell in a word. The use or misuse of the two terms which head this article will reveal a man's true self, his social surroundings, his antecedents, his personal refinement, breeding, sense, taste, more definitely and unmistakably than any other shibboleth that can be proposed. Each word is unobjectionable in itself. Each has its limitations. These limitations sometimes intersect each other, so that the terms may at times be interchangeable. But each may be employed in such a manner as to prove that the speaker is not a gentleman, but a gent. Or even if he be not altogether and on all occasions a gent, he has at least so much of the gentish element as will be certain to break out now and then in its unmistakable ugliness. John Smith, who calls his wife his good lady, who registers at a hotel as "John Smith and lady," may be a good fellow, a pleasant companion—at your club. But, dear Mr. Jones, don't invite him home to dinner with Mrs. Jones,—with your wife. He may appear at the table in his shirt-sleeves. On the other hand, the man who talks of his women-foiks, save in unmistakable jest, is to be treated in just as gingerly a fashion. "Lady" is the delight of that peculiarly odious sort of men who look down upon women as a kind of inferior animal, to be flattered to their faces as simpletons unable to enter into rational conversation, and to be classed together in an indiscriminate lump as "the sex," or the "female sex," born to play a part antagonistic to that of the worthier race, who are detestably described as their "lords." It is the delight, also, of the sort of women, equally odious, who are unpleasantly and arrogantly conscious of some defect of breeding. When a woman says, "I want you to understand that I am a lady," she publishes the fact that she is not and cannot be a lady. Good-breeding, refinement, lady-hood, if you please, is tacitly conceded or it does not exist. It appeals to something deeper than words. Words can neither make nor unmake. To put your trust in a word is to lose the thing it represents. Even if you achieve the word, it is tarnished and vulgarized when you grasp it. It is the opposite of its original meaning. It is *lucus* because it does not shine. Thus it happens that in this country the term lady is rapidly being abandoned to the class who are not ladies at all. When you have come to sales-ladies or washer-

ladies you have reached a hopeless deep. A sales-woman may be a lady, a sales-lady never. "Sales-lady" indicates a lack of humor, of self-respect, a barbarous willingness to outrage the English language. It is vandalism, pure and simple. Now, the Vandals were a splendid race, who had an important mission to perform; but they were not gentlemen, they were not ladies.

Statisticians have decided that there are more "ladies" among colored than among white people. Indeed, the very word colored is a "lady"-like euphemism. General Sherman's story of the colored gentleman who rang at his door-bell and asked, "Does a woman named Sherman live here? I want to see the lady who cooks for her," is one of a thousand which doubtless have been utilized by these statisticians.

"Ah, Mrs. Genteel, how do you do to-day? It is an age since I have seen you. How is your daughter Katie? I haven't seen her for a long time."

"She's quite well, thank you; she's sales-lady now at Plush & Silk's stores."

"Indeed! And your daughter Mamie?"

"Oh, Mamie is fore-lady in the new tomato-canning establishment."

"I hadn't heard that. Is Lula at home now?"

"No; she has gone to Hartford as waiting-lady to a very wealthy and aristocratic woman living there."

"Oh, has she? Then you have only Lena at home, I presume?"

"Oh, no! Lena has just accepted a situation as a nurse-lady in the family of Judge K. She has an elegant place."

"So you are living alone?"

"No; we have given up our house for the winter, and I am now cook-lady at Mrs. Blank's boarding-house."—*New York Tid-Bits* (1885).

Lady-bird, or Lady-bug, a variety of beetle, known also locally in England as the fly-golding, Bishop Barnaby or Barnabee, and God Almighty's cow. A curious thing in relation to the latter name is that it exists in Spanish also as *vaquillo de Dios*. Children in England and in America set the insect on their finger and sing,—

Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home;
Your house is on fire, your children all gone.

In Suffolk and Norfolk the rhymes are changed, in the former running,—

Bishop, Bishop Barnabee,
Tell me when your wedding be;
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away,

and in the latter,—

Bishop, Bishop Barnabee,
Tell me when my wedding be;
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.
Fly to the east, fly to the west,
Fly to them that I love best.

Some obscurity hangs over this popular name, which has certainly no more relation to the companion of Saint Paul than to drunken Barnaby. It is sometimes called Benebee,—which may possibly have been intended to mean the blessed bee; sometimes Bishop Benetree,—of which it is impossible to make anything. The name may be a corruption of Barn Bishop,—whether in scorn of that silly and profane mockery, or in pious commemoration of it, must depend upon whether it was adopted before or since the Reformation. The bishops of old wore scarlet and black in their robes, which may account for the episcopal dignity conferred on the scarlet and black beetle; while it may perhaps take the rest of its title from its appearing in the month in which the festival of Saint Barnabas occurs.

In Scotland the lady-bird is styled Lady-Flanners (*Notes and Queries*, I, i.). The subjoined rhyme is peculiar to the county of Lanark:

Lady, Lady Lanners,
 Lady, Lady Lanners,
 Take up your cloak about your head
 And flee awa' to Flanners.
 Flee owre firth, an' flee owre fell,
 Flee owre pule, an' rinnan well,
 Flee owre nuir, an' flee owre mead,
 Flee owre livan, flee owre dead,
 Flee owre corn, an' flee owre lea,
 Flee owre river, flee owre sea,
 Flee ye east, or flee ye west,
 Flee till him that lo'es me best.

Like the swallow, martin, redbreast, wren, and cricket, the lady-bird has the benefit of a long-standing belief that any one wilfully killing it will infallibly break a bone or meet with some equally troublesome punishment before the year is out,—a notion probably springing out of its being supposed to be under the special protection of the Virgin Mary.

Lake School, Lake Poets, Lakers, or Lakists, the *sobriquet* of a group of poets, including Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, from their residence in or connection with the Lakes of Cumberland. The epithet was first coined derisively by the *Edinburgh Review*, and the genesis is as follows. In its very first number (October, 1802) the *Review* had an article on Southey's "Thalaba." It started out by classing him as one of "a sect of poets that has established itself in this country within these ten or twelve years" who "seem to value themselves very highly for having broken loose from the bondage of ancient authority and reasserted the independence of genius." The *Review* goes on to admit that these poets have abandoned the old models, but fails to discover that they have yet created any models of their own, and is much inclined to call in question the worthiness of those to which they have transferred their admiration. For, so far from being original, the school derived its inspiration from—

1. The anti-social principles and distempered sensibility of Rousseau, his discontent with the present constitution of society, his paradoxical morality, and his perpetual hankering after some unattainable state of voluptuous virtue and perfection. 2. The simplicity and energy (*horresco referens*) of Kotzebue and Schiller. 3. The homeliness and harshness of some of Cowper's language and versification, interchanged occasionally with the *innocence* of Ambrose Philips or the quaintness of Quarles and Dr. Donne. From the diligent study of these few originals we have no doubt that an entire school of poetry may be collected, by the assistance of which the very gentlest of our readers may soon be qualified to compose a poem as correctly versified as "Thalaba," and to deal out sentiment and description with all the sweetness of Lambé [*sic*] and all the magnificence of Coleridge.

Now, some months after this article was penned, its reputed author, Mr. Francis Jeffrey, in the course of a visit to the Lakes, spent a day or two at Keswick, in the residence of Mr. Southey. Here, according to Coleridge, "he was circumstantially informed by what series of accidents it happened that Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Southey, and I had become neighbors, and how utterly groundless was the supposition that we considered ourselves as belonging to any common school but that of good sense, confirmed by the long-established models of the best times of Greece, Rome, Italy, and England, and still more groundless the notion that Mr. Southey (for, as to myself, I have published so little, and that little of so little importance, as to make it almost ludicrous to mention my name at all) could have been concerned in the formation of a poetic sect with Mr. Wordsworth, when so many of his works had been published not only previous to any acquaintance between them, but before Mr. Wordsworth himself had written anything but in a diction ornate and uniformly sustained; when, too, the slightest examination will make it evident that between those and the after-writings of Mr. Southey there exists no other difference, than that of a progressive degree of excel-

lence,—from progressive development of power and progressive facility, from habit and increase of experience. Yet among the first articles that this man wrote after his return from Keswick we were characterized as ‘the school of whining and hypochondriacal poets that haunt the Lakes.’”

The article to which Coleridge refers appeared in October, 1807 (xi. 215). It was a review of Wordsworth’s “Poems, in Two Volumes,” the author of which is described as belonging “to a certain brotherhood of poets, who have haunted for some years about the Lakes of Cumberland,” while the poems themselves are denounced for vulgarity, affectation, and silliness. There was really, as Coleridge asserted, very small community of feeling or similarity of genius between the poets thus arbitrarily grouped together. They admired each other, indeed, and they all sought, in the words of Christopher North, who, with De Quincey and Hazlitt, formed the greatest critical exponents of the so-called school, to free English poetry from “the sway of the old Powers that were,—antiquated, superannuated Authorities. Not, however, be it remembered, the hallowed influence of the true olden time,—the glories, then somewhat obscured, though still unfaded, of the great ages of the native genius of England,—but the cold, correct, classical school that reigned about the same time with a queen of the name of Anne, and that either arrogated to itself with laughable self-sufficiency, or had bestowed upon it in melancholy ignorance, the high-sounding title of the Augustan Age.” The war against the Lake School was waged with courage and enthusiasm, not only by the Edinburgh Reviewers, but by outsiders. The mightiest of these volunteers was Byron, who drew his best inspiration from Wordsworth, yet always ridiculed him, and who detested Southey as a politician, a man, and a poet. To the latter he inscribed his “Don Juan” in a satiric dedication, suppressed in the early editions, but recovered and printed after Byron’s death. It begins with a bitter satire on the whole school:

Bob Southey ! You’re a poet—Poet-laureate,
And representative of all the race,
Although ’tis true that you’re turn’d out a Tory at
Last,—yours has lately been a common case,—
And now, my Epic Renegade ! what are ye at ?
With all the Lakers, in and out of place ?
A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye
Like “four-and-twenty Blackbirds in a pye ;

“ Which pye being open’d, they began to sing”
(This old song and new simile holds good),
“ A dainty dish to set before the King,”
Or Regent, who admires such kind of food ;
And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,
But like a hawk encumber’d with his hood,—
Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
I wish he would explain his Explanation.

You, Bob ! are rather in-olent, you know,
At being disappointed in your wish
To supersede all warblers here below,
And be the only Blackbird in the dish ;
And then you overstrain yourself, or so,
And tumble downward like the flying-fish
Gasping on deck, because you soar too high, Bob,
And fall, for lack of moisture, quite a-dry, Bob !

And Wordsworth, in a rather long “Excursion”
(I think the quarto holds five hundred pages),
Has given a sample from the vasty version
Of his new system to perplex the sages ;
’Tis poetry—at least by his assertion,
And may appear so when the dog-star rages ;
And he who understands it would be able
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

You, gentlemen! by dint of long seclusion
 From better company, have kept your own
 At Keswick, and, through still-continued fusion
 Of one another's minds, at last have grown
 To deem, as a most logical conclusion,
 That Poesy has wreaths for you alone:
 There is a narrowness in such a notion,
 Which makes me wish you'd change your lakes for ocean.

Minor rhymesters sought to assist the poet-peer in his crusade. A popular couplet thus spoke of the Lakers:

They lived in the Lakes, an appropriate quarter
 For poems diluted with plenty of water.

The establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine*, presided over by so enthusiastic a Laker as John Wilson, contributed to by a critic with such lyrical fervor of admiration as De Quincey, and in a lesser degree the growing influence of Lamb, Hazlitt, Hunt, and other worshippers, proved mighty weapons of defence against the *Edinburgh* and its allies. Even Jeffrey struck his flag at last, gave up Pope and his poetry, and confessed that Wordsworth, with all his heresies, often exhibited far higher powers. But not all the original Lakers shared in this triumph. The *Edinburgh Review* had been inclined to class in the school Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and Lamb. We have seen, indeed, that Lamb was mentioned by name. The others are inferentially alluded to here and there. When *Blackwood* joined the fray all this was changed. A more precise method of differentiation was sought. Lockhart, one of the leading spirits of the magazine, hated the London adherents of the Lake School more than Wilson loved the indigenous Lakers. He accordingly proceeded to find a nickname for them. In the second volume of *Blackwood*, p. 38, he says,—

While the whole critical world is occupied with balancing the merits, whether in theory or in execution, of what is commonly called THE LAKE SCHOOL, it is strange that no one seems to think it at all necessary to say a single word about another new school of poetry which has of late sprung up among us. This school has not, I believe, as yet received any name; but if I may be permitted to have the honor of christening it, it may henceforth be referred to by the designation of THE COCKNEY SCHOOL. Its chief Doctor and Professor is Mr. Leigh Hunt, a man certainly of some talents, of extravagant pretensions both in wit, poetry, and politics, and withal of exquisitely bad taste, and extremely vulgar modes of thinking, and manners in all respects. The extreme moral depravity of the Cockney School is another thing which is forever thrusting itself upon the public attention, and convincing every man of sense who looks into their productions that they who sport such sentiments can never be great poets. How could any man of high original genius ever stoop publicly at the present day to dip his fingers in the least of those glittering and rancid obscenities which float on the surface of Mr. Hunt's "Hippocrene"? How such a profligate creature can pretend to be an admirer of Mr. Wordsworth is to us a thing altogether inexplicable. . . Mr. Hunt praises the purity of Wordsworth as if he himself were pure, his dignity as if he also were dignified. He is always like the ball of dung in the fable, pleasing himself and amusing by-standers with his "nos poma natamus." For the person who writes "Rimini" to admire the "Excursion" is just as impossible as it would be for a Chinese polisher of cherry-stones or gilder of teacups to burst into tears at the sight of the Theseus or the Torso. The Founder of the Cockney School would fain claim poetical kindred with Lord Byron and Thomas Moore. Such a connection would be as unsuitable for them as for William Wordsworth. The days of Mr. Moore's follies are long since over; and as he is a thorough gentleman, he must necessarily entertain the greatest contempt for such an underbred person as Mr. Leigh Hunt. But Lord Byron! How must the haughty spirit of Lara and Harold condemn the subaltern sneaking of our modern tuft-hunter! The insult which he offered to Lord Byron in the dedication of "Rimini"—in which he, a paltry cockney newspaper scribbler, had the assurance to address one of the most nobly born of English Patricians, and one of the first geniuses whom the world ever produced, as "My dear Byron," although it may be forgotten and despised by the illustrious person whom it most nearly concerned—excited a feeling of utter loathing and disgust in the public mind, which will always be remembered whenever the name of Leigh Hunt is mentioned.

These gems of invective are extracted from the first of a series of articles under the general heading of "The Cockney School of Poetry." Succeeding

numbers (there are five in all) also concern themselves largely with Leigh Hunt, but occasionally give a vicious dab at his so-called disciples. Here is an instance from the fifth and last. After explaining that the egotism of the Lakists is pardonable because they are great and unappreciated men, the genial critic proceeds,—

The egotism of the Cockneys is a far more inexplicable affair. None of them are men of genius, none of them are men of solitary meditative habits ;—they are lecturers of the Surrey Institution, and editors of Sunday papers, and so forth. They have all abundance of admirers in the same low order of society to which they themselves originally belong, and to which alone they have all their lives addressed themselves. Why, then, do they perpetually chatter about themselves? Why is it that they seem to think the world has no right to hear one single word about any other person than Hunt the Cockney Homer, Hazlitt the Cockney Aristotle, and Haydon the Cockney Raphael? These are all very eminent men in their own eyes, and in the eyes of the staring and listening groups whom it is their ambition to astonish. Mr. Hazlitt cannot look round him at the Surrey without resting his smart eye on the idiot admiring grin of several dozens of admiring apprentices and critical clerks. Mr. Hunt cannot be at home at Hampstead without having his Johnny Keates and his Corny Webbs to cram sonnets into his waistcoat-pockets, and crown his majestic brows with

The wreath that DANTE wore !!!

Mr. Haydon enjoys every day the satisfaction of sitting before one of the cartoons of Raphael, with his own greasy hair combed loosely over his collar, after the manner of Raphael,—hatted among his hatless disciples,—a very god among the Landseers. What would these men have? Are they still unsatisfied with flattery, still like the three daughters of the horse-leech, “crying, *Give, give, give!*” There is absolutely no pleasing of some people.

Laker, a member of the Lake School (*supra*), and also an old cant term for an actor. *Lake*, a north English word for play, comes from the Danish *lege*, to “play.” Hence laker. It was a common pleasantry in the last century, when the drum announced the advent of a company of strolling players into the rural districts of Yorkshire, for the farmers’ dames to say, “Get the shirt off the hedge, wench, for there comes the lakers.”

Lamourette’s kiss, a sudden but short-lived reconciliation: a term derisively given to the reconciliation brought about by the Abbé Lamourette (whose name, by the way, signifies *sweetheart*), on the 7th of July, 1792, between the factions of the Legislative Assembly. It is thus described by Sir Walter Scott:

The deputies of every faction, Royalist, Constitutionalist, Girondist, Jacobin, and Orleanist, rushed into each other’s arms, and mixed tears with the solemn oaths by which they renounced the innovations supposed to be imputed to them. The king was sent for to enjoy this spectacle of concord, so strangely and so unexpectedly renewed. But the feeling, though strong, and, it might be, with many overpowering for the moment, was but like oil spilt on the raging sea, or rather like a shot fired across the waves of a torrent, which, though it counteracts them by its momentary impulse, cannot for a second alter their course. The factions, like Le Sage’s demons, detested each other the more for having been compelled to embrace.

The term is now generally used for a reconciliation of policy without abatement of rancor.

Land of Cakes,—*i.e.*, Scotland. This phrase was first made notable by Burns in 1789:

Hear, Land o’ Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat’s.

On Captain Grose’s Peregrinations through Scotland.

Maidenkirk is an inversion of the name Kirkmaiden, in Wigtownshire, the most southerly parish in Scotland.

Land of inverted order, a popular *sobriquet* applied to Australia. Sydney Smith gives this humorous explanation in his “Essays:—

In this remote part of the earth Nature (having made horses, oxen, ducks, geese, oaks, elms, and all regular and useful productions for the rest of the world) seems determined to have a bit of play, and to amuse herself as she pleases. Accordingly, she makes cherries

with the stones on the outside; and a monstrous animal, as tall as a grenadier, with the head of a rabbit, a tail as big as a bedpost, hopping along at the rate of five hops to a mile, with three or four young kangaroos looking out of its false uterus to see what is passing. Then comes a quadruped as big as a large cat, with the eyes, color, and skin of a mole, and the bill and web-feet of a duck,—puzzling Dr. Shaw, and rendering the latter half of his life miserable, from his utter inability to determine whether it was a bird or a beast. Add to this a parrot with the legs of a sea-gull; a skate with the head of a shark; and a bird of such monstrous dimensions that a side bone of it will dine three real carnivorous Englishmen; together with many other productions that agitate Sir Joseph and fill him with mingled emotions of distress and delight.

It would appear, however, that other lands might well be entitled to the same description. Thus, Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, in a little volume entitled "Things Japanese: being Notes on Various Subjects connected with Japan," says that the Japanese do many things in a way that runs directly counter to European ideas of what is natural and proper; to the Japanese our ways are equally unaccountable. Here are a few instances of this contrariety. Japanese books begin at the end, and the word *finis* comes where we put the title-page. The foot-notes are printed at the top of the page, and the reader puts in his marker at the bottom. Men make themselves merry with wine not after, but before, dinner, and sweets come before the principal dishes. A Japanese mounts his horse on the right side; all parts of the harness are fastened on the same side, the mane hangs that way, and when the animal is brought home his head is put where his tail ought to be, and he is fed from a tub at the stable door. Boats are hauled up on the beach stern first. Japanese do not say northeast or southwest, but eastnorth or west-south. They carry babies, not in their arms, but on their backs. They address a letter the reverse way to us, putting the name last, the country and city first, going from the general to the particular, and in place of writing Mr. John Smith, they put Smith, John, Mr. Japanese keys turn in instead of out; Japanese carpenters saw and plane towards, not away from themselves. In keeping accounts they write the figures first, the item corresponding to them next. Politeness prompts them to remove, not their head-covering, but that of their feet. The impulse of Japanese girls is to sew on cuffs, frills, and the like topsy-turvy and wrong side out.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge tells us,—

All things are reversed in Holland. The main entrance to the finest public building in the country, the Palace, or late town-hall, of Amsterdam, is its back door. Bashful maidens hire beaus to escort them to the Kermis, or fair, on festival days. Timid citizens are scared in the dead of the night by their own watchmen, who, at every quarter of the hour, make such a noise with their wooden clappers one would suppose the town to be on fire. You will see sleds used in summer there. They go bumping over the bare cobble-stones, while the driver holds a dripping oil-rag in advance of the runners to lessen the friction. You will see streets of water, and the country roads paved as nicely as Broadway. You will see vessels hitched, like horses, to their owners' door-posts; and whole rows of square-peaked houses leaning over the street, as if they were getting ready to tumble. Instead of solemn striking clocks, you will hear church chimes playing snatches of operatic airs every quarter of an hour, by way of marking the time. You will see looking-glasses hanging outside of the dwellings, and pincushions displayed on the street doors. The first are called *spionnen* (or *spionnetjen*), and are so arranged outside of the windows that persons sitting inside can, without being seen, enjoy a reflection of all that is going on in the street. The pincushion means that a baby has appeared in the household. If white or blue, the new-comer is a girl; if red, it is a little Dutchman.

Land of steady habits. Connecticut is thus sometimes humorously designated, in allusion to the settled usages of its people. The old Puritanical code, the "Blue-Laws," remained longer in operation here than anywhere else.

Language of Eden. There is considerable disagreement among scholiasts and wisecracks on the question which was the primeval language. Celtic authorities declare it was Old Irish. The Persians say that Arabic, Persian, and Turkish are the three primitive languages. The serpent that seduced

Eve spoke Arabic, the most suasive tongue in the world, Adam and Eve conversed in Persian, the most poetic, and the angel Gabriel in driving them out of Paradise spoke Turkish, the most menacing of all languages. (CHAR-DIN.) Herodotus tells us that Psammetichus, King of Egypt, was the first to try the experiment of shutting off two children from all verbal communication with their fellow-mortals. When brought before him, the first word uttered by them was *bekos* (which is Phrygian for "bread"), proving the Phrygian to have been the oldest or primitive tongue. Less decisive, but more amusing, is the result of a similar experiment made by an English king. According to a tradition current near Manchester, King John resolved to ascertain the tongue natural to man, or, in other words, the language of Paradise. For this purpose he caused sundry infants to be immured in a lonely stronghold, and attended by a solitary keeper, who, under pain of death, was forbidden to speak or make the slightest attempt at articulation in their presence. After a lapse of some years, the king went to test the value of the experiment. Judge of his majesty's surprise when, on approaching the tower unobserved, he heard the juveniles busy chanting,—

King John
Has many a whim;
And this is one.

Languages. Charles V used to say that he would talk Spanish to the gods, Italian to ladies, French to men, German to soldiers, English to geese, Hungarian to horses, and Bohemian to the devil. James Howell, in his "Instructions for Foreign Travel" (1642), quotes from a Spanish doctor "who had a fancy that Spanish, Italian, and French were spoken in Paradise, that God Almighty commanded in Spanish, the Tempter persuaded in Italian, and Adam begged pardon in French." An eminent philologist of more modern times, whose name is not given, is reported to have said that if he wished to court his mistress he would address her in French, if he had an audience with his king he would speak to him in English, but in approaching his God his language would be Gaelic. Evidently the gentleman was a Highlander.

Lareovers for meddlers. When children are over-inquisitive as to the meaning or use of any article, they are rebuked by being told it is "a lareover for young meddlers," from "layer-over," explained as a gentle term for some instrument of chastisement in Forby's "Vocabulary of East Anglia." In Derbyshire the expression in use is "layhounds for meddlers," which simply means a lay-hold, something that will lay hold of those who meddle with it, used as a deterrent to frighten the child from touching the interdicted article. The phrase varies in different parts of the kingdom: thus, in Kent it is "rare-overs for meddlers."

Last Man. This was a nickname given by the Parliamentary party to Charles I., signifying that he was the last who should ever rule on the throne of England. His son, who afterwards became Charles II., was illogically—indeed, Hibernically—alluded to as the Son of the Last Man.

In literature the "Last Man" has occupied a position of some prominence through the poem of that title by Thomas Campbell and the long and bitter controversy to which it gave rise. The poem—a lyric in which the last of human mould is pictured as gazing on the final destruction of the world—was published in the *New Monthly Magazine* towards the close of 1823. Shortly after its appearance the poet wrote to his friend Gray,—

Did you see "The Last Man" in my late number? Did it remind you of Lord Byron's poem of "Darkness"? I was a little troubled how to act about this appearance of my having been obliged to him for the idea. The fact is, many years ago I had the idea of this "Last

Man" in my head, and distinctly remember speaking of the subject to Lord Byron. I recognized when I read his poem "Darkness" some traits of the picture which I meant to draw, —namely, the ships floating without living hands to guide them :

Ships sailorless lay rolling on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropped
They slept on the abyss without a surge,—
The waves were dead :

the earth being blank, and one or two other circumstances. On soberly considering the matter, I am entirely disposed to acquit Lord Byron of having intentionally taken the thought. It is consistent with my own experience to suppose that an idea which is actually one of memory may start up, appearing to be one of the imagination, in a mind that has forgot the source from whence it borrowed the idea.

The poet winds up by saying that he had decided not to make any public statement of his prior claim unless he were accused of plagiarism, as he did not wish to appear to be picking a quarrel with Lord Byron.

The charge of plagiarism came in due course. But meanwhile Byron had died (April, 1824). The position became doubly difficult for Campbell. A quarrel with the living would have been less unseemly than an attack on the dead. Nevertheless, in an open letter to Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Campbell reiterated the statements he had privately made to Gray. He further explained that on the appearance of Byron's stanzas in 1816 he had determined to waive his prior claim and leave his own poem unwritten ; but one day Barry Cornwall informed him that some one purposed writing a long poem entitled "The Last Man." This was indeed hard ! "The conception of the 'Last Man' had been mine fifteen years ago ; even Lord Byron had spared the title to me ; I therefore wrote my poem so called, and sent it to the press ; for not one *idea* in which was I indebted to Lord Byron or to any *other person*. Had I foreseen events, I should have communicated with Lord Byron during his lifetime."

There is something amusing in Campbell's painful earnestness, especially in view of the fact that his statement is very doubtful. Cyrus Redding, one of his biographers, is inclined to make light of the subject. "I happened to know," he says, "from a friend whom I met in Paris in 1817, and who had seen Byron and Shelley in the South the year before, that with Byron the poem of 'Darkness' originated in a conversation with Shelley as they were standing together in a day of brilliant sunshine looking over the Lake of Geneva. Shelley said, 'What a change it would be if the sun were to be extinguished at this moment ! how the race of man would perish, until perhaps only one remained,—suppose one of us ! How terrible would be his fate !'"

Redding mentioned the circumstance to Campbell. But Campbell would not admit it. "He tenaciously clung to the belief that Byron had committed the larceny." Redding then observed that the idea of a sole survivor at the last day, and the image of a sun quenched suddenly in eternal night, were not absolutely original with either poet, as he remembered seeing something of the kind written long before. Campbell began to wax very warm at the mere supposition, and reiterated his claim that the idea of a *last man* was wholly his own, although he did give Byron credit for the concomitant *darkness*.

Redding afterwards discovered the passage to which he had alluded, and confronted Campbell with it.

They were these few lines in "an obscure poem printed in 1811 :"

Thus, when creation's destined course is run,
And shrinking nature views the expiring sun,
Some awful sage, the last of human race,
Faith in his soul, and courage in his face,
Unmoved shall brave the moment of affright
When chaos reassumes the crown of night.

Campbell could not gainsay a work with the date affixed. "You are right," he said: "the idea is not original with me. I thought it had been, for I never met with it before. Original ideas are few: only the modes of putting them are countless."

After Campbell's death, Redding received a note from Dr. Dickson, accusing Campbell of borrowing the idea from Bishop Horne, who died in 1792. This is improbable, from the circumstance that Campbell was no sermon-reader and did not own Horne's works. Nevertheless, a passage from the latter's sermon on "The Death of the Old Year" is particularly striking in the present connection, as it contains a reference to a still older use of the idea, found in Burnet's "Sacred Theory of the Earth" (Book iii., ch. xii.), published about 1685.

This celebrated writer, Horne says, having followed the earth through all its changes of creation, describes the final and utter devastation of it, when all sublunary nature shall be overwhelmed by a molten deluge. In this situation of things, "he stands over the world as if he had been the *only survivor*, and pronounces its funeral oration in a strain of sublimity scarcely ever equalled by mere man."

Furthermore, it appears that in reality even the name of Campbell's poem was not his own. In the British Museum there is a work entitled "The Last Man, or Omegarus and Syderia, a Romance in Futurity." It was published in two volumes, by R. Dutton, 45 Grace Church Street, 1806, and is entered in the new catalogue under the sub-title "Omegarus," which in itself implies the subject-matter.

But the history of the "Last Man" does not end with Campbell. A few months after the appearance of his poem, another "Last Man"—a novel—was published by Mrs. Shelley. She describes herself in her journal as returning from Italy to England, after an absence of six years, still mourning for her husband, to find that her "genius had been quenched by the same waters that swept him away." "Now my mind is a blank, a gulf, filled with formless mist. 'The Last Man.' Yes, I may well describe that solitary being's feelings. I feel myself as the last relic of a beloved race,—my companions extinct before me."

And then, to show that her genius *was* quenched, she wrote this story. It is a sad descent from "Frankenstein." The scene opens in the year 2090. England is a republic, under a Protector. The tale describes the depopulation of the earth by a plague; fifteen thousand survivors in England, joined by a Protector, repair to Italy, and the hardships of their voyage are vividly depicted by the "Last Man," whose wife and child have also died. When Milan is reached, only three people remain alive on the whole earth, two of whom, a pair of brothers, perish in the storm.

The sole survivor resolves to write the fate of the human race, and he does so on the leaves of the trees, depositing the record in a tree in Naples just before his own death, trusting that possibly one man and woman still remain to repeople the earth and read the history of its awful annihilation.

In 1827 appeared Hood's poem "The Last Man," the title being in quotations. He does not describe the destruction of nature, but the dreariness of the absolute solitude which reigns after the world has been swept by "the pest." The last survivor in this case is a hangman, who, sitting upon his gallows-tree and congratulating himself on his supremacy throughout the entire universe, is accosted by a beggar who claims him as a brother. They travel through the great cities, helping themselves to the choicest treasures of the dead; but the companionship is uncongenial, and they soon separate, one turning to the right, and the other to the left. After some time the beggar reappears, arrayed as a king, with a scarlet cloak about his rags and a

crown upon his head. This presumption is too much for the hangman, and he immediately despatches the beggar in the mode most familiar to him. No sooner is the deed accomplished than he realizes all that it signifies, and he sighs that even

Hanging looks sweet,—but, alas! in vain
My desperate fancy begs,
For there is not another man alive
In the world to pull my legs.

Last straw breaks the camel's back. The proverb is said to be of Eastern origin. Whether its introduction into our language antedates this quotation is conjectural. In his "Vindication of True Liberty against Mr. Hobbes," Archbishop Bramhall says,—

The last dictate of the judgment concerning the good or bad that may follow on any action is not properly the whole cause, but the last part of it; and yet may be said to produce the effect necessarily, in such manner *as the last feather may be said to break a horse's back*, when there were so many laid on before as there wanted but that to do it.—(Written in 1645, first published in 1655.)—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 59 (Oxford, 1844).

Laughing-matter, No, a euphemism for something very serious, or even tragic.

Sheridan's answer to Lord Lauderdale was excellent, on the latter saying he would repeat some good thing I had mentioned to him: "Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale; a joke in your mouth is no laughing-matter."—THOMAS MOORE: *Diary*.

Laughter. Somebody observed to Lord Chesterfield that mankind was the only creature possessed of the power of laughter. "Yes, and perhaps the only one that deserves to be laughed at," said the earl. "I desire to die," said Horace Walpole, "when I have nobody left to laugh with me. I have never yet seen or heard anything serious that was not ridiculous. Oh, we are ridiculous animals; and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them!" Byron, with a deeper insight, recognizes that the fount of tears is that of laughter also, and that to open one sluice is to shut off the other:

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep.

Richardson, however, had said long before,—

Indeed, it is to this deep concern that my levity is owing; for I struggle and struggle, and try to buffet down my cruel reflections as they rise; and when I cannot, *I am forced to try to make myself laugh that I may not cry*; for one or other I must do; and is it not philosophy carried to the highest pitch for a man to conquer such tumults of soul as I am sometimes agitated by, and in the very height of the storm to quaver out a horse-laugh?—*Clarissa Harlowe*, Letter 84.

Nevertheless, with the average man kindly and genial laughter expresses joy and not represses sorrow. Wit devoid of malice has been compared to the wine of paradise, which, as Moslem doctors aver, exhilarates without the danger of reaction.

"We may well be refreshed," says good Jeremy Taylor, "by a clean and brisk discourse, as by the air of Campanian wines, and our faces and our heads may well be anointed and look pleasant with wit, as with the fat of the balsam-tree." "*L'allegrezza nutrice la vita*," says the Italian proverb. Æsculapius is reputed to have written comic songs to promote digestion in his patients. Dr. Sydenham, the English physician, declared that the arrival of a merry-andrew in a village was worth more than that of twenty asses loaded with medicines. It is said that another London physician used to write under his prescriptions, "Item, read three or four pages of 'Peregrine Pickle.'"

Professor Hufeland, of Berlin, used to declare that laughter was one of the greatest helps to digestion with which he was acquainted, and that the custom

prevalent in the Middle Ages of exciting it at table by the jokes and puns of jesters and buffoons was founded on true medical principles. The same truth is recognized in popular saws, as in the English "Laugh and grow fat."

Il y a trois médecins qui ne se trompent pas,—
La gaieté, le doux exercice, et le modeste repas,

says the French proverb, which is echoed in the English,—

Use three physicians
Still : first, Dr. Quiet ;
Next, Dr. Merryman,
And Dr. Dyet,—

a sentiment found as far back as the "Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum" (ed. 1607), but more familiar, perhaps, in Swift's version,—"The best doctors in the world are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman" (*Polite Conversation*, Dialogue ii.), which gives the climacteric place of honor to Dr. Merryman.

Another famous phrase is that of Peter Pindar (John Wolcot) :

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out.

Expostulatory Odes, xv.

Milton's invocation to Mirth at the commencement of his "L'Allegro" is classical :

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles,

* * * * *

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe.

Lavender, Lie in. A person who is in hiding is said to be laid up in lavender, so also a thing pawned. By a method of folk-etymology by no means of rare occurrence, this phrase is derived from the lavender in which pawned articles are packed, to keep out moths, thus :

But the poore gentleman paises so deere for the lavender it is laid up in, that if it lies long at a broker's house, he seemes to buy his apparel twice.—GREENE : *Harleian Miscellany*.

And a black satten of his own to go before her in ; which suit, for the more sweetening, now lies in lavender.—BEN JONSON : *Every Man out of his Humor*.

But lavender may be a corruption of Levant (*q. v.*). The Levant is, in humorous figure of speech, that place where they betake themselves to who would be benefited by a temporary absence from solicitous inquiries after them ; just as Jericho is a place where one is sent by his friends when he becomes preposterous or obstreperous. The conclusion is possible, therefore, that "to lie in the Levant" was the original and more correct wording of the phrase.

Law—Lawyers. Law has come in for a great deal of enthusiastic praise from the lawyers, but both law and lawyers have fared badly at the hands of the literary man and the jester. And first for lawyers on the law. We have Sir Edward Coke, in the first book of his "Institutes," speaking of "the gladsome light of jurisprudence," and declaring in a still more famous phrase that

Reason is the life of the law ; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason. .
The law, which is perfection of reason.

We have Sir John Powell echoing Coke :

Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.—*Cogg vs. Bernard, a Lord Raymond, 911.*

And we have Sir Matthew Hale placing law almost on a level with the Scriptures, as an infallible test of right. This was in 1664, when two women were hung in Suffolk, under a sentence of Sir Matthew, who took the opportunity of declaring that the reality of witchcraft was unquestionable; "for, first, the Scriptures had affirmed so much; and, secondly, the wisdom of all nations had provided laws against such persons, which is an argument of their confidence of such a crime."

Nay, we even have non-legal lights like Dr. Johnson declaring to Mrs. Piozzi that "the law is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public." And in conversation with Boswell he defended the lawyers from a charge of habitual insincerity. "Does not a barrister's affected warmth and habitual dissimulation impair his honesty?" asked Boswell. "Is there not some danger that he may put on the same mask in common life, in the intercourse with his friends?" "Why, no, sir," replied the doctor: "a man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to do so when he should walk on his feet." On the other hand, Horace Smith, himself a member of the legal profession, thus characterizes the lawyer in "The Tin Trumpet:—"

Right and wrong, truth or falsehood, morality or profligacy, are all equally indifferent to him. Dealing in law, not justice, his brief is his Bible, the ten guineas of his retaining fee are his Decalogue: his glory, like that of a cook-maid, consists in wearing a silk gown, and his heaven is in a judge's wig. Head, heart, conscience, body, and soul, all are for sale: the forensic bravo stands to be hired by the highest bidder, ready to attack those whom he has just defended, or defend those whom he has just attacked, according to the orders he may receive from his temporary master.

Macaulay, by implication, makes much the same accusation:

We will not at present inquire whether the doctrine which is held on this subject by English lawyers be or be not agreeable to reason and morality,—whether it be right that a man should, with a wig on his head and a band round his neck, do for a guinea what, without those appendages, he would think it wicked and infamous to do for an empire,—whether it be right that, not merely believing but knowing a statement to be true, he should do all that can be done, by sophistry, by rhetoric, by solemn asseveration, by indignant exclamation, by gesture, by play of features, by terrifying one honest witness, by perplexing another, to cause a jury to think that statement false.—*Essay on Bacon.*

No one has been more savage in his criticisms on the "perfection of reason" than Jeremy Bentham. In answer to the question, what is this boasted English law which, as Englishmen have been told for ages, renders them the envy and admiration of surrounding nations, he replies,—

The *substantive* part of it, whether as written in books or expounded by judges, a chaos, fathomless and boundless; the huge and monstrous mass being made up of fiction, tautology, technicality, circuitry, irregularity, and inconsistency; the *administrative* part of it, a system of exquisitely contrived chicanery; a system made up of abuses; a system which constantly places the interest of the judicial minister in opposition to his duty; so places his interest in opposition to his duty, that in the very proportion in which it serves his ends it defeats the ends of justice; a system of self-authorized and unpunishable depredation; a system which encourages mendacity, both by reward and punishment; a system which puts fresh arms into the hands of the injurer, to annoy and distress the injured; in a word, a system which maximizes delay, sale, and denial of justice.

It was a legal gentleman who gave the famous toast, "The glorious uncertainty of the law." This was in 1756, soon after Lord Mansfield had overruled several ancient legal decisions and introduced many innovations in the practice. At a dinner of judges and counsel in Serjeants' Hall, Mr. Wilbraham gave as a toast, "The glorious uncertainty of law." Charles Macklin, in his play of "Love à la Mode" (1759), borrowed the phrase:

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it.

Act ii., Sc. 1.

Fuller had already said, with fine sarcasm,—

Strange, that reason continuing always the same, law, grounded thereon, should be capable of so great alteration.

Tennyson has a fling at the lawless science of law :

Mastering the lawless science of our law,—
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances.

Aylmer's Field.

It was no less a person than Lord Brougham who defined a lawyer as “a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it to himself.” This embodies a favorite charge against the profession, as may be seen in the following proverbs :

Lawsuits make the parties bare, the lawyers fat.—*German.*

“The suit is ended,” said the lawyer : “neither party has anything left.”

He who goes to law for a sheep loses his cow.

A lean agreement is better than a fat lawsuit.—*Italian.*

Lawyers' garments are lined with suitors' obstinacy.

Law's costly : take a pint and 'gree.—*Scotch.*

Here are some more gems of proverbial wisdom which deal with other aspects of law and lawyers :

No good lawyer ever goes to law.—*Italian.*

Fair and softly, as lawyers go to heaven.—*English.*

Unless hell is full, never will a lawyer be saved.—*French.*

The greater lawyer, the worse Christian.—*Dutch.*

“Virtue in the middle,” said the Devil, when seated between two lawyers.—*Danish.*

Joe Miller, too, in all countries and under various aliases, has his little jests anent the same subject. A very famous chestnut has been versified by Boileau. Pope translates it thus :

Once (says an author ; where, I need not say)
Two travellers found an oyster in their way ;
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, Dame Justice passed along.
Before her each with clamor pleads the laws,
Explains the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
“There, take,” says Justice, “take ye each a shell ;
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you.
’Twas a fat oyster ! live in peace,—adieu.”

Here are a few anecdotes from the répertoire of Mr. Miller :

M. de la B——, a French gentleman, seems to have formed a very correct notion of the independence of the bar. Having invited several friends to dine on a *maigre* day, his servant brought him word that there was only a single salmon left in the market, which he had not dared to bring away, because it had been bespoken by a barrister. “Here,” said his master, putting two or three pieces of gold into his hand, “go back directly, and buy me the barrister and the salmon too.”

A lady inquired of an attorney what were the requisites for going to law, to which he replied, “Why, it depends upon a number of circumstances. In the first place, you must have a good cause ; secondly, a good attorney ; thirdly, a good counsel ; fourthly, good evidence ; fifthly, a good jury ; sixthly, a good judge ; and, lastly, good luck.” There is a faint reminiscence here of the German proverb, “Who will prosecute a lawsuit must have much gold, good lawyers, much patience, and much luck.”

The renowned Peter the Great, being at Westminster Hall in term time, and seeing multitudes of people swarming about the courts of law, is said to have inquired what all those busy people were, and what they were about, and, being told that they were lawyers, replied, "Lawyers! why, I have but four in my whole kingdom, and I design to hang two of them as soon as I get home."

Samuel Foote being once summoned into the country by the relatives of a respectable practitioner, to whom he had been appointed executor, was asked what directions should be given respecting the funeral. "What may be your practice in the country," said the wag, "I do not exactly know; but in London, when a lawyer dies, his body is disposed of in a very cheap and simple manner. We lock it up in a room over-night, and by the next morning it has always totally disappeared. Whither it has been conveyed we cannot tell to a certainty; but there is invariably such a strong smell of brimstone in the chamber that we can form a shrewd guess at the character of the conveyancer."

Law. One law for rich and one for poor. It has been suggested that the original meaning of this phrase was just the opposite from that generally read into it,—*i.e.*, that there are two laws, one for the wealthy, and another and different and, of course, harsher law for the poor. Thus its primitive import would have been, "One law for rich and poor," as, *e.g.*, in Exodus xii. 49, "One law shall be to him that is home-born, and unto the stranger that sojourneth among you." Whether this be so or not, the idea that

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,

GOLDSMITH: *The Traveller*,

is one that has prevailed and found expression in proverb, maxim, and epigram in all ages and in all climes, and not always without cause. The Scotch adage, which, *circa* 1707, was "as prevalent as it was scandalous" (WALTER SCOTT: *Bride of Lammermoor*, ch. i.), and which ran, "Show me the man, and I will show you the law," was justified by the gross partiality with which justice was administered there about the time of the union of the two crowns.

Other forms which the thought has assumed are:

Laws do vex the meaner kind of men, but the mighty are able to withstand them.—*Wit's Commonwealth* (1688), p. 96.

Quid faciant leges ubi sola pecunia regnat,
Aut ubi paupertas vincere nulla potest?

PETRONIUS.

A very ancient and common form of speech is that attributed by Plutarch in his *Life of Solon* to Anacharsis:

When Anacharsis (on his visit to Solon) knew what Solon was about, he laughed at his undertaking, and at the absurdity of imagining he could restrain the avarice and injustice of the citizens by written laws, which in all respects resembled spiders' webs, and would, like them, only entangle and hold the weak, while the rich and powerful easily broke through them. (*Langhorne's Transl.*)

Valerius Maximus (lib. vii., c. ii., extern. 11) also refers this saying to Anacharsis, but Diogenes Laertius (i. 58) ascribes it to Solon, and Stobæus (Serm. xliii.) to Zaleucus. Bacon, quoting it in his "Apothegms," refers it to "one of the Seven" Wise Men of Greece.

It is paraphrased by Robert Cawdray, in "A Treasury or Storehouse of Similes" (1609), under the title "Laws like to Cobwebs," thus:

As little flies are fast tied and easily snared in the cobwebs, but the drones and great flies break and escape through them: so likewise, poor and mean men are fast wound and holden in the penalties and dangers of laws, but lords and men in great authority daily break laws and are not corrected, so that the weakest goeth to the wall and the worst holdeth the candle.

It may be worth while to add the following :

Laws catch flies, but let hornets go free.—BOHN: *Hand-Book of Proverbs*; HAZLITT: *English Proverbs*.

(A similar saying is attributed to Swift in Timbs's "Laconics," i., No. 169.)

Lá vaó leis unde querum cruzados ("Law goes where dollars please").—BOHN: *Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs: Portuguese Proverb*.

Un sacco di ducati, uno di carta e uno di pazienza per aver bona sentenza.—*Raccolta di Proverbi Veneti* di C. PASQUALIGO (1879), p. 159, sub "Giustizia."

Les petits sont sujets aux Lois et les grands en font à leur guise.—Quoted by ERASMUS as a French current saying, in his *Adagia* (ed. 1670), p. 22 ("Absurda," etc., sub "Camelo Transmisso," etc.).

When Lord Ellenborough was trying one of the government cases against Horne Tooke, he found occasion to praise the impartial manner in which justice is administered. "In England, Mr. Tooke, the law is open to all men, rich or poor." "Yes, my lord," answered the prisoner, "and so is the London Tavern." Which reminds one of the English proverb, "Hell and Chancery are always open." But a far more terrible indictment was that of Justice Maule. A man being convicted of bigamy before him, the following dialogue took place :

Clerk of Assize. What have you to say why judgment should not be passed upon you according to law?

Prisoner. Well, my lord, my wife took up with a hawker and ran away five years ago, and I have never seen her since, and I married this woman last winter.

Mr. Justice Maule. I will tell you what you ought to have done; and if you say you did not know, I must tell you that the law conclusively presumes that you did. You ought to have instructed your attorney to bring an action against the hawker for criminal conversation with your wife. That would have cost you about a hundred pounds. When you had recovered substantial damages against the hawker, you would have instructed your proctor to sue in the Ecclesiastical Courts for a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*. That would have cost you two or three hundred pounds more. When you had obtained a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, you would have had to appear by counsel before the House of Lords for a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. The bill might have been opposed in all its stages in both Houses of Parliament; and, altogether, you would have had to spend about a thousand or twelve hundred pounds. You will probably tell me that you never had a thousand farthings of your own in the world; but, prisoner, that makes no difference. Sitting here as a British judge, it is my duty to tell you that *this is not a country in which there is one law for the rich and another for the poor*.

Leader, or Leading article, in English newspaper parlance, is better known in America as an editorial. Andrew Lang published a book under the excellent punning title "Lost Leaders," being made up of his editorial contributions to the London *Daily News*. The pioneer journals gave news only, without comment. The first leader in newspaper history, so we are told by *Notes and Queries*, seventh series, vii. 476, was contained in the (London) *Moderate* of Tuesday, December 12, 1648 (No. 22), where, after references to David succeeding Saul to the exclusion of Ishbosheth, and to various other instances in sacred and profane history of persons ascending the throne without regard to hereditary claims, the writer comes to the conclusion that the reign of monarchs depends upon the authority of the commonwealth. The article is temperate in tone, and is entirely free from the personalities and abuse characteristic of later journalism. But this is only a sporadic instance. The first paper which made it a practice to enter upon the contro-

versies of the time with dignity and deliberation was *The Compleate Intelligencer and Resolver*, "In two parts. The first giving intelligence of the state of the three Kingdomes. The other, Resolving doubts in the Present Differences." In the third issue (November 14, 1643) we have such questions resolved as the following: "Whether may it not be one cause of the trouble of this Kingdom, that the Archbishop of Canterbury [Laud] hath not been tryed yet? Whether hath he not deserved to suffer?" Both questions are argued and answered in the affirmative. "The sparing of him hath been a great provocation to heaven."

I write, myself, with painful slowness, and I cannot get through more than five hundred words an hour. Thus, it takes me three hours to write a leading article of fifteen hundred words; but, dictating it to an amanuensis, the task can be got through with, so far as the calligraphy is concerned, in just one hour and a half. To this must be added two hours in the morning patiently plodding through the newspapers in search of an attractive subject, and at least another hour spent in "thinking out" the subject when fixed upon, and reading up the necessary books of reference if the topic be a thorny one. This is known in circles outside journalism as "dashing off" a leader.—WALTER BESANT: *interview in New York Recorder*.

Leap in the dark. Hobbes, on his death-bed (1679), is reported to have said, "I am going to take a frightful leap into the dark." This phrase has sometimes been attributed to Rabelais, but it seems to be a misapprehension or mistranslation of the last words attributed to him,—"*Je m'en vais chercher un grand Peut-estre*" ("I am going in search of a great Perhaps"). Dryden may have had Rabelais's phrase in his mind when he wrote,—

Death in itself is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.

Or perhaps he remembered Shakespeare:

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world.

Measure for Measure, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Voltaire, when seized with a hemorrhage which, though not immediately fatal, proved in fact the beginning of the end, said, "Like my Henry IV., to-day I take the perilous leap." This is an allusion to the words which the king addressed to Gabrielle d'Estrées on the eve of his reception into the Catholic Church,—"*C'est demain, ma belle amie, que je fais le saut périlleux.*" The Earl of Derby said in the House of Lords, August 6, 1867, on the third reading of Disraeli's Reform Bill, "No doubt we are making a great experiment and taking a leap in the dark."

In "The Merry Musician," an anonymous and undated collection of songs (*circa* 1716), and in the supplementary sixth volume of Tom D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy" (1720), there is a song entitled "A Hymn upon the Execution of Two Criminals," which was afterwards sung in Gay's "Beggar's Opera." Here are the opening stanzas:

All you that must take a leap in the Dark,
Pity the Fate of Lawson and Clark;
Cheated by Hope, by Mercy amused,
Betray'd by the sinful ways we used:
Cropp'd in our Prime of Strength and Youth,
Who can but weep at so sad a Truth?
Cropp'd in our Prime, etc.

Once we thought 'twould never be Night,
But now, alas, 'twill never be light;

Heavenly mercy shine on our Souls,
 Death draws near, hark, Sepulchre's Bell tolls :
 Nature is stronger in Youth than in Age,
 Grant us thy Spirit, Lord, Grief to assuage.

Courses of Evil brought us to this,
 Sinful Pleasure, deceitful Bliss,
 The Snares of Wine and Women fair, etc.

Leap-year and marriage. It is a common idea, held more in jest, however, than in earnest, that in leap-year it is woman's privilege to "pop the question" to man, in lieu of waiting to be asked. An extension of this notion is found in the leap-year parties not uncommon among the fun-loving young people of America, in which all the usual conditions are reversed, the ladies calling for the gentlemen, choosing their own partners for the dance, and waiting on the moustachioed belles of the occasion. An early reference to the custom occurs in a work entitled "Courtship, Love, and Matrimony," printed in the year 1606: "Albeit it is now become a part of the common lawe in regarde to social relations of life that as often as every bissextile year doth return the ladies have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love unto the men, which they doe either by wordes or by lookes, as to them it seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of the clergy who dothe in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely." Cuthbert Bede, however, says that if a man chose to refuse, the lady had the right to demand a silk dress, but at the time of her proposal she had to be the wearer of a scarlet petticoat, which, or the lower portion of which, she must exhibit to the man.

An effort has been made to date the custom back to an old act of the Scottish Parliament "passed about the year 1228," in which it was "ordaint that during ye reign of her maist blesst maiestie, Margaret, ilke maiden ladie, of baith high and lowe estait, shall hae libertie to speak ye man she likes. Gif he refuses to tak her to bee his wyf, he shall be mulct in the sum of ane hundredity pundis, or less, as his estait may bee, except and alwais gif he can make it appeare that he is betrothit to another woman, then he shall bee free." But the only authority for this statement is the "Illustrated Almanac" for 1865, which probably manufactured the statute as a jest. At all events, the imitation of old English is too modern for the year 1228.

Of evidently modern manufacture, also, is the Irish legend which strives to throw the authority of long tradition over the custom. St. Patrick, so the story runs, was once walking along the shores of Lough Neagh,—after having "driven the frogs out of the bogs" and "the snakes out of the grass,"—when he was accosted by St. Bridget. With many tears and lamentations she informed him that dissension had arisen in the nunnery over which she presided, because the ladies were denied the right of "popping the question." St. Patrick, although a single man himself, was somewhat moved by this pitiful tale, and said he would concede women the right of making their selection every seventh year. St. Bridget demurred. Throwing her arms about his neck, she exclaimed, "Arrah, Pathrick, jewel, I daurn't go back to the gurls wid sich a proposal. Make it one year in four." To which St. Patrick replied, "Biddy, acushla, squeeze me that way again, an' I'll give you leap-year, the longest of the lot!" St. Bridget, thus encouraged, bethought herself of her own husbandless condition, and accordingly popped the question to St. Patrick himself; but of course he could not marry: so he patched up the difficulty as best he could with a kiss and a silk gown.

Learning. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," says Pope in his "Essay on Criticism," Part ii., line 15. And he advises in the next line,—

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:—

a line, by the way, borrowed from Drayton :

Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring.

Probably Pope had in mind Bacon's apothegm in his essay "Of Atheism :—" "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." Fuller also borrowed from the same source : "A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery ; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion." (*The Holy State : The True Antiquary.*) Donne, in his "Triple Fool," put the same idea in another form :

Who are a little wise the best fools be.

Elsewhere in the "Essay on Criticism" Pope has a fling at mere book-learning :

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
Part iii., l. 53,

in whom, as Tennyson puts it,

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

An Oriental saying runs,—

Learning to have and wisdom to lack,
Is a load of books on an ass's back.

Chaucer states the proposition in another form :

The gretest clerkes ben not the wisest men.
The Reeves Tale, l. 4051.

Cowper, in his "Progress of Error," thinks that education by travel is also useless where the seeing eye is wanting :

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home !

Nevertheless there is good sense in Maxim 571 of Publius Syrus : "It is only the ignorant who despise education." (See, also, IGNORANCE.)

Leather, There's nothing like, a proverbial expression in English and other languages to ridicule an exaggerated opinion of the value of one's own *métier*. The allusion is to the old fable accredited to Æsop, of the town in danger of a siege, wherein, at a hasty consultation of the citizens as to the best method of fortification, the mason recommends stone, the carpenter good stout oak, and the currier, last of all, gets up and says that he has found there is nothing like leather.

The popularity of the fable, and so of the phrase, has been largely influenced by the following anonymous rhymed version, which was found in most of the school-books in the earlier portion of the century :

A town feared a siege, and held consultation
Which was the best method of fortification ;
A grave, skilful mason said in his opinion
Nothing but stone could secure the dominion.
A carpenter said, "Though that was well spoke,
It was better by far to defend it with oak."
A currier, wiser than both these together,
Said, "Try what you please, there's nothing like leather."

Leek upon Saint Tavy's day, Wearing the. The Welsh ecclesiastical tradition is that St. David caused the Britons under King Cadwalader to distinguish themselves by wearing a leek in their bonnets. They won a great victory over the Saxons, which has ever since been commemorated by their wearing the leek on the anniversary of the day (March 1). (BRADY : *Clavis Calendaria*.)

According to Shakespeare, the event recalled by the usage was an incident

in the battle of Crécy, won by the Black Prince over the French. Fluellen thus discourses upon it, after the victory of Agincourt, with Henry V :

Fluellen. Your grandfather, of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle, Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave battie here in France.

King Henry. They did, Fluellen.

Flue. Your majesty says very true ; if your majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honorable padge of the service ; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.—*King Henry V.*, Act iv., Sc. 7.

The custom was observed up to recent times by the royal families of England. The grandson of King James I., the Elector, at Heidelberg, observed the usage, as is noted in the "Memoirs" of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, in a passage which confirms the tradition as related by Shakespeare :

On March 1 (1661), which the English in general, and the royal family in particular, observe by eating in the evening an onion which they have worn in their hats throughout the day, in memory of a battle won by a Prince of Wales wearing this device, the Elector arranged to send leeks to all the English residents . . . and to me, and invited me to come and eat mine in his rooms, where I met, etc. —*Memoirs*, p. 95.

In Hogarth's "The Rake's Progress," No. 4, is represented a Welshman with an enormous leek in his bonnet, showing that it is St. David's day, and the rake, togged in all his finery, is proceeding to attend a levy at court.

Left, Over the, a colloquialism in common use both in England and in America, implying doubt, derision, or denial of some prior statement. It is an abbreviation of "over the left shoulder." The left is unlucky, as the right is lucky, but, as two negatives make an affirmative, so two unlucky omens counteract each other and result in a negation. Thus, to throw salt over the left shoulder neutralizes the ill luck that would otherwise follow from spilling it. To pray that God should bless a person over the left shoulder was a euphemistic form of cursing. In the Records of the Hartford County Courts, in the (then) Colony of Connecticut, is found the following curious entry :

At a County Court held at Hartford,
September 4, 1705. }

Whereas James Steel did commence an action against Bevell Waters (both of Hartford) in this Court, upon hearing and tryall whereof the Court gave judgment against the said Waters (as in justice they think they ought), upon the declaring the said judgment, the said Waters did review to the Court in March next, that, being granted and entered, the said Waters, as he departed from the table, he said, "*God bless you over the left shoulder.*"

The Court order a record to be made thereof forthwith.

A true copie: Test.

CALEB STANLEY, Clerk.

At the next court, Waters was tried for contempt, for saying the words recited, "so cursing the Court," and on verdict fined five pounds. He asked a review of the court following, which was granted ; and pending trial the court asked counsel of the Rev. Messrs. Woodbridge and Buckingham, the ministers of the Hartford churches, as to the "common acceptation" of the offensive phrase. Their reply constitutes a part of the record, and is as follows :

We are of opinion that those words, said on the other side to be spoken by Bevell Waters, include (1) prophaneness, by using the name of God, that is holy, with such ill words whereto it was joyned ; (2) that they carry great contempt in them, arising to the degree of an imprecation or curse, the words of a curse being the most contemptible that can ordinarily be used.

T. WOODBRIDGE.
T. BUCKINGHAM.

March 7th, 1705-6.

The former judgment was affirmed on review.

At this inquiry Mr. Martin looked with a countenance of excessive surprise at his two friends, and then each gentleman pointed with his right thumb, over his left shoulder. This action is imperfectly described in words by the very feeble term of *over the left*. Its expression is one of light and playful sarcasm.—DICKENS : *Pickwick Papers*.

Leg. To make a, or To make legs. This phrase means what, in modern parlance, we should call "to bow the head." Fashions change nowadays. The "bow" is the principal mark of courtesy, the scrape of the foot merely an accessory. In the olden time the scrape, or rather genuflexion, was the marked and principal sign, the bow of the head either accessory to it or wanting. Smyth, in the manuscript "Lives of the Berkeleys," vol. iii. p. 855, mentions an experience in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when he, then a page, was taught by his lady to make a leg :

I walked, having a covered dish in my hands with her son's breakfast, wherewith I was hastening, and thereby presented her with a running legge or curtesy, as loth too long to stay upon that duty. Shee called me back to her, to make ere I departed one hundred leggs (soe to call them) at the least ; . . . and such was her great nobleness to mee therein (then a boy of noe desert, lately come from a country school and but newly entered into her service), that, to shewe me the better how, shee lifted up all her garments to the calf of her legg, that I might better observe the grace of drawing back the foot and bowing of the knee.

The same use of the term is the following :

You will not be so unmannerly as to turne your backe to the altar, having not taken your leave of God with a low leg to Him at the altar.—*Articles against John Cosin and others*, printed in *Cosin's Correspondence*, Surtees Soc., iii. 179.

In "Will Summer's Last Will and Testament" we read of "beggars making legs" after being entertained. Behind the scenes the phrase was so familiar that in Chettle's "Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon," 1601, the stage direction to the actor in the margin is "Make legs." "He made a leg and went away," writes Swift; and Locke observes, "If the boy should not put off his hat nor make legs more gracefully, a dancing-master would cure that defect."

The following is a snatch of an old song from some forgotten drama of the last century. It celebrates the triumphs of Orpheus's lyre :

An arm of the sea,
Introduced by a tree,
To a fair young whale advances,
And, making a leg,
Cries, "Miss, may I beg
Your sin for the next two dances?"

Leg-of-Mutton School, a generic name for poetasters, parasites of the rich, who give servile flattery and profuse laudation to their patrons as a *quid pro quo* for sumptuous entertainment, the "leg of mutton" being supposed to typify their source of inspiration. The title was invented by J. G. Lockhart in a review of a ridiculous poem called "Fleurs : a Poem in Four Books," by a nameless sycophant of the Duke of Roxburghe, whose seat was Fleurs Castle, and whose beefsteak and onions seem to have inflated the gustatory muse of the anonymous rhymester.

The chief constellations in this poetical firmament consist of led captains and clerical hangers-on, whose pleasure and whose business it is to celebrate in tuneful verse the virtues of some angelic patron who keeps a good table and has interest with the archbishop or India House. Verily, they have their reward. The anticipated living falls vacant in due time, the son gets a pair of colors, or is sent out as a cadet, or the happy author succeeds in dining five times a week on hock and venison, at the small expense of acting as toad-eater to the whole family, from my lord to the butler inclusive. It is owing to the modesty, certainly not to the numerical deficiency, of this class of writers that they have hitherto obtained no specific distinction among the authors of the present day. We think it incumbent on us to remedy this defect; and in the baptismal font of this our magazine we declare that, in the poetical nomenclature, they shall in future be known by the style and title of "The Leg-of-Mutton School."

He [the Bard of Fleurs above mentioned] is marked by a more than usual portion of the qualities characteristic of the Leg-of-Mutton School; by all their vulgar ignorance, by more than all their clumsy servility, their fawning adulation of wealth and titles, their hankering after the flesh-pots, and by all the symptoms of an utter incapacity to stand straight in the presence of a great man.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. ix.

Legem servare hoc est regnare. Lord Coleridge, at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund in 1874, said this was an old and pious saying which had come down to us from the Middle Ages. He may have been thinking of the Collect in the Salisbury Use, from which the Collect for Peace in the Morning Service is translated: "*Dei auctor pacis et amator, quem nosse vivere : cui servire, regnare est,*" etc.

Leonine verses, strictly speaking, Latin hexameters and pentameters in which rhymes occur. There are many such lines in the classic poets, particularly in Ovid, notwithstanding our tradition that the Latins avoided rhymes as systematically as we seek them. But the device became habitual in the Middle Ages, when the instinct towards rhyme asserted itself even in the ecclesiastical Latin, and Leoninus, canon of the church of St. Victor in Paris in the twelfth century, is said to have given an impulse to it. Numberless specimens remain, such as

En rex Edvardus, debacchans ut Leopardus.

A famous Leonine verse is that which recounts the adventure of the Jew who fell into a pit on a Saturday :

Tende manus, Salomon, ego te de stercore collam.
Sabbata nostra colo, de stercore surgere nolo.
Sabbata nostra quidem, Salomon, celebrabis ibidem.

Which may be rendered thus :

"Your hand," cried John Bull, "and I'll give you a pull."
"Tis our Sabbath, dear John, when no work must be done."
"And ours is on Sunday ; you must stay there till Monday."

Less properly Leonine verses, but still included under that name, are those Latin rhymed verses, not in the classic hexameter or pentameter at all, of which the "*Stabat Mater*" and other mediæval hymns are splendid specimens. One of the most plaintive examples of Leonine verse in this laxer sense is a scrap of not very classical, but very intelligible, Latin attributed to Mary Queen of Scots in prison :

O Domine Deus, speravi in te ;
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me ;
E dura catenâ, e miserâ poena,
O libera me.
Languendo, gemendo, genuque flectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me.

Some authorities recognize as Leonine those English verses in which one of the beats within the line proper is also a rhyme, as in Campbell's well-known line, the first of these two :

To the fame of your name
When the storm has ceased to blow.

Let alone, We desire only to be. In his first message to the Confederate Congress at Montgomery, Alabama, President Davis undertook the defence of the right of secession, and crowned an elaborate argument with the above declaration. It was an unfortunate and weak expression, very vulnerable, and easily twisted to the purposes of caricature. It came, indeed, to be extensively caricatured, and thus obtained currency as a popular quotation, much against the dignity of the Southern cause. Every rogue "desired only to be let alone ;" it was the ludicrous excuse for all sorts of crime, when the newspapers wanted to make a laughing-stock of any scapegrace in situations of embarrassment, all the way from the police-court to the historical drama. A popular print in the shop-windows of Northern cities illustrated the argument, and lampooned its author as a burglar making off with his plunder, an armful of miniature fortresses and ships of war and bags of money, "Uncle

Sam" clinging to his coat-tails, and the detained victim, with an air of injured innocence, exclaiming, as he attempts to escape out of a window, "I desire only to be let alone!"

L'État, c'est moi! (Fr., "The State, I am the State!") This famous saying is attributed to Louis XIV. An accretion of myths and misunderstandings, supplied by successive historians, has finally crystallized into the picturesque story that Louis determined at seventeen years of age to assert his authority, appeared in Parliament booted and spurred and with a whip in his hand, prohibited it from assembling, and to the remonstrance of the president, who spoke of the interests of the State, haughtily responded, "**L'État, c'est moi!**" The facts at the bottom of this fabrication appear to be that Cardinal Mazarin, fearing for his own authority when Parliament assembled on December 22, 1665, hastily summoned the young king from the hunting-fields of Vincennes, that Louis, dressed in his *costume de chasse*, appeared in the legislative chamber, prohibited Parliament from assembling, and, after having said a few words, departed without listening to any address. The words have not been recorded, but there is no doubt that the king was simply reciting a lesson learned from Mazarin. Into that lesson no such phrase as "I am the State" could have slipped. The State was not yet Louis XIV: it was Cardinal Mazarin. On the death of Mazarin, however, Louis at once began to assume that haughty and despotic attitude which makes the *mot* sound typical and characteristic. "Your majesty," said the Archbishop of Rouen, "ordered me to address myself to the cardinal in all matters. As he is dead, to whom shall I refer?" "To me," said the king. Summoning his cabinet, he gave them to understand that henceforth he would be his own prime minister. Long afterwards Louis employed M. de Torcey to draw up a course of public law for his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy. On the first page is this sentence: "The nation is not corporate in France: it lives entirely in the person of the king." Courtiers all found it to their interest to flatter the king's evident identification of himself with the State. In fact, Bossuet actually said of him, "All the State is in him" ("**Tout l'État est en lui!**"). It was but a step from the tacit acceptance of this sentiment to its open avowal, and that step the veracious historian has taken for the king. Napoleon paraphrased the famous *mot* when he said, "I am the French Revolution." Afterwards, at Grenoble, on his return from Elba in 1815, he said, "I am the Revolution crowned."

Levant, To, colloquial English for to abscond, especially from one's creditors. This is one of a curious group of words in many languages which are the result of bad puns. In English *levant* approximates in sound to *leave*, hence to *levant* is to leave. In French "*faire voile en Levant*" and in Italian "*andare in Levante*" are similar puns,—the first on *lever*, the second on *levare*,—both meaning to raise, to lift, hence the punning expression means to carry away, to steal. Belonging to the same group are the English "off for Bedfordshire" or "the land of Nod" as a synonyme for to sleep, "Hungarian" for hungry, "all holiday at Peckham" for starving, "in Easy Street" for comfortable, prosperous, and "in Queer Street" for the opposite. In French equally bad puns are "*aller à Niort (nier)*," to deny, "*aller à Versailles (verser)*," to be upset, "*aller à Cachan (cacher)*," to conceal one's self, "*aller à Rouen (ruine)*," to become bankrupt, to be ruined, etc. In Italian "*andare in Picardia*," "*andare a Longone*," "*andare a Fuligno*," all mean to suffer the penalty of the law, from the phonetic affiliation of those words with spikes and ropes.

When he found she'd levanted, the Count of Alsace

At first turned remarkably red in the face.

BARNAM: *Jugoslavby Legends*, I. 244.

Liar. I'm something of a liar myself, a bit of American colloquial humor applied to any one suspected of playing Munchausen. The story runs that a certain travelled Yankee who had told a marvellous tale of adventure turned round to a Scotchman in the company and asked if he were not astonished. "Na, na," was the answer, "I'm na that. I'm something of a leear mysel' "

Liars should have good memories, a proverbial saying of obvious wit and wisdom, which is found in most languages, and is quoted by St. Jerome, in the fourth century, as being even then an old saw: "Oblitus veteris proverbii, mendaces memores esse oportere" ("Unmindful of the old proverb, Liars should have good memories"). In fact, the idea is found in Quintilian (*Institutes*, iv. 2): "Mendacem memorem esse oportere" ("To be a liar memory is necessary"). Montaigne, in his essay "Of Liars," quotes the saw approvingly:

It is not without good reason said that he who has not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying.

Fuller has an admirable gloss of the proverb:

Memory in a liar is no more than needs. For, first, lies are hard to be remembered, because many, whereas truth is but one; secondly, because a lie, cursorily told, takes little footing and settled fastness in the teller's memory, but prints itself deeper in the hearers, who take the greater notice because of the improbability and deformity thereof; and one will remember the sight of a monster longer than the sight of a handsome body. Hence comes it to pass that when the liar hath forgotten himself, his auditors put him in mind of the lie and take him therein.

Liberal Republicans, the name given by themselves to certain members of the Republican party during the first term of Grant's administration. Opposition to the alleged official corruption within their own ranks and to the more radical political measures of that party, and hatred of Grant, were some of the chief characteristics of a movement somewhat spasmodic and desultory. Charles Sumner and Carl Schurz in the United States Senate, in and about 1870, were prominent representatives of one of its aspects. The tidal wave of 1874, and the pandering to the sentiment by the Democrats in 1872 by endorsing their nomination of Horace Greeley for the Presidency, are the most important political events associated with it.

Liberals, a name given in England to the party of more advanced Whigs and Reformers since 1828. The party held office under Earl Grey, Viscount Melbourne, Earl Russell, Viscount Palmerston, and Gladstone. The remnant of the Whigs coalesced with the Tories into the Conservative party. (See RADICALS.)

Liberator, The (Sp. "El Libertador"), a title conferred by the Peruvians, in 1823, on Simon Bolivar, the general of the South American colonies in their revolt from Spain. He is also known as the Washington of South America. The state of Bolivia is named after him.

Liberty Cap. This takes its origin from the ancient Phrygian cap, which may be seen in all the representations of the Trojans in Flaxman's illustrations to Homer. In ancient Greece and Rome slaves were not allowed to have the head covered, and part of the ceremony of freeing a slave was placing a cap on his head, which thus became the symbol of liberty and was so regarded during the Roman republic. When Saturninus possessed himself of the capitol (B.C. 263) he used a cap on a pole as a token of liberty to all slaves who might join him. Marius raised the same symbol to induce the slaves to take arms with him against Sylla. After the death of Cæsar the conspirators marched out in a body with a cap borne before them on a spear.

A medal with this device was struck on the occasion, and is still in existence. In France the "liberty cap," or "bonnet rouge," was introduced by the Girondists during the Revolution, and it owed its favorable reception principally to an article by Brissot in the *Patriote Français* for February 6, 1792, in which he declared that the "mournful uniform of hats" had been introduced "by priests and despots," and proved from history that all great nations—the Greeks, the Romans, the Gauls—had held the cap in peculiar honor, and that in modern times Voltaire and Rousseau had worn it as a symbol of freedom. The red color was expressly recommended "as the most cheerful." It is also said that the "bonnet rouge" was habitually worn by the galley-slaves, and was adopted as the symbol of freedom after the release from the galleys of the Swiss regiments of Château-Vieux. Before the Revolution red had been regarded in France as the color of despotism and oppression, and had acquired a bad reputation among patriots through "the red book" and the red flag as the instrument of martial law. But after Brissot's letter the red cap became the symbol of the Girondists. On March 14 it appeared for the first time in the Jacobin Club. Five days later it was expelled therefrom through the influence of Pétion and Robespierre. Nevertheless, the Girondists continued to uphold it, till the insurrection of June 20 made it the emblem of the victory of republicanism over monarchy.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, the three watchwords of the French Revolution of 1789. The original cry was for liberty, and the other two words were gradually and separately added. In its entirety the phrase has ever been the motto of the Republican party in France, as it is also of the extreme Socialists and Radicals everywhere. The French Revolution was an expression in action of the thoughts of many preceding proletarian thinkers. It was in some sort a plagiarism from the American Revolution of 1776, reaffirming and extending the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal," and are endowed with the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But that, in its turn, owed much to the French *philosophes* and their predecessors. Even in the early part of the eighteenth century the doctrines of equality were in the air. In Germany no less a man than Frederick the Great said, "Kings are but men, and all men are equal." In England, Pope, voicing the philosophy of Bolingbroke, wrote,—

Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
When all are equal—in their happiness.

Essay on Man, Epistle iv., l. 53.

That arch-Tory and ex Jupiter Tonans, Dr. Samuel Johnson, it is true, in the same year that Jefferson's words were born, gave utterance to the sentiment that, so far from its being true that all men are naturally equal, "no two people can be half an hour together but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other" (BOSWELL: *Life*, 1776); but Charles James Fox said, "I am for equality. I think that men are entitled to equal rights, but to equal rights to unequal things." Turgot, the philosopher of the French Revolution, declared, "The republic is founded upon the equality of all the citizens;" and "the fiery Isnard" is quoted by Carlyle, in his "French Revolution," thus: "We will have equality, should we descend for it to the tomb," an adumbration of the cry, "Fraternity or death," which the Jacobins ordered to be put upon all the public buildings. This last was wittily paraphrased by Sebastian Chamfort, "Be my brother, or I will kill thee" ("Sois mon frère, ou je te tue"). To Madame Roland he said, "The fraternity of these fellows is the fraternity of Cain and Abel." Chamfort was one of the bravest as well as one of the most brilliant of the wits who, after contributing

to bring on the Revolution by their attacks upon the follies and injustice of the old régime, were run over and trampled to death by the mob of fanatics whom it liberated in an hour from all the restraints of authority and custom. It was he who, just before the Revolution, when some aristocrat was insisting that the nobility must be considered as the mediator between king and people, quietly said, "Exactly, as the hound is mediator between hare and huntsman;" a phrase which was imitated by Sheridan, "Such protection as vultures give to lambs" (*Pizarro*, Act ii., Sc. 2). It was he also who gave the Abbé Sieyès the famous title of the treatise on the strength of which Mirabeau wrote to him, "So, then, there is at least a man in France!" "The Third Estate. What is it? Nothing! What ought it to be? Everything!" Chamfort warned Roland and Madame Roland in vain that the Gironde would find itself unable to hold its own against the Mountain; but as the triumph of the Jacobins became more certain Chamfort's contempt and horror of them were more firmly and more freely expressed. Finally he was arrested and thrown into prison, but was soon released. In 1795 he committed suicide to avoid a second arrest.

Yet though the words equality and fraternity were temporarily abused by fanatics, the principles they represented have gained wider and wider acceptance. Napoleon, the great leveller, used almost the identical words of Jefferson, "Nature made all men equal," and Burns sang,—

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

For a' that and a' that.

Proudhon closes his first *mémoire* on property with an appeal to the Deity to hasten the coming emancipation and to witness his unselfish devotion:

O God of liberty! God of equality! thou God who hast placed in my heart the sentiment of justice before my reason comprehended it, hear my ardent prayer. I have spoken as thou hast given me power and talent; it remains for thee to complete thy work. Thou knowest whether I have sought my interest or thy glory. May my memory perish, if humanity may but be free. Shorten, if it may be, our time of trial; smother inequality, pride, and avarice. Then the great and the small, the rich and the poor, will unite in one ineffable fraternity, and all together, chanting a new hymn, will re-erect thy altar, O God of liberty and of equality.—*Œuvres Complètes*, tome i. p. 224.

"It is through fraternity that liberty is saved." These were the closing words in the short speech of Victor Hugo on his return to Paris after the fall of the Empire in 1870, which he made to the people assembled at the Northern railway-station.

Liberty or death. In the Virginia Convention of March, 1775, Patrick Henry, in support of a resolution that the colony be immediately put in a state of defence, closed his speech with the brilliant peroration, "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!" The sentiment is not unlike Addison's:

My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?

Cato, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Thomas Jefferson, in his "Summary View of British America," has the pithy phrase, "The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time."

Mr. Henry was the man who wanted liberty or death. He preferred liberty, though. If he couldn't have liberty, he wanted to die, but he was in no great rush about it. He would like liberty, if there was plenty of it; but if the British had no liberty to spare, he yearned for death. When the tyrant asked him what style of death he wanted, he said that he would rather die of extreme old age. He was willing to wait, he said. He didn't want to go unpre-

pared, and he thought it would take him eighty or ninety years more to prepare, so that when he was ushered into another world he wouldn't be ashamed of himself.

One hundred and ten years ago, Patrick Henry said, "Sir, our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come. I repeat it, sir, let it come!"

In the spring of 1860 I used almost the same language. So did Horace Greeley. There were four or five of us who got our heads together and decided that the war was inevitable, and consented to let it come.

Then it came. Whenever there is a large, inevitable conflict loafing around waiting for permission to come, it devolves on the great statesmen and bald-headed *litterati* of the nation to avoid all delay. It was so with Patrick Henry. He permitted the land to be deluged in gore, and then he retired. It is the duty of the great orator to howl for war, and then hold some other man's coat while he fights.—BILL NYS: *Remarks*.

Liberty Party. an outgrowth of the American Anti-Slavery Society. It numbered among its adherents such men as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Salmon P. Chase, and was less remarkable for numbers than for persistent agitation. In 1840 its candidate for the Presidency, James G. Birney, received a total of only seven thousand and fifty-nine votes in the entire country, and in 1848, when again its nominee, he had sixty-two thousand three hundred. It was merged into the Free-Soil Party in 1848.

Licked into shape. This expression arises out of the popular superstition that a bear's cub is born an amorphous mass and is licked into shape by its dam. The idea is a very old one, and is reported seriously by Aristotle (*History of Animals*, vi. 27) and other ancient and mediæval writers. Here is Pliny's circumstantial account of the phenomenon:

Bears when first born are shapeless masses of white flesh a little larger than mice, their claws alone being prominent. The mother then licks them gradually into proper shape.—*Natural History*, Book viii., Sect. 126.

The myth has furnished numerous illustrations to the poets:

To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlicked bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.

SHAKESPEARE: *Henry VI., Part III., Act iii., Sc. 2.*

Not unlike the bear which bringeth forth
In the end of thirty dayes a shapeless birth;
But after licking, it in shape she drawes,
And by degrees she fashions out the paws,
The head, and neck, and finally doth bring
To a perfect beast that first deformed thing.

DU BARTAS: *Divine Weekes and Workes:*
First Week, First Day.

So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.

POPE: *Dunciad*, i. 101.

In French "ours mal léché" is commonly used figuratively of an ill-bred man, just as we say an unlicked cub or whelp. Sir Thomas Browne mentions the belief only to ridicule it in his "Vulgar Errors." It is therefore all the more surprising to find Burke accepting it as a fact. Pouring out his indignation against Rousseau for deserting his children, Burke says, "The bear loves, licks, and forms her young; but bears are not philosophers" (*Letter to a Member of the National Assembly*, 1791). In the course of a rather lively controversy on this subject in *Notes and Queries* (sixth series, iv. 395, etc.), F. Chance seeks to show that the error is one of *interpretation* rather than of *observation*: "I never was, and never am likely to be, present at the birth of a bear's cub, but I have often witnessed the birth of puppies, and I can affirm that a pup *at birth* does appear to be a shapeless mass, and that after the mother has licked away at it, its shape comes very clearly into view." But to this J. Dixon very properly replies, "From the earliest times men must have been

accustomed to witness births among their flocks and herds, to say nothing of puppies; and yet it very early became a belief that the cub of a bear differed in a remarkable way from other new-born animals. Few persons could have been present at the *accouchement* of a bear, and so the story of the cub being born shapeless, having been once told, was not likely to be contradicted."

Lie—under a mistake. A very common jest among school-boys is to say, "You lie" (pause) "under a mistake," which turns an insult into a joke. It is sad to chronicle that this same jest has reappeared in literature in three at least of our classical authors, as per the following extracts:

You lie—under a mistake,—
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's face. I now
Say what I think.

SHELLEY: Translation of the *Magico Prodigioso*, Sc. 1.

If, after all, there should be some so blind
To their own good this warning to despise,
Led by some tortuosity of mind
Not to believe my verse and their own eyes
And cry that they the moral cannot find,
I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies;
Should captains the remark, or critics, make,
They also lie too—under a mistake.

BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto i.

You are tempted, after walking round a line [of Milton] threescore times, to exclaim at last, Well, if the Fiend himself should rise up before me at this very moment, in this very study of mine, and say that no screw was loose in that line, then would I reply, "Sir, with due submission, you are—" "What!" suppose the Fiend suddenly to demand in thunder, "What am I?" "Horribly wrong," you wish exceedingly to say; but, recollecting that some people are choleric in argument, you confine yourself to the polite answer, "That, with deference to his better education, you conceive him to lie"—that's a bad word to drop your voice upon in talking with a friend, and you hasten to add—"under a slight, a very slight mistake."
—DE QUINCEY: *Milton versus Southey and Landor*.

The phrase was a popular one so far back as the time of Swift, for he puts it in the mouth of one of his characters in "Polite Conversation." But Swift's *brochure* was a satire on the inanity of fashionable society.

Lies, Half. Lord Bacon, in his essay "Of Truth," has the following praise of half-lies:

A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?—BACON: *Essays: Of Truth*.

Per contra, Tennyson says,—

That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

The Grandmother, Stanza 8.

Life. Of all Mrs. Barbauld's voluminous poetry one stanza alone survives. If the praise of the best minds is a guarantee of immortality, these lines are immortal:

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good-night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."

Wordsworth used to repeat them, and even wish they were his,—the highest

praise that Wordsworth knew how to give. Madame d'Arblay in her old age told Crabb Robinson that every night she said the verses over to herself as she went to her rest. Tennyson has called them sweet verses, according to Miss Thackeray, who adds that to her "they are almost sacred." They were written about 1813, but published posthumously.

Had Mrs. Barbauld, one cannot help wondering, ever read the story of one Lamb and his wife, Scotch martyrs of the sixteenth century? Both were condemned by the authorities,—he to be hanged, she to be tied in a sack and drowned in a pool. The woman on parting said to her husband, "Husband, be glad; we have lived together many joyful days, and this day, on which we must die, we ought to esteem the most joyful of all, because now we shall have joy forever. Therefore I will not bid you good-night, for we shall meet in the kingdom of heaven." (*Notes and Queries*, fifth series, iv. 64.)

It is an interesting task to compare what the poets and philosophers have said about life. On the one hand is the magnificent optimism of Browning,—

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!
Saul, ix.;

Have you found your life distasteful?
My life did, and does, smack sweet.
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
Mine I saved and hold complete.
Do your joys with age diminish?
When mine fail me, I'll complain.
Must in death your daylight finish?
My sun sets to rise again,

At the Mermaid, Stanza 10,—

and on the other a long line of wallings over the shortness of life, its transitoriness, its incompleteness, its vanity, its sorrows. Job's cry, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble" (xiv. 1), is echoed by the Preacher in Ecclesiastes, "For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief" (ii. 23), and finds its analogue everywhere in literature, ancient and modern, pagan and Christian:

For fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins ev'n from the birth are misery and man.
Odyssey, Book vii., l. 263 (Pope's translation).

As for life, it is a battle and a sojourning in a strange land; but the fame that comes after is oblivion.—MARCUS AURELIUS: *Meditations*, ii. 17.

The world's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span.

LORD BACON: *The World*.

Whose life's a bubble, and in length a span.

WILLIAM BROWNE: *Britannia's Pastorals*, Book i., Song 2.

Our days begin with trouble here,
Our life is but a span,
And cruel death is always near,
So frail a thing is man.

New England Primer.

Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Macbeth, Act v., Sc. 3.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

King John, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

GAY: *My own Epitaph*.

O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!

BURNS: *Despondency*.

Is there, then, anything to live for? Very little; but let us make the best of that little. *Dum vivimus vivamus*:

Catch, then, oh, catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies!
Life's a short summer, man a flower;
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

JOHNSON: *Winter: An Ode*.

Life let us cherish while yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flow'ret pluck ere it close;
Why are we fond of toil and care?
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear?

J. M. USTERI: *Life let us cherish*.

Or, with James Montgomery, let us realize that

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die,

The Issues of Life and Death,

and so take heart of grace from Longfellow's admonition:

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

A Psalm of Life.

Doddridge seeks to show how the Epicurean and the ascetic doctrine may be reconciled:

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be:
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

Epigram on his Family Arms.

And the same truth is taught by Ellen Sturgis Hooper:

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth and noonday light to thee.

Life a Duty.

But, whatever life may be, few care to leave it :

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

GRAY: *Elegy*, Stanza 22.

Nay, it is the oldest that are least resigned. "Nobody loves life like an old man," says Sophocles (*Acrisius*, Frag. 63), and Euripides tells us,—

Old men's prayers for death are lying prayers, in which they abuse old age and long extent of life. But when death draws near, not one is willing to die, and age no longer is a burden to them,—*Alceste*, 669;

sayings which are thus summed up by Mrs. Thrale in her poem of "The Three Warnings:"

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground :
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pain grows sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

Lifting, or Heaving, an old custom formerly prevalent in many parts of England, mostly performed in the open street. People formed into parties of twelve or more, and from every one "lifted" they extorted a contribution. There is said to be a record in the Tower of London of certain payments made to ladies and maids of honor for taking King Edward I. in his bed at Easter, whence it has been presumed that he was lifted according to the custom which then prevailed among all ranks throughout the kingdom. The custom survives locally in England as part of the Easter privileges of the fair sex.

Light and leading, Men of. In "Sibyl" (Book v. ch. i.) Disraeli had the phrase, "Not a public man of light and leading in the country withheld the expression of his opinion." Again, February 28, 1859, moving for leave to bring in the Representation of the People Bill in the House of Commons, Disraeli said, "I believe there is a general wish among all men of light and leading in this country that the solution of this long-controverted question should be arrived at." A third repetition of this alliterative phrase occurred March 10, 1880, in an electioneering address to the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. But long before Disraeli, Burke had said, in his "Reflections on the Revolution in France" (vol. iii. p. 331), "The men of England,—the men, I mean, of light and leading in England." Cowper has a faintly analogous line :

Lights of the world, and stars of human race,
The Progress of Error, l. 97;

and a curious verbal likeness is found in an old ballad which describes the vengeance exacted by Crichton, the Lord of Sanquhar, on a noted free-booter, Johnstone of Annandale :

And when they came to the Well path head,
The Crichtons bade them "Light and lead."

But this only means that the followers of the chief were to "dismount and give battle."

Light, Blasted with excess of. In the "Progress of Poetry," Part III., Sec. 2, Gray has this fine allusion to Milton's blindness :

He passed the flaming bounds of space and time :
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

Even Dr. Johnson, no admirer of Gray's, condescends to acknowledge that if we suppose the blindness caused by study in the formation of his poem, this account is poetically true and happily imagined. It is no detraction from Gray that he was remotely indebted for his daring and successful figure to Milton himself, who, speaking of the Deity, says,—

Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear.

Paradise Lost, Book iii., l. 380.

This line is frequently misquoted with "light" for "bright,"—a substitution, however, which is an improvement. Milton, in his turn, may have remembered that passage in Longinus where, after quoting from Demosthenes, he asks, "In what has the orator here concealed the figure? Plainly, in its own lustre."

If we read a metaphorical meaning in the following extract from Hermias, a Galatian writer of the second century, it closely approximates to Gray's figure :

When Homer resolved to write of Achilles, he had an exceeding desire to fill his mind with a just idea of so glorious a hero : wherefore, having paid all due honors at his tomb, he treats that he may obtain a sight of him. The hero grants his poet's petition, and rises in a glorious suit of armor, which cast so insufferable a splendor that Homer lost his eyes while he gazed for the enlargement of his notions.

Pope says if this be anything more than mere fable, one would be apt to imagine it insinuated his contracting a blindness by too intense application while he wrote the *Iliad*,—which is exactly analogous to Dr. Johnson's gloss on Gray.

Shelley has imitated Gray in these lines from "Julian and Maddalo :

The sense that he was greater than his kind
Had struck, methinks, his eagle-spirit blind,
By gazing on its own exceeding light.

Light-fingered, a euphemism for "thievish," applied particularly to pick-pockets.

Our men contented themselves with looking after their goods (the Tonquinese being very light-fingered), and left the management of the boats entirely to the boat's crew.—**DAMPIER**: *Voyages*, II., i. 14.

Light-fingered Catch, to keep his hands in ure,
Stole anything,—of this you may be sure,
That he thinks all his own that once he handles,—
For practice' sake did steal a pound of candles;
Was taken in the act :—oh, foolish wight !
To steal such things as needs must come to light !

A Collection of Epigrams (1727).

Lightning, Quick as, an obvious metaphor found in all literatures. A few examples must suffice :

It must be done like lightning.

BEN JONSON: *Every Man in his Humor*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

But Hudibras gave him a twitch
As quick as lightning in the breech,
Just in the place where honor's lodged,
As wise philosophers have judged;
Because a kick in that part more
Hurts honor than deep wounds before.

BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Part II., Canto ii., l. 1065.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

WILLIAM KNOX: *Mortality*.

Such souls,
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR: *Philip Van Artevelde*, Act i., Sc. 7.

Shakespeare says of the happiness of lovers that it is

Too like the lightning, which does cease to be
Ere one can say, "It lightens,"
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Sc. 2;

and again,—

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i., Sc. 1.

The same comparison of the briefness of love to a lightning-flash was employed nine centuries before Shakespeare by the Indian poet Bhavabhuti, in the drama of "Málata and Mádhava:"

Alas! too often is the happiness
That kindred, friends, and lovers taste as brief
As lightning's transient glare.

Lilli-Burléro and Bullen-a-la, said to have been the shibboleth of the Irish Catholics in the bloody events of 1641. A song with the refrain of "Lilli-burlero, bullen-a-la!" was written by Lord Wharton, which may be called the "Marseillaise" of the English Revolution of 1688. Burnet says, "It made an impression on the [king's] army that cannot be imagined. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually; . . . never had so slight a thing so great an effect." It was the favorite tune of "Uncle Toby" in "Tristram Shandy." The words of the song are printed in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," Series ii., Book iii.

Lily, Consider the. In the Sermon on the Mount, Christ enjoins his disciples to take no thought of the morrow:

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?—*Matthew* vi. 26.
And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say to you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?—*Ibid.*, 28-30.

The above passages bear a notable similarity to one of the apothegms of the Indian poet Bhartrihari:

He by whose hands the swans are painted white, and parrots green, and peacocks many-hued, will make provision for thy maintenance.

Bhartrihari is held to have been a brother of King Vikramāditya, who flourished half a century before Christ.

Burns paraphrases the Scripture texts:

That he who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide.

Lime-juicers, an epithet of contempt for the English commercial marine, current among Yankee skippers; derived from the regulation requiring English merchant-vessels to carry among their stores a supply of lime-juice as a preventive against scurvy.

Lincoln Brotherhood, political associations of negroes in the South, after the close of the civil war, to protect their rights of suffrage.

Linen. It is not linen you're wearing out. One of the most vivid passages in Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is the following :

O men with sisters dear,
O men with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.

This is probably a reminiscence of the rebuke which Maggie makes to Oldbuck of Monkbarns in Scott's "Antiquary" (ch. xi.): "It's no fish ye're buying, it's men's lives."

Lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places, The. The quotation is from Psalm xvi. 6. "Lines" was formerly synonymous with "lot;" a survival of the word in this sense is found in the slang phrase "hard lines." The passage from the Psalm above given in the Prayer-Book version (where it is verse) is rendered thus: "The lot has fallen unto me in a fair ground."

Lion-Hunter, The. Among the penalties of fame there are none more terrible than the persecutions of the lion-hunter. He is indefatigable and ubiquitous; his nets and snares are spread in the most unsuspected places; he dogs the footsteps of the lion, pursues him into the sacred recesses of his home, and drags him out into the glare of publicity. Or he assails him through the mails, seeking advice, encouragement, assistance, an autograph. He cannot and will not be put off.

Nor is he a recent development. As far back as the eighteenth century Schiller complained that it was quite a peculiar case to have a literary name. "The few men of worth and consideration who offer you their intimacy on that score and whose regard is really worth coveting are too disagreeably counter-weighted by the baleful swarm of creatures who keep humming around you like so many swarms of flesh-flies, gape at you as if you were a monster, and condescend, moreover, on the strength of one or two blotted sheets, to present themselves as colleagues."

The great Goethe had a serene and splendid way of dealing with these bores. An admirer once broke into his bedroom at an inn. Goethe was undressing. But the worshipper, nothing daunted, fell at the feet of his idol, and poured out his ecstatic admiration. Goethe calmly put out the light and jumped into bed.

Sir Walter Scott had an equally hearty hatred of lionizing, but his courtesy prevented his showing it. He extended a kindly welcome to the intrusive bores who overran Abbotsford, pestered him with inquiries as to why he did not call his place Tollyveolan or Tillytudlen, questioned him about his own age and that of his wife, jotted down memoranda of other domestic details in their note-books, and shouted out "Prodigious," in facetious imitation of Dominie Sampson, at whatever was shown them. He was scrupulously careful, also, to answer all letters addressed to him. In those days of high postage this was a tax not only on his time and his temper, but on his purse as well. He spent as much as one hundred and fifty pounds a year in postage. Once a mighty package came from the United States. Five pounds were due on it. When opened it was found to contain a manuscript called "The Cherokee Lovers," a drama written by a New York lady, who begged Scott to read and correct it, write a prologue and an epilogue, and secure a manager and a publisher. A fortnight later another package of similar size, charged with a similar postage, was placed in Scott's hands. When opened, out popped another copy of "The Cherokee Lovers," with a note from the authoress explaining that, as the mails were uncertain, she had deemed it prudent to forward a duplicate.

In our own days Dr. Holmes is one of the greatest sufferers. Here is a really pathetic passage from his volume "Over the Tea-Cups:"

"For the last thirty years I have been in the habit of receiving a volume of poems, or a poem, printed or manuscript,—I will not say daily, though I sometimes receive more than one in a day,—but at very short intervals. I have been consulted by hundreds of writers of verse as to the merit of their performances, and have often advised the writers to the best of my ability. Of late, I have found it impossible to attempt to read critically all the literary productions, in verse and in prose, which have heaped themselves on every exposed surface of my library like snow-drifts along the railroad-tracks,—blocking my literary pathway, so that I can hardly find my daily papers."

You see he does not complain, he only laughs good-naturedly. But it is hard for an outsider to consider calmly such a selfish and impudent tax upon the time and strength of a gentleman so busy, so weary, so old, and, above all, so kindly. Lawyers, doctors, and men of business are not expected to give professional advice without a full equivalent for the service: why should a literary man have to give time, counsel, and criticism, gratis, to every stranger who may apply for it?

There is no prominent man of letters in this country or in England who has not had a similar experience. No circumstance of age, illness, poverty, or exhausting labor serves to protect him from these unconscionable demands. Walt Whitman himself, in his feeble old age, was a conspicuous victim. There is something pathetic, and humorous as well, in his answer to a poet who called and offered to read a manuscript tragedy. "No, thank you," said Whitman: "I have been paralyzed twice."

Carlyle was almost driven frantic by the callers who came to gratify their curiosity at his expense; and it is to be feared that too many of them were Americans. No wonder that he characterized the entire nation as "forty millions of bores."

In one of her letters, Mrs. Carlyle gives an interesting account of an American visitor:

"Oh, such a precious specimen of the regular Yankee I have never seen since! Coming in from a drive one afternoon, I was informed by Helen, with a certain agitation, that there was a strange gentleman in the library.

"'He said he had come a long way, and would wait for the master coming home to dinner; and I have been,' said she, 'in a perfect fidget all this while, for I remembered after he was in that you had left your watch on the table.'

"I proceeded to the library to inspect this unauthorized settler with my own eyes. A tall, lean, red-herring-looking man rose from Carlyle's writing-table, at which he was sitting writing, with Carlyle's manuscripts and private letters lying all about, and, running his eyes over me from head to foot, said,—

"'Oh! you are Mrs. Carlyle, are you?'

"An inclination of the head, intended to be *hauteur* itself, was all the answer he got.

"'Do you keep your health pretty well, Mrs. Carlyle?' said the wretch, nothing daunted, that being always your regular Yankee's second word.

"Another inclination of the head even slighter than the first.

"'I have come a great way out of my road,' said he, 'to congratulate Mr. Carlyle on his increasing reputation; and, as I did not wish to have my walk for nothing, I am writing till he comes in. But in case he should not come in time for me, I am just writing him a letter here, at his own table, as you see, Mrs. Carlyle.'

"Having reseated himself without invitation of mine, I turned on my heel and quitted the room, determined not to sit down in it while the Yankee stayed. But about half an hour after came Darwin and Mr. Wedgwood; and,

as there was no fire in the room below, they had to be shown up to the library, where, on my return, I found the Yankee still seated in Carlyle's chair, very actively doing, as it were, the honors of the house to them; and there he sat upwards of an hour, not one of us addressing a word to him, but he not the less thrusting his word into all that we said. Finding that I would make absolutely no answer to his remarks, he poured in upon me a broadside of positive questions.

"Does Mr. Carlyle enjoy good health, Mrs. Carlyle?"

"No."

"Oh! he doesn't! What does he complain of, Mrs. Carlyle?"

"Of everything."

"Perhaps he studies too hard. Does he study too hard, Mrs. Carlyle?"

"Who knows?"

"How many hours a day does he study, Mrs. Carlyle?"

"My husband does not study by the clock."

"And so on."

"At last the gentleman, having informed himself as to all possible and probable omnibuses, reluctantly took his leave, without an opportunity of baiting the bear, who would certainly have left the marks of the teeth on him."

Not all Carlyle's visitors, however, were Americans. George Gilfillan, the once famous preacher, lecturer, and critic of the Spasmodic School, once called upon the sage at Chelsea. Carlyle himself opened the door. He was in even grimmer humor than usual. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I am George Gilfillan," was the reply, "and I have been giving lectures on your books throughout the country."

"You have, have you? Damn your impudence! Good-morning." And the door was shut in his face.

Emerson too, in his quiet home at Concord, was besieged by visitors of all sorts. "His mind," says Hawthorne, "acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face." Some were visionaries and theorists, others were mere curiosity-seekers. They pestered him even in his declining years, when mind and memory had failed him. One morning his daughter found him entertaining a strange Boston woman in his library.

"Ellen," said the sage, looking up with an expression of hopeless bewilderment, "I wish you would attend to this lady: she wants some of my clothes."

And then the visitor volubly explained she was making a "poets' rug" on the principle of a crazy-quilt. Mr. Longfellow had already given her an old shirt. She wanted a pair of Emerson's cast-off pantaloons. She called them pants, by the way.

Tennyson, who has always an acute horror of being lionized, for many years has intrenched himself in his house as his castle, denying himself to strange visitors. He has been obliged to build a high wall around his grounds, with locked gates. But these very methods have whetted public curiosity to intensity. Not unfrequently when he walks out he finds a row of heads all around the wall. They stare, they make audible comments about him. The land around is trampled, the grass is killed by the waiting crowd. They bring their lunches with them, and leave relics behind in the shape of dinner-papers, crusts, and empty bottles.

Professor Jowett has sought equal seclusion, with even less success. He is one of the lions of Oxford. That town is subjected to constant inroads of tourists, all of whom crave a sight of the famous professor. It so happened, while he was engaged on his translation of Plato, that a guide discovered the professor's study-window looked into the broad street. Coming with his menagerie under this window, the guide would begin: "This, ladies and

gentlemen, is Balliol College, one of the very holdest in the university, and famous for the herudition of its scholars. The head of Balliol College is called the Master. The present Master of Balliol is the celebrated Professor Benjamin Jowett, Regius Professor of Greek. Those are Professor Jowett's study-windows, and there" (here the ruffian would stoop down, take up a handful of gravel and throw it against the panes, bringing poor Jowett, livid with fury, to the window), "ladies and gentlemen, is Professor Benjamin Jowett himself."

In one of his "Roundabout Papers" Thackeray makes a humorous protest against the social miseries that are entailed upon famous men. He complains that he does his comic business with the greatest pains, seriousness, and trouble. It is his profession. Why cannot he leave that profession behind him when he goes out into society? "If you ask Mr. Blondin to tea," he says, "you don't have a rope stretched from your garret-window to the opposite side of the square and request Monsieur to take his tea out on the centre of the rope."

Perhaps lions should take some concerted action to do no roaring in private life. Indeed, by a wise provision of nature, many of them are unable to roar except in print. Like his African brethren, your literary lion is a very tame animal outside of his native jungle.

There is a familiar story of Francis Jeffrey's first meeting with Talleyrand. By his own request he had been seated next to the famous statesman at dinner. It was a proud moment, and one from which he had hoped to carry away imperishable memories. The only remark that Talleyrand made was, "*A propos* of your cock-a-leekie soup, M. Jeffrey, do you take it with prunes or without?"

Recently a London lady was taken down to dinner by a famous actor. She was in ecstasies. "I have met him at last," she thought; "he is the funniest actor in London, and he is going to talk to me for at least an hour and a half. How lucky I am!" But the soup was disposed of, and then the fish and the *entrées*, and still the funniest man in London had not uttered a word. Suddenly his eyes fell on his wife, who sat opposite. Then he turned to his companion. "It has been a long time coming," she thought, "but it has come," and she prepared to receive the joke.

"Do you see that dress on my wife?" asked the comedian.

"Yes."

"Well, it cost nine pounds." And not another syllable did he utter.

Another lady who was taken down by Tennyson suffered an equal disappointment, after equal preliminary expectation. The only utterance which the Laureate let fall was the unpoetical remark, "I like my mutton cut in chunks."

Dr. Buckley tells a story of how years ago he followed Tennyson, who was with his wife and family, through the South Kensington Museum for two hours and a half, hoping to hear him speak. At last he made signs as if he were about to do so. Hoping to hear some notable criticism, the doctor listened intently, and this is what he heard:

"You take care of the children, while I go and get some beer."

A young woman in Cambridge one day saw Longfellow and Lowell strolling a little ahead of her. She had often wished to know what poets talked about when they were together, so she quickened her pace. Just before she overtook them a little child came along. That seemed to give Lowell an idea. The young woman pricked up her ears.

"What are little girls made of?" said Lowell to Longfellow.

The reply was equally brilliant:

"Sugar and spice and all that's nice;
That is what little girls are made of."

It is a curious, and from the point of view of the lion a really distressing, feature of the lion-hunter's character that he cares very little for the work of his professed idol. The author of a gushing series of letters to the Duke of Wellington which have recently made their appearance had never heard of the battle of Waterloo. The actor finds that his admirers have never seen him on the stage, the author that they have never read his works. A rich German recently gave a dinner in honor of a famous poet. After dinner the guests begged the poet to read some of his verses. He agreed, after much apologetic modesty. But the host was now observed to show great uneasiness. When a copy of Herr M——'s poems were called for he was obliged to confess that he had not one in his house. There was great consternation and much suppressed laughter. But the host was equal to the occasion. He sent out and got a copy, not at the bookseller's, however, but at a circulating library.

Lion sermon, a sermon preached annually on October 16, at St. Catherine Cree Church in London, commemorative of the escape of Sir John Gayer, Lord Mayor of London, 1646-47, from a lion in the deserts of Arabia. This is in accordance with the terms of his will, dated December 19, 1648, leaving a bequest of two hundred pounds to the church.

In perpetuation of an ancient custom annually celebrated at St. Catherine Cree Church, in Leadenhall Street, the Rev. W. M. Whittemore, D.D., rector, on Saturday preached what is termed the "Lion" sermon. The preacher, in the course of his remarks, alluded to the fact that about two hundred and fifty years ago upon that very day Sir John Gayer, a citizen of London, who afterwards became Lord Mayor, was in the deserts of Arabia upon business which required his own personal attention. By some means he became detached from the caravan, and while quite alone and unarmed he was much alarmed at seeing a lion approaching him. Scarcely knowing what to do, he fell upon his knees and asked the Lord to deliver him from his perilous position. The lion looked at him savagely, but upon seeing him in this position, after a few moments, walked away in an opposite direction. The merchant on rising from his knees made a solemn vow that upon his safe return home he would commemorate this providential deliverance by some benevolent act. Upon reaching England he accordingly left a sum of money to provide for this sermon every year, in addition to a bequest to the parish church of his native town,—Plymouth. The rector further mentioned that Sir John Gayer, in consequence of his loyal attachment to King Charles I., was ordered by Cromwell's Parliament to pay a fine of £500, a considerable sum at that time, and that in default of payment he was committed to the Tower. In the British Museum might be seen a copy of his petition to Parliament asking not for mercy, but for justice. He ultimately obtained his freedom, and soon afterwards died. Considerable interest was displayed in the service, and it was understood that some descendants of Sir John Gayer were among the congregation.—*London Citizen*, October 18, 1886

Lion's provider, a humble friend who plays into the hands of an important personage to show him to best advantage, a foil or butt for another's wit, and who feeds on the leavings. The simile is drawn from the jackal, who is supposed to serve the lion much the same as the dog serves the sportman, and who yells to advertise his lord that prey is close at hand.

Lions, Seeing the. Formerly there was a menagerie in the Tower of London in which lions were kept; it was discontinued about 1815. During these earlier times of comparative simplicity, when a stranger visited the city for the first time he would of course be taken to see the lions, and on his return to the country it was usual to ask him whether he had seen the lions. This is the origin of the phrase. The transition from real lions to figurative ones—i.e., all remarkable sights or personages—was easy, and the term is still used in this sense. Now, however, the lions are more frequently understood to be the people who are supposed to add lustre and interest by their presence at a social gathering, from their position or accomplishments.

In America the phrase is "to see the elephant," with a humorous allusion to the sometimes sad experience of sight-seeing country-cousins with all manner of sharpers who lie in wait for them in the large cities.

Lion's share,—i.e., all or nearly all; derived from Æsop's fable of the lion, who, when the spoil of a joint hunt of a number of beasts was being divided, claimed one quarter in right of his prerogative, one for his superior courage, one for his dam and cubs, "and as for the fourth, let who will dare dispute it with me."

Lipograms (Gr. *λείπω*, "I leave"), a form of literary trifling in which the author carefully excluded from his composition some letter or letters of the alphabet. A good story is told of Jami, the Persian critic, which seems applicable to all these useless *tours de force*. A certain poet had read him a copy of verses, but Jami seemed unmoved. "You will at least allow it to be curious," said the author, slightly nettled, "for you will observe that the letter A does not occur in it from beginning to end." To which Jami replied, "It would have been a great improvement had you left out also all the other letters."

The most gigantic lipograms on record are two Greek poems produced by a certain Tryphiodorus in those early centuries of our era during which the world, or the greater part of it, seems to have been in a state of blue mould for want of work,—the one a kind of Iliad in twenty-four books, each excluding absolutely the letter of the alphabet marking its own number; the other an Odyssey composed on the same principles.

"It must have been very pleasant," says Addison, in his "Spectator," No. 59, "to have seen this poet avoiding the reprobate letter as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it, through the different Greek dialects, when he was presented with it in any particular syllable; for the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with the wrong letter."

Nevertheless, Tryphiodorus might have claimed that he was kept in countenance by no meaner precedent than that of Pindar, who, according to Athenæus, wrote an ode from which the letter Sigma was carefully excluded. And in the Middle Ages he found numerous imitators. There was Gordianus Fulgentius, who congratulated himself on the fact that he had produced a wonderful work,—"*De Ætate Mundi et Hominis*,"—and so it was, for in the chapter on Adam he excluded the letter A; from that on Abel, the letter B; from that on Cain, the letter C, and so on through twenty-three chapters. There was Gregorio Leti, who presented to the Academy of Humourists at Rome a discourse entitled "*The Exiled R*," because the letter R was omitted throughout. There was Lope de Vega, among whose voluminous works are five novels each of which avoids some particular vowel. And to come down to more recent times, there is the famous "*Pièce sans A*," written in 1816 by one Ronden, which was acted at the Théâtre des Variétés, Paris. The public thronged to see this *tour de force*. The curtain rose. Duval entered from one wing, Mengozzi from the opposite side of the stage. The first words the latter uttered were,—

Ah, monsieur! vous voilà.

The whole audience roared with laughter at this curious beginning of a piece without A. The laugh gave the prompter time to set the actor right. He corrected himself with,—

Eh, monsieur! vous voici.

So goes the story. To which there is only one objection,—namely, that nothing like the sentence quoted is to be found in the published piece. To be sure, it contains others very like it. The author may have made an alteration in proof. He confesses, by the way, in his preface, that the performance was not suffered to proceed to the end.

From all and various these portentous literary trifles we only pray to be

delivered. Our citations shall be taken from the fugitive pieces, which, though easier to make, are easier to read. To appreciate them at their full value it is well to keep in mind the following table of the relative proportions in which the various letters of the alphabet are used :

A 85	E 120	I 80	M 30	Q 5	U 34	Y 20
B 16	F 25	J 4	N 80	R 62	V 12	Z 2
C 30	G 17	K 8	O 80	S 80	W 20	
D 44	H 64	L 40	P 17	T 90	X 4	

It follows, therefore, that the letter E must be the most nearly indispensable letter in the alphabet. That it is not absolutely indispensable is shown by the following, written, as the author says, with ease without e's :

THE FATE OF NASSAN.

Bold Nassan quits his caravan,
A hazy mountain-grot to scan,
Climbs jaggy rocks to spy his way,
Doth tax his sight, but far doth stray.

Not work of man, nor sport of child,
Finds Nassan in that mazy wild ;
Lax grow his joints, limbs toil in vain,—
Poor wight ! why didst thou quit that plain ?

Vainly for succor Nassan calls.
Know, Zillah, that thy Nassan falls ;
But prowling wolf and fox may joy
To quarry on thy Arab boy.

Here is another. But this example not merely excludes the letter E. It has a further and singular merit. Each stanza contains every letter of the alphabet except E :

A jovial swain should not complain
Of any buxom fair,
Who mocks his pain and thinks it gain
To quiz his awkward air.

Quixotic boys who look for joys
Quixotic hazards run ;
A lass annoys with trivial toys,
Opposing man for fun.

A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might ;
To quiz is vain, for 'tis most plain
That what I say is right.

The following verses contain every letter except S :

COME, LOVE, COME.

Oh ! come to-night ; for naught can charm
The weary time when thou'rt away.
Oh ! come ; the gentle moon hath thrown
O'er bower and hall her quivering ray.
The heather-bell hath mildly flung
From off her fairy leaf the bright
And diamond dew-drop that had hung
Upon that leaf—a gem of light.
Then come, love, come.

To-night the liquid wave hath not—
Illumined by the moonlit beam
Playing upon the lake beneath,
Like frolic in an autumn dream—
The liquid wave hath not, to-night,
In all her moonlit pride, a fair
Gift like to them that on thy lip
Do breathe, and laugh, and home it there.
Then come, love, come.

To-night! to-night! my gentle one,
 The flower-bearing Amra tree
 Doth long, with fragrant moan, to meet
 The love-lip of the honey-bee.
 But not the Amra tree can long
 To greet the bee, at evening light,
 With half the deep, fond love I long
 To meet my Nama tree to-night.
 Then come, love, come.

A prose example is furnished by Lord Holland. He was led to essay it in 1824 by reading in D'Israeli's "Curiosities" an account of Lope de Vega's no-vowel novels. It is a still more difficult feat than any yet recorded, as all the vowels save E are excluded.

EVE'S LEGEND.

Men were never perfect; yet the three brethren Veres were ever esteemed, respected, revered, even when the rest, whether the select few, whether the mere herd, were left neglected.

The eldest's vessels seek the deep, stem the element, get pence; the keen Peter, when free, wedded Hester Green,—the slender, stern, severe, erect Hester Green. The next, clever Ned, less dependant, wedded sweet Ellen Heber. Stephen, ere he met the gentle Eve, never felt tenderness; he kept kennels, bred steeds, rested where the deer fed, went where green trees, where fresh breezes greeted sleep. There he met the meek, the gentle Eve; she tended her sheep, she ever neglected self; she never heeded self, yet she heeded the shepherds even less. Nevertheless, her cheek reddened when she met Stephen; yet decent reserve, meek respect, tempered her speech, even when she showed tenderness. Stephen felt the sweet effect: he felt he erred when he fled the sex, yet felt he defenceless when Eve seemed tender. She, he reflects, never deserved neglect; she never vented spleen; he esteems her gentleness, her endless deserts; he reverences her steps; he greets her:

"Tell me whence these meek, these gentle sheep,—whence the yet meeker, the gentler shepherdess?"

"Well bred, we were eke better fed, ere we went where reckless men seek fleeces. There we were fleeced. Need then rendered me shepherdess, need renders me sempstress. See me tend the sheep, see me sew the wretched shreds. Eve's need preserves the steers, preserves the sheep; Eve's needle mends her dresses, hems her sheets; Eve feeds the geese; Eve preserves the cheese."

Her speech melted Stephen, yet he nevertheless esteems, reveres her. He bent the knee where her feet pressed the green; he blessed, he begged, he pressed her.

"Sweet, sweet Eve, let me wed thee; be led where Hester Green, where Ellen Heber, where the brethren Vere dwell. Free cheer greets thee there; Ellen's glees sweeten the refreshment; there severer Hester's decent reserve checks heedless jests. Be led there, sweet Eve!"

"Never! we well remember the Seer. We went where he dwells—we entered the cell—we begged the decree,—

Where, whenever, when, 'twere well
 Eve be wedded? Eld Seer, tell.

He rendered the decree; see here the sentence decreed!" Then she presented Stephen the Seer's decree. The verses were these:

*Eve the green reed be red,
 Sweet Eve, be never wed;
 Ere be green the red cheek,
 Never wed thee, Eve meek.*

The terms perplexed Stephen, yet he jeered the terms; he resented the senseless credence, "Seers never err." Then he repented, knelt, wheedled, wept. Eve sees Stephen kneel; she relents, yet frets when she remembers the Seer's decree. Her dress redeems her. These were the events:

Her well-kempt tresses fell; sedges, reeds, bedecked them. The reeds fell, the edges met her cheeks; her cheeks bled. She presses the green sedge where her cheek bleeds. Red then bedewed the green reed, the green reed then speckled her red cheek. The red cheek seems green, the green reed seems red. These were e'en the terms the Eld Seer decreed Stephen Vere.

HERE ENDETH THE LEGEND.

An ingenious trifter furnishes *Notes and Queries* with the following series of verses, each containing only one vowel:

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

War harms all ranks, all arts, all crafts appall;
 At Mars' harsh blast, arch, rampart, altar fall!
 Ah! hard as adamant a braggart Czar
 Arms vassal swarms, and fans a fatal war!
 Rampant at that bad call, a Vandal band
 Harass, and harm, and ransack Wallach-land.
 A Tartar phalanx Balkan's scarp hath past,
 And Allah's standard falls, alas! at last.

THE FALL OF EVE.

Eve, Eden's empress, needs defended be;
 The Serpent greets her when she seeks the tree.
 Serene she sees the speckled tempter creep;
 Gentle he seems,—perverted schemer deep,—
 Yet endless pretexts, ever fresh, prefers,
 Perverts her senses, revels when she errs,
 Sneers when she weeps, regrets, repents she fell,
 Then, deep-revenged, reseeks the nether Hell!

THE APPROACH OF EVENING.

Idling I sit in this mild twilight dim,
 Whilst birds, in wild swift vigils, circling skim.
 Light winds in sighing sink, till, rising bright,
 Night's Virgin Pilgrim swims in vivid light.

INCONTROVERTIBLE FACTS.

No monk too good to rob, or cog, or plot,
 No fool so gross to bolt Scotch collops hot.
 From donjon tops no Oronooko rolls.
 Logwood, not lotos, floods Oporto's bowls.
 Troops of old tosspots oft to sot consort.
 Box tops our school-boys, too, do flog for sport.
 No cool monsoons blow oft on Oxford dons,
 Orthodox, jog-trot, book-worm Solomons!
 Bold Ostrogoths of ghosts no horror show.
 On London shop-fronts no hop-blossoms grow.
 To crocks of gold no Dodo looks for food.
 On soft cloth footstools no old fox doth brood.
 Long storm-tost sloops forlorn do work to port.
 Rooks do not roost on spoons, nor woodcocks snort.
 Nor dog on snowdrop or on coltsfoot rolls,
 Nor common frog concocts long protocols.

The same subject continued.

Dull humdrum murmurs lull, but hubbub stuns.
 Lucullus snuffs up musk, mundungus shuns.
 Puss purrs, buds burst, bucks butt, luck turns up trumps;
 But full cups, hurtful, spur up unjust thumps.

Litera scripta manet, verbum imbelles perit (I., "The written letter remains, the weak [spoken] word perishes"), a mediæval Latin phrase, which Fournier explains as a mnemonic versification of the earlier "Verba volant, scripta manent" ("Words fly, written things remain"). It was with a prehistoric consciousness of the truth thus emphasized that Job exclaimed, "Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book!" (xix. 23.)

And what is writ is writ,—
 Would it were worthier!

Childe Harold, Canto iv., Stanza 185.

Literal sense, In a. Taking things too literally is a fertile source of blunders that are sometimes amusing, sometimes provoking, and sometimes deplorable. We all remember Colman's poem about Dr. Bolus and the patient to whom he had prescribed a medicine with the injunction, "When

taken to be well shaken." The solicitous family shook the sick man instead of the medicine, and when the doctor called around again his patient was dead. A similar story in actual life is related of a member of the County Board at Crookston, Mississippi, a hale and hearty farmer, who, for the first time in his life, feeling unaccountably under the weather, visited the local doctor and obtained a prescription. Arriving home, he found his wife had gone out, so he concluded to take the first dose during her absence. When the good old lady returned she was surprised to find her husband stark naked and standing up to his chin in a rain-barrel filled with water, a bottle of medicine in one hand and a teaspoon in the other. "For goodness' sake, father," she cried, "what *are* you about?" "Why, I'm following the doctor's orders," said Tim. And he pointed to the directions: "A teaspoonful in water, every three hours."

Another medical story is more tragic. A doctor, called in for the second time just soon enough to save the life of a man who during his fits of intoxication was given to dosing himself with laudanum, felt called upon to administer a round rebuke, and wound up by saying, "If you really intend to kill yourself, cut your throat and have done with it." One night the doctor's bell was pulled. Thrusting his head out of the window, he saw the self-poisoner's wife. "He has done it, doctor," she cried. "Done what?" "John has taken your advice. He has cut his throat and will save you further trouble!"

Two English costermongers claiming proprietorship in one donkey appeared before the Westminster County Court to settle their dispute. After hearing a part of the evidence, the judge said they had better settle the case out of court during the adjournment for luncheon. When the court reopened the defendant told his Honor it was all right; the donkey was his. The judge noticed that the plaintiff's personal appearance was considerably damaged, but before he could put a question the defendant continued: "We found a quiet place to settle it in, your Honor. I 'ad to be rather rough on the plaintiff, but couldn't 'elp it; we 'ad honly an arf-hour to pull it off in, and he were a much tougher customer than I expected." The explanation was conclusive, if not entirely what the court had bargained for, and the donkey became the prize of the victor in the fight.

That was a very literal Scotch subaltern whom Colonel Stuart tells of in his "Reminiscences of a Soldier." The Scotchman was one day on guard at Gibraltar with another officer, who, falling down a precipice, was killed. He made no mention of the accident in his guard-report, leaving the addendum, "Nothing extraordinary since guard-mounting," standing without qualification. Some hours after, the brigade-general came to demand explanation: "You say, sir, in your report, 'Nothing extraordinary since guard-mounting,' when your brother-officer fell down a precipice four hundred feet and was killed." "Well, sir," replied Sandy, "I dinna think there's anything extraordinary in that. If he had faun doon a precipice four hundred feet high and *no* ben killed, I should ha thoct it extraordinary, and put it doon in my report."

These blunders should be genuine in order to reach the higher levels of humor: yet a pretence at a literal understanding—or misunderstanding—is a favorite form of jesting. Charles Lamb's serious reply to a gushing mother who asked him, "And now, Mr. Lamb, how do you like children?" "B—b—boiled, madam," is a classic instance. Jokes repeat themselves, like history, and it was only the other day, according to one of our comic papers, that Mr. Stagers, learning from his loving spouse that "we are to have dear mother for dinner," quickly replied, "All right. See that she is thoroughly cooked."

Sheridan, reproving his promising son Tom on the irregular life he was leading, ended by saying, "My dear Tom, really it is time for you to take a

wife." "With all my heart," replied the dutiful son; "whose wife shall I take?" Sydney Smith's jest when advised by his doctor to take a walk upon an empty stomach belongs to the same class: "Upon whose?" he asked. And very similar, too, is Leigh Hunt's. A lady at dessert asked if he would not venture on an orange. "Madam," he replied, "I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

"How does your horse answer?" inquired the Duke of Cumberland of George Selwyn. "I really don't know," George replied: "I have never asked him a question."

A council of ministers having met on some important questions, a nobleman inquired of Talleyrand, "What has passed at the council?" "Three hours," was the answer.

"I heard an anecdote at Oxford," says W. H. Harrison in his "Reminiscences," "of a proctor encountering on his rounds two undergraduates who were without their gowns, or out of bounds, or out of hours. He challenged one: 'Your name and college?' They were given. Turning to the other, 'And pray, sir! what might your name be?' 'Julius Cæsar,' was the reply. 'What, sir, do you mean to say your name is Julius Cæsar?' 'Sir, you did not ask me what it is, but what it *might* be.'"

A young barrister, intending to be very eloquent, observed, "Such principles as these, my lord, are written in the book of Nature." "What page, sir?" said Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough; and the orator was silenced for that occasion at least.

A well-known chestnut is that of the judge who threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed it."

One of a party of friends, referring to an exquisite musical composition, said, "That song always carries me away when I hear it." "Can anybody here whistle it?" asked Jerrold appealingly.

A police-officer met an organ-grinder on the street and said,—

"Have you a license to play? If not, you must accompany me."

"With pleasure," answered the street-musician. "What will you sing?"

Gronow, in his "Recollections," tells a good story. The Bishop of Exeter, in the course of conversation at a dinner-party, mentioned that many years since, while trout-fishing, he lost his watch and chain, which he supposed had been pulled from his pocket by the bough of a tree. Some time afterwards, when staying in the same neighborhood, he took a stroll by the side of the river, and came to the secluded spot where he supposed he had lost his valuables, and there, to his surprise and delight, he found them under a bush. The anecdote, vouched for by the word of a bishop, astonished the company; but this was changed to amusement by his son's inquiring whether the watch, when found, was going. "No," replied the bishop: "the wonder was that it was not gone."

Gazzam (looking up from the newspaper). That's the longest sentence I ever heard of.

Mrs. Gazzam. What?

Gazzam. Fifty years.

Mrs. Gazzam (who was once a school-teacher). It isn't a sentence at all. It has no verb.

Taking things literally is a frequent method among the unregenerate of sliding out of a difficulty.

"Don't you see that sign?" cries an irate property-owner to an amateur angler, pointing to the legend, "No fishing on the grounds."

"I'm not fishing on the grounds," is the quiet reply: "I'm fishing in the water."

A minister, meeting a boy with a long pole one Sunday morning, stopped him and inquired, "I hope you are not going fishing in the creek on this beautiful Sabbath morning?" To which the boy answered emphatically, "No, I'm not." So the minister gave him a nickel, patted him on the head, and passed on. "Well," said the boy, thoughtfully, "if he'd asked me was I goin' fishin' in the mill-pond, he'd 'a' had me sure." Which is only another avatar, however, of the perennial chestnut, which may be thrown into this dialogue form: "Stolen any chickens lately, 'Lijah?" "No, sah! I's converted, I is." "Any turkeys?" "Golly, sah! doesn't I tell you I's been converted?" "Any geese?" "Lawd, no! I's all done regenerate, I is." And then, when his questioner had departed, the converted darky scratches his head and remarks, "Golly! ef he'd said ducks he'd 'a' had me."

What a time there would be if the compliments and invitations of polite society were taken literally! Yet Vivier, the artist, once undertook to do this, in a spirit of reproof, however, and not of ingenuous faith. He used to spend his winters in Paris. One day he was invited to dine with M. X—, the capitalist and musical amateur. As he was taking his leave, the master and mistress of the house said to their agreeable guest,—

"We hope that we shall have you often to dine with us: your plate will always be ready."

"Always?" queried Vivier. "In the fashionable sense of the word, of course."

"Not at all. We are not persons of such hollow politeness. Our home is yours. Come and dine with us as often as possible. We should be glad if it were every day."

"In earnest?"

"Certainly; we should be delighted."

"Ah, well, since you are so cordial I promise you I will do my best to be agreeable."

Next day at six o'clock Vivier presented himself. "You see," said he, "I have taken your invitation literally. I have come to dine."

"Ah, it is very kind of you. It is very charming," said his hosts.

The dinner was very gay; and the artist, on taking leave, received many compliments.

The next day, as they were about to sit down to the table, Vivier again appeared.

"Here I am, exact, punctual, and faithful to my promise. But it is singular," he continued, fixing a penetrating and quizzical look upon the faces of his hosts,— "it is singular,—you appear surprised. Did you not expect me?"

"Oh, certainly; you give us much pleasure," said the Amphitryon.

Vivier sat down in his happiest vein, and seemed quite unconscious that he had all the burden of the entertaining, and that practically the conversation was mere monologue.

On the fourth day, at six o'clock precisely, the obstinate guest once more presented himself. This time coldness and constraint were very perceptible, and Vivier spoke of it.

The mistress of the house replied,—

"It is only because we feared you would not fare well. We have so poor a dinner to-day."

"I thought you expected me; but it is of no consequence. I am not dainty. I wish only the pleasure of your society."

He seated himself with perfect composure, and ate heartily, then, turning to madame with a complimentary air, he said,—

"What could you mean? This dinner is splendid. I could desire nothing better."

The next day—it was the fifth—Vivier arrived as usual. The porter met him at the door.

“Mr. X—— is not at home. He dines out to-day.”

“Ah, very well; but I forgot my great-coat yesterday. I must ask the servant for it.” And, darting up the staircase, he knocked.

The door was opened. Unexpected apparition.

“Your porter is a simpleton!” said Vivier, gayly. “He pretended that you had gone out. I knew that he was mistaken. But what long faces! What a sombre and melancholy air! Has anything happened? Tell me, that I may offer my sympathies.”

All dinner-time the witty artist continued and redoubled his entreaties that the supposed misfortune might be confided to him. He complained of their reserve and indulged himself in all sorts of conjectures and questions.

“Have you lost money in speculations? Missed an inheritance? Have you been wounded in your fortune—in your ambition?”

Then, at the dessert, bursting into a fit of laughter,—

“I know what is the matter, and what troubles you. It is your invitation, so cordially made and so literally accepted. I thought that I would make the trial, suspecting that you would not endure me long. To-day you shut the door against me, and to-morrow, if I should return, you would throw me out of the window! I wish you good-evening.”

And, no doubt, M. Vivier flung himself out of the house with the idea that he had done something very fine. But, on the whole, we far prefer the thoughtful courtesy of the American beggar whose tale of woe so touched a fashionable lady that she gave him her card with her address and bade him call for some clothes. The beggar did not appear, and some days after she met him again. “Why haven’t you come for those clothes?” she asked. Taking the card out with a deprecatory smile, he answered, “Because, madam, I note you have on your card ‘Thursdays.’”

Literary Leather-Dresser, Thomas Dowse, a famous book-hunter of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts (1772–1856). He was a currier by trade, and when he received from Harvard the degree of LL.D. the title was facetiously translated by Edward Everett Hale into “Literary Leather-Dresser.”

Literati. This word offers a curious instance of change of meaning. The original *literati* were very different characters from the men of letters of to-day, and the word, which now confers honor, was once a stigma of disgrace. Among the Romans it was usual to affix some branding or ignominious letter on the criminal when the crime was more than ordinarily infamous. The culprits so branded were called *inscripti* or *stigmatici*, or by the more equivocal term *literati*. The same expression is likewise adopted in one of the statutes of Henry VIII., which recites “that diverse persons, *lettered*, had been more bold to commit mischievous deeds,” etc.

Little church around the corner, the Church of the Transfiguration (Protestant Episcopal), in Twenty-Ninth Street, New York. The occurrence which gave rise to the nickname is related by Dr. Houghton, the rector, thus. George Holland, a popular comedian, died December 20, 1870, and the clergyman to whom Holland’s family first applied declined to bury him because the deceased was an actor. He directed the applicant to “the little church around the corner.” Dr. Houghton readily consented, and the funeral services were conducted in his church on December 22. Touching the incident Dr. Houghton continued:

“It drew towards the church, to which my life had been given, a world of kindly tender feelings, and it opened wide for personal ministrations and use—

fulness such a door as few of you can imagine. . . . From the prison and the gambling-house and the house of ill repute the message or the messenger has hither come that might not have elsewhere gone. God's blessing has rested upon this our parish and church by reason of the effort made to make the most of the greater opportunity thus offered for ministering to those who had need."

Little Corporal, a title familiarly given to Napoleon by the soldiers under his command, after the battle of Lodi (1796), in admiration of the personal bravery displayed by him, and because of his small size and youthful appearance. In the army it clung to him ever after, and even when he had become Emperor he was known by this affectionate *sobriquet*. Las Cases, the biographer of Napoleon Bonaparte, thus describes the origin of the title :

A singular custom was established in the army of Italy, in consequence of the youth of the commander, or from some other cause. After each battle, the oldest soldiers used to hold a council and confer a new rank on their young general, who when he made his appearance in the camp was received by the veterans and saluted with his new title. They made him a corporal at Lodi and a sergeant at Castiglione; and hence the surname of "le petit Caporal," which was for a long time applied to Napoleon by the soldiers. How subtle is the chain which unites the most trivial circumstances to the most important events! Perhaps this very nickname contributed to his miraculous success on his return in 1815. While he was haranguing the first battalion, which he found it necessary to address, a voice from the ranks exclaimed, "Vive notre petit Caporal! we will never fight against him!"

Little Giant, a *sobriquet* of Stephen A. Douglas, from his small stature associated with great intellectual strength. In the Presidential campaign of 1860, when he was one of the two candidates of the disrupted Democratic party, campaign clubs were organized, calling themselves "Little Giants," uniformed after the manner of the Republican "Wide-Awakes."

Little-go, in Cambridge University slang, a public examination held early in the course, so called because it is less strict or less important in its consequences than the final one. At Oxford similar examinations are called "smalls."

Little Mac, an army nickname given affectionately by his men to General George B. McClellan. It was taken up and became a popular political *sobriquet* when he was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1864.

Little Rhody, a political nickname for Rhode Island, the smallest State in the American Union.

Lived and loved, I have (Ger. "Ich habe gelebt und geliebet"), a famous sentiment of Schiller's, contained in the song which Thekla sings in "The Piccolomini," Act ii., Sc. 6. The context is as follows :

Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

("The heart is dead, the world is empty, there is nothing further to wish. O Holy One, call back thy child : I have enjoyed the full bliss of this world, I have lived and loved.")

A somewhat similar sentiment is Byron's :

I die,—but first I have possess'd,
And, come what may, I have been bless'd.
The Giaour, l. 1114.

Livery. As this word is of French origin, being derived from the verb *livrer*, to "deliver," the custom of clothing servants in livery probably originated in France. At the plenary courts, under the first two races of monarchs, the king made a custom of delivering to his servants particular clothes, which

were called "*livrées*," because given at the king's expense. In like manner the nobility and gentry gave their dependants liveries, and various colors were adopted by different masters to distinguish one another's servants. Sometimes the livery consisted only of a particular mark or badge. The term formerly had a wider significance, and denoted both the food and clothes of the servants and the meat and drink that were served to guests. Spenser gives the meaning of the word in his time thus: "What *livery* is, we, by common use in England, know well enough,—namely, that is, allowance of horse-meat, as to keep horses at *livery*, the which word, I guess, is derived from *livering* or delivering both their nightly food. So in great houses the livery is said to be served up for all night, that is, their evening allowance of drink. And the livery is also the upper weed which a servant-man wear-eth, so called, as I suppose, for that it was *delivered* and taken from him at pleasure."

The use of liveries is very ancient in England, being noticed in some of the statutes of the reign of Richard II.; but the application of the term has not always been confined to menials. Chaucer, in the prologue to the "*Canterbury Tales*," says,—

An haberdasher and a carpenter,
A webbe, a deyer, and a tapisser,
Were all yclothed in a *liverie*
Of a solemyne and grete fraternite.

In the time of Edward IV the terms *livery* and *badge* seem to have become synonymous. The badge consisted of the master's device, crest, or arms, on a separate piece of cloth, or sometimes it was made of silver in the form of a shield, and worn upon the left sleeve. These badges seem at first to have distinguished the servants in England, for Fynes Moryson (reign of James I.), speaking of the English apparel, says, "The servants of gentlemen were wont to wear blew coates with their master's badges of silver on the left sleeve, but now they most commonly wear coates guarded with lace, all the servants of one family wearing the same livery for colour and ornament."

The badges may be seen in all old representations of posts or messengers, affixed sometimes to the girdle or to the shoulder, sometimes to the hat or cap. These figures extend as far back as the thirteenth century. The remains of the ancient badge are preserved in England still in the dresses of porters, firemen, and watermen, and perhaps in the shoulder-knots of footmen; and in this country, no doubt, the badges of porters and messenger-boys are survivals.

Lives. To hit a man where he lives, an American slang phrase, meaning to touch him on the quick, to reach his truest and deepest self. In Howells's "*The Minister's Charge*," Mr. Sewell says of his *protégé*, Lemuel Barker,—

If I could only have reached him where he lives, as our slang says! But, do what I would, I couldn't find any common ground where we could stand together. We are as unlike as if we were of two different species. I saw that everything I said bewildered him more and more; he couldn't understand me! Our education is unchristian, our civilization is pagan. They both ought to bring us in closer relations with our fellow-creatures, and they both only put us more widely apart! Every one of us dwells in an impenetrable solitude! We understand each other a little if our circumstances are similar, but if they are different all our words leave us dumb and unintelligible.

The main idea of this paragraph has analogues in the citations collected under ISOLATION (*q. v.*).

Living dog better than a dead lion. A curious reference to this proverb is preserved in a manuscript in the archives of the see of Ossory, at fol. 66, where there is entered, in a hand of the latter part of the fourteenth

century, a list of ancient proverbs under the following heading, in a queer, conglomerate language :

Eux sont les proverbes en fraunceys conferme par auctorite del Dibil.

Chers amys receiuez de moy
Un beau present q vo^s envoy,
Non pas dor ne dargent
Mais de bon enseignement,
Que en escriptur ai trouve
E de latin translatee, etc., etc.

Among them is the following :

Meux valt un chien sein e fort Que un leoun freid et mort ; E meux valt povert od bountex Que richeste od malveiste.	} Sirak {	melior est canis vivus leone mortuo.
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The reference to the Son of Sirach is erroneous,—the proverb being found in Ecclesiastes ix. 4. It would be interesting to know who was this Dibil by whose authority this list of proverbs is confirmed.

F. Domin. Bannez, in his defence of Cardinal Cajetan against the attacks of Cardinal Catharinus and Melchior Canus (*Comment. in prim. part. S. Thom.*, p. 450, ed. Duaci, 1614), quotes a proverbialism—"Certe potest dici de istis, quod de Græcis insultantibus Hectori jam mortuo dixit Homerus, quod leoni mortuo etiam lepores insultant"—which is very like Æsop's weak and dying lion insulted by all the beasts who erstwhile stood in mortal dread of him, and at last suffering even the indignity of kicks from the ass's heels. The reference to Homer, however, is a mistake. No such line occurs in the Iliad. The cardinal probably had in mind the following verse from the Greek Anthology (Leipsic, 1794), tom. iv. p. 112 :

Ὡς ὑπὸ Ἑκτορος τιτρωσκομένου Ἑλλήνων
Βάλλετε νῦν μετὰ πότμον ἐμὸν δέμας ὅτι καὶ αὐταὶ
Νεκροῦ σῶμα λέοντος ἐφυβρίζουσι λαγυοί.

Loafer,—originally an Americanism, but now recognized also in England,—an idler, a *flâneur*, a tramp. Its etymology is uncertain. But, inasmuch as the word was first used in the sense of a thieving bummer, there is little reason for doubt that it is a survival of the old English slang *loafer*, to "steal," influenced by or combined with the Dutch slang *loever*, or *loeser*, "an idle stroller." This would give loafer a New York origin ; and all the ascertained facts bear out the ascription.

Loan oft loses both itself and friend. This familiar Shakespearian maxim (*Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 3) was anticipated by a number of popular proverbs which come down to us from an unknown antiquity.

Lend to your friend and ask payment of your enemy.—*Spanish*.

Who lends, recovers not ; or if he recovers, recovers not all ; or if all, not much ; or if much, a mortal enemy.

Who ventures to lend loses money and friend.—*Danish*.

Who wants an enemy, let him lend some money.—*German*.

Lend to one who will not repay, and you will provoke his dislike.—*Chinese*.

See, also, **BORROWING**.

Lobby, The, a collective name for the individuals who frequent the lobby or approach to the halls of legislation for the purpose of influencing legislation. Their activity is called "lobbying," which may mean either influencing by mere argument or also by bribery. There are "lobbyists" who practise "lobbying" as a profession, like any other vocation, and they are of both sexes. "The Lobby" is sometimes called "The Third House."

Lobster boiled. In his "Lectures on the English Comic Writers" Hazlitt calls special attention to the following lines as a felicitous example of Butler's burlesque style :

The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

Hudibras, Part II., Canto ii., l. 29.

He is doubtless unaware that the metaphor of the lobster is taken from Rabelais (book v., ch. vii.),—

Day, peeping in the east, makes the sun turn from black to red, like a boiled lobster,—

and the first two lines from a couplet of Sir Arthur Gorges :

As far as Phœbus first doth rise,
Until in Thetis' lap he lies.

Local Option, a plan of temperance legislation, whereby the right of prohibiting the sale of intoxicants within their bounds is relegated to the inhabitants of each individual town or other local division of a State.

Loco-foco, a nickname formerly applied to the Democratic party in the United States. It originated in 1835, in New York, when a division had arisen in that party upon the question of bank charters, one wing, which dubbed themselves the "Anti-Monopolists" or "Equal Rights" men, claiming that these charters were virtually grants of monopolies and therefore hostile to equal rights. A majority of the Tammany nominating committee had selected Gideon Lee, a "Monopolist," as a candidate for Congress. The nomination, as was customary, had to be ratified at a general meeting of Democrats of all shades of opinion at Tammany Hall. The Anti-Monopolists determined, if possible, to obtain control of this meeting. There was a great crowd in the hall, the Monopolists entering by the back stairs and the Anti-Monopolists coming up the front stairs. A tumult followed, each side claiming the organization of the meeting, and while the uproar was at its height the gas-lights were suddenly turned off. But the Equal Rights men were prepared, having suspected some such trick, and, pulling out candles and loco-foco matches, instantly relighted the hall. They succeeded in securing their own chairman, but Mr. Lee was elected as the regular candidate. The *Courier and Enquirer*, the Whig paper, immediately nicknamed the Anti-Monopolists the Loco-foco party. The faction thus nicknamed ultimately became dominant in the Democratic party in the State of New York. One of their creeds was that of quick rotation in office ; they believed in getting the best possible services out of public officials, by making the tenures short and all offices elective, thus insuring to the people the possibility of judging and quickly ridding themselves of public servants who should be found wanting. One result of their activity was the making of the judiciary in the State elective, a practice followed in many other States, although the terms of office have been considerably lengthened, and in later years it has become customary for political parties to permit an efficient judge to be re-elected without opposition. Another of the reforms traceable to the "Equal-Rights" was the law removing the disabilities of married women from holding separate property, in which also the other States rapidly followed the lead of New York. From having been an epithet of contempt for a faction, the name Loco-foco began to be proudly borne as a distinction. Finally it became a designation synonymous with Democrat, being generally applied to the whole party throughout the country, and it was in vogue up to the outbreak of the civil war.

As to the name *Loco-foco*, it was originally given to a self-lighting cigar invented by John Marck in 1834, and was subsequently extended to lucifer matches.

Locus Pœnitentiæ (L., "place for repentance"), colloquially, the license of drawing back from a bargain, which can be done before any act has been committed to confirm it. In the interview between Esau and his father Isaac, St. Paul says, the former "found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears" (*Hebrews* xii. 17),—*i.e.*, no means whereby Isaac could break his bargain with Jacob.

Log Cabin and Hard Cider, a party-cry in the Harrison campaign of 1840. The candidate was supposed to be a true representative of the "plain people" as against the more "educated" and better circumstanced, an opposition which was one of the features of the campaign. Harrison was a plain farmer, content to live in a log cabin and drink hard cider. Log cabins were erected in many large towns, and carried in miniature through the streets in processions, with barrels of cider as fitting emblems of the candidate's supposed antecedents.

Log-rolling, an American slang expression for mutual assistance rendered by persons in power to the detriment of the general public. The English "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours," and the Scotch "Caw me, caw thee," are approximate equivalents. In its original sense log-rolling is a sort of mutual-help festival akin to the quilting-bees and husking-bees. When a backwoodsman cuts down trees his neighbors help him to roll them away, and in return he helps them with their trees. The phrase was first applied as a slang metaphor to politics. A and B, for example, Congressmen or Assemblymen, each has a bill to pass. Each agrees to support and vote for the other's bill. They are log-rolling for each other. Furthermore, neither, we will suppose, has any interest or belief in either bill, but wishes to gain the help of the promoters for some scheme of his own. He and the promoters are log-rolling for each other. From politics the phrase has passed over to literature, and has almost superseded the older term Mutual Admiration Society (*q. v.*), as applied to a clique of authors who abuse the confidence of the public by mutual puffery for individual interest. In 1887 a fierce controversy raged in the press on this very question, to which Mr. Andrew Lang made this sensible contribution :

Lately we have heard enough from people of "a delicate morality stap me" about the mystery of Log-Rolling. This meaningless term seems merely to denote the Puff Mutual. A man puffs his friends' or accomplices' books on the understood condition that they shall puff his. The people who do this belong to Mutual Admiration Societies. They also combine to denounce books of persons who are not of their set. This appears to be a fair description of the vice of Log-Rolling. As one not unacquainted with the handicraft of reviewing, I may humbly remark that I don't believe in the conspiracy. I do not believe that there are three men in England so mean as to praise a book for the purpose of being praised in turn themselves. On the other hand, it is perfectly true, and long may it be so, that men of similar literary tastes and knowledge of the same topics will drift together and become friends in Apollo, and praise each other's work when they think it deserves praise. It has always been so and always will be so. Virgil and Horace were members of a Mutual Admiration Society of this kind, and were reviled by Messrs. Bavius and Mævius. It seems a hard thing to me, then, if one man of letters may not criticise another favorably because that other is his friend. As a rule, he does not admire him because he is his friend; on the other hand, he sought his friendship because he admired him. As an aged reviewer, I can say for one, that the most enthusiastic, not to say gushing, reviews I have ever written were notices of the works of men whom I had never seen nor corresponded with, and who never wrote a review in their lives. If the writers became my friends later am I therefore bound to be silent when I think their new performances demand admiration?—*Longman's Magazine*, December, 1887.

Though the word "log-rolling" is new to literature, the accusation which

it implies was met and faced over two centuries ago, and by no less a person than Dryden, in an address prefixed to the first edition of Nat Lee's "The Rival Queens :"

The blast of common censure could I fear,
Before your play my name should not appear ;
For 'twill be thought, and with some color, too,
I pay the bribe I first received from you :
That mutual-vouchers for our fame we stand,
To play the game into each other's hand ;
And as cheap pen'orths to ourselves afford,
As Bessus and the brothers of the sword.
Such libels private men may well endure,
When states and kings themselves are not secure :
For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
Think the best actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my silence had not 'scaped their spite :
Then, envy had not suffered me to write,
For, since I could not ignorance pretend,
Such worth I must or envy or commend.

Dryden presents the alternative very clearly. If a literary friend praises his comrade's work, he is a log-roller. If he does not, he is dumb with envy.

Look before you leap, the modern form of the old proverb, which, as "Look ere thou leap," is found in Tottel's "Miscellany" (1557) and in Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry" (1573). John Trapp, in his quaint "Commentary" (1647), traces this saying to St. Bernard. In his comment on I. Peter iii. 17 he says,—

Try therefore before ye trust ; look before ye leap. "Alio qui saliens antequam videas, casurus es antequam debeas,"—i.e., "if ye look not before ye leap, ye will fall before ye would."—(Bernard.)

Thou shouldst have looked before thou hadst leapt.—JONSON, CHAPMAN, MARSTON : *Eastward Ho*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Look before you ere you leap.

BUTLER : *Hudibras*, Part II., ch. ii., l. 502.

Looking-glass. A number of common superstitions have entwined themselves around this article of furniture. Many of them are dim survivals of the idea found among most savage tribes at a certain stage of development that there is some mysterious connection between a man and his shadow or reflection. Universal still is the superstition that to break a looking-glass is to tempt misfortune,—in some places death, in others ill luck for seven years. It adds to the ill luck to keep the broken pieces, yet that ill luck may in various parts of England be averted by breaking two more. Hence the common saw, "When I have broken three I have finished." In America and in England there are local survivals of the old folk-belief that it is fatal to let a baby gaze at its reflection in the mirror before it is one year old. The Swedes have brought with them to many Swedish settlements, especially in Minnesota and Wisconsin, the native fancy that a girl must not look in the glass after dark by the aid of any artificial light, under pain of forfeiting all power over the other sex. In rural England it is common to remove the looking-glass from the chamber of death, or to cover it over,—obviously a recrudescence of the ghost-theory of reflections.

Loose-Constructionists, in American national politics, those who favor a liberal interpretation of the Constitution with regard to the powers delegated by that instrument to the federal government, and who are for the reading into it of large implied sovereign powers ; opposed to the "strict constructionists," rigid maintainers of all the reserved powers of the individual States. Neither designation was ever a party name ; but the "right of secession" may,

broadly speaking, be deemed a strict-constructionist position, and the right to issue paper money an implication of liberal construction.

Looting the Treasury. *Loot*, or *lūt*, is Hindustani for plunder, robbery, pillage (Wilson's "Glossary of Indian Terms"), and the whole phrase is a product of the earlier history of the East India Company, when looting royal treasuries was practised as a fine art and in a magnitude unheard of before. In the *Political Magazine* for 1781 will be found five pages of Indian terms, given, as there stated, in order that its readers may understand the debates in which Burke made an early attack on the Company.

Lord Burleigh Nod, a most portentous and significant nodding of the head. In his farce "The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed," Sheridan had introduced Lord Burleigh as one of the characters in the rehearsed tragedy. Burleigh does not speak, doubtless because, being a minister of state, "with the whole affairs of the nation on his head," he has no time for such trivialities. He is permitted to come on the stage, however, slowly shaking his head, and as Mr. Puff, the author of the tragedy, who is present at the rehearsal, explains, "By that shake of the head he gave you to understand that, even though they had more justice in their cause and wisdom in their measures, yet, if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the whole people, the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy." It is this scene, and not any incident in his life or peculiar personal characteristics, which is referred to by English writers,—e.g., "The Provost answered with another sagacious shake of the head, that would have done honor to Lord Burleigh." (SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

Lord Lonsdale's Nine Pins. The Earl of Lonsdale was so extensive a proprietor and patron of boroughs that he returned nine members to every Parliament, who were facetiously called "Lord Lonsdale's *Nine Pins*." One of the members thus designated, having made a very extravagant speech in the House of Commons, was answered by Mr. Burke in a vein of the happiest sarcasm, which elicited from the House loud and repeated cheers. Mr. Fox, entering the House just as Mr. Burke was sitting down, inquired of Sheridan what the House was cheering. "Oh, nothing of consequence," replied Sheridan, "only Burke has knocked down one of Lord Lonsdale's *Nine Pins*."

Lordly authors. In his "Essay on Criticism" Pope happily says,—

What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me !
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !

Molière had previously said the same thing :

Tous les discours sont des sottises
Partant d'un homme sans éclat :
Ce seraient paroles exquises,
Si c'était un grand qui parlât.

Johnson, speaking of a titled gentleman who had turned author, said, "My friend was of opinion that when a man of rank appeared in that character he deserved to have his merits handsomely allowed." (Usually quoted as "When a nobleman writes a book he ought to be encouraged.")

Emerson says,—

It adds a great deal to the force of an opinion to know that there is a man of force and likelihood behind it.

But Emerson is not falling into the vice which the others have condemned. He is only uttering the obvious truth that an opinion carries additional weight from the character, not the rank, of him who utters it.

Losing a ship for a hap'orth of tar. The phrase is strictly a reference to the loss, not of a ship, but of a sheep (pronounced by rustics "ship"), arising out of the custom of marking sheep with the owner's initials in hot tar. To lose a sheep through its not being marked, is to lose it for want of a ha'pennyworth of tar.

Lost Cause, in American political history, the cause of the Confederacy in the civil war.

This titular description of our late war, which has become so popular on the Southern side, originated with the present writer. Shortly after the war he prepared to write a history of it. He offered the work he designed to a New York publisher, who thought well of it, but objected to the title, "History of the War," etc. The work thus entitled might be confounded with some other inferior memoirs of the war which the writer had already composed, mere annals,—“First Year of the War,” etc. “Could not some title be found more unique and captivating, and not quite so heavy?” The writer promised to think of such a title. The next day he presented himself to the publisher and said, “I have thought of a name for the work I design: it is *The Lost Cause*. You see the bulk of the people in the South were persuaded that we really contended for something that had the dignity and importance of a cause,—the cause of constitutional liberty (though God only knows what the sequel might have demonstrated). I think there is something of proper dignity in the word *Cause*; then *The Lost Cause* is an advertisement of something valuable that is gone; besides, the associations of the title are tender and reverential,—there is a strain of mourning in it. How do you like it?” “Excellently well,” replied the publisher; “it is just the thing.” The title proved an instant success, and has since become *monumental*. The words “*The Lost Cause*” have been incorporated into the common popular language of the South; and the universality of their reception implies a significance that is itself interesting.—E. A. POLLARD: *Appletons' Journal*.

Lost treasures of literature. Nature is a spendthrift, undoubtedly, but has she ever wasted her energies in creating a mute inglorious Milton? Gray affirms that she has; Carlyle denies it. A man who *can* speak *must* speak, says the latter. Between two such authorities, who shall decide? At all events, it is idle to waste tears on what might have been. It may be equally idle, but nevertheless it is only human, to deplore the loss of what has been. The lost treasures of literature have caused a heart-ache to many a scholar and bibliomaniac. A large portion of classic literature has vanished from the sight of men. The dramatic literature of Greece was one of its greatest glories. At the time of Aristophanes it is estimated that fully two thousand dramas had been produced: only forty-two have come down to us. From Æschylus we have only seven, out of a total of seventy; seven also of Sophocles, out of a hundred or more; and nineteen of Euripides, out of a possible ninety-two. The comic writers have suffered the most, and of the greatest of them, Menander, hardly a vestige remains. Goethe said that he would gladly have given one-half of Roman poetry for a single play of that master. In the few lines that have come down to us he recognized the touch of a supreme genius.

But this is not the worst. The greatest lyric poetess of all times was Sappho. Only two odes and a few fragmentary lines are left to tantalize us with a sense of our loss. From Pindar we have some odes, indeed, but not the hymns and dirges and dithyrambs which the ancient critics considered his real masterpieces. And where are the songs of Alcæus and Ibycus,—not to mention any lesser names,—songs which once thrilled the most cultured nation of antiquity? Perished all, perished utterly from the face of the earth, with the exception of a few mutilated stanzas. In Roman literature we have fared somewhat better, but even here there are sad gaps. Ennius, the father of Roman poetry, Ennius, of whom a complete copy is said to have existed as late as the thirteenth century, survives only in a few fragments. Perished utterly, also, is that splendid ballad literature which preceded the historic age, the literature whose loss Macaulay sought to supply in his “*Lays of*

Ancient Rome." The poets Lucilius, Bassus, Ponticus, Valgius, Accius, and Pacuvius, the historians Cœlius Antipater and Cornelius Sisenna, the orators Calvus and Hortensius and Cassius Severus, names to conjure with in ancient days, are names and nothing more to our modern ears.

A dozen words are all that remain of the "Thyestes" of Varius, which, according to Quintilian, rivalled all the tragedies of the Greeks; and two lines represent all the vestige of Ovid's tragedy of "Medea." Livy, himself, has come down to us in a mutilated state.

Many of these treasures perished in the invasions of the Goths and Vandals, many were destroyed by the ignorant or the superstitious in the Dark Ages, many were consumed by fire in the successive incendiarisms at Alexandria. The library of four hundred thousand manuscripts collected by the Ptolemys was burned during the siege of Alexandria by Julius Cæsar. The famous library in the same city, known as the Serapeum, which had been enriched by Pergamon and given to Cleopatra by Mark Antony, was partly burned, partly dispersed, at the storming of the temple of Jupiter by the Christians during the reign of Theodosius the Great. A new library sprang up in Alexandria, and in A.D. 640 was said to have contained seven hundred thousand volumes. That was the year in which the city was captured by the Saracens under Caliph Omar. The Caliph decreed that "if these writings of the Greeks agree with the Book of God, they are useless and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they ought to be destroyed." So the building was burned to the ground, and the manuscripts were sent to heat the four thousand public baths. Six months were barely sufficient, it is said, for the consumption of the precious fuel. It is only right to add that, though Gibbon accepts this story in its entirety, other authorities reject many of the details either as fabrications or as gross exaggerations.

In Acts xix. 19, St. Luke narrates that, after the preaching of Paul, many of the Ephesians "which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver." This would be over ninety thousand dollars in our money. The books destroyed were probably little parchment scrolls, containing illustrations of early heathenism, of devil-worship, serpent-worship, and sun-worship, early astrological and chemical lore, and symbols of the archaic forms of religion, derived from the Egyptians, the Persians, and the Greeks. These scrolls were used as charms against all evils, and protection especially against the "evil eye." Their manufacture, as late as the fourth century, formed an extensive trade, and it has not wholly died out yet, although now it has assumed another form. The Ephesians carried the scrolls about their persons, and when Paul's eloquence convinced them of their superstition they doubtless drew them forth from beneath their garments and cast them into the flames.

With heathens burning Christian writings and Christians retaliating upon pagan literature, books disappeared rapidly in the twilight of civilization. Twelve thousand books printed in Hebrew were burned at Cremona in 1569, and at the capture of Granada Cardinal Ximenes made a bonfire of five thousand copies of the Koran. Frightful losses were also sustained when the great monastic libraries were plundered in the time of the Reformation. The books and manuscripts were scattered to stuff broken windows, clean boots, and light fires, or were sold to grocers and soap-sellers as wrapping-paper. One merchant, for forty shillings, bought two noble libraries, which supplied him with paper stock enough to last for ten years. No doubt many of the most precious ancient manuscripts perished in this way, as well as the works, more or less valuable, of mediæval writers. The great fire of London destroyed many treasures of Elizabethan literature. More of this

literature perished through the selfishness of managers who would not allow their manuscripts to be printed, and through the carelessness of subsequent collectors.

At the beginning of this century, the manuscripts of a number of famous plays which had survived all these casualties were destroyed by a servant of Warburton, who used some to light the fire and others to make into pie-crust frills. No fewer than fifteen of Massinger's plays perished in this wholesale massacre, with some fifty other plays of various authors, including Ford, Dekker, Robert Greene, George Chapman, Cyril Tournure, and Thomas Middleton. Nay, among the number were three plays attributed to Shakespeare,—“Duke Humphrey,” “Henry I.,” and “Henry II.”

But one of the most lamentable of all losses is that of Heywood's “Lives of the Poets,” which has unaccountably disappeared. Heywood was the familiar friend of Shakespeare and his great contemporaries, and the book would now be looked upon as a priceless storehouse of literary *ana*.

Of all Elizabethan poets the greatest sufferer was Spenser. The last six books of his “Faerie Queene” were said to have been lost by a servant while crossing from Ireland to England, and, although this statement has been doubted, it is quite certain that no fewer than seventeen of his compositions have entirely disappeared. The poetry of Abraham Cowley has come down to us intact. But his poetry, though it has an historical interest, is far inferior to his prose, and of his prose only his essays remain. His letters were suffered to perish by Bishop Sprat.

Of that queen of epistolary writers, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, only a comparatively few letters have come down to us. These few were preserved by accident, the jealous pride or the carelessness of her family preventing the rest from seeing the light of print. Pope was responsible for the destruction of Lord Peterborough's Memoirs, as was Tom Moore for the destruction of Byron's. In the first case we probably lost more than in the latter. Lord Peterborough was one of the most brilliant and versatile men in English history. His career was a rich and strange one. Possibly, however, the noble lord was prouder of his conquests over the fair sex than of his victories over the Spaniards, and so Pope may have been afraid of the scandals that might ensue. Still, it is hard to forgive him, and still harder to palliate the share he took in the destruction of the Memoirs of another distinguished public man, Sir George Savile, who had taken notes of the conversations of Charles II. and reported much entertaining information about his great contemporaries. Nor is it any plea in mitigation that Pope, at the advice of Lord Bolingbroke, put one of his own books into the fire, his “Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul,” which must certainly have had a personal, and possibly had a literary, value.

Where are Mrs. Inchbald's Memoirs, which are said to have extended to several volumes, and for which the publishers offered her one thousand pounds? And where is John Wilkes's autobiography? We know only that he lent the manuscript to Charles Butler, and that after Wilkes's death the cover of the book was found without any leaves. Another manuscript which has unaccountably disappeared is a prose work by Matthew Prior, called “Dialogues of the Dead, in the Manner of Lucian.” It has been lost sight of since 1781, when it was in the possession of the dowager Duchess of Portland. Joseph Warton and D'Israeli speak highly of the work.

Pope is not the only author who has destroyed his own works. Samuel Rogers is known to have written and made away with a drama, called “The Vintage of Burgundy,” but the loss is scarcely to be deplored. Nor need any tears be shed over the prose works of George Crabbe, among them several novels and a botanical treatise, in spite of the fact that his son ad-

mired the former and that he himself admired the latter. He had spent years of labor upon it, but destroyed the manuscript because a pedantical friend assured him that a scientific treatise of this nature should be written in Latin and not in English. Nathaniel Hawthorne made a holocaust of a number of his early tales which we can ill afford to lose, for even the despised "Fanshawe," the earliest of his printed books, which he did his best to suppress, has a personal interest that makes us rejoice over its rescue from oblivion.

Molière, it may not be generally known, had almost completed a translation of *Lucretius*, but one of his servants whom he had ordered to dress his wig took some pages of his manuscript to make curl-papers, and Molière in a rage threw the remainder into the fire. An accident destroyed the result of the labors of Newton's declining years. He had left his manuscripts upon the table beside a lighted candle. His dog *Diamond*, playing around the table, overthrew the candle and set fire to the papers. Newton was more patient than Molière: he merely shook his head at the dog. "Ah, *Diamond*, *Diamond*," he cried, "thou little knowest what damage thou hast done!"

A curious heap of scorched leaves, looking like a monster wasps'-nest, may be seen in a glass case in the British Museum. It is a relic of a fire that occurred in 1731 at Ashburnham House, Westminster, and partly destroyed the Cotton manuscripts. By the exercise of much skill a portion was restored, though apparently charred past recognition. The remnants were carefully separated, leaf by leaf, soaked in a chemical solution, and then pressed between leaves of transparent paper. The library of Dr. Priestley was burned by the mob in the Birmingham riots, and the celebrated collection of Lord Mansfield, which contained untold manuscript treasures, was destroyed in the same way in the Gordon riots. The conflagration of Moscow consumed many literary relics, and the shells of the German army in 1870 fired the great Strasburg library, when many manuscripts and printed books of great value were destroyed, among others the earliest-printed Bible, and the records of the famous lawsuits between Gutenberg, the first printer, and his partners, upon which depended the claim of Gutenberg to the invention of the art of printing.

Even in the quiet of a library, undisturbed by calamity, books of great value have been quietly and surely destroyed by natural causes. A broken pane of glass in a cathedral library in England admitted the tendrils of an ivy branch, which grew and grew until it attached itself to a row of books worth hundreds of pounds. Then in rainy weather it conducted water as though it were a pipe along to the tops of the books, and soaked them through and through. The rain coming in over a skylight in one library of rare books rotted some Caxtons and other early English books, one of which, in spite of its rotten condition, was sold for one thousand dollars. Paper rots under the influence of moisture until it is reduced to a white decay, which crumbles into powder when handled. Damp attacks both the inside and outside of books. The mould-spots which are so often seen upon the edges of leaves and upon the sides of the binding are seen under a microscope to be miniature forests of lovely trees covered with a beautiful white foliage. "They are up-trees," says a bibliophile, "whose roots are embedded in the leather and destroy its texture."

Disasters by sea have been as fatal as disasters by land. In the early part of the fifteenth century, Guarino Veronese lost a ship-load of classical manuscripts while crossing from Constantinople to Italy. The unhappy owner survived the wreck, but his grief was so great that his hair turned white in a few hours.

When Vincentio Pinelli died, in 1600, a London bookseller purchased his library,—at that time the most celebrated in the world. It had been collected

through many generations, and comprised numerous manuscripts, dating from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, and an extraordinary number of Greek, Latin, and Italian works, many of them first editions. The bookseller put them in three vessels for transportation. One of these ships was captured by pirates, who flung the books overboard. The freight of the two vessels which escaped their hands was sold for about forty thousand dollars.

The sea has also swallowed up all the books and manuscripts which were contained in the churches and libraries of Constantinople when Mohammed II. captured that city in the fifteenth century.

In the year 1698 a Dutch burgomaster named Hudde started on a voyage of discovery through China, disguised as a mandarin. He travelled for thirty years through the length and breadth of the Celestial Empire, and collected great literary treasures; but the ship which contained them foundered, and they were irrecoverably lost.

Ignorance has cost the world priceless treasures in books and manuscripts. Just before the French Revolution a fine copy of the first edition of the "Golden Legend" was used leaf by leaf to light the librarian's fires. A copy of Caxton's "Canterbury Tales," with wood-cuts, worth at least two thousand dollars, was used to light the vestry fire of the French Protestant Church in St. Martin's le Grand in London some thirty years ago.

The memory of John Bagford, an antiquarian shoemaker, is held in deserved execration by bibliophiles. When the name of John Bagford is mentioned, book-lovers hiss through their teeth, "Biblioclast!" and in that lies the secret of his misdoing. He spent his life in collecting materials for a history of printing which he never wrote. His materials were title-pages which he tore out and mounted with others in a book. It is said he collected about twenty-five thousand title-pages in all. His collection, in sixty folio volumes, is deposited in the British Museum, a melancholy yet, professionally, an interesting collection. It is said that the closing hours of this arch-mutilator were embittered because he had been unable to discover and destroy a Caxton; but this was only because title-pages were unknown in England in Caxton's day.

Was Lady Burton's also, though in another way, a case of mistaken zeal? She is the widow of Sir Richard Burton, the translator of the unexpurgated "Arabian Nights" which raised a howl of indignation among strait-laced moralists. On the completion of that work he gave himself up entirely to translating "The Scented Garden." It treated of a certain passion. The day before his sudden and unexpected death he called Lady Burton into his room, and told her that the work was now all but completed, and that he purposed to set apart the proceeds as an annuity for her. Next day he was no more. When she came to look over his manuscripts she for the first time fully understood the nature of "The Scented Garden." A publisher had offered her six thousand pounds for it. For three days she was in a state of torture. Finally she decided to destroy it. She has told the story herself in pure and womanly wise. Two motives actuated her,—a reluctance to give anything to the world whose effect should be for evil rather than for good, and the belief of a devout Christian that the welfare of her husband's soul would be imperilled thereby:

I sat down on the floor before the fire at dark to consult my own heart, my own head. How I wanted a brother! My head told me that sin is the only rolling stone that gathers moss; that what a gentleman, a scholar, a man of the world may write when living, he would see very differently to what the poor soul would see standing naked before its God, with its good or evil deeds alone to answer for, and their consequences visible to it for the first moment, rolling on to the end of time. Oh for a friend on earth to stop and check them! What would he care for the applause of fifteen hundred men now—for the whole world's praise—and God offended? My heart said, "You can have six thousand guineas; your

husband worked for you, kept you in a happy home with honor and respect for thirty years. How are you going to reward him? That your wretched body may be fed, and clothed, and warmed for a few miserable months or years, will you let that soul, which is part of your soul, be left out in cold and darkness till the end of time, till all those sins which may have been committed on account of reading those writings have been expiated, or passed away, perhaps forever? Why, it would be just parallel with the original thirty pieces of silver."

I feigned the manuscript and laid it on the ground before me,—two large volumes' worth. Still my thoughts were, Was it a sacrilege? It was his *magnum opus*,—his last work, that he was so proud of, that was to have been finished on the awful morrow—that never came. Will he rise up in his grave and curse me or bless me? The thought will haunt me to death, but Sadi and El Shaykh el Nafzawih, who were pagans, begged pardon of God and prayed not to be cast into hell-fire for having written them, and implored their friends to pray for them to the Lord that he would have mercy on them. And then I said, "Not only not for six thousand guineas, but not for six million guineas, will I risk it." Sorrowfully, reverently, and in fear and trembling, I burnt sheet after sheet until the whole of the volume was consumed.

Then came a storm of criticism. Robert Buchanan gave expression to the feeling of scholars when he wrote,—

Lady Burton feared that the work, if published, would cause incalculable mischief and corruption; her nature revolted against it, and in acting as she did she felt herself a savior of society. The destruction of the manuscript was vandalism pure and simple, and vandalism is vandalism whether perpetrated by a Torquemada or a John Knox, by a fanatic or a gentle enthusiast, by a pure, high-souled woman or the public hangman. Excess of love in such a matter is as perilous as excess of hate.

A curious occurrence took place in the year 1840. An antiquary bought some soles from one Jay, a fishmonger in Old Hungerford Market, Yarmouth. The soles were wrapped in a large stiff sheet of paper torn from a folio volume which stood at the fishmonger's elbow. When the purchaser unwrapped his purchase, his eye caught the signatures of Lauderdale, Godolphin, Ashley, and Sunderland on the large stiff sheet of paper. The wrapper was a sheet of the victualling-charges for prisoners in the Tower in the reign of James II. The signatures were those of his ministers. The antiquary went back at once to Jay's shop. "That is good paper of yours," he said, assuming an air of indifference. "Yes, but too stiff. I've got a lot of it, too. I got it from Somerset House. They had ten tons of waste paper, and I offered seven pounds a ton, which they took, and I have got three tons of it in the stables. The other seven they keep till I want it." "All like this?" asked the antiquary, his heart in his mouth. "Pretty much," replied Jay; "all odds and ends." Jay obligingly allowed the antiquary to carry home an armful of rubbishy papers. His head swam as he looked on accounts of the Exchequer Office signed by Henry VII. and Henry VIII., wardrobe accounts of Queen Anne, dividend receipts signed by Pope and Newton, a treatise on the Eucharist in the boyish hand of Edward VI., and another on the Order of the Garter in the scholarly handwriting of Elizabeth. The government in selling the papers to Jay had disposed of public documents which contained much of the history of the country from Henry VII. to George IV. The antiquary went back to Jay. Little by little he was acquiring the whole pile, but he injudiciously whispered his secret about, and it became no longer a secret. The government were aroused to a sense of their loss, and the public clamored for a committee of inquiry. It was then found that the blame lay with Lord Monteagle, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that the papers which had been sold for seventy pounds were, at the least, worth some three thousand pounds; but most of them had by this time been lost or mutilated, or scattered beyond redemption.

Love. No love lost between them. The modern acceptance of this phrase is in exact opposition to its original meaning. In the ballad of "The Babes in the Wood" the expression is used as follows :

No love between this two was lost,
 Each was to other kind;
 In love they lived, in love they died,
 And left two babes behind.

It would appear that Richardson lived in the transition period when the phrase was altering its meaning, for he uses it in both senses in "*Clarissa Harlowe*:"

I kissed her, and so it is for me, my sweet cousin, that you shed tears? There never was love lost between us; but, tell me, what is designed to be done with me, that I have this kind instance of your compassion for me?—Vol. ii. p. 217 (edition of 1811).

He must needs say there was no love lost between some of my family.—Vol. iii. p. 150.

Love, All for, a phrase which seems to have been first used as the title of a play by Dryden, its meaning being emphasized by the sub-title, "or the World Well Lost." Here is a specimen verse:

Give, you gods!
 Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
 The rattle of a globe to play withal,
 This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off;
 I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.
 Act ii.

Southey, in his ballad "*All for Love, or a Sinner Well Saved*" (1829), has these lines:

And when my own Mark Antony
 Against young Cæsar strove,
 And Rome's whole world was set in arms,
 The cause was all for love.

Dibdin, in "*Captain Wattle and Miss Roe*," has the same phrase in a less dignified connection:

Did you ever hear tell of Captain Wattle?
 He was all for love and a little for the bottle.

Love at first sight. Marlowe, in "*Hero and Leander*," and Shakespeare, in "*As You Like It*," ask in precisely the same language the question,—

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

—a question that is only a question in form, and carries with it the answer formally made by George Chapman:

None ever loved but at first sight they loved.
The Blind Beggar of Alexandria.

In the fifth act of "*As You Like It*," Sc. 2, Rosalind describes to Orlando how Oliver and Celia had fallen in love at first sight:

Your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

And as for this romance of love, this fine picture of Jenny and Jessamy falling in love at first sight, billing and cooing in an arbor, and retiring to a cottage afterwards to go on cooing and billing—Psha! what folly is this! It is good for romances, and for Misses to sigh about; but any man who walks through the world with his eyes open knows how senseless is all this rubbish. I don't say that a young man and woman are not to meet, and to fall in love that instant, and to marry that day year, and love each other till they are a hundred,—that is the supreme lot,—but that is the lot which the gods only grant to *Baucis and Philemon*, and a very, very few besides.—THACKERAY: *Vanity Fair*.

The love-in-a-cottage fallacy is thus laughed at by N. P. Willis:

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
 Your vine is a nest for flies,
 Your milkmaid shocks the graces,
 And simplicity talks of pies!

Y ou lie down to your shady slumber,
And wake with a tug in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

Love in a Cottage.

Love free as air. Pope, in his "Eloisa to Abelard," l. 75, says,—

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

Butler has the same idea :

Love that's too generous t' abide
To be against its nature tied ;
For where 'tis of itself inclined,
It breaks out when it is confined ;
And like the soul its harbinger,
Debarred the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out and flies away ;

and Spenser :

Ne may love ben compel'd by maistry ;
For soone as maistry comes, sweet Love anone
Taket his nimble wings, and farewell, away is gone.

Fuerie Queene, Book iii., Canto i., Stanza 2.

But Spenser has boldly plagiarized from Chaucer :

Love will not ben constreyned by maystre ;
Whan maystre cometh, the god of love anon
Beteth his wings, and farewell, he is gone.

The Franklin's Tale.

Love is blind, a proverb dating back to the blindfolded Amor of Rome, and signifying not only that love sees no defects in the beloved object, but is oblivious to surroundings and careless of consequences. A Spanish saw runs, "People in love think that other people's eyes are out."

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.

SHAKESPEARE : *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i., Sc. 2.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.

Merchant of Venice, Act ii., Sc. 6.

Some cynical Frenchman has said that there are two parties to a love-transaction,—the one who loves and the other who condescends to be so treated. Perhaps the love is occasionally on the man's side ; perhaps on the lady's. Perhaps some infatuated swain has ere this mistaken insensibility for modesty, dulness for maiden reserve, mere vacuity for sweet bashfulness, and a goose, in a word, for a swan. Perhaps some beloved female subscriber has arrayed an ass in the splendor and glory of her imagination ; admired his dulness as manly simplicity ; worshipped his selfishness as manly superiority ; treated his stupidity as majestic gravity.—THACKERAY : *Vanity Fair*.

Per contra, "Faults are thick where love is thin," say the Welsh, a proverb echoed in the English "Where love fails we espy all faults."

Love is not only blind, it is insane.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.

SHAKESPEARE.

"Aimer et savoir n'ont même manoir," says an old French proverb, "To love and to be wise is impossible," says the Spanish, "No folly to being in love," echoes the Welsh. But Calderon explains that lovers only seem mad to those who have never loved :

He who far off beholds another dancing,
Even one who dances best, and all the time
Hears not the music that he dances to,
Thinks him a madman, apprehending not
The law which moves his else eccentric action ;

So he that's in himself insensible
 Of love's sweet influence, misjudges him
 Who moves according to love's melody ;
 And knowing not that all these sighs and tears,
 Ejaculations and impatiences,
 Are necessary changes of a measure
 Which the divine musician plays, may call
 The lover crazy, which he would not do
 Did he within his own heart hear the tune
 Played by the great musician of the world.

Love me, love my dog, an old saw found in exactly this form in Heywood's "Proverbs," but long before Heywood's time quoted by St. Bernard (1091-1153) as a proverb common among the vulgar : "Dicitur certo vulgari quodam proverbio : Qui me amat, amat et canem meum." (*In Festo S. Michaelis, Sermo Primus*, sect. iii., p. 1026, vol. i., Parisii, 1719, fol.)

Love sought and unsought. In "Twelfth Night," Act iii., Sc. 1, Olivia says to the disguised Viola,—

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Love is sweet
 Given or returned. Common as light is love,
 And its familiar voice wearies not ever ;
 They who inspire it most are fortunate,
 As I am now ; but those who feel it most
 Are happier still.—SHELLEY : *Prometheus Unbound*.

It makes us proud when our love of a mistress is returned ; it ought to make us prouder still when we can love her for herself alone, without the aid of any such selfish reflection. This is the religion of love.—HAZLITT : *Characteristics*.

Love to hatred turned. William Congreve, in "The Mourning Bride," Act iii., Sc. 8, has the familiar lines,—

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
 Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

The last line is taken from Colley Cibber :

We shall find no fiend in hell can match the fury of a disappointed woman,—scorned, slighted, dismissed without a parting pang.—*Love's Last Shift*, Act iv.

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth,
 And constancy lives in realms above,
 And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining.
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,—
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder :
 A dreary sea now flows between.

Christabel, Part II.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
 Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene
 That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted ;
 Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
 Love was the very root of the fond rage
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed :
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age
 Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

Childe Harold, Canto iii., Stanza 94.

Yet lovers' quarrels have from a very early period been looked upon as very trivial matters and easily patched up :

The anger of lovers renews the strength of love.—PUBLIUS SYRUS : *Maxim* 24.

Amantium ira amoris integratio ("The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love").—TERENCE: *Andria*, Act iii., Sc. 5.

Let the falling out of friends be a renewing of affection.—LYLY: *Euphues*.

The falling out of lovers is the renewing of love.—BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III., sec. 2.

Love, To make. This phrase seems to have come into fashion in the early Elizabethan period, as indicated by the extract,—

If you meane either to make an Arte or an Occupation of Loue, I doubt not but you shal finde worke in the Court sufficient: but you shal not know the lengthe of my foote, vntill by your cunning you get commendation. A Phrase now there is which belongeth to your shop boorde, that is, *to make loue*, and when I shall heare of what fashion it is made, if I like the pattorn, you shall cut me a partlet: so as you cut not with a paire of left-handed sheares.—LYLY: *Euphues and his England* (1581).

Loved and lost. No stanza of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is better known than stanza xxvii.:

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

The thought is one that finds many parallels in literature, ancient and modern. A few examples are subjoined:

Magis gauderes quod habueras [amicum], quam *moereres quod amiseras* ("Rejoice more greatly over the fact that you have a friend than sorrow because he dies").—SENECA: *Epistle CXIX*.

Better to love amiss than nothing to have loved.

CRABBE: *Tale XIV: The Struggles of Conscience*.

Methinks it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair and fairer eyes of Alice W——n, than that so passionate a love-venture should be lost.—LAMB: *Essays of Elia: New Year's Eve*.

He who for love hath undergone
The worst that can befall
Is happier thousandfold than one
Who never loved at all.

LORD HOUGHTON.

It is better to love wisely, no doubt; but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all.—THACKERAY: *Pendennis*, vol. i. ch. vi.

As the gambler said of his dice, to love and win is the best thing, to love and lose is the next best.—*Ibid.*, vol. ii. ch. i.

Lord Lytton carries the thought a step further when he says, in "Ernest Maltravers,"—

There is in the affections themselves so much to purify and exalt, that even *an erring love*,—conceived without a cold design,—and (when its nature is fully understood) wrestled against with a noble spirit, leaves the heart more tolerant and tender, and the mind more settled and enlarged.

Luce ex lucellum, the motto adopted by Mr. Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in April, 1871, for his proposed match-box stamp. The stamp had been designed and the whole necessary apparatus for carrying the law into effect prepared, when the measure imposing the tax was abandoned, to the universal merriment of the press. The motto especially was riddled by the shafts of ridicule. It was suggested, by way of solace to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's wounded feelings, that he should levy a tax upon photographs, and adopt the motto, "*Ex sole solatium*." The Chancellor's motto, however, is at most a re-invented one, and made its first appearance in connection with a satire on the long-discarded window tax.

Lucus a non lucendo, a Latin locution which might be roughly Englished "It is, because it isn't." Literally, it would mean "A grove because it does not shine,"—which calls for an explanation. The grammarian Servius,

in a fit of fine philological frenzy, derived *lucus*, a "grove," from *lucere*, to "shine," because a grove is dark and gloomy and does not shine. The etymology became famous. It was received rapturously by some, derisively by most. Many parallel etymologies were suggested. Thus, *ludus*, "a school," was imagined to come from *ludere*, to "play,"—a *non ludere*, because no play was allowed in it; *bellum*, "war," a *nulla re bella*, because it has nothing pleasing in it. Varro seems seriously inclined to derive *cælum*, "heaven," from *celare*, to "conceal," because it is open. The phrase is now applied to any absurd *non sequitur* or contradiction in terms.

Yet, though Servius was doubtless wrong in this special instance, he was not wrong in principle. All grammarians recognize the rhetorical figure antiphrasis, by which words are used in a sense directly opposite to their original meaning. Thus, the Greeks called the Furies the Eumenides, the benign ones, instead of by their real name, Erinnyes. And in etymology the same principle turns *belle dame*, a beautiful woman, into *beldame*, a hag. Nay, some authorities even insist that in this special instance Servius was right. The *lucus*, they explain, was a dark gloomy grove, sacred to some deity in whose honor mysterious and often obscene rites were performed. Hence it was called by a name euphemistic but wholly inappropriate,—a dark place being designated by a term signifying light.

This article ["*Ranke's History of the Popes*," by Macaulay] is called a review,—possibly because it is anything else,—as *lucus* is *lucus a non lucendo*. In fact, it is nothing more than a beautifully written treatise on the main theme of Ranke himself; the whole matter of the treatise being deduced from the history.—E. A. POB.

Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
He's much the same his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe;
And in his client's just defence
Must deviate oft from common sense,
And make his ignorance discerned
To get the name of counsel learned
(As *lucus* comes from *non lucendo*),
And wisely do as other men do:
But shift him to a better scene
Among his crew of rogues in grain.

SWIFT: *Answer to an Epigram by Mr. Lindsay.*

Luxuries and necessities. Holmes, in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," refers enthusiastically to "that glorious Epicurean paradox uttered by my friend the historian in one of his flashing moments: 'Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessities.'" The historian was John Lothrop Motley. But, after all, the phrase was a reminiscence, and not an inspiration. It is the old saying of Scopas of Thessaly, quoted by Plutarch in his "Love of Wealth:" "We rich men count our felicity and happiness to lie in these superfluities, and not in those necessary things." And Voltaire, in "Le Mondain," has substantially the same thought: "*Le superflu, chose très nécessaire*" ("The superfluous, a very necessary thing").

Luxury of woe. Thomas Moore in one of his anacreontics has the lines,—

Weep on, and as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe.

He cannot be said to have been the originator of the phrase. William Mason uses a very similar expression,—

There is a solemn luxury in grief,
The English Garden (1778-82),—

and J. H. Scott, in "The Perils of Poetry, an Epistle to a Friend" (1766), has the very words: he is speaking of Otway (p. 23), and says,—

And oh, be mine, when evening shades prevail,
Pensive to listen to his tragic tale,
And feed my soul (as tears spontaneous flow)
On all the poignant luxury of woe.

What may have been the prototype of all is to be found probably in Ovid's

Est quædam flere voluptas.
Tristia, IV iii. 37.

Lying by the wall, a phrase which seems to be local to East Anglia, with the import that one is dead but not yet buried. The exact phrase in the mouth of a Suffolk peasant would be, "He lay by the walls," and it has been suggested that the expression is a corrupted form of one in which occurred the Anglo-Saxon word *wæl*, "death" (genitive *wæles*), so meaning, "He is laid low by death." The earliest instance known of the occurrence of the phrase is,—

Thar was sorwe, wo so it sawe,
Hwan the children *bith' wæwe*
Leyen, and spraudelen in the blod.
Romance of Havelock, v. 473.

In a ballad of the fourteenth century, printed by Ritson in his "Ancient Songs" (p. 46), the same expression is met with :

Whan that ur life his leve hath lauht,
Ur bodi *liht* bounden *bi the wowe*,
Ur riches alle from us ben raft,
In clottes colde ur cors is throwe.

The Dutch phrase "aan de laager wal zyn" ("to be brought to a low ebb") seems to be somewhat akin, and is possibly the original of "going to the wall," unless the latter is a derivation from the Suffolk phrase.

Lying for the whetstone, a phrase used against one who is grossly exaggerating. A favorite Whitsuntide amusement in ancient days was the "lie-wage" or "lie-match :—" the victor carried off a whetstone as his prize. The nature of these contests may be illustrated by this well-known extravaganza. One of the contestants would declare he could see a fly on the top of a church spire. The other would reply, "Oh, yes, I saw him wink his eye." To which the first would answer, "And I saw him shed one of his eyelashes as he winked," etc., etc.

Lynch Law, an American colloquialism for summary justice at the hands of a mob, the taking of life by an improvised tribunal without due process of law. The term is said to hark back to Revolutionary times, when Charles Lynch (1726-96), a Virginia planter, in conjunction with Robert Adams and Thomas Calloway, undertook to protect society and support the American cause by punishing outlaws and traitors. Desperadoes were arrested, and when this informal court was satisfied of their guilt were punished with stripes or banishment. Tories were hung up by their thumbs until they cried "Liberty forever !" But the death-penalty was never inflicted. Lynch, during the latter part of the Revolution, became a colonel in General Greene's army. His brother John was the founder of Lynchburg, Virginia. There is nothing in the familiar story which refers the expression to a much earlier origin,—i.e., to one James Fitz-Stephen Lynch, Mayor of Galway, who, in 1493, sentenced his own son to death for murder, and, fearing a rescue, had the culprit brought home and hanged before his own door. The thing may have occurred, it certainly exists as a tradition (Thackeray mentions it in his "Irish Sketch-Book"), but the phrase lynch law is of purely American origin and must seek an American original.

Lyon verses (so called, it is said, as having first been practised by Apollinaris Sidonius, a Gallic bishop and poet of the fifth century, born at Lyons) are verses the words of which are the same whether read backward or forward. Here is a memorable English specimen,—an epitaph, so it is said, from a church in Cornwall :

Shall we all die?
We shall die all.
All die shall we;
Die all we shall.

M.

M, the thirteenth letter and tenth consonant in the English alphabet, as in the Latin, and the twelfth letter in the Greek and in the Phœnician. This letter used to be branded on a criminal convicted of manslaughter and admitted to the benefit of the clergy. "To have an M under [or by] the girdle," a now obsolescent phrase, means to address one by the courtesy-titles Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

Miss. The devil take you, Neverout ! besides all small curses.

Lady A. Marry come up ! What, plain Neverout ! methinks you might have an M under your girdle, miss.—SWIFT : *Polite Conversation*, i.

Macaroni, a wheaten paste, prepared in the form of hollow tubes of different diameters, is said to have originated in Sicily. And this is the legend. A wealthy nobleman of Palermo owned a cook of marvellous inventive genius. One day, in a rapture of culinary composition, this great artist devised the farinaceous tubes and served them up, with all the succulent accessories of rich sauce and grated Parmesan, in a mighty china bowl. The first mouthful elicited from the illustrious epicure the ejaculation, "Cari !" or, in idiomatic English, "The darlings !" With the second mouthful he emphasized the statement as "Ma cari !" or, in a very free translation, "Ah, but what darlings !" Presently, as the flavor of the toothsome mess grew upon him, his enthusiasm rose to even higher flights, and he cried out, in a voice tremulous with joyful emotion, "Ma caroni !"—"Ah, but dearest darlings !" In paying this verbal tribute to the merits of his cook's discovery he unwittingly bestowed a name upon that admirable preparation which has stuck to it ever since. This derivation is probably the work of some amateur etymologist (though it may be a mere jest), but, if so, is worth quoting as an excellent specimen of his art of plausible narration.

Macaronic literature (an allusion to the miscellaneous nature of a dish of macaroni), in its larger sense, a name given to any jumble of two or more languages, though experts and purists would differentiate the true from the false macaronic by insisting that the former should be a mixture of Latin (or Greek) with the vernacular, in which the words of the living language are given the inflections of the dead. Thus, "lassas kissare boneas" seems to the initiated an exquisite macaronic metamorphosis of the plain English "to kiss the bonny lasses," and they can hardly contain their joy when they find lendibus rhyming with circumbendibus. But these refinements are of later growth. In its origin macaronic literature was meant as a burlesque on the corrupt Latinity of the monks of the Middle Ages, whose sermons were a strange hodge-podge of Latin and of the vulgar language. The originator of this form of humor, or at least its earliest known professor, was one Odaxius, or Odassi, of Padua, born about 1450. His efforts were bad enough, and on his death-bed he is said to have had the grace to ask that these early effusions should

be destroyed. His most eminent disciple among his countrymen was Teofilo Folengo, an Italian Benedictine, who died in 1544. He wrote under the name of Merlinus Cocaius, and he gave to this species of drollery a degree of poetic excellence which has secured for him a respectable place in unread and unreadable literature. Numerous macaronic writers carried on the same work in Italy, and were highly appreciated. Cardinal Mazarin used to amuse himself by reciting three or four hundred of these verses, one after another. In France and in Germany also the fashion spread apace. Indeed, the famous "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*" is a sort of macaronic prose, burlesquing the logic and the pedantic Latin of the schoolmen. It is said that Erasmus, when he read this work, was so overcome with laughter that he burst an abscess in his face, and so saved the doctors an operation and himself a fee. Rabelais and Molière occasionally indulge in the same form of composition.

Dunbar, a man of great but uncouth genius, is held to have introduced macaronic poetry into the literature of Great Britain in his "*Testament of Andrew Kennedy*," first printed in 1508. This is not the true macaronic, however, but consists of alternate lines of old Scotch and dog-Latin, mixed up with shreds from the Breviary. A sufficient idea of Dunbar's manner and method may be gained from these the concluding verses :

I will na priestis for me sing,
Dies illa, Dies iræ,
Na yet na bellis for me ring,
Sicut semper solet fieri ;

But a bagpipe to play a spring,
Et unum ailwisp ante me ;
Instead of banners for to bring
Quatuor lagenas cervisiæ :

Within the grave to set sic thing,
In modern crucis juxta me.
To flee the fiends, then hardly sing
De terra plasmati me.

Scattered about the "*Colin Clout*" and the "*Philip Sparrow*" of John Skelton (first published in 1512), a younger contemporary of Dunbar, and poet-laureate of England at the close of the fifteenth century, may be found the first examples of true macaronics in the English language. Like Dunbar, Skelton is expressly ridiculing the monkish Latinity of his time. A short specimen from "*Colin Clout*" must suffice :

Of suche vagabundus
Speaking totus mundus,
How some syng let abundus,
At euerye ale stake
With welcome hake and make,
By the bread that God brake,
I am sorry for your sake.
I speake not of the god wife,
But of their apostiles' lyfe,
Cum ipsis vel illis
Qui manent in villis
Est uxor vel ancilla,
Welcome Jack and Gilla
My pretty Petronilla
You shall haue your willa,
Of such pater noster pekes
All the world spekes.

The fashion, once started, spread apace. That period of intellectual development had just begun when our British forefathers delighted in all sorts of verbal quips and cranks, in distortions of language, in conceits and

euphuisms. Macaronic poetry offered just the pedantic kind of ingenuity in which they revelled. In any account of this *genre* the following specimen cannot be overlooked. It has been preserved in the commonplace book of one Richard Hilles, who died in 1535. Whether he was the author is uncertain. While not perfect as a macaronic, it is better poetry than the average composition of this class.

A TREATISE ON WINE.

The best tree, if ye take intent,
Inter ligna fructifera,
Is the vine tree by good argument,
Dulcia ferens pondera.

Saint Luke saith in his Gospel,
Arbor fructu noscitur,
The vine beareth wine as I you tell,
Hinc aliis præponitur.

The first that planted the vineyard,
Manet in cœli gaudio,
His name was Noe, as I am learned,
Genesis testimonio.

God gave unto him knowledge and wit,
A quo procedunt omnia,
First of the grape wine for to get,
Propter magna mysteria.

The first miracle that Jesus did,
Erat in vino rubeo,
In Cana of Galilee it betide,
Testante Evangelio.

He changed water into wine,
Aquæ rubescunt hydræ,
And bade give it to Archetcline,
Ut gustet tunc primarie.

Like as the rose exceedeth all flowers,
Inter cuncta florifera,
So doth wine all other liquors,
Dans multa salutifera.

David, the prophet, saith that wine
Lætificat cor hominis,
It maketh men merry if it be fine,
Est ergo dignum nominis.

It nourisheth age if it be good,
Facit ut esset juvenis,
It gendereth in us gentle blood,
Nam venas purgat sanguinis.

By all these causes ye should think
Quæ sunt rationabiles,
That good wine should be best of all drink
Inter potus potabiles.

Wine-drinkers all, with great honor,
Semper laudate Dominum,
The which sendeth the good liquor
Propter salutem hominum.

Plenty to all that love good wine
Donet Deus largius,
And bring them some when they go hence,
Ubi non sitient amplius.

A very famous carol "on bringing in the Boar's Head," still sung occasionally in England at the Christmas festivities, is certainly as old as 1521, for it may be found in a volume printed by Wynkyn de Worde in that year. The

version subjoined is from a collection of carols imprinted at London "in the Poultry, by Richard Kele, dwelling at the long shop under Saynt Myldrede's Chyrche," about 1546 :

A CAROL BRINGING IN THE BORE'S HEAD.

Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.
The bore's heed in hande bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary.
I pray you all synge merelye
Qui estis in convivio.

The bore's heed, I understande,
Is the chief service in this lande,
Look wherever it be fande,
Servite cum cantico.

Be gladd lordes both more and lasse,
For this hath ordeyned our stewarde,
To cheere you all this Christmasse,
The bore's heed with mustarde.
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

Another version of the last verse is,—

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Bliss :
Which on this day to be served is
In Regis mensæ atrio.
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

But it was in the year 1616 that a sustained macaronic composition fulfilling all the rules of the game and satisfying the most pedantic requirements appeared in the poetical portions of the comedy entitled "Ignoramus." This was by a clergyman named Ruggle. In its entirety it is a burlesque on the Norman Law-Latin of the period,—a sort of Latin which burlesqued itself in such phrases as "a writ *de pipâ vini carriandâ*,"—i.e., "for [negligently] carrying a pipe of wine,"—but which the ridicule of centuries only slowly eliminated from the pleadings of the British bar. It was three times performed before James I., to the great delight of that erudite and pedantic monarch, who withal had wit enough to relish hugely the wit of the piece, the more so as he was attached to the simpler forms and terms of Scotch law. The dialogue, prose and poetry alike, is all carried on in legal hog-Latin. Here is one of the speeches of the titular hero, Ignoramus, a lawyer, in which he celebrates his passion for the lovely Rosabella and shows how richly he purposes to endow her :

Si posem vellem pro te, Rosa, ponere pellum
Quicquid tu queis crava, et habebis singula brava,
Et dabo, fee simple, si monstras Love's pretty dimple,
Gownos, silkcoatos, kirtellos, et petticoatos,
Farthingales biggos, stomacheros, et periwiggos,
Buskos et soccos, tiffanas en cambricka smockos,
Pantofflos, cuffos, garteros, Spanica ruffos,
Wimpolos, cursos; ad ludos ibis et ursos.

Our next example goes back avowedly to the Skeltonic form. It was written to celebrate the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and hence has an historic if not an intrinsic interest :

A Skeltonical salutation,
Or condign gratulation,
At the just vexation
Of the Spanish nation,
That in a bravado
Spent many a crusado

In setting forth an Armado
 England to invado.
 Pro cujus memoria
 Ye may well be soria,
 Full small may be your gloria,
 When ye shall hear this storia,
 Then will ye cry and roria,
 We shall see her no moria.

Shortly afterwards appeared Drummond of Hawthornden's "Polemo Mid-dinia," which contains macaronic verses that were highly esteemed in their time, but are at once too coarse and too obscure for reproduction to-day.

A modern specimen of a macaronic which is perfect in structure and exemplifies the sort of humor which may be expected in this kind of verse is the following from the "Comic Latin Grammar :—"

Patres conscripti—took a boat and went to Philippi.
 Trumpeter unus erat qui coatum scarlet habebat,
 Stormum surgebat, et boatum overset—ebat,
 Omnes drownerunt, quia swimaway non potuerunt,
 Excipe John Periwig tied up to the tail of a dead pig.

But, on the whole, nothing better has ever been produced than the following, which appeared in *Punch* :

THE DEATH OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

BY PUBLIUS JONATHAN VIRGILIUS JEFFERSON SMITH.

Arma virumque cano, qui first in Monongahela
 Tarnally squampushed the serpent, mittens horrentia tela.
 Musa, look sharp with your banjo ! I guess to relate this event I
 Shall need all the aid you can give ; so nunc aspirate canenti.
 Mighty slick were the vessels progressing, jactata per æquora ventis,
 But the brow of the skipper was sad, cum solitudine mentis ;
 For whales had been scarce in those parts, and the skipper, so long as he'd known her,
 Ne'er had gathered less oil in a cruise to gladden the heart of her owner.
 " Darn the whales," cries the skipper at length, " with a telescope forte videbo
 Aut pisces, aut terras." While speaking, just two or three points on the lee bow,
 He saw coming towards them as fast as though to a combat 'twould tempt 'em,
 A monstrum horrendum informe (cui lumen was shortly ademptum).
 On the taffrail up jumps in a hurry dux fortis, and, seizing a trumpet,
 Blows a blast that would waken the dead, mare turbat et aera rumpit.
 " Tumble up, all you lubbers," he cries, " tumble up, for careering before us
 Is the real old sea-serpent himself, cristis maculisque decorus."
 " Consarn it," cries one of the sailors, " if e'er we provoke him he'll kill us,
 He'll certainly chaw up hos morsu, et longis implexibus illos."
 Loud laughs the bold skipper, and quick premit alto corde dolorem ;
 (If he does feel like running, he knows it won't do to betray it before 'em.)
 " O socii," inquit, " I'm sartin you're not the fellers to funk, or
 Shrink from the durum certamen, whose fathers fit bravely at Bunker,
 You who have waged with the bears and the buffalo prælia dura,
 Down to the freshets and licks of our own free enlightened Missourer,
 You who could whip your own weight catulis sævis sine telo,
 Get your eyes skinned in a twinkling, et ponite tela phasello !"
 Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus æger,
 Marshals his cute little band, now panting their foes to beleaguer ;
 Swiftly they lower the boats, and swiftly each man at the oar is,
 Excipe Britannos timidos duo, virumque coloris.
 (Blackskin, you know, never feels how sweet 'tis pro patria mori ;
 Ovid had him in view when he said, " Nimium ne crede colori.")
 Now swiftly they pull towards the monster, who, seeing the cutter and gig nigh,
 Glares at them with terrible eyes, suffectis sanguine et igni,
 And, never conceiving their chief will so quickly deal him a floover,
 Opens wide to receive them at once his linguis vibrantibus ora ;
 But just as he's licking his lips, and gladly preparing to taste 'em,
 Straight into his eyeball the skipper stridentem conjicit hastam.
 Straight as he feels in his eyeball the lance, growing mightily sulky,
 At 'em he comes in a rage, ore minax, lingua trisulca.
 " Starn all !" cry the sailors at once, for they think he has certainly caught 'em,
 Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.

But the bold skipper exclaims, "O terque quaterque beati !
 Now with a will date viam, when I want you, be only parati ;
 This boss feels like raising his hair, and, in spite of his scaly old cortex,
 Full soon you shall see that his *corpsæ rapidus vorat æquore vortex*."
 Hoc ait, and, choosing a lance, " With this one I think I shall hit it,"
 He cries, and straight into his mouth ad intima viscera mittit.
 Screeches the creature in pain, and writhes till the sea is commotum,
 As if all its waves had been lashed in a tempest per Eurum et Notum.
 Interea terrible shindy Neptunus sensit, et alto
 Prospiciens sadly around, wiped his eye with the cuff of his paletot,
 And, mad at his favorite's fate, of oaths uttered one or two thousand,
 Such as "Corpo di Bacco! Mehercle! Sacré! Mille Tonnerres! Potztausend!"
 But the skipper, who thought it was time to this terrible fight dare finem,
 With a scalping-knife jumps on the neck of the snake, secat et dextrâ crinem,
 And hurling the scalp in the air, half mad with delight to possess it,
 Shouts, "Darn it, I've fixed up his flint, for in ventos vita recessit!"

So much for the genuine macaronics. But there are a large number of *jeux-d'esprit*, more or less closely analogous to this genuine sort, which the unscientific mind of the public persists in grouping in the same class. Many of these pseudo-macaronics are more amusing than the Simon Pures. And first we shall begin with three polyglot specimens to which purists would deny the name, either because they could not accord with the structure of Latin verse, or because it is some living language that is entwined with the English in lieu of a dead one.

The following advertisement in five languages is said to be inscribed on the window of a public-house in Germany:

In questa casa trovarete
 Toutes les choses que vous souhaitez ;
 Vinum bonum, costas, carnes,
 Neat post-chaise, and horse and harness,
 Bous, *ὄρνιθες*, *ἰχθῦς*, *ἀπες*.

And this appears in a Cape Town, Africa, hotel:

Multum in parvo, pro bono publico ;
 Entertainment for man or beast all of a row
 Lekker host as much as you please ;
 Excellent beds without any fleas ;
 Nos patriam fugimus—now we are here,
 Vivamus, let us live by selling beer.
 On donne à boire et à manger ici ;
 Come in and try it, whoever you be.

Victor Hugo was once asked if he could write English poetry. "Certainement," he replied, and forthwith delivered himself of the following:

Pour chasser le spleen
 J'entrai dans un inn ;
 O, mais je bus le gin,
 God save the Queen !

The following is a relic of the Henry Clay campaign of 1844, when "That same old coon" was a popular party-cry:

CE MÊME VIEUX COON.

Ce même vieux coon n'est pas quite mort,
 Il n'est pas seulement napping :
 Je pense, myself, unless j'ai tort,
 Cette chose est yet to happen.
 En dix-huit forty-four, je sais,
 Vous'll hear des curious noises ;
 He'll whet ses dents against some Clay,
 Et scare des Loco—Bois-es !
 You know que quand il est awake,
 Et quand il scratch ses clawses,
 Les Locos dans leurs souliers shake,
 Et, sheepish, hang leurs jaws-es.

*Ce même vieux coon, je ne sais pas why,
Le mischief's come across him,
Il fait believe he's going to die,
Quand seulement playing possum.*

*Mais wait till nous le want encore,
Nous'll stir him with une pole;
He'll bite as mauvais as before
Nous pulled him de son hole!*

A favorite kind of school-boy humor is that which takes the form of evolving sentences like the following: *Forte dux fel flat in gutture*, which is good Latin for "By chance the leader inhales poison in his throat," but which read off rapidly sounds like the English "Forty ducks fell flat in the gutter." A French example is *Pas de lieu Rhône que nous*, which it is hardly necessary to explain makes no sense in French at all, though every word be true Gallic, but by a similar process of reading reveals the proverbial advice, "Paddle your own canoe."

Dean Swift was a master of this form of trifling. He and his friend Dr. Sheridan, who was almost his match, used to correspond together in this fashion. The following inquiry from Dean Swift needs no gloss:

Is his honor sic? Præ letus felis pulse.

The following correspondence may also be deciphered with very little trouble. Swift commenced it by sending the doctor the following love-poem:

MOLL.

*Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti,
No lasso finis,
Molli divinis.*

Sheridan responded,—

*I ritu a verse o na Molli o mi ne,
Asta lassa me pole, a lædis o fine;
I ne ver neu a niso ne at in mi ni is,
A manat a glans ora sito fer diis.*

*De armo lis abuti, hos face an hos nos is
As fer a sal illi, as reddas aro sis,
Ac is o mi Molli is almi de lite,
Illo verbi de, an illo verbi nite.*

And the Dean settled the whole affair thus:

*Apud in is almi de si re,
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re;
Alo' ver I findit a gestis,
His miseri ne ver at restis.*

The following sustained effort in the same style can hardly be appreciated without a key:

MI MOLLE ANNI.

*O pateo tulus aras cale fel O,
Hebetis vivis id, an sed "Aio puer vello!"
Vittis nox certias in erebo de nota olim,—
A mite grate sinimus tonitis ovem:
"Præ sacer, do tellus, hausit," sese,
"Mi Molle anni cano te ver ægre?"
Ure Molle anu cano te ver ægre.
Vere truso aio puellis tento me;
Thrasonis plano "cum Hymen" (heu sedit),
"Diutius toga thyro" Hymen edidit;—
Stentior mari aget O mare nautis alter id alas!
Alludo isto terete ure daris pausas anas.
"O pater hic, heu vix en," ses Molle, an vi?
Heu itera vere grates troche in heri.*

Ah Moliere arti fere procaciter intuitis !
 Vos me ! for de parte da vas ure arbuteis.
 Thus thrasonis planas vel huma se,
 Vi ure Molle anu cano te ver ægre.
 Betor Molle indulgent an suetas agile,—
 Pares pector sex, uno vimen ars ille ;
 "Quietat ure servis Iam," sato heras heu pater,
 "Audio do missus Molle, an vatis thema ter ?
 Ara mi honestatis, vetabit, diu se,—
 O mare, mi dare, cum specto me :
 Ago in a vae aestuare, vel uno more illic,
 O mare, mi dare, cum pacto ure pater hic."
 Beavi ad visu civile, an socia luse,
 Ure Molle an huma fore ver ægre.

MY MOLLY AND I.

O Patty O'Toole is a rascally fellow,
 He beat his wife's head, and said, "I hope you are well, O!"
 With his knocks, sir, she has in her body not a whole limb,—
 A mighty great sin I must own it is of him.
 "Pray, say, sir, do tell us, how it is," says he,
 "My Molly and I cannot ever agree?"
 Your Molly and you cannot ever agree:
 Very true, so I hope you will listen to me;
 The *reason* is plain, "O come Hymen" (you said it),
 "Do ye tie us together." So Hymen he did it.
 Since your marriage to Mary now 'tis altered, alas !
 All you do is to *trate* your dear spouse as an ass.
 "O Patrick! you vixen," says Molly, and why?
 You hit her a very great stroke in her eye.
 Ah Molly! her heart I fear *proke* as 'twere in two it is !
 Woes me! for departed away sure her beauty is.
 Thus the *reason* is plain, as well you may see,
 Why your Molly and you cannot ever agree.
 Be to Molly indulgent and *sivate* as a jelly,—
 Pay respect to her sex, you know women are silly:
 "Quite at your service I am," say to her as you pat her.
 "How d'ye do, Missus Molly, and what is the matter?"
 Arah, my honey! stay, 'tis wait a bit, d'ye see,
 O Mary, my *dary*, come *spake* to me;
 A-going away is't you are, well you no more I'll lick,
 O Mary, my *dary*, come *pack* to your Patrick."
 Behave, I advise you, and so shall you see
 Your Molly and you may forever agree.

A facile appearance of Greek is gained by the simple trick of setting up English words in Greek type, as in this poem from *Punch*:

TO ΘΕ ΛΕΑΔΙΝΓ ΠΕΡΙΟΔΙΚΑΑ.

Θεις κομπλιμεντ, γρεατ σιρ, ο take,
 Υρε α βρικ, ανδ νο μισtake'
 Ενεμι το καντ ανδ φνδγε,
 Τιμε το θεε Ι νε'ερ βεγρυδγε'
 Ανδ Ι ωπε το σεε υρε ναμε
 Φωρεμοστ ιν θε λιστς οφ φαμε.
 Τομ Σμιθ, Γρυβ Στρεετ.

Put it in Roman, and the mystery is clear at once:

TO THE LEADING PERIODICAL.

This compliment, great sir, O take,
 Ure a brik and no mistake;
 Enemy to kant and fudge,
 Time to thee I ne'er begrudge.
 And I hope to see ure name
 Foremost in the lists of fame.

Tom Smith, Grub Street.

Macaronies, the dudes or dandies of Queen Anne's time. Addison has this explanation of the origin of the name: "There is a set of merry dolls

whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well that they could eat them, according to the old proverb ; I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland they are termed 'Pickled Herrings;' in France, 'Jean Potages;' in Italy, 'Macaronies;' and in Great Britain, 'Jack Puddings.'" But Addison is wrong in assuming that the *sobriquet*, as such, was of Italian origin. It was self-applied to the members of the Macaroni Club, founded in 1760, which consisted of travelled young men,—Italianated Englishmen, Roger Ascham would have called them,—who with many foreign affectations brought back from their wanderings one grateful novelty in the shape of Italian macaroni, which they introduced at Almack's and from which they took their name. The name soon passed into general use as a synonyme for fop or exquisite, almost superseding the analogous terms of Buck and Blood. True Macaronies were distinguished by their passion for dress and for gambling. At Almack's and Brooks's they squandered thousands at hazard. When they sat down to this serious business they laid off the velvet suits of which they were especially fond, putting on frieze great-coats, often turned inside out for luck, while high-crowned hats with broad brims beflowered and beribboned protected their carefully-arranged hair and guarded their eyes from the light. In the streets they carried long walking-sticks ornamented with tassels. An eye-glass and a toothpick were their inseparable companions. Burgoyne, in his play "The Maid of the Oaks" (1774), alludes to the Macaronies "whistling a song through their tooth-picks." Another feature of the true Macaroni was his supercilious rudeness. Mackenzie's "Mirror" (1780) gives a very unflattering description of a Macaroni Member of Parliament, Sir Bobby Button, who, visiting a quiet country gentleman, asserts his claims to taste and fashion by attacking everything he sees in the house and gardens. When the daughter of the house appears he talks "as if London were one grand seraglio and he himself the mighty master of it." The Macaronies were in constant attendance at Vauxhall and Ranelagh. A pamphlet published in 1773, entitled "The Vauxhall Affray; or, Macaronies Defeated," chronicles a disturbance provoked by the tipsy insolence of the exquisites. They did not retain their appellation very long. Fashions changed, and new nicknames came in with the new fashions. The species was pretty well extinct by the end of the century. In 1805, George Barrington writes in the *New London Spy* of "the present degenerate race of Macaronies, who appear to be of a spurious, puny breed;" and about 1815 there was published at Bath a poetical pamphlet, ascribed to Thomas Haynes Bayly, on "Bath Dandies of the Present and the Macaronies of the Past." But they were in their full glory when Yankee Doodle, in a sudden burst of dandyism, stuck a feather in his hat and called it macaroni.

Macaulay's New Zealander. In his review of Ranke's "History of the Popes" Macaulay winds up a splendid rhetorical passage on the Catholic Church with the following peroration :

She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

The last sentence became at once a classic. Macaulay's New Zealander passed into popular phraseology. Writers of leading articles made a useful man of him ; reviewers, philosophers, historians, put him to all kinds of sentimental work. But it was soon found that he was no child of Macaulay's. He had been making his prospective archaeological journeys long before

Macaulay was born. He was to come from Lima, from Alaska, from the Antipodes, from nowhere in particular; and he was to sigh over the ruins of New York and Philadelphia as well as of London, or, indeed, over any ruins; the main point was the moral. Ezekiel knew him,—indeed, several of him,—and Ezekiel wrote about six hundred years before Christ:

Tyre shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea. Then all the princes of the sea shall come down from their thrones; . . . they shall sit upon the ground, and shall tremble at every moment, and be astonished at thee. And they shall take up a lamentation for thee, and say to thee, How art thou destroyed, that wast inhabited of seafaring men, the renowned city, which wast strong in the sea, she and her inhabitants (xxvi. 5, 16, 17).

And it shall come to pass, that the fishers shall stand upon it from En-gedi even to Eng-aim; they shall be a place to spread forth nets (xlvii. 10).

And is not the Agricola of the "Georgics" who rests contemplative upon his plough to moralize over what he has turned up in the furrow,—

Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris,—

another early avatar of this venerable personage? In English and other modern literatures he turns up with the unassuming persistence of the Wandering Jew or the Little Joker. Shelley caught a glimpse of him:

In the firm expectation, that when London shall be a habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Westminster Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream; some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells, and the Fudges, and their historians.—*Peter Bell the Third: Dedication* (to Thomas Moore).

Volney, in his "Ruins of Empires," comes face to face with him:

Reflecting that if the places before me had once exhibited this animated picture, who, said I to myself, can assure me that their present desolation will not one day be the lot of our own country? Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations,—who knows but that he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned, and their greatness changed into an empty name?

Horace Walpole was equally favored. Writing to Sir Horace Mann, November 24, 1774, he says,—

For my part, I take Europe to be worn out. When Voltaire dies we may say "Good-night." The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will perhaps be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra.

There can be no doubt that this is the identical individual,—Macaulay's own man. Mrs. Barbauld, like Ezekiel, saw a number of him. In her poem of "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," published the year after the titular date, she describes a band of enthusiastic travellers who

With duteous zeal their pilgrimage shall take
From the blue mountains on Ontario's lake,
With fond adoring steps to press the sod
By statesmen, sages, poets, heroes trod.
Pensive and thoughtful shall the wanderers greet
Each splendid square and still untrodden street;
Or of some crumbling turret, mined by time,
The broken stairs with perilous step may climb,
Thence stretch their view the wide horizon round,
By scattered hamlets trace its ancient bound,
And, choked no more with fleets, fair Thames survey
Through reeds and sedge pursue his idle way.
Oft shall the strangers turn their eager feet,
The rich remains of ancient art to greet;

The pictured walls with critic eye explore,
 And Reynolds be what Raphael was before.
 On spoils from every clime their eye shall gaze,
 Egyptian granites and the Etruscan vase;
 And when 'midst fallen London they survey
 The stone where Alexander's ashes lay,
 Shall own with humble pride the lesson just,
 By Time's slow finger written in the dust.

In a similar strain Kirke White, in his poem on "Time" (1803), pictures "the decay of empire" in Britain and its reduction to "a primitive barbarity:"

Meanwhile the Arts, in second infancy,
 Rise in some distant clime, and then, perchance,
 Some bold adventurer, filled with golden dreams,
 Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
 Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
 Hath ever ploughed before, espies the cliffs
 Of fallen Albion. To the land unknown
 He journeys joyful; and perhaps desires
 Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;
 Then he with vain conjecture fills his mind
 Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
 At science in that solitary nook
 Far from the civil world; and sagely sighs,
 And moralizes on the state of man.

Ten or a dozen years before White, Richard Alsop, of Connecticut, one of the Hartford wits, announced the arrival of this same traveller from

his distant home
 From western shores with brilliant cities graced—
 Where now Alaska lifts her forests rude—

to stray, "contemplative,"

Where Philadelphia caught the admiring gaze,
 Mid ambient waves where York's emporium shone,
 Or fair Bostonia graced her Eastern throne.

He hears no human voice,—only

the moan of winds that sadly sigh
 O'er many a shattered pile and broken stone.

In 1759, more than thirty years earlier, Goldsmith describes the man and his feelings in the "Citizen of the World." London itself, he says, will fade away some day, and leave a desert in its room. "The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins," and as he beholds he learns wisdom and feels the transiency of every sublunary possession. "Here, he cries, stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their Senate House, now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here," etc. Alsop's man also notices the noxious reptile, and defines it:

From some gray tomb by withering fern o'erspread,
 Slow rears the rattlesnake his glistening crest,
 And fills with dreadful sounds the dreary waste.

Goldsmith, it is not unlikely, had in mind an essay entitled "Humorous Thoughts on the Removal of the Seat of Empire and Commerce," which appeared in the *London Magazine* for July 6, 1745. At least there is a remarkable parallelism between his description and that contained in the following passage:

When I have been indulging in this thought, I have in imagination seen the Britons of some future century walking by the banks of the Thames, then overgrown with weeds and rendered almost impassable with rubbish. The father points out to his son where stood *St. Paul's*, the *Monument*, the *Bank*, the *Mansion House*, and other places of the first distinction, just as one traveller now shows another of less experience the venerable ruins of pagan Rome.

But why continue our extracts? The traveller of the future who is to visit the ruins of some now flourishing city or empire and indulge in the melancholy and moral reflections which such a spectacle should awaken in the properly-regulated man is a commonplace in literature. Nay, he was a familiar figure in Macaulay even before his avatar as a New Zealander. He had already been utilized in no less than three places. Under the name of Richard Quogti he is the author of a Grand National Epic Poem to be entitled *The Wellingtoniad* and to be published A.D. 2824, which is analyzed at length in an early contribution to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, November, 1824. The same magazine in the same issue contained a review of Mitford's *Greece* in which he reappears anonymously:

When the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol, over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts; her [Athens's] influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth.

A passage in the "Review of Mill's Essay on Government" (1829) is very closely analogous:

Is it possible that in two or three hundred years a few lean and half-naked fishermen may divide with owls and foxes the ruins of the greatest European cities?—nay, wash their nets amidst the relics of her gigantic docks, and build their huts out of the capitals of her stately cathedrals?

Macaulay's school-boy, an eidolon almost as famous as his New Zealander, a purely imaginary being who in the course of Macaulay's writings is continually brought in to shame the opponent he is belaboring. The latter is scornfully told that every school-boy knows the matter in which he is caught delinquent.

The school-boy is usually spoken of as an original creation of Macaulay's. It may, therefore, be of some interest to note that the following sentence occurs on p. 114 of the *Christian Observer* for 1808, in an editorial review of a "Vindication of the Hindoos" by "A Bengal Officer:—" "It is beneath the dignity of criticism to stoop to the refutation of positions which every school-boy could shake to pieces." The *Christian Observer*, it should be remembered, was edited by Zachary Macaulay, father of the historian.

And, after all, Burton was before either of the Macaulays: "But every school-boy hath that famous testament of Grunnius Corocotta Porcellus at his fingers' ends." (*Anatomy of Melancholy*.)

Macedonia's Madman. By this title Alexander the Great is sometimes referred to, on account of his alleged furious lust of conquest and unparalleled succession of victories. He left his kingdom, accompanied by a comparatively small force, and with an empty treasury, for the subjection of the world. The Swedish king Charles XII. is sometimes called the "Madman of the North."

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.

POPE.

"A nation which can fight," think the Gazetteers. "... and is led on by its king, too, who may prove, in his way, a very Charles XII., or small Macedonia's Madman, for aught one knows;" in which latter branch of their prognostic the Gazetteers were much out.—CARLYLE.

Machine, an epithet, with a sting of reproach, for the managing spirits in the organization of political parties in the United States. The machine consists of those persons affiliated with a political party (as distinguished from the mass of voters) who, from ambition or for profit, follow politics as a profession, arrange the nominating conventions, and assume control of elec-

tions. The political machine is a highly-perfected organism, extending from the chairman of the State committee down to the "captain" of a voting district. At times its decisions in political matters are in direct opposition to the wishes of large portions or even the bulk of the voters affiliated with the party of which it is the engine. These latter then have four courses open to them. They may "scratch" objectionable candidates, organize a bolt, fritter away their strength by unorganized independent voting, or perforce accept the dictates of the machine for the party's sake. The name is sometimes derived from the times of the old volunteer fire-companies when these organizations were an influential factor in politics in most American cities; "to run wid de machine" meant to be associated with one of the volunteer fire-companies, and, *ipso facto*, to belong to a political coterie. The word, however, has been used in the general sense of political organization since early in the present century. It was used in this very sense by the Duke of Wellington in a letter to Thomas Raikes, September 12, 1845, when speaking of the change effected by the growth of democratic sentiment on the deliberations of the House of Commons: "Such is the operation of the machine, as now established, that no individual, be his character, conduct in antecedent circumstances, and his abilities, what they may, can have any personal influence in general. . . Scarcely an individual is certain of his political existence."

Mad world, my masters. This proverbial expression, frequently but wrongly attributed to Shakespeare, has been taken by Middleton as the title of a play, "A Mad World, my Masters" (1608). Taylor, the Water Poet, probably had Middleton in mind when he wrote,—

'Tis a mad world (my masters) and in sadnes
I travail'd madly in these dayes of madnes.

Wandering to see the Wonders of the West (1649).

The imputation, of course, is a very old one. Thus, Plautus, "Hei mihi, insanire me ajunt, ultro cum ipsi insaniunt" (*Menach.*, v. 2). But the particular phrase is not, apparently, found in any author before Middleton.

Madstones, or Snakestones, stones which are vulgarly believed to have the power of absorbing the virus from wounds caused by serpents, mad dogs, poisoned arrows, etc. The belief is not a modern one: it has existed among the Orientals for centuries, and is frequently mentioned by early travellers in the East. Jean Baptiste Tavernier, in his "Travels in India" (1677), says,—

I will finally make mention of the snakestone, which is nearly of the size of a double doubloon [a Spanish gold coin], some of them tending to an oval shape, being thick in the middle and becoming thin towards the edges. The Indians say that it grows on the heads of certain snakes, but I should rather believe that it is the priests of the idolaters who make them think so, and that this stone is a composition which is made of certain drugs. Whatever it may be, it has an excellent virtue in extracting all the poison when one has been bitten by a poisonous animal. If the part bitten is not punctured it is necessary to make an incision so that the blood may flow; and when the stone has been applied to it, it does not fall off until it has extracted all the venom, which is drawn to it. In order to clean it it is steeped in woman's milk, or, in default of it, in that of a cow; and after having been steeped for ten or twelve hours, the milk, which has absorbed all the venom, assumes the color of matter. One day when I dined with the Archbishop of Goa he took me into his museum, where he had many curiosities. Among other things he showed me one of these stones, and in telling me of its properties assured me that it was but three days since he had made a trial of it, after which he presented it to me. As he traversed a marsh on the island of Salsette, upon which Goa is situated, on his way to a house in the country. one of his palanquin-bearers, who was almost naked, was bitten by a serpent, and was at once cured by this stone. I have bought many of them, and it is that which makes me think that they make them. You employ two methods to ascertain if the snakestone is good and that there is no fraud. The first is by placing the stone in the mouth, for then, if is good, it leaps and attaches itself immediately to the palate. The other is to place it in a glassful of water, and immediately if it is genuine the water begins to boil.

The stone may have been tabasheer or other absorptive stone, which might act as a sort of blotting-paper to the wound when it is open enough, but would hardly be recommended by physicians as an antidote. The madstones of America are also some aluminous shale or other absorptive substance.

Maggot bites. When the,—i.e., when one is seized with a whim. Parallel figures of speech are the Scotch saying "He has his head full of bees" (see *BEES IN HIS BONNET*), the French "Il a des rats dans la tête," and the Dutch "He has a mouse's nest in his head." But the "biting maggot" is all Swift's own. He tells of the discovery of certain virtuosi that the brain is filled with little worms or maggots, and that thought is produced by these worms biting the nerves. "If the bite is hexagonal, it produces poetry; if circular, eloquence; if conical, politics," etc. (*The Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*.)

To tickle the maggot born in empty head.

TENNYSON: *Maud*.

Magna Charta is such a fellow that he will have no sovereign. This famous phrase was used by Sir Edward Coke, May 17, 1628, during the debate in the House of Lords on the Petition of Right. Here is the context: "Sovereign Power is no parliamentary word. In my opinion it weakens Magna Charta and all our Statutes; for they are absolute, without any saving of sovereign power; and shall we now add it, we shall weaken the foundation of law, and then the building must needs fall. Take we heed what we yield unto. Magna Charta is such a fellow that he will have no sovereign. If we grant this, by implication we give a sovereign power above all these laws. We must not admit of it; and to qualify it is impossible. Let us hold our privileges according to the law."—*1 Rushworth*, 568.

Magna est veritas et prævalebit (L., "Truth is mighty and will prevail"), a mediæval proverb, probably a reminiscence of "Great is truth, and mighty above all things" (*1. Esdras* iv. 41), which in the Greek runs *μεγάλη ἡ ἀλήθεια καὶ ἐπερίσχει*, and in the Vulgate is translated "Magna est veritas et prævaleat." (*1. Esdras* of the English Apocrypha is numbered III. *Esdras* in the Vulgate.) The substitution of the more sonorous future tense for the present is undoubtedly due to the popular instinct for euphony.

Truth (like the sun itself, especially in England) is so often under a cloud that a proverb is wanted to support waverers. When the appearances are dead against them,—when the majorities are massed, as commonly they must always be, on the side of error, and in their Philistine force seem sure of victory,—it is then that a wise saw is wanted to tell the fainting ones that the battle is not to the seeming strong, but that truth is great, and will prevail at last. "Magna est veritas, et prævalebit." Here you have sound and sense more pertinent to the occasion and fuller to the ear than if the words in *Esdras* were more strictly kept to.—C. A. WARD, in *Notes and Queries*, seventh series, iv. 92.

Suppose we were to invite volunteers amongst our respected readers to send in little statements of the lies which they know have been told about themselves: what a heap of correspondence, what an exaggeration of malignities, what a crackling bonfire of incendiary falsehoods, might we not gather together! And a lie once set going, having the breath of life breathed into it by the father of lying, and ordered to run its diabolical little course, lives with a prodigious vitality. You say, "Magna est veritas et prævalebit." Psha! great lies are as great as great truths, and prevail constantly, and day after day. Take an instance or two out of my own little budget. I sit near a gentleman at dinner, and the conversation turns upon a certain anonymous literary performance which at the time is amusing the town. "Oh," says the gentleman, "everybody knows who wrote that paper: it is Momus's." I was a young author at the time, perhaps proud of my bantling. "I beg your pardon," I say, "it was written by your humble servant." "Indeed!" was all that the man replied, and he shrugged his shoulders, turned his back, and talked to his other neighbor. I never heard sarcastic incredulity more finely conveyed than by that "indeed." "Impudent liar!" the gentleman's face said, as clear as face could speak. Where was Magna Veritas, and how did she prevail then? She lifted up her voice, she made her appeal, and she was kicked out of court.—THACKERAY: *Roundabout Papers*.

Magnificent, but not war. General Pierre Bosquet, when he saw the six hundred dash to their death at Balaklava (October 28, 1854), uttered the famous phrase, "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*" As a criticism on that blundering bit of heroism, the phrase in its straightforward sense is excellent, but it is now sometimes twisted out of its original meaning and quoted ironically as a condemnation of the martinet mind which places the letter above the spirit, the mind which Macaulay admirably ridicules in his essay on Byron: "We have heard of an old German officer who was a great admirer of correctness in military operations. He used to revile Bonaparte for spoiling the science of war, which had been carried to such an exquisite perfection by Marshal Daun. In my youth we used to march and counter-march all the summer without gaining or losing a square league, and then we went into winter quarters. And now comes an ignorant, hot-headed young man who flies from Boulogne to Ulm, and from Ulm to the middle of Moravia, and fights battles in December. The whole system of his tactics is monstrously incorrect."

There are some defeats which are more glorious than victories; some failures which are grander than the most brilliant success. The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava was a useless waste of life; yet we doubt if any feat of arms in modern times ever had so fine a moral effect as that piece of heroic stupidity. In like manner these gallant seamen have failed to reach the pole; but they have won a proud place in their country's annals. They have done Englishmen good. Pity it is that we should have to say, as the military critic did of that other deed we spoke of but now, *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*—*Quarterly Review.*

Mahomet and the Mountain. Bacon, in his essay on "Boldness," tells the following story as an instance of successful audacity: "Mahomet made the people believe he would call a hill to him and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled: Mahomet called the hill to come to him again and again, and when the hill stood still he was never a whit abashed, but said, 'If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will come to the hill.'" Obviously, this story is the original of the familiar proverb, "If the mountain will not go to Mahomet, let Mahomet go to the mountain," which is found in other languages than the English, and means, "If we cannot do what we will, let us do what we can."

It would be interesting to know where Bacon got this story. It is not in any of the early biographies, naturally enough. They do record that a tree from a distance moved towards the Prophet, ploughing up the earth as it advanced, and then similarly retired. But in the Koran the Prophet expressly disclaimed the power of working miracles.

Maiden Assize, in former times, an assize at which no criminal was left for execution, the word "maiden" being here used figuratively, as it is in such expressions as "maiden fortress," a fortress which has never yielded to or been forced by an enemy. Similarly we have expressions like "virgin snow," the snow on mountain-tops, which has never been defiled or trod upon. The Jungfrau (lit., the "maiden" or "virgin") was so called because no one had ever made the ascent, though latterly the feat has been accomplished.

At maiden assizes it was customary for the sheriff of the county to present the judge making the itinerary of the circuit with a pair of white gloves, emblematic of purity.

Main-brace, To splice the. The main-brace is the rope by which the main-sail of a ship is placed in position. To splice it is to join it when broken or to repair it when injured. Hence the expression "to splice the main-brace" is proverbial among seamen for taking a drink of strong liquor to strengthen or fit them for extra exertion, or to enable them to bear up against exposure to cold or wet weather.

Maine Law. Maine was the first State which by an act of its Legislature (1851) placed a stringent prohibition on the sale of intoxicating drinks. Hence the term is often used colloquially as a designation of prohibitory laws in general, as one would say, "Kansas, or Iowa, has adopted a 'Maine' law."

Maître Gonin, a name which in France survives as the synonyme for a cunning rogue, especially in the proverbial phrase "Un tour de Maître Gonin" ("A trick of Master Gonin's"), meaning a very sly and artful trick. *Ménage* mentions only to reject the etymology which derives the word from the Hebrew *gwunen*, a diviner, an enchanter. But Court de Gébelin thinks that Gonin is derived immediately from the English *cunning*, while that word in its turn, with all its Teutonic and Grecian analogues, comes from the same root-form as the Hebrew *gwunen*. "The English," he says, "associating *Cunning* with *Man*, make the compound word *Cunning-Man*, which signifies diviner, enchanter, a man who does great things, who is very skilful; it corresponds, therefore, to the Hebrew word *gwunen*." Let us not be astonished

to recognize this word, so common to all peoples, and so ancient: it comes with the rest from a common source, from higher Asia, the cradle of all these peoples and of their languages." *Ménage* and *Gébelin* ought to have known that *Maître Gonin* was a French conjurer who flourished in the days of Francis I., before whom he is said to have made an exhibition of his art perfectly in keeping with the profligate manners of the time and of that especial court. "He was a man very subtle and expert in his art," says *Brantôme*, "and his grandson, whom we have seen, was fully his equal." Grandfather and grandson having been at the head of their profession, the name passed into a proverbial expression, and survived all memory of the men.

Majority. "He has joined the majority"—i.e., He is dead—is the English form of the Latin phrase *Abiit* or *penetravit ad plures*. In the "Trinummus" of Plautus (ii. 2, 14), Philto, an old man, winds up a jeremiad against the corruptness of society by asking,—

Quin prius
Ad plures penetraui?
("Why did I not die before?")

The phrase was borrowed by the Latins from the Greeks. That it was an every-day expression at Athens may be inferred from its use by Aristophanes in "Ecclesiazusæ": "ἡ γράυς ἀνεστηκῖα παρὰ τῶν πλείονων" ("The old woman having gone over to the majority"). An earlier use of the phrase, probably the earliest known to history, occurs in the oracle's reply to Æsymnus of Megara (Pausanias, i. 43):

ἡ νεμετὴ τῶν πλείονων βουλευέσεται.

It is to be regretted that in English the vile pleonasm "the great majority" is creeping into common use as a euphuism for the dead.

The cup goes round:
And who so artful as to put it by!
'Tis long since Death had the majority.

BLAIR: *The Grave*, ii., l. 449.

Mammon of unrighteousness,—i.e., worldly wealth, earthly riches. The expression occurs in the parable of the unjust steward (*Luke* xvi. 9): "I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when it shall fail, they may receive you into the eternal tabernacles" (Revised Version). Again, "If therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches?" (*Ibid.*, verse 11.) Mammon is also used as a designation of the god of the worldly as contrasted with the God of Light: "Ye cannot serve

God and mammon" (Ibid., verse 13), which last sentence also occurs in the Sermon on the Mount, as reported in Matthew vi. 24. In the Chaldee Targums and Onkelos, and later writers, and in the Syriac version, the word mammon is used with the signification of riches. Mediæval writers make Mammon the chief of one of the nine orders of devils, and Wierus in his account of the court of Beelzebub makes him its ambassador to England. Spenser makes of him a sort of Plutus, and has a wonderful description of the cave of Māmmōn and the adventures there of Sir Guyon (*Fæerie Queene*, Book ii., canto 7), and Milton includes Mammon as one of the chief of the fallen angels :

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven ; for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine and holy else enjoyed.
Paradise Lost, Book i.

Man. There is no finer bit of prose in all literature than Hamlet's description of the world and of man :

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a god !—*Hamlet*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Sir Thomas Browne, with a touch of his quaint humor, says, in "Urn-Burial," ch. v., "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave." Christian dogma recognizes a dual nature in man : "The first man is of the earth, earthy : the second man is the Lord from heaven. . . And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." (*I. Corinthians* xv. 47, 49.) Pope amplifies the thought :

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
Still by himself abused or disabused ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,—
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

Essay on Man, Ep. ii., l. 13.

But these lines are hardly more than a metrical translation of a passage from Pascal :

What a chimera, then, is man ! what a novelty, what a monster, what a chaos, what a subject of contradiction, what a prodigy ! A judge of all things, feeble worm of the earth, depository of the truth, cloaca of uncertainty and error, the glory and the shame of the universe.—*Thoughts*, ch. x.

Byron, in "Don Juan," has the exclamation,—

What a strange thing is man ! and what a stranger
Is woman !
Canto ix., Stanza 64.

And in "Manfred," Act i., Sc. 2, he describes man as

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar.

Compare this with Churchill's

Half earthly dust and half ethereal fire,
Too proud to sink, too lowly to aspire,

and you will pardon the plagiarism in recognition of the superiority of Byron's direct and simple recast of the turgid original. Another fine phrase of Byron's appears to be his own :

Man !
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
Childe Harold, Canto iv., Stanza 109.

Man. The proper study of mankind is man. No lines in Pope are better known than these :

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Essay on Man, Ep. ii., l. 1.

At the very opening of the *Essay*, Epistle i., l. 1, he had said,—

Awake, my St. John ! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate ~~free~~ o'er all this scene of man ;
A mighty maze ! but not without a plan.

The thought, of course, is very old, but the neat epigrammaticism of the statement, and especially of the second line in the first quotation, makes it cling forever in the mind. Here are a very few of its ancestors :

Trees and fields tell me nothing : men are my teachers.—*PLATO : Phædrus.*

La vray science et le vray étude de l'homme c'est l'homme ("The true science and the true study of man is man").—*CHARRON : De la Sagesse*, lib. i., ch. 1.

There is no theme more plentiful to scan
Than is the glorious goodly frame of man.

DU BARTAS : Days and Weeks : Third Day.

Goethe, in conversation with Eckermann, paraphrased Pope's line : "Man alone is interesting to man."

Man (A) is as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks. In a breach of promise case in Liverpool the presiding judge delivered himself of two aphorisms worthy of preservation. The defendant's counsel having argued that the lady had a lucky escape from one who had proved so inconstant, the judge remarked that "what the woman loses is the man as he ought to be." Afterwards, when there was a debate as to the advisability of a marriage between a man of forty-nine and a girl of twenty, his lordship remarked that "a man is as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks."—*Appletons' Journal*, July 2, 1870.

Man may do what man has done, a common English proverb, found also in other languages :

And all may do what has by man been done.
YOUNG : Night Thoughts, vi., l. 606.

I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more is none.
Macbeth, Act i., Sc. 5.

What man dare, I dare ;
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,—
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.

Ibid., Act iii., Sc. 4.

Man of Destiny, a *sobriquet* of Napoleon I., who assumed that all his actions were guided by fate, and that he was the chosen instrument of destiny. Goethe said to Eckermann in 1828, "Napoleon was the man. His life was the stride of a demi-god. He was a fellow [*Kerl*] whom we cannot imitate." The *sobriquet* is often used colloquially. At a public banquet given in Buffalo, New York, in the spring of 1883, at which Grover Cleveland, then Governor of New York, and his staff were present, Congressman Farquhar, who was toast-master, introduced him to make the response to the toast to the State of New York, and, referring to him as the "man of destiny," noting the

quick and successive rise of Governor Cleveland to the position he then held, prophesied still greater things in store for him.

Man of Ross, the name by which John Kyrle (1664-1754), a citizen of the town of Ross, in Herefordshire, has been celebrated by Pope and Coleridge. It was originally given him during his lifetime, by a country friend, and the title is said to have greatly pleased him. Kyrle was a gentleman of remarkable benevolence and public spirit, who with an income of only five hundred pounds a year actually performed all the worthy deeds chronicled in these lines from Pope's tribute :

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse ! and sing the Man of Ross.
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Moral Essays, Ep. iii., *On the Use of Riches*.

Man proposes, but God disposes, a proverb common to all languages. It is frequently attributed to Thomas à Kempis, and it does in fact appear in the "Imitation of Christ," book i., ch. xix. But it far antedates him. Even in England it takes exactly this form in the "Chronicle of Battel Abbey" and in "The Vision of Piers Plowman." In sentiment it agrees with the fatalistic doctrines of the East, as, for example, the Chinese aphorism,—

Man says, so ! so !
Heaven says, no, no,

an aphorism of immemorial antiquity. Analogues may also be found in the Bible and in classical antiquity :

A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.—*Proverbs* xvi. 9.
The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.—*Ibid.*, 33.
For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that.—*James* iv. 15.
I shall throw the javelin, but its destination is in the hands of the Almighty.—*HOMER*: *Iliad*, xvii. 515.
I now hope, but the event is with God alone.—*PINDAR*: *Olympus*, xiii. 149.
Whatever was the duty of brave men, they were all ready to perform, but the Sovereign Lord of the universe decided the fate of each.—*DEMOSTHENES*: *De Corona*, 1209.

Man wants but little here below. Young, in his "Night Thoughts," iv., says,—

Man wants but little, nor that little long.

Goldsmith, two generations later, in a ballad called indifferently "The Hermit" and "Edwin and Angelina," has,—

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

It is said, however, that Goldsmith's couplet was first printed in inverted commas, to mark the obligation. The apparently trifling change in the phrase just gives it the neatness which is required for insuring proverbial currency. Few lines in English verse have been more quoted, parodied, burlesqued. It would be impossible to chronicle the changes that have been rung on the very obvious perversion of which this is but a single form :

Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little strong.

A much higher form of humor is illustrated in Dr. Holmes's poem "Con-

tentment," which originally appeared in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." It quotes Goldsmith's first line as an epigraph. Here are the opening stanzas :

Little I ask, my wants are few ;
 I only wish a hut of stone
 (A *very plain* brown stone will do)
 That I may call my own ;
 And close at hand is such a one,
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.
 Plain food is quite enough for me ;
 Three courses are as good as ten ;
 If Nature can subsist on three,
 Thank heaven for three. Amen !
 I always thought cold victual nice :
 My *choice* would be vanilla ice.

Douglas Jerrold has a prose passage which is identical in spirit and humor :

You will hear a good, lowly creature sing the praises of pure water—call it the wine of Adam when he walked in Paradise—when, somehow, Fate has bestowed on the eulogist the finest Burgundy. He declares himself contented with a crust, although a beneficent fairy has hung a fat haunch or two in his larder. And then, for woman, he asks, what is all beauty but skin-deep ? Behold the lawful bedfellow of the querist. Why, Destiny has tied him to an angel—a perfect angel, save that for a time she has laid aside her wings ! Now, is it not delightful to see these humble folk, who tune their tongues to the honor of dry bread and water, compelled by the gentle force of fortune to chew venison and swallow claret ?

The singer of the following lines is more boldly frank :

"Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."
 'Tis not with *me* exactly so,
 But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told
 Would muster many a score ;
 And were each wish a mint of gold,
 I still should long for more.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS : *The Wants of Man*.

Long before Young or Goldsmith, however, and as frequently since, poets and philosophers have taught the value of contentment, the worthlessness of riches. Pope's "Ode on Solitude," written, so he tells us, in his twelfth year, emphasizes this moral :

Happy the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound.

* * * * *

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

Cowper, in his "Table-Talk," asserts that

Happiness depends, as Nature shows,
 Less on exterior things than most suppose.
 Line 246.

What happiness does depend on is thus stated by various writers :

An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven !

THOMSON : *The Seasons* : *Spring*, l. 1158.

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
 Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
 With here and there a violet bestrewn,
 Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave,
 And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave !

BRATTIE : *The Minstrel*, Book ii., Stanza 17.

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;

I little have, and seek no more :

They are but poor, though much they have,

And I am rich with little store :

They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;

They lack, I have ; they pine, I live.

EDWARD DYER : *My Mind to me a Kingdom is.*

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.

SHAKESPEARE : *Othello*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.

SHAKESPEARE : *King John*, Act i., Sc. 1.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,

As sages in all times assert :

The happy man's without a shirt.

HEYWOOD : *Be Merry, Friends.*

Heywood possibly alludes to the Oriental story of the monarch who as a cure for melancholy was advised to wear the shirt of a perfectly happy man. His couriers scoured far and wide, but found discontent and unhappiness everywhere. At last they ran across a beggar cheerily singing as he lay by the roadside ; and when he replied to their questioning that he was as happy as the day was long, they offered to purchase his shirt. "I have no shirt," was the answer.

Goldsmith, himself, has put his own moral into another form :

His best companions, innocence and health ;

And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

The Deserted Village, l. 61.

Gay, in his fable of "The Vulture, the Sparrow, and other Birds," breathes this wish :

Give me, kind Heaven, a private station,

A mind serene for contemplation !

Title and profit I resign ;

The post of honor shall be mine ;

which he imitated from Addison :

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,

The post of honor is a private station.

Cato, Act iv., Sc. 4.

Proverbial philosophy, too, teaches the same lesson. "Enough is as good as a feast," say the English, though the French think that "There is not enough if there is not too much," a proverb which Beaumarchais applies to love, making Figaro say of that divine passion, "Too much is not enough." But the French are nothing if not inconsistent. In common with the Italians, they say, "He that embraces too much holds nothing fast." A statue was erected to Buffon in his lifetime bearing the Latin inscription "Naturam amplexitur omnem" ("He embraces all nature"). A wag thereupon quoted the Franco-Italian proverb. Buffon promptly had the inscription obliterated.

March of Intellect, a phrase of uncertain origin which was very popular in the beginning of the second quarter of this century. Possibly it was a recrudescence of Burke's phrase, "The march of the human mind is slow," used in his speech on the Conciliation of America. Nevertheless, the more modern phrase implied that the march is as expeditious as is consistent with an orderly advance. This is the sense in which Carlyle ridicules it in his review of Goethe's "Helena" (1828) and in his "Characteristics" (1831). In the latter he says, "What is all this that we hear for the last generation or two about the Improvement of the Age, the Spirit of the Age, Destruction of Prejudice, Progress of the Species, and the March of Intellect, but an unhealthy state of self-sentience, self-survey ; the precursor and prognostic of

still worse health? That Intellect do march, if possible at double-quick time, is very desirable; nevertheless, why should she turn round at every stride and cry, See what a stride I have taken! Such a marching of Intellect is distinctly of the spavined kind; what the Jockeys call 'all action and no go.' Or, at best, if we examine well, it is the marching of that gouty Patient whom his Doctors had clapt on a metal floor artificially heated to the searing-point, so that he was obliged to march, and did march with a vengeance—nowhither. Intellect did not awaken for the first time yesterday; but has been under way from Noah's flood downwards; greatly her best progress, moreover, was in the old times, when she said nothing about it." Bartlett refers the phrase to Southey's "Colloquies," vol. ii. p. 360. But, as that book was not published until 1829, it is obvious that Southey was merely echoing a popular catch-word.

Maria, or, more commonly, **Black Maria**, in English and American slang, the prison-van in which criminals are carried to and from the courthouse where they are tried. The term is said to have originated in Philadelphia in 1838.

No one freer, no one greater,
'Arry cycles, is it just
Sarah Anne's perambulator
Should be hobject of disgust?
What's the reason, tell me why, ah!
Why that gig with children nice
Should be scorned like Black Maria,
Full of villany and vice?
Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.

Although I had no motive for evading her,
'Twas but lately that I came across her track,
And two stern-faced men were forcibly persuading her
To enter a conveyance painted black.
Aghast at conduct seemingly so cruel, base,
And wicked, I its meaning did inquire;
Quoth a gamin, She's been lifting some cove's jewel-case,
And she's going for a ride in the Mariar.

Sporting Times.

Marines, Tell that to the. The marines are among the "jolly" jack-tars a proverbially gullible lot, capable of swallowing any yarn, in size varying from a yawl-boat to a full-rigged frigate. Hence the phrase, uttered with a sceptical inflection, on any particularly incredible whopper being told, "Tell that to the marines: the blue-jackets won't believe it."

But, whatsoe'er betide, ah, Neuha! now
Unman me not; the hour will not allow
A tear: "I'm thine, whatever intervenes!"
"Right," quoth Ben; "that will do for the marines."

BYRON: The Island.

Marriages are made in heaven, a common proverb in England and elsewhere. In Lyly's "Mother Bombie" (1594), Prisius says, "You see marriage is destinie made in heaven, though consummated on earth." J. Wilson, in "The Cheats" (1662), has the exact modern expression: "Good sir, marriages are made in heaven" (p. 106, ed. 1874). Shakespeare makes Nerissa say,—

The ancient saying is no heresy,—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny,
Merchant of Venice, Act ii., Sc. 9;

and this is probably the original form. Heywood, for example, has,—

Wedding is destiny,
And hanging likewise,
Proverbs, Part I., ch. iii.;

and the Italians say, "Nozze e magistrato dal cielo è destinato" ("Marriage and the magistrate are foreordained by heaven"). In modern times the phrase is sometimes changed to "Matches are made in heaven," and has so proved an inestimable boon to the punster :

Though matches are made in heaven, they say,
Yet Hymen (who mischief oft hatches)
Sometimes deals with the house t'other side of the way,
And *there* they make Lucifer matches.

SAMUEL LOVER.

I hate a match. I feel sure that brimstone matches were never made in heaven ; and it is sad to think that, with few exceptions, matches are all of them dipped with brimstone.—
DONALD G. MITCHELL : *Reveries of a Bachelor*, iii.

Married by the Hangman, in the English cant language, persons chained or handcuffed together in order to be conveyed to jail or on board the lighters for transportation. Thus, in the articles of war of the Scottish expeditionary army of 1644 occurs the following paragraph : "If any common harlots shall be found following the army, if they be married women, and run away from their husbands, they shall be put to death without mercy, and if they be unmarried, they shall first be married by the hangman, and thereafter by him scourged out of the army." (Quoted in *Notes and Queries*, second series, ix. 487.)

Marry in haste and repent at leisure, a familiar proverb in all languages. Sage, poet, humorist, and proverb-monger all have had their fling at matrimony :

A young man married is a man that's marr'd,

says Parolles in "All's Well that Ends Well," Act ii., Sc. 3.

The Germans say,—

Der Ehestand ist ein Hühner-Haus,
Der eine will hinein, der andre will heraus ;

which might be rendered,—

The marriage state is like a coop built stout,—
The outs would fain be in, the ins be out.

"There is an English parallel to this rather curious illustration," says Lloyd P. Smith in *Lippincott's Magazine*, vol. i., "which I have never seen in print, but I heard it once from a fair lady's lips, in my hot youth, when William IV. was king :

Marriage is like a flaming candle-light
Placed in the window on a summer's night,
Inviting all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty winglets there :
Those that are out butt heads against the pane,
Those that are in butt to get out again."

"Marriage is a desperate thing," says old Selden : "the frogs in *Æsop* were extremely wise ; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again." The French say, "Wedlock rides in the saddle, and repentance on the croup," which recalls the joke in "Menagiana" of the man who, meeting a friend riding with his wife behind him, applied to him the words of Horace, "Post equitem sedet atra cura" ("Black care sits behind the horseman"). Nay, the French go even further. "No one marries but repents," they cry.

Marivaux, the French dramatist, wrote an epigram on marriage, which may be thus translated :

I would advise a man to pause
 Before he takes a wife :
 In fact, I see no earthly cause
 He should not pause for life,—

which recalls Punch's famous advice to those about to marry : "Don't."

Marsh, The (Fr. "Le Marais"), a contemptuous epithet bestowed by the Girondists, after their overthrow by the Jacobins, upon those members who occupied the lowest benches in the French National Convention, on account of their alleged cowardly subservience to the party of "the Mountain" (*q. v.*).

Marshal Forwards (Ger. "Marschall Vorwärts"), a familiar *sobriquet* by which his soldiers and the Prussian people in general called General Field-Marshal von Blücher (1742-1819), on account of his rapid movements and impetuous manner of attack. He led the Prussians in the campaign of 1813 against Napoleon and his retreating army, after the expulsion from Russia by the burning of Moscow, and at the battle of Waterloo his arrival with his army made the defeat of the French decisive.

Martyrs. The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church. This well-known proverb appears to be the final result of a series of misquotations. The phrase is usually referred to Tertullian. What he really said was, "Semen est sanguis Christianorum" (*Apologet.*, ch. i.), which may be translated "The blood of Christians is the seed." At an early date the word *martyrum* was inserted, and the sentence reorganized thus : "Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum." Beyerlinck, in his "Magnum Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ" (1665), quotes this as from Tertullian, in illustration of the growth of the Church from the constancy of martyrs. The further substitution of *ecclesia*, "church," for *Christianorum* is to be found in Bailly's "Practice of Piety" (1695), p. 455. But it probably occurred earlier, for the proverb in its modern form is clearly alluded to by Fuller ("Church History of Britain," 1665) in the dedication of cent. iv., book i. :

Of all shires in England Staffordshire was (if not the soonest) the largest sown with the seed of the Church, I mean, the blood of primitive Martyrs, as by this century doth appear.

Mascot. Mascot is a word that was introduced into literature by Audran in his comic opera of "La Mascotte," but it seems to have been previously in common use among gamblers and others to indicate some object, animate or inanimate, which, like the luck-penny, brought good fortune to its possessor. The word had travelled up to Paris from Provence and Gascony, where a mascot is a thing that brings luck to a household. The most plausible etymology derives the word from *masqué* (masked, covered, or concealed), which in provincial French is synonymous with *né coiffé*, "born with a caul." Now, in many parts of Europe, notably in Scotland and in France, good fortune is attributed to the caul, and high prices are known to have been paid for one. The child born with this appendage is not only lucky in himself, but also the source of luck in others.

The legend of the Mascot, as told in Audran's opera (and probably largely colored by the librettist's imagination), is as follows. The arch-fiend, Agesago, in a more than usually malicious mood, sent a number of his most evil imps into the upper world to distress mankind. But the Powers of Light, in their turn, sent a number of messengers to counteract the evil influences of Satan's emissaries. These messengers were known as mascots, and happy was the man who received one into his home. A mascot must marry only another mascot, for marriage with a mortal destroyed its magic qualities, which reappeared, however, in the offspring. Mascots were hereditary in families.

The evolution of a child born *masqué* into a being of a supernatural order

was facilitated by the fact that the word is analogous to the Low-Latin *masca*, a "sorcerer," which is the root-form of many French provincial words indicating a witch or magician. The mascot has finally taken its place in popular mythology with all that class of house-spirits who are allied to the ancient Penates, the Scotch Brownie, the English Lob-lie-by-the-fire, etc. The Dalmatian Vila must be a very close relation, for she is described as a handsome maiden who accompanies her favorite wherever he goes, and causes all his undertakings to prosper.

Victor Hugo gives some account of a being called a Marcou, a figure in French folk-lore who belongs to the same family, though his name has a different etymology, being probably derived from the famous St. Marculphus (in French, Marcou, or Marculphe). The Marcou is the seventh son of a seventh son, and he has a natural *fleur-de-lis* on some part of his body, the touch of which is sure to heal the sick. Marcous are found in all parts of France, but especially in the southern provinces. "Ten years ago there lived at Ormes, in Gâtinais, one of these creatures, nicknamed the Handsome Marcou. He was a cooper, Foulon by name, and his miracles became so numerous that it became necessary to call in the police to put a stop to them. His *fleur-de-lis* was on his left breast."

There is also a being called a *mashecrouste* (which seems to mean "gnaw-crust," the name having only an accidental resemblance to Mascot), whose image (a hideous wooden affair), like that of the Italian Befana, is carried in procession through the streets of Lyons, and whose name is used by nurses to frighten children with.

Masher, in American slang, a person who spends his or her time in making conquests, real or imaginary, of the other sex; a lady-killer; a siren. It is sometimes said to be a corruption of the French *ma chérie*. But this is one of the many instances of an ingenious etymology whose surface plausibility imposes on the unscholarly. Far more likely is the derivation from the gypsy word *masher-ava*, to fascinate by the eye,—a derivation thus advocated by Barrère and Leland: "About the year 1860 *mask* was a word found only in theatrical parlance in the United States. When an actress or any girl on the stage smiled at or ogled any friend in the audience, she was said to *mask* him, and masking was always punishable by a fine deducted from the wages of the offender. It occurred to the writer that it must have been derived from the gypsy *mask* (*masher-ava*), to allure, to entice. This was suggested to Mr. Palmer, a well-known impresario, who said that the conjecture was not only correct, but that he could confirm it, for the term had originated with the C— family, who were all comic actors and actresses of Romany stock, who spoke gypsy familiarly among themselves."

J. W. De Forrest, in the *Illustrated American*, June 16, 1890, makes another very plausible suggestion: "It is simply a translation of the French noun *écraseur*, which comes from the verb *écraser*, to 'crush' or 'mash.' Many years ago, when I was a young looker-on in Paris, *écraseur*, or *écraseur des femmes*, was a slang term for a lady-killer. I remember a drama in point. Scene, a Carnival ball at the Grand Opera. Young American looking on, his long moustaches stiffened with *pommade hongroise* and carefully curled in two dashing spirals. Out steps a nymph from the dance, takes him gently by both the waxed ends, and says, laughingly, 'You have no right to mash us [*nous écraser*]' just because you have corkscrew moustaches."

Mason and Dixon's Line, a boundary-line surveyed between November 15, 1763, and December 26, 1767, by two English mathematicians and surveyors, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, to settle the constant dissensions between the Lords Baltimore and the Penn family, the lords proprietors

of Maryland and Pennsylvania respectively. It runs along the parallel in latitude $39^{\circ} 43' 26.3''$, and was originally marked by mile-stones bearing on one side the coat of arms of Penn and on the other those of Lord Baltimore. The name was afterwards currently applied to designate an imaginary boundary-line between the free and the slave States, a practice which took its rise in 1820, when in the excited debates upon the Missouri Compromise Bill the eccentric John Randolph of Roanoke made use of the phrase. It was caught up by the newspapers, and soon gained a popular significance which it retained throughout the slavery conflict. In those early days of the anti-slavery agitation, "Hang your clothes to dry on Mason and Dixon's Line" was a familiar saying.

Maverick, a word originating on the cattle-ranges of the Far West, and first used as a name for unbranded, and therefore ownerless, cattle. A few years since, one Sam Maverick went from Massachusetts to Texas, where he entered into the business of stock-raising. After buying several herds, he neglected his range and left his stock to shift for themselves. Mr. Maverick, on humanitarian grounds, and believing implicitly in the honesty of his neighbors, refrained from branding his young stock. The unregenerate stock-men, however, when they ran across an unbranded animal on the round-up, would cry, "There's one of Maverick's: let's brand it." The word became popular, and its originally limited meaning was broadened and enlarged by constant use throughout the cattle-ranges and mining-camps of the frontier. If a man was unpronounced in his opinion on any subject, it was said, "He holds Maverick views."

May and December is frequently used to characterize the courting of a young girl by an old man. Chaucer has a poem called "January and May" ("The Merchant's Tale"), but January is so connected in the public mind with the new year that it symbolizes lusty youth rather than an old man in his dotage. December has therefore become the popular symbol for the mating of youth and age. There is an ancient ballad recounting the ill success of an old man's wooing, in which each verse ends with the refrain,—

For May and December can never agree.

Hood has a poem entitled "December and May," and as a motto to the verses he quotes from the "Passionate Pilgrim,"—

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together.

Shakespeare, in "Much Ado about Nothing," in expressing the comparative beauty of Hero and Beatrice, says one exceeds the other in beauty "as the first of May doth the last of December." And in "As You Like It," Act iv., Sc. 1, he says, "Men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives."

Me Too, a derisive nickname given to Thomas C. Platt when he and Roscoe Conkling were both Senators from New York,—implying that he was a mere echo and puppet of the greater man. There may have been some reminiscence here of the famous advertisement which about the middle of this century appeared in a paper published at Sag Harbor, New York, by Colonel Alden Spooner. A merchant advertised his wares very liberally and attracted great custom thereby. One day a rival had the following laconic and economic advertisement placed directly under the long one:

I TOO.
John Thompson.

But Thompson himself was not original. He had borrowed his idea from a little squaw who used to sell her baskets at the Harbor, following close at the heels of a rival—a larger squaw with a sonorous voice and a fund of descriptive eloquence—and echoing every one of that rival's glowing eulogies with a shrill "I too." Even this, however, is an unconscious plagiarism of the famous sentiment of Mr. Cruger, elected with Edmund Burke to represent Bristol in 1774, who when he followed that illustrious orator in giving thanks to his constituents was content to say, "Gentlemen, I say ditto to Mr. Burke."

Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa (L., "Through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault"), the closing sentence of the Roman Catholic Confiteor, or Confession.

We somehow greedily gobble down all stories in which the characters of our friends are chopped up, and believe wrong of them without inquiry. In a late serial work written by this hand, I remember making some pathetic remarks about our propensity to believe ill of our neighbors,—and I remember the remarks, not because they were valuable, or novel, or ingenious, but because, within three days after they had appeared in print, the moralist who wrote them, walking home with a friend, heard a story about another friend, which story he straightway believed, and which story was scarcely more true than that sausage fable which is here set down. *O mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!* But though the preacher trips, shall not the doctrine be good? Yea, brethren! Here be the rods. Look you, here are the scourges. Choose me a nice long, swishing, buddy one, light and well poised in the handle, thick and bushy at the tail. Pick me out a whip-cord thong with some dainty knots in it,—and now—we all deserve it—whish, whish, whish! Let us cut into each other all round.—THACKERAY: *Roundabout Papers*.

Meddling and Muddling, a happy bit of alliterative jingle by which Lord Derby characterized the action of the opposition in 1865. In 1873, in a letter to Lord Grey de Wilton, Disraeli brought an accusation against Gladstone's government of "blundering and plundering," which may have been a reminiscence of Lord Derby's phrase, though it is not impossible that Disraeli found it ready made. Coleridge, in his "Essays on his Own Times," talks of an old naval captain who said, in reference to some unmentioned government, "Call it blunderment, or plunderment, or what you will, only not a government." Disraeli was skilful enough in his appropriations, and brilliant enough in his original capacity, to be capable either of inventing or of adopting such a formula. In 1874, Gladstone parodied Disraeli's phrase, when he repelled the ex-Premier's charge that the Liberal government was neglecting British interests in the Straits of Malacca, by saying that the neglect was chargeable to the outgoing administration, ending thus: "I will leave the leader of the opposition, for the present, floundering and foundering in the Straits of Malacca."

Meiosis (Gr. *μείωσις*, from *μείω*, to "lessen"), a figure of speech whose use is widely extended among all classes, even among those who would be startled at finding what it was they had been up to. Some grammarians have confused it with *litotes*, another rather formidable name, which comes from the Greek and means simplicity. But this shows an ear unapt for nice distinctions. Simplicity in language is not always meiosis. For instance, nothing could be simpler than the common form of *litotes* which occurs in ordinary profane exclamations; but, all the same, this is not meiosis. Rather would the indignant "Bless you!" uttered by the old gentleman upon whose corns you have unwittingly trodden come under this heading. For meiosis is the exact opposite of hyperbole: *that* exaggerates, *this* represents a thing as less than it is.

It is a favorite trick in American humor. The English jester emphasizes, italicizes, and underscores his jokes; he distrusts his audience; the American drops his good things carelessly—under his breath, as it were—and hurries on almost before his hearers are "on to him." An excellent and widely-

known example of this rhetorical figure occurs in Bret Harte's description of the scientific gentleman who, being hit in the abdomen by a chunk of old red sandstone,—

Curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

Charles Dudley Warner offers an equally excellent prose example in his "Back-Log Studies :"

I should like to know what heroism a boy in an old New England farm-house—rough-nursed by nature, and fed on the traditions of the old wars—did not aspire to. "John," says the mother, "you'll burn your head to a crisp in that heat." But John does not hear: he is storming the Plains of Abraham just now. "Johnny, dear, bring in a stick of wood." How can Johnny bring in wood when he is in that defile with Braddock and the Indians are popping at him from behind every tree? There is something about a boy that I like, after all.

Another good American example lies in the familiar chestnut, the story of the travelling Yankee's reply to a European who wished to know if he had just crossed the Alps :

"Wal, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass risin' ground."

Mark Twain affords some admirable examples, as in the following "answer to an inquiry," published in the *Galaxy* :

"YOUNG AUTHOR."—Yes, Agassiz *does* recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brains. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat,—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all you would want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good, middling-sized whales.

So does Bill Nye :

When I was young and used to roam around over the country, gathering watermelons in the light of the moon, I used to think I could milk anybody's cow, but I do not think so now. I do not milk a cow now unless the sign is right, and it hasn't been right for a good many years. The last cow I tried to milk was a common cow, born in obscurity; kind of a self-made cow. I remember her brow was low, but she wore her tail high, and she was haughty, oh, so haughty.

I made a commonplace remark to her, one that is used in the very best of society, one that need not have given offence anywhere. I said "So," and she "soed." Then I told her to "hist," and she histed. But I thought she overdid it. She put too much expression in it.

Just then I heard something crash through the window of the barn and fall with a dull, sickening thud on the outside. The neighbors came to see what it was that caused the noise. They found that I had done it in getting through the window.

I asked the neighbors if the barn was still standing. They said it was. Then I asked if the cow was injured much. They said she seemed to be quite robust. Then I requested them to go in and calm the cow a little, and see if they could get my plug hat off her horns.

I am buying all my milk now of a milkman. I select a gentle milkman who will not kick, and feel as though I could trust him. Then, if he feels as though he could trust me, it is all right.

Though this noble figure is far less regarded in English than in American literature, it cannot be said to be entirely unknown there. W. S. Gilbert is very fond of it, as in his "Bab Ballads :"

I've studied human nature, and I know a thing or two ;
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as many do,
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will fall
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small.

In this gay trifling with a gruesome subject Gilbert may have taken the cue from De Quincey's famous essay on "Murder as a Fine Art." Here is a sample paragraph :

If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing ; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begun upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time.

Meiosis, divested of its humorous possibilities, is a favorite figure with the serious Englishman, whose one great aim as he goes through life is to mask his emotions, to avoid gush and mere conventional enthusiasm. "Not bad," "Not half bad," "Not a bad sort,"—these are all Anglican compliments of the meiosisistic order. "I don't mind if I do," says the thirsty cabby whom you charitably ask to take a drink, and you know he is delighted. Praise a yokel's cattle, and he assents, saying, "They are a niceish lot." If a British bookmaker has had a "pretty tidy day," you may be sure that all the favorites have been beaten.

What is called "breaking the news" frequently takes the form of **meiosis**. Sheridan, the sorely dunned, tells the story of how his faithful old servant gave him information of the visit a bailiff had paid him in his absence. Sheriffs' officers were known far and wide in London in those days by their scarlet waistcoats, the color being a sort of signal of distress, as in an auctioneer's flag. When the graceless but gifted Sheridan got home the old woman broke it gently to him in this fashion: "Please, sir, there was a gentleman called while you were away, as was rather in a red waistcoat than otherwise, sir."

The thrifty Scot, who deals economically with words and emotions, as with more material things, is fond of **meiosis** of a ponderous sort.

Mrs. Siddons once described to Campbell the scene of her probation on the Edinburgh boards. The grave attention of the Scotchmen and their canny reservation of praise till they were sure it was deserved, she said, had well-nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated clay, but she now felt as if she had been speaking to stone. Successive flashes of her eloquence, that had always been sure to electrify the South, fell in vain on those Northern flints. At last, she said, she had worked up her powers to the utmost emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart that if this did not touch the Scotch she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished she paused, and looked at the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice exclaiming, "That's no bad."

Melrose. A famous couplet opens the second canto of Scott's "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*:"

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

This seems to be a reminiscence of a proverbial phrase which Hazlitt records in his "*English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*," p. 196:

He who would see old Houghton right
Must view it by the pale moonlight.

Higson's MS. Coll., No. 300.

Houghton Tower is not far from Blackburn. It is worth noting that Scott told Moore he had never seen Melrose by moonlight.

Memoria Technica. That the artificial adjuncts of rhyme and rhythm aid the memory is a long-established fact. Many a proverb has drifted about in verbal uncertainty until it crystallized itself in some rude metrical form, to remain fast in the memory forever. Few people to-day could recall the number of days in any month by a direct effort of memory; they have to call in the help of those ancient mnemonic verses which have come down to us from the uncertain past:

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year,—that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

This is the form in which they appear in the "Return from Parnassus" (London, 1606). This is the form in which they are still repeated in most English and American households. How old are they? We cannot tell for certain. This is their first appearance in their integrity. With the lack of the closing couplet, they may be found in an earlier publication, Richard Grafton's "Chronicles of England" (1590):

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
April, June, and September,
February hath xxviii alone,
And all the rest have xxxi.

Here our researches stop. Grafton, like his successor, is quoting. Who the author of the rhyme may be we shall never know. Nor shall we know whether he was indebted for his idea to the Latin verses on the same subject that appear in the "Description of Britain" prefixed to Holinshed's "Chronicle" (1577):

Junius, Aprilis, Septemq; Nouemq; tricenos,
Vnum plus reliqui, Februs tenet octo vicanos,
At si bissextus fuerit superadditur vnus.

The nice New England ear seems to have objected to the rhyming of "time" and "nine," rhymes which satisfied our rude Old English fathers. So in the Eastern States the verses usually run as follows:

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap-year gives it twenty-nine.

This emendation loses in reason what it gains in rhyme. The Pennsylvania Quakers, too, have their variant, accommodated to the numerical nomenclature which they apply to the months:

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,
Thirty days to each affix;
Every other thirty-one,
Except the second month alone.

Mnemonic aids of this sort have been especially popular with religious people. Here is an ancient epitome of the faith as it is in Scotland:

God made a garden and put Adam in;
Adam lo'ed Eve, and so came sin.
Eve pu'd an apple for Adam frae a tree;
God said to Adam, "That belongs to me."
Adam said to God, "My marrow stole it."
God said to Adam, "Baith o' ye shall thole it."
Adam rinned awa', fearing God's wrath;
God sent an angel to ca' Adam forth.
The angel told the Deil to punish Adam's sin;
The Deil made Hell and put Adam in.
God begat Christ, Christ went to Hell;
He heuked Adam out, and a' was well.

Several attempts have been made to put the Decalogue in rhyme. A few are subjoined:

THE DECALOGUE.

Have thou no Gods but me: nor graven type adore:
Take not my name in vain; 'twere guilt most sore:
Hallow the seventh day: thy parents' honor love:
No murder do, nor thou adulterer prove:
From theft be pure thy hand; no witness false, thy word:
Covet of none his house wife, maid, or herd.

Worship to God—but not God graven—pay;
 Blaspheme not; sanctify the Sabbath day;
 Be honored parents; brother's blood unshed;
 And unpolluted hold the marriage bed;
 From theft thy hand—thy tongue from lying—keep;
 Nor covet neighbor's home, spouse, serf, ox, sheep.

Thou no God shalt have but me;
 Before no idol bow the knee;
 Take not the name of God in vain;
 Nor dare the Sabbath day profane;
 Give both thy parents honor due;
 Take heed that thou no murder do;
 Abstain from words and deeds unclean;
 Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean;
 Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it;
 What is thy neighbor's, do not covet.

There is no harm in any of the above. But the efforts to put the Lord's Prayer into rhyme are distinctly blameworthy. The prayer is a masterpiece as it stands. In our English translation it has a magnificent natural rhythm. How utterly the poetry can be ruined by attempting to give it the poetical accidents may be seen in the following instances:

Our Father which in heaven art,
 All hallowed be thy name;
 Thy kingdom come,
 On earth thy will be done,
 Even as the same in heaven is.
 Give us, O Lord, our daily bread this day:
 As we forgive our debtors,
 So forgive our debts, we pray.
 Into temptation lead us not,
 From evil make us free:
 The kingdom, power, and glory thine,
 Both now and ever be.

Father in heaven, hallowed be thy name;
 Thy kingdom come; thy will be done the same
 In earth and heaven. Give us daily bread;
 Forgive our sins as others we forgive.
 Into temptation let us not be led;
 Deliver us from evil while we live.
 For kingdom, power, and glory must remain
 Forever and forever thine: Amen.

Far more legitimate are the efforts made to embed in the memory by artificial means the successive books of the Bible, as, for example,—

THE BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The great Jehovah speaks to us
 In Genesis and Exodus;
 Leviticus and Numbers see
 Followed by Deuteronomy.
 Joshua and Judges sway the land,
 Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand;
 Samuel and numerous Kings appear
 Whose Chronicles we wondering hear.
 Ezra and Nehemiah, now,
 Esther the beauteous mourner show.
 Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
 The Proverbs teach to scatter alms;
 Ecclesiastes then comes on,
 And the sweet Song of Solomon.
 Isaiah, Jeremiah then
 With Lamentations takes his pen.
 Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres
 Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's.
 Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,
 And lofty Habakkuk finds room,—

While Zephaniah, Haggai calls,
Wrapt Zachariah builds his walls;
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament.

THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John wrote the life of their Lord;
The Acts, what Apostles accomplished, record;
Rome, Corinth, Galatus, Ephesus, hear
What Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians revere:
Timotheus, Titus, Philemon, precede
The Epistle which Hebrews most gratefully read;
James, Peter, and John, with the short letter Jude,
The rounds of Divine Revelation conclude.

At Oxford and at Cambridge many of these aids to memory have been handed down traditionally. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* tells us that the Rev. Charles Simeon, curate of Trinity College, Cambridge, for fifty-three years, used to remember the books of the New Testament by retaining in mind abbreviated words indicating the order of the books, and forcing them into a rude sort of rhythm while repeating them to himself, as thus: "Rom., Cor. 1 and 2, Gal., Eph., Phil., Col., Thess. 1 and 2, Tim. 1 and 2, Tit., Phil., Heb., Jas., Pet. 1 and 2, John 1, 2, and 3, Jud., Rev."

Whereupon another correspondent (April 30, 1881) wrote to say that "more than fifty years ago" the following mnemonic verses were current at Exeter College, Oxford:

Röm., Cör., | Cör., Gälät., | Ēph., Phil., | Cöl., Thëss., | Thëssälö., | Tim., Tim.,
Tit., Phil., Hē., | Jām., Pēt., | Pēt., Jöhn., | Jöhn, Jöhn., | Jüde, Rēvē | lätion.

Still another correspondent notes that "there were many aids to memory in vogue at the same period, many of them better forgotten." Among the least harmful he gives an amusing one on the genealogy of Abraham, "which it was supposed to be very necessary to have at one's fingers' ends:"

Shem, Arphaxad, Salah,
Eber, Peleg, Reu,
Serug, Nahor, Terah,
Tooral looral loo (=Abraham).

The following absurdly-sounding line is a rapid mnemonic summary of the Ecumenical Councils in their chronological order:

Ni-Co-E | Chal-Co-Co | Ni-Co-La | La-La-La | Ly-Ly-Vi | Flo-Tri.

Of course the same number of Ecumenical Councils is not accepted by all. But the reader may easily decipher the above line if he will bear in mind that the following were the names of the places where the Councils were held: Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, the Lateran, Lyons, Vienna, Florence, Trent.

A very curious bit of legal lore is a volume of Sir Edward Coke's Reports in rhyme, which was published by J. Worrall "at the Dove in Bell-yard, near Lincoln's Inn, London," in the year 1742.

The bookseller's preface is as follows:

An ancient manuscript of the following verses falling accidentally into my hands, in which no small pains must have been taken; the publication thereof needs little apology, when it is considered these lines may at the same time not only refresh the memory, and instruct, but also afford a pleasing recreation to gentlemen of the law, and others, by shewing them in a narrow compass a copious and learned body of the law, supported with authority of no less than the great Sir Edward Coke, whose name so long as laws endure will probably be esteemed and revered for his great knowledge, penetrating judgment, and fine reasoning therein.

To make the work more useful, I have distinguished every path and case with references to the pages in all the edition of said reports.

Bell-yard, 24th of June, 1742.

JOHN WORRALL.

The volume quotes the opinions of all the learned judges England had prior to the date of compilation, and every phase of the law is dealt with. Several

thousand verses are given, and nearly all express law that is as good to-day as it was one hundred and fifty years ago. Here are some of the verses from the volume :

None convict upon appeal shall be
Indicted for the selfsame felony.
Indictments shall not harmed be
By surplusage, if no repugnancy.
But one appeal may be against all
The accessories and the principal.
It is no policy, if you indict,
To recite statutes, lest you misrecite.

On the subject of contempt of court the report says,—

For contempt of court only those
Who're judges of record can fine impose.

This is one principle of law that does not hold good in America. If it did, justices of the peace would be debarred from assessing fines for contempt.

Here is a verse giving a decision credited to Cromwell :

The law which doth a pain enact
For slander of a peer is a general act.

Several verses are devoted to defining what will justify an action for slander. Cutler's opinion is summed up thus :

For scand'lous articles to tie,
To good behavior, action will not lie.

Bert says,—

Action lies whene'er the words are such
As they his life on whom they're spoke may touch.

Barham, one of the noted jurists of the time, said,—

Where words will yield a milder sense,
An innuendo shall not make the offence.

James said,—

If a certain person is not laid
And matter innuendo will not aid.

Davis probably made the rule more clear than any of them when he said,—

For slander action will not lie
Unless some temp'ral loss incur thereby.

Several of the learned judges quoted in the verse of the volume lay down some law for London :

Sue not in the Court of Aldermen ;
A prohibition for't,

says one, and another holds that

Administrators debts must pay
On simple contract, London customs say.

The famous rule in Shelley's case is thus given :

Where ancestors a freehold take,
The words (his heirs) a limitation make.

Among the decisions relating to ordinances and by-laws is one that speaks some sound sense. It is,—

By-laws made by inhabitants of ville,
For publick, good ; for private, ill.

Grammar, anatomy, literature, and history are illustrated in these concluding examples :

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

Three little words you often see
Are articles, a, an, and the.
A noun's the name of anything ;
As, school or garden, hoop or swing.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun ;
As, great, small, pretty, white, or brown.
 Instead of nouns the pronouns stand :
Her head, his face, your arm, his hand.
 Verbs tell of something being done :
To read, count, sing, laugh, jump, or run.
 How things are done the adverbs tell ;
As, slowly, quickly, ill or well.
 Conjunctions join the words together ;
As, men and women, wind or weather.
 The preposition stands before
 A noun ; *as, in or through a door.*
 The interjection shows surprise ;
As, oh ! how pretty ! ah ! how wise !
 The whole are called nine parts of speech,
 Which reading, writing, speaking, teach.

THE BONES OF THE BODY.

How many bones in the human face ?
 Fourteen, when they're all in place.
 How many bones in the human head ?
 Eight, my child, as I've often said.
 How many bones in the human ear ?
 Three in each, and they help to hear.
 How many bones in the human spine ?
 Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.
 How many bones in the human chest ?
 Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.
 How many bones in the shoulder bind ?
 Two in each,—one before and behind.
 How many bones in the human arm ?
 In each one, two in each forearm.
 How many bones in the human wrist ?
 Eight in each, if none are missed.
 How many bones in the palm of the hand ?
 Five in each, with many a band.
 How many bones in the fingers ten ?
 Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.
 How many bones in the human hip ?
 One in each, like a dish they dip.
 How many bones in the human thigh ?
 One in each, and deep they lie.
 How many bones in the human knees ?
 One in each, the kneecap, please.
 How many bones from the leg to the knee ?
 Two in each, we can plainly see.
 How many bones in the ankle strong ?
 Seven in each, but none are long.
 How many bones in the ball of the foot ?
 Five in each, as the palms were put.
 How many bones in the toes half a score ?
 Twenty-eight, and there are no more.
 And now altogether these many bones fix,
 And they count in the body two hundred and six.
 And then we have the human mouth,
 Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.
 And now and then have a bone, I should think,
 That forms on a joint or to fill up a chink,—
 A sesamoid bone, or a wormian, we call ;
 And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

NAMES OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

(Omitting the Historical English Dramas.)

Cymbeline, Tempest, Much Ado, Verona,
 Merry Wives, Twelfth Night, As You Like It, Errors,
 Shrew Taming, Night's Dream, Measure, Andronicus,
 Timon of Athens.

Winter's Tale, Merchant, Troilus, Lear, Hamlet,
 Love's Labor, All's Well, Pericles, Othello,
 Romeo, Macbeth, Cleopatra, Cæsar,
 Coriolanus.

FIRST TWENTY-ONE PRESIDENTS.

First stands the lofty Washington,
 That noble, great, immortal one.
 The elder Adams next we see,
 And Jefferson comes number three.
 The fourth is Madison, you know,
 The fifth one on the list, Monroe.
 The sixth an Adams comes again,
 And Jackson seventh in the train.
 Van Buren eighth upon the line,
 And Harrison counts number nine.
 The tenth is Tyler, in his turn,
 And Polk the eleventh, as we learn.
 The twelfth is Taylor that appears,
 The thirteenth Fillmore fills his years.
 Then Pierce comes fourteenth into view;
 Buchanan is the fifteenth due.
 Now Lincoln comes two terms to fill,
 But God o'errules the people's will,
 And Johnson fills the appointed time
 Cut short by an assassin's crime.
 Next Grant assumes the lofty seat,
 The man who never knew defeat.
 Two terms to him; then Hayes succeeds,
 And quietly the nation leads.
 Garfield comes next, the people's choice;
 But soon ascends a mourning voice
 From every hamlet in the land.
 A brutal wretch with murderous hand
 Strikes low the country's chosen chief,
 And anxious millions, plunged in grief,
 Implore in vain Almighty aid
 That Death's stern hand might still be stayed.
 Arthur's term was then begun,
 Which made the number twenty-one.

EARLY ROMAN KINGS.

Romulus founded the city;
 Numa Pompilius then
 Founded the Roman religion,
 Striving to elevate men.

Tullus Hostilius, warrior,
 Had a belligerent reign;
 With Ancus Marcius, ditto,
 The Latins contended in vain.

Tarquin the Elder, succeeding,
 Built the great circus and sewer;
 Servius Tullius, needing
 A census, the same did procure.

But a prince soon after committed
 A crime that could not be allowed;
 And the Roman monarchy ended
 By expelling Tarquin the Proud.

SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

First William the Norman,
 Then William his son ;
 Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
 Then Richard and John ;
 Next Henry the third,
 Edwards one, two, and three,
 And again after Richard
 Three Henrys we see.
 Two Edwards, third Richard,
 If rightly I gue-s ;
 Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
 Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
 Then Jamie the Scotchman,
 Then Charles whom they slew,
 Yet received after Cromwell
 Another Charles too.
 Next James the second
 Ascended the throne ;
 Then good William and Mary
 Together came on.
 Till, Anne, Georges four,
 And fourth William all past,
 God sent Queen Victoria :
 May she long be the last !

Memory. Though lost to sight, to memory dear. No question is more frequently asked—and answered—than the origin of this quotation. But although the answers are frequent enough, they are always wrong whenever they attempt to clear up the mystery. Probably every one who keeps a scrap-book has treasured away the information, which went the round of the newspapers in 1870, and still goes marching on, that this was the refrain of a poem by Ruthven Jenkins, which appeared in the *Greenwich Review for Marines* in 1701 or 1702. No such monthly was ever published, in Greenwich or elsewhere ; and, indeed, the word “Marines” should have warned the most unwary of a possible hoax. The truth is, the very weak song was deliberately composed (it is said, in Cleveland, Ohio) to lead up to the famous line. It consists of two stanzas, of which the following is the first :

Sweetheart, good-by ! that fluttering sail
 Is spread to waft me far from thee,
 And soon before the favoring gale
 My ship shall bound upon the sea.
 Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
 These eyes shall miss thee many a year ;
 But unforgotten every charm—
 Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

As late as 1880 this song was republished, in good faith, in London, but the hoax had been exposed seven years before in *Notes and Queries*. Bartlett’s “Familiar Quotations” ascribes the line to George Linley (1798–1865), the author of a song beginning,—

Though lost to sight, to memory dear
 Thou ever wilt remain ;
 One only hope my heart can cheer,—
 The hope to meet again.

The song was composed for and sung by Augustus Braham, probably about 1840. It was set to music and published in London in 1848. But the quotation was a proverb in common use at least as early as 1826, for in the *Monthly Magazine* for January, 1827 (“Letter on Affairs in General from a Gentleman in Town to a Gentleman in the Country”), it is given as a familiar axiom, and F. C. H., writing to *Notes and Queries* in 1871, says, “I can safely aver that it is much older than 1828, as I knew it many years before that date.”

Metcalfe, in his translation of Vilmar's "German Literature," incidentally mentions "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the title of a German volkslied of the fourteenth or fifteenth century.

Memory and imagination. Sometimes, but not often, we have given us the opportunity of seeing how a famous phrase has grown and blossomed in the writer's own mind. Sheridan, whose impromptus all smelt of the lamp, had set down in a note-book for future use the words, "He employs his fancy in his narrative and keeps his recollections for his wit," which is clever, but has not that final and clinching wit that catches hold of the popular mind. Nor was it much better in the second form: "When he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and it is only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination." When finally the opportunity occurred, in speaking of Mr. Dundas in the House of Commons, he gave it this brilliant turn: "He generally resorts to his memory for his jokes and to his imagination for his facts."

But Mr. Dundas might easily have retorted upon Sheridan half at least of the description. If Sheridan was not indebted for his facts to his imagination, at least Dundas might have accused him of being indebted to his memory for his jests. Nay, this very jest had been anticipated. Who can forget Laura's description to Gil Blas of that *original* with the knot in his dyed dark hair and the *feuille-morte* feathers in his hat, the famous *Seigneur Carlos Alonzo de la Ventoleria*, under which title Le Sage, satirizing the famous actor Baron, says of him, "On peut dire que son esprit brille aux dépens de sa mémoire?" ("It may be said that his wit shines at the expense of his memory.") (*Gil Blas*, Book iii., ch. xi.)

Men. All men are born free and equal. This phrase, which is continually quoted as from the Declaration of Independence, really occurs in the Constitution of Massachusetts. The Declaration merely says, "All men are created equal." John Lowell, the grandfather of the poet, was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1780, and one of the committee appointed to draught that instrument. A bitter opponent of slavery, he inserted in the Bill of Rights the clause declaring that "all men are born free and equal," for the purpose of abolishing slavery in Massachusetts, and, after the adoption of the Constitution, he offered through the newspapers to prosecute the case of any negro who wished to establish his right to freedom under the clause.

It is not pleasant to rebuke so self-complacent a philosopher as Professor Thomas Henry Huxley for a sin like that which he commits in an article on "The Natural Inequality of Man," published in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

The title of Professor Huxley's article indicates its argument. In the course of a discussion of what he calls Rousseauism, Professor Huxley pretends to quote from the American Declaration of Independence:

"What is the meaning [he asks] of the famous phrase that 'all men are born free and equal,' which gallicized Americans, who were as much *philosophes* as their inherited common sense and their practical acquaintance with men and with affairs would let them be, put forth as the foundation of the Declaration of Independence?"

The passage in the Declaration which Professor Huxley had vaguely in mind is another and a very different thing. Here is what the Declaration says:

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the *Laws of Nature and of Nature's God* entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights; that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

In any attempt at close reasoning and exact writing, even mere verbal misquotation is a capital offence. Professor Huxley's sin is still worse. His line of argument indicates that he has wholly misapprehended the spirit and intention of the carefully measured words

which form the introduction to the very concrete specifications of tyranny, injury, and usurpation brought against the King of Great Britain by the authors and signers of the Declaration.—*New York Sun*.

Mending his fences, in American political slang, a euphemism for secret wire-pulling. The origin of the phrase is said to be as follows. Immediately prior to the meeting of the Republican National Convention in 1880, John Sherman, known to be an aspirant for Presidential honors, withdrew from the Senate-house to the seclusion of his farm at Mansfield, Ohio. It was generally believed that in this retirement he was maturing plans and secretly organizing movements to bring about his nomination. One day, while in a field with his brother-in-law, Colonel Moulton, engaged in replacing some rails in a fence, a reporter found him, and sought some political news by inquiring what Sherman was doing. Colonel Moulton avoided the necessity of a direct answer to so pointed a question by exclaiming, "Why, you can see for yourself; he's mending his fences."

Mercy. "I have often wondered," says Cowper, "that the same poet who wrote the 'Dunciad' should have written these lines :

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

[*The Universal Prayer*.]

Alas for Pope, if the mercy he showed to others was the measure of the mercy he received! Yet the sentiment is a favorite one with Pope. It is found in at least three other places in his works, in two instances, however, in his translations from Homer, who may have suggested the idea in the first place.

Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,—
For thee, that ever felt another's woe!

Iliad, Book xix., l. 319.

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe.

Odyssey, Book xviii., l. 269.

So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady, l. 45.

For the verbal structure of the lines he may have been slightly indebted to Spenser :

Who will not mercy unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?

And is not this a transposition of the Biblical phrase "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy"? (*Matthew* v. 7.) Pope in his turn was imitated by Goldsmith :

Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

The Hermit, Stanza 6.

And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own;
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame.

BYRON: *The Giaour*, l. 418.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd.
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
 Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
 The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
 Become them with one-half so good a grace
 As mercy does.

Measure for Measure, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Metaphors, Mixed. There was a time when men naturally and familiarly talked in metaphors. Indeed, all language is built upon metaphor, though each particular word, to use Dr. Holmes's term, may have been depolarized and no longer calls up the old associations. Primeval man expresses his meaning in some figure of speech; by and by a new set of meanings crystallize around the figure, and the locution at last hardens into a more specific, a different or even an antagonistic meaning. Many of the commonplaces of daily life would sound like the most side-splitting bulls if the words were considered etymologically and resolved back to their pristine meaning.

In the earlier days, when language was in its infancy and when men still lived face to face with Nature, the metaphorical meanings of words held sway over the imagination and involuntarily summoned up a mental picture of the phenomena upon which they were based. Hence primeval man rarely erred in his use of metaphors. The Bible, the old Sagas, Homer, the Vedas, all afford excellent examples of sustained and consistent metaphors. Nay, even the modern savage rarely errs when he is speaking in his own language or in his own manner. It is only when the savage or the ignorant or the imperfectly-educated man is brought in contact with a higher civilization, whose metaphorical phrases have never had for him the metaphorical meaning which is obsolescent though not yet obsolete in the minds of the dominant race or of the learned,—it is only then that he entirely loses his bearings and drifts hopelessly upon a sea of verbal troubles. The negro affords an excellent instance. African preachers are credited with such phrases as "Brethren, the muddy pool of politics was the rock on which I split," or, "We thank Thee for this spark of grace; water it, good Lord," or, "Give us grace that we may gird up the loins of our mind so that we shall receive the latter rain."

Perhaps it is because English is a language forced by circumstances upon the Irish that the species of mixed metaphor called a bull is so prevalent on Irish soil; or perhaps they murder the queen's English by way of revenge upon the English queen. This topic has been treated at some length under the head of bulls. But not all mixed metaphors, nor even the majority of them, can be grouped under that class. The following peroration, attributed to an Irish barrister, is not one of the distinctly bovine type: "Gentlemen of the jury," he is reported to have said, "it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity." Mr. Henry W. Lucy, from whose paper on

"Misfortunes in Metaphor" (*Belgravia*, April, 1881), we shall draw other illustrative instances, tells some good stories from his own parliamentary experience. One concerns Mr. O'Connor Power. He had caught Sir Stafford Northcote, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, tripping in the matter of his resolutions in respect to the business of the house. In his ingenuous manner the right honorable baronet had too plainly disclosed the notorious fact that the resolutions, whilst professing to deal with the general conduct of business, were aimed directly at obstruction. Whereupon up jumped Mr. O'Connor Power, and with triumphant manner exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, sir, since the government has let the cat out of the bag, there is nothing to be done but to take the bull by the horns;" which he forthwith did, debating the matter as especially dealing with obstructionists.

Another of his stories runs as follows. Mr. Shaw, member for the County Cork, and at that time leader of the Home Rule party, was addressing a meeting held one Sunday at Cork, with the object of discussing the land question. Mr. Shaw is a sober-minded man, who, on ordinary occasions, finds plain speech serve his purpose. At this time, however, the spirit of metaphor came upon him, and this is what it made him say: "They tell us that we violate the Sabbath by being here to-day. Yet, if the ass or the ox fall into the pit, we can take him out on the Sabbath. Our brother is in the pit to-day,—the farmer and the landlord are both in it,—and we are come here to try if we can lift them out." This similitude of the Irish landlord to an animal predestined to slaughter was bold, but timely. The other half of the analogy seemed calculated to get Mr. Shaw into trouble with his constituency.

Mr. Lucy, to do him justice, does not confine himself to Irish instances. He shows that the less educated Englishman, or even the educated Englishman in his hasty and unguarded moments, may be tripped up when he is essaying to take a metaphorical flight. He tells of an honorable gentleman who opposed a certain measure on the ground "that it was opening the door for the insertion of the thin edge of the wedge," a preliminary process which should at least tend to make the work of the wedge easy, and who paid a compliment to the Chambers of Commerce as "the intelligent pioneers who feel the pulse of the commercial community;" whereas pioneers are usually far away from the commercial centres. Another advised his constituents, "When you have laid an egg put it by for a rainy day," on which Mr. Lucy rightly comments, "Why electors of Blackburn should be expected to lay eggs is a question that disappears before the greater importance of the query why they should save them for a rainy day."

During a debate on the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield's government Mr. Alderman Cotton solemnly declared that "at one stage of the negotiations a great European struggle was so imminent that it only required a spark to let slip the dogs of war." It was on the same night, and during the same debate, that Mr. Forster observed, "I will, Mr. Speaker, sit down by saying," etc. Mr. Forster has always been an adroit politician, but what new sort of manoeuvre this is that enables a man to "sit down by saying" remains unexplained.

The English bar as well as the English legislative halls affords instances of this delightful sort of blundering. Not the least amusing is contained in the peroration to the following speech, addressed by Lord Kenyon to a dishonest butler who had been convicted of stealing large quantities of wine from his master's cellar: "Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted on the most conclusive evidence of a crime of inexpressible atrocity, a crime that defiles the sacred springs of domestic confidence, and is calculated to strike alarm into the breast of every Englishman who invests largely in the choicer vintages

of Southern Europe. Like the serpent of old, you have stung the hand of your protector. Fortunate in having a generous employer, you might without dishonesty have continued to supply your wretched wife and children with the comforts of sufficient prosperity, and even with some of the luxuries of affluence ; but, dead to every claim of natural affection and blind to your own real interest, you burst through all the restraints of religion and morality, and have for many years been feathering your nest with your master's bottles."

Let us go abroad for a moment. When the delegates of Paris workmen returned from the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876, they sent Victor Hugo an invitation, which he refused, being busy with his "Appeal on behalf of Servia." Nevertheless, in his enthusiasm for liberty and the cause of insubordination everywhere, he telegraphed his sympathy to them in an epigrammatic confusion of epithets,—saying he sent them "a grasp of the hand from the bottom of his heart."

The Irishman who said, "We will burn all our ships, and, with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom," was more than matched by Justice Minister Hye, who, addressing the Vienna students in the troublous times of 1848, declared that "the chariot of the revolution is rolling along, and gnashing its teeth as it rolls." In Germany there still exists a vivid and grateful recollection of the address made by the mayor of a Rhineland corporation to the Emperor William I. shortly after his coronation in Versailles, which contains the following among other gems of thought: "No Austria! no Prussia! one only Germany! Such were the words the mouth of your imperial majesty has always had in its eye."

But why should we expect laymen to be always accurate, when literary men, whose especial business it is to preserve the integrity of language, go so often astray? Does not Shakespeare himself err, as in the famous instance where Hamlet questions

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?

Milton, too, has his figurative confusions. The following passage occurs in his description of the lazar-house in "Paradise Lost:—"

Sight so deform what *heart of rock* could long
Dry-eyed behold?

This curious bit of blundering has not even the merit of originality. It is stolen direct from Tibullus:

Flebis ; non tua sunt duro præcordia ferro
Vincta, nec in tenero stat tibi corde *silex*.
Eleg., i. 63.

Dr. Johnson, in his ponderous yet very effective fashion, has made much fun of a couplet by Addison:

I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
Which longs to launch into a nobler strain.

"To bridle a goddess," Johnson points out, "is no very delicate idea ; but why must she be bridled? because she longs to launch, an act which was never hindered by a bridle ; and whither will she launch? into a nobler strain. She is, in the first line, a horse ; in the second, a boat ; and the care of the poet is to keep his horse or his boat from singing."

Johnson also points out that Pope, in borrowing a passage from Addison's "Campaign," has ruined it by confusing the metaphor. Addison said,—

Mariborough's exploits appear divinely bright,—
Raised of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those that paint them truest praise them most.

This Pope had in his thoughts, but, not knowing how to use what was not his own, he spoiled it, thus :

The well-sung woes shall soothe my ghost ;
He best can paint them who can feel them most.

"Martial exploits may be painted ; perhaps woes may be painted : but they are surely not painted by being well sung : it is not easy to paint in song, or to sing in colors."

Johnson's method in these excerpts was anticipated by Dryden, who thus took to pieces two lines in Elkanah Settle's tragedy "The Empress of Morocco :

To flattering lightning our feigned smiles conform
Which, backed with thunder, do but gild a storm.

"Conform a smile to lightning," says Glorious John, "make a smile imitate lightning, and flattering lightning ; lightning, sure, is a threatening thing. And this lightning must gild a storm. Now if I must conform my smiles to lightning, then my smiles must gild a storm too : to gild with smiles is a new invention of gilding. And gild a storm by being backed with thunder. Thunder is part of the storm ; so one part of the storm must help to gild another part, and help by backing ; as if a man would gild a thing the better for being backed, or having a load upon his back. So that here is gilding by conforming, smiling, lightning, backing, and thundering. The whole is as if I should say thus : I will make my counterfeit smiles look like a flattering horse, which, being backed with a trooper, does but gild the battle." And Dryden concludes, "I am mistaken if nonsense is not here pretty thick-sown." But Dryden, too, has laid himself open to the same kind of criticism, as in the lines where he speaks of seraphs that

unguarded leave the sky,
And all dissolved in hallelujahs lie,

a verse upon which a critic says, "I have heard of anchovies dissolved in sauce, but never before of *an angel dissolved in hallelujahs.*"

Perhaps nowhere in all poetic literature, in the same limited space at least, can there be found such an extraordinary confusion of metaphors as in Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." Here is how a critic in the *Saturday Review* once exposed this confusion. "The 'Psalm of Life,' if there be any meaning in the English language, is gibberish. Let us analyze two of the verses :

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

"Even if one can conceive of life as a 'solemn main' bordered by the 'sands of time,' how can the mariners on the main leave their footprints on the sands ? And what possible comfort can footprints on the sands be to a shipwrecked brother who, despite his shipwreck, still keeps persistently sailing o'er life's solemn main ? The brother must have very sharp eyes if he could see footprints on the sand from his raft, for his ship is supposed to have been wrecked long ago. Perhaps Mr. Longfellow was thinking of the footstep which Robinson Crusoe found on the sand of his desert island. But Robinson was not sailing when he detected that isolated phenomenon ; nor, when he saw it, did he 'take heart again.'"

But Macaulay deemed that he had found the worst of all possible similitudes. In his review of Robert Montgomery's "Poems" he cites these lines :

The soul, aspiring, pants its source to mount,
As streams meander level with their fount.

And he goes on to say, "We take this to be, on the whole, the worst similitude in the world. In the first place, no stream meanders, or can possibly meander, level with its fount. In the next place, if streams did meander level with their founts, no two motions can be less like each other than that of meandering level and that of mounting upward."

Meteor in the troubled air. Gray, describing his Bard, has the lines,—

Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air.
The Bard, i. 2.

Milton had already said of the imperial ensign of the tall cherub *Azazel*, advanced full high over the hosts of the fallen archangel, that it

Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
Paradise Lost, Book i., l. 537;

and Milton's contemporary, Cowley, in his "*Dauides*," Book ii., l. 95, says,—

An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.

These various coincidences have been more frequently noted than the resemblance of all three passages to a line in Heywood's "*Four Prentices of London*," written certainly not later than 1599. Turnus, the envoy of the Persian Sophi, speaking of his master's victorious flag, that hangs blowing defiance on Sion towers, tells us that it shows

Like a red meteor in the troubled air.

That Milton unconsciously copied Heywood is quite possible; but it is evident that Gray had both Milton and Heywood in mind, for his lines are produced by a neat eclecticism from both.

Michael Angelo's Visiting-Card, the name popularly given to a large charcoal head drawn by Michael Angelo on a wall in the Borghese palace. The story, as told by Vasari, runs that the artist called on Raphael while he was engaged in painting the fresco of *La Galatea*. Raphael, as it happened, had just stepped out. Thereupon the visitor mounted the ladder, and with a fragment of charcoal drew a colossal head on the wall beneath the cornice. Then he departed, refusing to give his name to the servant, but saying, "Show your master that, and he will know who I am." On Raphael's return his servant told him a small black-bearded man had been there and drawn a head on the wall by which he said he would recognize him. Raphael looked up, saw the head, and exclaimed, "Michael Angelo!" A similar story is told by Pliny of Apelles and Protogenes. The point of it is that Apelles, on arriving at Rhodes, immediately went to call upon Protogenes, but found him absent. The studio was in charge of an old woman, who, after Apelles had looked at the pictures, asked the name of the visitor to give to her master on his return. Apelles did not answer at first, but, observing a large black panel prepared for painting on an easel, he took up a pencil and drew an extremely delicate outline on it, saying, "He will recognize me by this," and departed. On the return of Protogenes, being informed of what had happened, he looked at the outline, and, struck by its extreme delicacy, exclaimed, "That is Apelles: no one else could have executed so perfect a work."

Mickle—Muckle. "Many a mickle makes a muckle," a thrifty Scotch proverb, mainly used to express the same meaning as the English "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Nevertheless

it has a larger application, like the English proverb which it has almost superseded, but which was popular in Chaucer's time :

The proverbe saith that many a smale maketh a grate.

The Persones Tale.

This wider meaning is emphasized by Young in his "Love of Fame," vi., l. 208 :

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear ;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.

Frances S. Osgood's poem on "Little Things" has acquired a popularity which is out of all proportion to its literary merit. These lines, especially, have become household words :

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land.
Thus the little minutes, humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages of eternity.
* * * * *
Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden like the heaven above.

Middle Kingdom. China is so called sometimes with the sense of the Land of the Happy Mean, from the habits of mediocrity its inhabitants are supposed to have imbibed from the Confucian philosophy teaching the choice of the middle course in all things. The name is, however, a translation of Tchang-Kooe, as the land is sometimes called by the Chinese, from the notion that they are the true hub of the universe, or that their kingdom is the centre of the world.

Midnight Judges. After their defeat in the Presidential election of 1800, the Federalists in Congress, as one of their last acts, passed a measure creating twenty-three new federal judgeships. The public interests did not demand any increase in the numbers of the judiciary, and the sole purpose of the act was to provide places for Federalist partisans. The retiring President, John Adams, was occupied until after midnight on the last day of his term signing commissions for these newly-created Daniels, who consequently were contemptuously called "Midnight Judges."

Mileage Exposé. An allowance of a certain percentage per mile is provided by law to public functionaries, witnesses subpoenaed from a distance, and the like, as an indemnity for travelling expenses from their homes to the place where their services are required and home again. A similar provision is made to pay travelling expenses to members of Congress to attend the sessions at the national capital. It had been a practice among members, condemned by some of the more conscientious, but adhered to by the large majority, as the unwritten law regulating their perquisites, to exact payment of "constructive" mileage, whether the journey had in fact been undertaken or not, as when an extra session of Congress was called, the members still being present at the capital. In computing their mileage fees, furthermore, members had not been very careful to base their pay on the shortest existing mail-route : so that in his exposé of December 22, 1848, Horace Greeley was able to show that the total excess, from this reason, paid to the members of the Thirtieth Congress was seventy-three thousand four hundred and ninety-two dollars and sixty cents, and the excess in miles was one hundred and eighty-three thousand and thirty-one. Almost every Congressman had failed to make his journey as short as possible. The revelations of Greeley caused considerable ill feeling against him, but resulted in an appreciable reduction of mileage charges, and a few years later the rate of allowance was reduced one-half, and the charge for "constructive" mileage prohibited by law.

Mill will never grind again with the water that has passed, a proverb which has been borrowed from the East. In Trench's "Poems," under the head of "Proverbs, Turkish and Persian," it is given as follows :

Oh, seize the instant time ; you never will
With waters once passed by impel the mill.

Compare the Spanish proverb "*Agua pasada no muele molino.*"

Listen to the water-mill
Through the livelong day,
How the clicking of its wheels
Wears the hours away !
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the forest leaves,
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves ;
And a proverb haunts my mind
As a spell is cast,—
"The mill can never grind
With the water that is past."

SARAH DOUDNEY : *The Water-Mill.*

The proverb is also used by Jean Ingelow, in "A Parson's Letter to a Young Poet :"

The mill can grind no more
With water that hath passed.

Mill-Boy of the Slashes, a political nickname of Henry Clay, who was born in the neighborhood of a region in Hanover County, Virginia, known as "the Slashes" (a local term for low, swampy country), where there was a mill, to which he was often sent on errands, and where he was presumed to have been employed, when a boy.

Miller, Joe, the feigned author of a famous book of jests. Hence a Joe Miller, in vernacular English, is a chestnut, a twice-told tale.

Joe Miller himself was a comedian who flourished in the reign of George the First, and who, off the boards, was so exceptionally grave and taciturn that when any joke was related his friends would father it on him. They even kept up the practice after his death, which occurred in 1738. It appears that he left his family totally unprovided for, and John Mottley was employed to collect all the stray jests current about town and publish them for the benefit of the widow and children, under this title :

"**JOE MILLER'S JESTS : OR, THE WITS VADE-MECUM.** Being a Collection of the most Brilliant Jest ; the Politest Repartees ; the most Elegant Bons Mots, and most pleasant short Stories in the English Language. First carefully collected in the Company, and many of them transcribed from the Mouth of the Facetious Gentleman, whose Name they bear ; and now set forth and published by his lamentable Friend and former Companion, Elijah Jenkins, Esq. ; most Humbly Inscribed to those Choice-Spirits of the Age, Captain Bodens, Mr. Alexander Pope, Mr. Professor Lacy, Mr. Orator Henley, and Job Baker, the Kettle-Drummer. London : Printed and Sold by T. Read, in Dogwell-Court, White-Fryars, Fleet-Street. MDCCXXXIX. (Price One Shilling.)

Mottley doubtless had a fellow-feeling for the destitute family, for he was himself "a man that hath had losses, go to !" He was the son of Colonel Mottley, who was a favorite with James II. and who followed the fortunes of that prince to France. By the influence of his relative, Lord Howe, the son got a place in the Excise Office at sixteen years of age, but, being obliged to resign on account of unfortunate speculations, he applied to his pen, which had hitherto been only his amusement, for the means of immediate support. In that day plays occupied the place now held by novels, and Mottley natu-

rally turned his attention to the drama. He was tolerably successful as a writer, though his "Imperial Captive," "Antiochus," "Penelope," "The Craftsman," and "The Widow Bewitched" are no longer acted. After the question of authorship is settled, the inquiry naturally arises, Who was Elijah Jenkins, Esq., and who were those Choice-Spirits of the Age, Captain Bodens, Mr. Professor Lacy? and above all, who was Job Baker, the Kettle-Drummer? Job stands patiently on the title-page without even a "Mr." before his name. As to Mr. Alexander Pope, he is too well known to be mistaken, and Mr. Orator Henley was immortalized in the "Dunciad" as "the Zany of the age." He figures also in one of Hogarth's prints, gesticulating on a platform, a monkey by his side, with the motto "Amen." Disappointed of preferment in the Church, Henley formed the plan of giving lectures or orations, to which the admission was one shilling. On Sundays he took theological subjects, and on Wednesdays he poured out his gall in political harangues. On one occasion he filled his Oratory, as he called it, with shoemakers, by announcing to them that he would teach a new and short way of making shoes, which was to cut off the tops of ready-made boots. With regard to the contents, the plain-spoken words used make it impossible to quote many of the anecdotes. To give the reader some idea, however, of the character of the genuine Joe Miller, take the following :

Colonel —, who made the fine Fire-Works in *St. James's Square*, upon the peace of *Rerwick*, being in Company with some Ladies, was highly commending the Epitaph just then set up in the Abbey on *Mr. Purcel's Monument*,

He is gone to that Place where only his own Harmony can be exceeded.

Lord, Colonel, said one of the Ladies, the same Epitaph might serve for you, by altering one Word only :

He is gone to that Place where only his own Fire-Works can be exceeded.

Again :

Two Brothers coming to be executed once for some enormous Crime : the Eldest was first turned off, without saying one word : The other mounting the Ladder, began to harangue the Crowd, whose Ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some Confession from him. *Good People*, says he, *my Brother hangs before my Face, and you see what a lamentable Spectacle he makes : in a few Moments I shall be turned off too, and then you'll see a Pair of Spectacles.*

But here we have a regular "old Joe :

A poor man, who had a termagant Wife, after a long Dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last Word, told her, if she spoke one more *crooked* Word he'd beat her Brains out : Why then *Ram's Horns*, you Rogue, said she, if I die for't.

There are few good jokes among the whole one hundred and ninety-eight that make up the volume. The majority turn chiefly on the mistakes of Irishmen, the thriftlessness of sailors, the simple resource of calling one's opponent an ass, the evils of matrimony, and the failings of parsons. From the earliest to the latest jokers the two latter themes have proved inexhaustibly fruitful. They all assume as an incontestable basis of wit that husbands are heartily tired of their wives, and as women either do not make such broad jokes, or do not succeed in getting them recorded, the point is always against the wives and for the husbands. It is always taken for granted that the husband is the loser in the matrimonial bargain, and that he feels an unaffected and unconcealed delight when the death of his incumbence sets him free. There are many stories like that of the wild young gentleman who, "having married a very discreet, virtuous young lady, the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be given out at his return that she was dead and had been buried. In the mean time she had so placed herself in disguise as to be able to observe how he took the news ; and finding him still the gay, incon-

stant man he always had been, she appeared to him as the ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed. At length disclosing herself to him, he then appeared pretty much surprised. A person by said, 'Why, sir, you seem more afraid now than before!' 'Ay,' replied he, 'most men are more afraid of a living wife than of a dead one.'

So, too, with parsons. However firmly they may be attached to their Church and to their minister, most men like to meet on the pleasant neutral ground of laughing at a parson. And not only they, but clergymen also, often even the preachers themselves, agree in thinking sermons a fair target for all the shafts of ridicule. There is some drollery about the following: "A vicar and curate of a village, where there was to be a burial, were at variance. The vicar not coming in time, the curate began the service, and was reading the words 'I am the resurrection,' when the vicar arrived almost out of breath, and, snatching the book out of the curate's hands, with great scorn cried, 'You the resurrection! I am the resurrection,' and then went on."

The feeling against parsons cannot, however, be so strong as that against wives, for occasionally the parson is allowed to come off triumphant and have the best of the story. As thus: "The witty and licentious Earl of Rochester, meeting with the great Isaac Barrow in the Park, told his companions that he would have some fun with the rusty old put. Accordingly he went off with great gravity, and, taking off his hat, made the doctor a profound bow, saying, 'Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie.' The doctor, seeing his drift, immediately pulled off his beaver and returned the bow with, 'My lord, I am yours to the ground.' Rochester followed up his salutation by a deeper bow, saying, 'Doctor, I am yours to the centre.' Barrow, with a very lowly obeisance, replied, 'My lord, I am yours to the antipodes.' His lordship, nearly gravelled, exclaimed, 'Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell.' 'There, my lord,' said Barrow, sarcastically, 'I leave you,' and walked off."

This story has some kinship to a kind of joke which has now passed away, and the wonder is how it ever can have existed, so elaborate is it and requiring to be supported by such complicated machinery. For example, in Joe Miller we read that "a gentleman being at dinner at a friend's house, the first thing that came upon the table was a dish of whittings, and, on being put upon his plate, he found it smell so strong that he could not eat a bit of it; but he laid his mouth down to the fish as if he was whispering with it, and then took up the plate and put it to his own ear. The gentleman at whose table he was inquiring into the meaning, he told him that he had a brother lost at sea about a fortnight ago, and he was asking that fish if he knew anything of him. 'And what answer made he?' said the gentleman. 'He told me,' said he, 'that he could give me no account of him, for he had not been at sea for three weeks.'"

Now let us fancy this in real life. You see a man whispering over his plate, and if we suppose that in politeness you pass over the action as simply idiotic, the whole joke is irretrievably lost. But you are kind enough to inquire what he means. His answer is wholly enigmatic. The natural rejoinder would be to ask what on earth he was driving at; but the convenient gentleman of the story inquires what the fish has been saying, and this affords the jester an opening to come to his point.

So, too, we are told that "an Englishman going into one of the French ordinaries in Soho, and finding a large dish of soup with about half a pound of mutton in the middle of it, began to pull off his wig, stock, and coat; at which one of the *monsieurs*, being much surprised, asked him what he was going to do. 'Why, *monsieur*,' said he, 'I mean to strip, that I may swim through this ocean of porridge to yon little island of mutton.'" Let us suppose that nobody had noticed the man after he had got off his wig,

stock, and coat, and that the "monsieurs" had quietly consumed the island of mutton, the miserable jester, instead of discomfiting the Frenchman with a joke, would simply have had to re-dress and lose his dinner.

Whether such jokes were ever ventured on in real life it is hard to say. The extreme absurdity of the joker's position if his joke hung fire, and the probability that in the majority of cases it would hang fire, seem such obvious considerations that we can hardly understand any one overlooking them.

It is, however, possible that the public may have been trained to appreciate and assist such jokers, for these jests are said to have been favored by persons whose countenance was sure to command respect and provoke imitation. It is related of James I. that on one of his progresses he asked, "How far it was to such a town. They told him, six miles and a half. He alighted from his coach, and went under the shoulder of one of the led horses. When some one asked his majesty what he meant, 'I must stalk, for yonder town is shy and flies me.'" An absurd king can make absurdity fashionable, and if subjects see the sovereign stalking under the shoulder of a led horse, they need not be ashamed of whispering to putrid fish or taking off their coats to get at the meat in a basin of soup.

Miller, To drown the, an Americanism, meaning to put too much water in the flour in making bread. Barrère and Leland scout Bartlett's attribution of this saying to an English source and attempted affiliation with such English phrases as "putting the miller's eye out," used when too much liquid is put to a dry or powdery substance. "As water-mills are far more common in the United States than windmills, Mr Bartlett might easily have found an apter illustration for the saying than that which he has adopted, and left both England and the baker out of the question. The water is said to 'drown the miller' when the mill-wheels are rendered useless for work in flood-time by superabundance of the fluid. The saying was exemplified by the American miller, whose wife, in his opinion, was a great poetess, who, seeing that the useful mill-stream had become a raging, useless torrent, looked up to it, her eye in a fine frenzy rolling, and exclaimed,—

'This here water
Comes down much faster than it ought ter!'

"To give one the miller" is an English expression, meaning the same as to mill,—*i. e.*, to beat, to pound with the fist or with stones.

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute. When John Jay, in 1796, made his famous treaty with England which threatened to involve the United States in a war with France, the Directory would not receive the American ambassador, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, but intimated that the payment of a certain sum might settle the dispute. Pinckney indignantly answered with the now historic phrase. It is said, however, that, long afterwards, when Pinckney was asked in his club whether he had ever uttered it, he replied, "No; my answer was not a flourish like that, but simply, 'Not a penny, not a penny.'"

Mind. My mind to me a kingdom is, the first line of a poem by Edward Dyer (1540-1607), which has been much imitated:

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

MS. Rawl., 85, p. 17.

In Byrd's "Psalmes, Sonnets, etc." (1588), this, first, stanza appears as follows :

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God and Nature hath assigned.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Robert Southwell's imitation is the best known :

My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.
ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1560-1595) : *Loo Home*.

Milton's lines are only remotely analogous :

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
Paradise Lost, Book i., l. 253.

All these expressions, however, may be referred back to Seneca's
Mens regnum bona possidet ("A good mind possesses a kingdom").—*Thyestes*, ii. 38a.

Publius Syrus also has a glimpse of the same truth when he says,—

No man is happy who does not think himself so.—*Maxim* 584.

Therefore Spenser rightly says,—

The noblest mind the best contentment has.
Faerie Queene.

But it finds it within itself, and there alone :

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
GOLDSMITH : *The Traveller*, l. 423.

Mind and matter. When Bishop Berkeley, in his "Theory of Vision" (1709), first acquainted the English public with the metaphysical theory that the world of matter has no existence save in the minds of thinking men (in metaphysical language, that matter is phenomenon, not noumenon), there was an outburst of derision among the wits and "the men of sense." Even the great Dr. Johnson thought he had scored a point when, in answer to Boswell's claim that those who were convinced the theory was untrue could not refute it, he struck his foot against a stone and cried, "Sir, I refute it thus." Again, when a Berkeleyite, after a long argument, was leaving the company, Johnson exclaimed, "Pray, sir, don't leave us ; for we may perhaps forget to think of you, and then you will cease to exist." Humor of this sort might have been more properly left to the gentlemen described by John Brown in his "Essay on Satire, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Pope :

And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin.

Yet Byron, who was no mere coxcomb, has echoed it :

When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
And proved it—'twas no matter what he said :
They say his system 'tis in vain to batter,
Too subtle for the airiest human head ;
And yet who can believe it ? I would shatter
Gladly all matters down to stone or lead,
Or adamant, to find the world a spirit,
And wear my head, denying that I wear it.
Don Juan.

An anonymous hand has produced the following :

What is mind ? No matter !
What is matter ? Never mind !
What is soul ? It is immaterial !

but this is rather a *jeu-d'esprit* than a burlesque on any particular theory.

If Berkeley has been traduced, so have all who held views that assimilated to Berkeley's. The following is an imaginary epitaph on Hume :

Beneath this circular idea, vulgarly called *tomb*,
Impressions and *ideas* rest, which constituted Hume.

Stuart Mill on Mind and Matter
All our old Beliefs would scatter :
Stuart Mill exerts his skill
To make an end of Mind and Matter.

But had I skill like Stuart Mill,
His own position I could shatter :
The weight of Mill I count as Nil—
If Mill has neither Mind nor Matter.

LORD NEAVES: *Songs and Verses*.

We can't assume, so Comte declares, a first or final cause, sir ;
Phenomena are all we know, their order and their laws, sir ;
While Hegel's modest formula, a single line to sum in,
Is " Nothing is, and nothing's not, but everything's becomin' " "
F. D., in *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Mind diseased. In "Macbeth," Act v., Sc. 3, Macbeth asks the doctor,—

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet, oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart ?

And when the physician answers that in such case the patient "must minister to himself," Macbeth cries impatiently,—

Throw physic to the dogs ! I'll none of it.

The impotence of medicine in the presence of moral and mental distress had become a commonplace with the poets even before Shakespeare's time. In "Lancelot of the Laik," l. 2075, are the lines,—

So can he heill Infyrmtyee of thoght,
Wich that one erdly medesyne can noght ;
* * * * *

On to his cure no medesyne is found.

Here are a few parallels from Shakespeare's contemporaries or immediate predecessors :

Nature, too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind.

BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Philaster*, iii. 1.

Ah ! but none of them will purge the heart !
No, there's no medicine left for my disease.

Spanish Tragedy, iv.

No physic strong to cure a tortured mind.

FORD: *Love's Sacrifice*, ii. 3.

But where that herb or science can you find
That hath the virtue to restore the mind ?

WEBSTER: *Thracian Wonder*, iv. 2.

O ye Gods, have ye ordeyned for every malady a medicine, for every sore a salve, for every paine a playster, leauing only loue remediless !—LYLY: *Euphues*, Arber's ed., p. 62.

Mind's Eye. "In my mind's eye, Horatio," says Hamlet (Act i. Sc. 2). And elsewhere Shakespeare says,—

For much imaginary work was there :
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Griped in an armed hand ; himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

Lucrece, ll. 2422-28.

The phrase, however, was a common one long before Shakespeare. It may be found in the classics. Thus, Ovid,—

Cunctaque mens oculis pervidit usa suis,
Ep. ex Ponto, I., viii. 34;

and Cicero, "Oculis mentis videre aliquid" (*Orat.* 102). A parallel phrase in Aristotle runs, *ὡς γὰρ σώματι ὄψις, ἐν ψυχῇ νοῦς* (*Eth. Nic.*, I., vi. 12). In the New Testament (*Ephesians* i. 18) there occurs the expression *πεφωτισμένους τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς τῆς καρδίας*; where the reading of some cursives, and of the textus receptus, has *διανοίας*. So Estius in his Commentary gives *oculos mentis* as the proper translation of the Greek. In Tyndale's, Cranmer's, and the Genevan versions the translation is "the eyes of youre myndes;" while the Bishops' Bible has the slightly varying form "the eyes of our mindes:" so that this was a Scriptural phrase in Shakespeare's time. The Authorized Version, it may be added, has "the eyes of the understanding." But indeed, as J. Carrick Moore points out, the earliest example of the use of this metaphor goes back to the very origin of language. They who invented the word *idea* from a verb which meant to "see," and who used the same word *ὄδα* to express "I have seen" and "I know," were using this metaphorical expression.

Minerva Press, the name of a printing-establishment in Leadenhall Street, London, which has become almost a synonyme for literary inanity, from the flood of trashy, ultra-sentimental, but very popular "novels of real life" which issued from it in the early part of the present and the end of the last century. They were remarkable for their complicated plots and the labyrinths of difficulties into which the hero and heroine got involved before the final consummation. It is often referred to by English writers:

Scarcely in the Minerva Press is there record of such surpassing, infinite, and inextricable obstruction to a wedding or a double wedding.—CARLYLE.

The heroes of its issue are described by Lamb as "persons neither of this world nor of any conceivable one; an endless string of activities without purpose, of purposes without a motive."

Hesperus and Titan themselves, though in form nothing more than "novels of real life," as the Minerva Press would say, have solid metal enough in them to furnish whole circulating libraries, were it beaten out into the usual filigree.—CARLYLE: *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*.

Mirth and melancholy. Hood, in his "Ode to Melancholy," has the lines,—

There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its birth in melancholy.

This is exactly the "humorous sadness" which Jaques discovers in himself: "It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness."—*As You Like It*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

The great humorists, indeed, have always been melancholy. Young, the author of the sombre "Night Thoughts," might be gay and flippant in his every-day mood, but Molière, Rabelais, Swift, and Heine carried a great gloom in their hearts, and, in Byron's phrase, laughed that they might not cry. (See LAUGHTER.) There is a famous story told usually of Grimaldi; but sometimes of other famous clowns or comedians. A patient applies to a doctor, praying for some cure for acute melancholia. "Go and see Grimaldi," suggests the medical man. "Alas! I am Grimaldi." Anecdotes run in cycles. This story is authentically related of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of the more famous Charles. He went down to London to consult a

famous specialist. "There is only one man who can treat you properly," was the specialist's conclusion after a minute examination, "and that is Dr. Darwin of Derby." "But I am Dr. Darwin of Derby," replied the patient.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

SHELLEY: *The Skylark*.

Misery loves company, a common proverb, which seems to have found its first literary expression in Maxim 995 of Publius Syrus (B.C. 42): "It is a consolation to the wretched to have companions in misery." Syrus himself puts the same thought in another way in Maxim 144: "Society in shipwreck is a comfort to all." The phrase is also sometimes used to express the idea that "misfortunes never come singly."

Misfortunes never come singly, a popular proverb in all languages. "It never rains but it pours" is another proverb of the same sort, though of a wider application, as it may allude to joys as well as sorrows, to good luck as well as bad. Young has put the thought into verse, as follows:

Woes cluster, rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.

Night Thoughts, iii., l. 63.

Young's lines are an evident reminiscence of Shakespeare:

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.

Hamlet, Act iv., Sc. 7.

Pope in his "Iliad" has said, "And woe succeeds to woe" (Book xvi., l. 130), and Herrick in his "Sorrows Succeed,"—

When one is past, another care we have:
Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.

Young's lines, like the proverb, have a general application, the others refer only to individual instances.

Misfortunes of others. La Rochefoucauld, one of the kindest and most unselfish of men, was the author of the saying, "In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that does not displease us" ("Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas"). Swift quotes this maxim at the head of his "Verses on his Own Death," and thus comments upon it:

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."

And he goes on to defend the truth of the maxim by pointing out that as the value we set on our powers, gifts, good luck of all kinds, is a relative value, dependent in a great measure upon comparison with the blessings which are possessed by others, it follows that the value of our own powers and gifts is enhanced in our own estimation by every misfortune that happens to another. Chesterfield, in his one hundred and twenty-ninth letter, goes further: "They who know the deception and wickedness of the human heart will not be either romantic or blind enough to deny what Rochefoucauld and Swift have affirmed as a general truth." Burke borrowed the idea in this form: "I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small

one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others." La Rochefoucauld himself gave the same idea less brutally in another maxim : " We have all strength enough to bear the misfortunes of others." Swift has appropriated this without acknowledgment : " I never knew a man who could not bear the misfortunes of another like a Christian" (*Thoughts on Various Subjects*). Years afterwards, Benjamin Franklin, in a letter to Alexander Smith, November, 1789, repeated the same idea : " Every man has patience enough to bear calmly and coolly the injuries done to other people." But long before any of these Shakespeare had said,—

One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessened by another's anguish,
Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Sc. 2 ;

and in " Much Ado About Nothing" he makes Leonato say,—

Men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to Rage,
Fetter strong Madness in a silken thread,
Charm Ache with air, and Agony with words.
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself,
Act v., Sc. 1 ;

and Montaigne, " In the midst of compassion we feel within us I know not what bitter-sweet point of pleasure in seeing others suffer ; children feel it.

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem."
Essays : Of Profit and Honesty.

The lines quoted by Montaigne will be recognized as the famous " Suave mari magno" of Lucretius (*De Rerum Natura*, il. 1) :

How sweet to stand, when tempests tear the main,
On the firm cliff and mark the seaman's toil !
Not that another's danger soothes the soul,
But from such toil how sweet to feel secure !
How sweet, at distance from the strife, to view
Contending hosts, and hear the clash of war !

The passage has been imitated by Dryden, Beattie, and Akenside ; but the figure is perhaps nowhere better preserved than in the following lines from an old song quoted by Ben Jonson in " Every Man Out of his Humor " :

I wander not to seek for more :
In greatest storm I sit on shore,
And laugh at those that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

Lucretius himself is indebted for the idea to Isidorus, who says, " Nothing is more pleasant than to sit at ease in the harbor and behold the shipwreck of others."

MISS. A miss is as good as a mile, a proverb which in its present form is nonsense, and is therefore conjectured to have been originally " An inch of a miss is as good as a mile," corresponding to the German " Almost never killed a fly" (" Beinahe bringt keine Mücke um"), the Danish " All-but saved many a man" (" Nær hielper mangen Mand") and " Almost kills no man" (" Nærvæd slaer ingen Mand ihjel"), and, indeed, to the old English " Almost was never hanged." But it is not impossible that the proverb originally

stood "Amis is as good as Amile," these being the names of two legendary soldiers of Charlemagne, titular heroes of a famous *chanson de geste*, who were as like each other as the two Dromios of Shakespeare, who took up each other's quarrels, and who after being adopted into the traditions of the Church as martyrs might be invoked indifferently.

Missouri Compromise. At the time when Missouri was seeking admission into the Union (1818-21) the country was in the first throes of the anti-slavery agitation, when abolition was not yet looked forward to as a possibility by any save a few so-called fanatics. All the energy of the Northern or Free States was directed merely to hindering the further extension of the slave territory, as that of the Southern to promoting it. In Missouri the pro-slavery party was the stronger, and, after a long and bitter struggle, the conflicting parties effected a compromise. An act of Congress was passed February 28, 1821, admitting Missouri as a slave-holding State, but laying down the principle in prospective that slavery should thenceforth be prohibited in any State lying north of 36° 30', the northern boundary of Missouri. This parallel, as the boundary-line between the Free and the Slave States, in the ensuing conflict over slavery came to be popularly called Mason and Dixon's line (*q. v.*),—a name which really belongs to another line of division.

Mistake. And no mistake! a common colloquialism to express certainty, lugged in at the end of any statement or assertion. It is usually classed as an Americanism, but there is reason to believe that it originated in England from the Duke of Wellington's phrase in a letter to Mr. Huskisson, "There is no mistake, there has been no mistake, and there shall be no mistake."—FRASER: *Words on Wellington*, p. 122.

An undoubted American equivalent is "And don't you forget it!" a meaningless vulgarism that is luckily dying out, as well as its congeners "Sure!" and "Why, certainly!"

Mistakes of Authors. Dear young-lady reader, have you ever wept over the end of "The Mill on the Floss," over the sad fate of Maggie Tulliver, drowned with her brother in the angry waters of the Floss? If you have you may dry your eyes. Maggie Tulliver is probably not dead. Certainly she did not die in the manner recorded by her historian. You will remember that her frail boat is said to have been overwhelmed by a huge floating mass of débris which is supposed to be drifting at a quicker rate than the lighter craft. Now, this is a scientific impossibility. You have made yourself miserable for nothing. The débris never caught up with the boat. Maggie and her brother reached shore unharmed, and may have lived happily ever after.

Doubtless you have shuddered over the death of that loathsome wretch in "Bleak House" who suddenly turned into an animated bonfire and expired in the agonies of spontaneous combustion. Your shudders were uncalled for. Dickens made a hard fight to prove a precedent in real life for his horrible conception. But the doctors and the scientists were all against him. The same authorities also are pretty well agreed that that favorite complaint of the anæmic heroine, known to novelists and novel-readers as a broken heart, is never the direct occasion of death. Grief weakens the system and leaves it open to attack from disease-germs; or it hastens the development of some latent bodily affection. Your broken-hearted heroine may have died of dysentery.

Wilkie Collins employed a consulting physician whenever his characters fell sick. The doctor felt the patient's pulse and examined his tongue, metaphorically speaking, in the proof-sheets, and decided not only what medicines he should take, but what symptoms he should be allowed to exhibit. If a

case of typhoid fever proved refractory and behaved as though it were small-pox, the proof-sheets were altered, the patient was admonished of his error, and he was made to understand that he must not run counter to nature and to medical experience. Yet even Wilkie Collins was not always correct in diagnosing his patient's case.

But of all things novelists and dramatists, like other uninstructed people, should beware of handling poisons without proper medical advice. The way that poisons act on the stage and in romance would bewilder the trained toxicologist. A few examples must suffice. Nat Lee, in the tragedy of "Alexander," makes one of his characters administer a poison to the conqueror, of which it is said that

Mixed with his wine, a single drop gives death,
And sends him howling to the shades below.

So far, so good. There is no exception to be taken to this statement. But when the poison is actually administered, then the trouble begins. After swallowing the awful mixture, Alexander goes through the latter part of the fourth and most of the fifth act, kills a man, makes a windy speech, raves and blusters, recovers his senses, and, after a fine dying address, at last yields up the ghost. There is not a poison in the world which could produce such an effect. Philip Massinger, too, in "The Duke of Milan," betrays his ignorance. One of the characters scatters a poisonous powder over a flower. This is given to a lady, some of the powder falls on her hand, her lover salutes the tip of her fingers, and straightway dies. No poison known to science, not even pure aconitine itself, could produce this result.

In novels a handkerchief steeped in an anæsthetic and thrown over the head of the interesting hero or the virtuous heroine immediately sends him or her into a trance. But in real life chemists assert that the thing is an impossibility, and that no such compound has ever been discovered. Chloroform and the other recognized anæsthetics require at least three distinct inhalations to produce the loss of sensation. Perhaps some camorra among the criminal classes of fiction is in possession of a trade secret as yet unknown to science, or shall we rather incline to the supposition that the immediate loss of consciousness is due to something comparable to mesmeric action? The villain of fiction is always an extraordinary hypnotist.

If medicine be a stumbling-block in the way of the careless novelist, how much more so the law! Law, too, has such manifold attractions for the unwary, it is entwined with so much of the mystery, crime, romance, and tragedy of the world! That women novelists should err when they step on this dangerous ground is only inevitable. Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth furnishes a delightful instance in "The Missing Bride." There is a trial scene in that masterly work, where the jury are drawn by "idle curiosity," and not by the sheriff, but "arrive unprejudiced," while the judge reveals a shameful partiality from the bench. But women are not the only offenders. In the famous court-scenes in "Griffith Gaunt," in "Very Hard Cash," and in "Orley Farm," Charles Reade and Anthony Trollope have shown all a layman's unfamiliarity with the laws of evidence. And both Reade and Trollope had the less excuse for their lapses in the fact that both had studied law, and both had been called to the bar. To be sure, they had allowed their legal knowledge to rust by disuse. No such excuse can be urged for Samuel Warren. He was one of the most distinguished barristers of his time, a Q.C., a man eminent for his legal attainments. Yet in "Ten Thousand a Year" he makes a remarkable slip. At the very crisis of the plot, at the trial-scene which decides the fate of Tittlebat Titmouse and all the leading characters, a deed which would forever have disposed of Titmouse is set aside by the judge. And why? Merely because it was discovered that an

erasure had been made by the clerk at the time when the deed was engrossed. It is true that Blackstone lays it down as a rule that an erasure vitiates a deed unless duly acknowledged at the time of signing. But Coke, before Blackstone, and an innumerable array of authorities since, have decided that evidence should be taken as to whether the erasure had been made before or after signing, and that if it was proved to be after, the deed would stand.

We have heard a great deal about the science of George Eliot; praises loud and long have been chanted over the extraordinary mental grasp which realized the boast of Bacon and "took all knowledge for its province." But in truth George Eliot's learning was rather wide than deep. We have already pointed out a notable error in "The Mill on the Floss." But outside of actual error her use of scientific terminology is pedantic and affected, and in a less gifted author would be severely criticised. When she refers to "cervical vertebræ" instead of heads, to the "systole and diastole in all human inquiry," and again to "the systole and diastole of blissful companionship," she becomes ridiculous; and when she talks of a rent-collector who was "differentiated by the force of circumstances into an organist," she comes very near to talking nonsense.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor once took it on himself to expose the pretentious "science" which Charles Reade introduced, for the greater glorification of his hero, in "Foul Play." After pointing out the error of his method of computing longitude, and remarking that it would have been equally to the purpose to have calculated how many cows' tails would reach to the moon, he bewails the tendency of novelists to attempt to sketch scientific methods with which they are not familiar. No discredit, he thinks, can attach to any person, not an astronomer, who does not understand the astronomical processes for determining latitude and longitude, any more than to one who, not being a lawyer, is unfamiliar with the rules of conveyancing. But when an attempt is made by a writer of fiction to give an exact description of any technical matter, it is as well to secure correctness by submitting the description to some friend acquainted with the principles of the subject. For, singularly enough, people pay much more attention to these descriptions when met with in novels than when given in text-books of science. They thus come to remember thoroughly well precisely what they ought to forget.

Among the characteristics of the moon should be noted its tendency to lead authors astray. Rider Haggard, in "King Solomon's Mines," makes an eclipse of the moon take place at the new moon instead of the full,—an astronomic impossibility. Even the familiar verses in the "Burial of Sir John Moore" are all at fault:

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And our lanterns dimly burning.

The Irish Astronomer Royal, Sir Robert Ball, is responsible for destroying our faith in Wolfe's vivid picture. Having nothing better to do, apparently, he made a calculation which resulted in the discovery that the moon could not possibly have been shining, either strongly or in glimmering fashion, at the time of the famous burial. The moon had then been long below the horizon. But it takes no great knowledge of science, no deep calculation, to notice the extraordinary blunder in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." At the moment of the terrific apparition of the phantom-ship, we read how

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done;
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun.

Then come the awful game of dice, the sunset, and the instantaneous tropical night, when

Clomb above the Eastern bar
The hornéd moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

Now, if the moon rose in the east and gradually clomb the sky, she must have been at or near her full,—opposite the sun. She could not be a horned moon, nor could she have a star within either tip. The crescent moon, with her horns, appears in the western sky, not in the eastern, and is steadily setting and getting lower in the sky from the instant of its appearance. Such, at least, is the fact with nature's moon. But the moon of poetry and romance has no end of eccentricities in the pages of fanciful writers, who shift it around like a bit of stage scenery.

Dickens tells of the new moon appearing in the east in the early evening, and more recently Walter Besant, in his "Children of Gibeon," causes a new moon to rise in the east at two o'clock in the morning.

Oliver Wendell Holmes laid us all under obligation when he devised his theory of the idiotic area. Every man, says the Autocrat, has a spot in the brain on which an idea alighting makes no impression. He uses the theory to explain the otherwise inexplicable mistakes which people make. Authors find this idiotic area comes frequently into use. Trollope might have pleaded this excuse when he made Andy Scott "come whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth." So might Jules Verne when at the close of his "Round the World in Eighty Days" he describes his circumnavigating hero as reaching his club, triumphant at the winning of his bet, just as all the clocks in London, "from every steeple, pealed forth ten minutes to ten." Surely Verne knew that the London clocks had no such curious idiosyncrasy.

It has been said that everything in "Robinson Crusoe" might be demonstrated mathematically,—that the writer, as with the instincts of a Scott or a Shakespeare, had got inside the shipwrecked mariner's mind. Yet even Defoe had his idiotic area. How, for example, did Crusoe manage to stuff his pockets with biscuits, when he had taken off all his clothes before swimming to the wreck? And when the clothes he had taken off were washed away by the tide, why did he not remember that he had all the ship's stores to choose from? How could he have seen the goat's eyes in the cave, when it was pitch dark? How could the Spaniards have given Friday's father an agreement in writing, when they had neither paper nor ink? And, finally, how could Friday be so intimately acquainted with the habits of the bear, when that animal is not a denizen of the West Indian islands?

The imitators of "Robinson Crusoe" were even worse. Those readers who can cast back their minds to the days when they read "The Swiss Family Robinson" will recollect the extraordinary fecundity and native wealth of the island in which those lucky waifs resided. Not a fruit but flourished, not an edible bird or beast but inhabited that astounding latitude, and what was even more wonderful than the abundance of incongruous and incompatible forms of natural wealth was the success of every enterprise which any member of the family undertook.

Even the marvellous memory of Macaulay had its idiotic area. In his essay on Warren Hastings, after taking Mr. Gleig to task for the slovenly nature of his biography, he acknowledged that "more eminent men than Mr. Gleig have written nearly as ill as he when they have stooped to similar drudgery. It would be unjust to estimate Goldsmith by 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' or Scott by the 'Life of Napoleon.'"

When the *Review* came out and Macaulay saw what he had done, he was horror-struck. He had written "The Vicar of Wakefield" instead of "the

History of Greece." There was no help for it. Immediate correction was impossible. For three months he had to pose before the world as a critic who thought "The Vicar of Wakefield" a bad book,—a hasty bit of drudgery.

But once at least when in the full possession of his faculties the "cock-sure Macaulay" stumbled into an unfortunate pitfall. Nor would he ever acknowledge that he was in error, though the error was pointed out at once. This was in his essay on Croker's edition of Boswell. Croker had made himself obnoxious to Macaulay in the House of Commons. "See whether I do not dust that varlet's jacket for him in the next number of the Blue and Yellow," wrote Macaulay to his sister Hannah. He kept his word. The next *Edinburgh Review* contained the now famous onslaught. It showed an unpleasant animus. It was bitter and venomous, but it exposed Croker's inaccuracies with ruthless skill, it dusted his jacket so that the skin beneath must have been excoriated. Only once did Jupiter nod. Croker had confessed himself puzzled by the following couplet attributed to Sir William Jones :

Six hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

"Sir William," he said, "has shortened his day to twenty-three hours, and the general advice of 'all to heaven' destroys the peculiar appropriation of a certain period to religious exercise." Macaulay thereupon declared that he did not think it was in human dulness to miss the meaning of these lines. Sir William distributes twenty-three hours among various employments. One hour is thus left for devotion. The whole point of the couplet consists in the unexpected substitution of "all" for "one." "The conceit is wretched enough," concludes Macaulay, with a parting whack, "but it is perfectly intelligible, and never, we will venture to say, perplexed man, woman, or child before."

But it turned out that Sir William Jones wrote "Seven" instead of "Six." So all this good invective came to naught. Macaulay was undoubtedly made aware of his blunder. It was exposed and commented on by Julius Hare in *The Philological Journal*. But when he came to republish his essays in book form Macaulay never took any notice of the correction. The passage was neither cancelled nor altered. There it stands to-day, a monument to the nonsense which resentment will lead an able man to write.

Was not Howells's idiotic area in the ascendant when he wrote in "Silas Lapham" of "rank and file" as though rank and file were synonymous with officers and men instead of being a military term for men alone, and when he spoke of a gentleman whose "linen was purple and fine," whereas the Biblical phrase "purple and fine linen" means purple robes and fine linen? And surely Rider Haggard had no other excuse when in "Mr. Meeson's Will" he made the statement that publishers were subject, like other men, to all the provisions and conditions of the seventh commandment. To be sure, if Haggard were a Catholic he might plead further that according to the arrangement of Latin theology the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" is the seventh commandment. But even then this should have been explained to Anglo-Saxon readers in a foot-note.

It seems inevitable that Walter Scott should sometimes err. When an author is throwing off brilliant romances at fever-heat, in electric sympathy with a teeming brain and a tingling pulse, he cannot be expected to be over-careful. No one knew better than he—a famous horseman himself—the limits of endurance in a horse. He makes Wilfred of Ivanhoe advise his enemy the Templar to take a fresh steed for the fierce tilt he was to run with him. Wilfred himself had no chargers of remount; he had but one steed, the gift of Isaac of York, and was compelled to run five courses in rapid

succession on the unfortunate animal. Horse and man were both sheathed in armor. The day was hot and sultry. No steed that ever was foaled could have stood the ordeal. But this may be hypercriticism. Is it hypercriticism, also, to point out that in the same novel a full century is dropped in such sort that one of Richard I.'s knights holds converse with a contemporary of the Conqueror, who was Richard's great-great-grandfather? or that the Fair Maid of Perth goes to mass in the afternoon, whereas mass cannot be celebrated save in the earlier part of the day?

And Scott's brilliant imitator, the French improvisator, who was so much more headlong and slapdash in his methods,—Alexander the Great, in short,—can we wonder that he too was not infallible? that he fell into strange errors, blunders, and inconsistencies?

In the opening of his novel of "Monte-Cristo," when the good ship Pharaon arrives at the port of Marseilles, Dantes cries out, "All ready to drop anchor!" Straightway "all hands obeyed. *At the same moment* the eight or ten men who composed the crew sprang some to the main-sheets, others to the braces, others to the halliards, others to the jib-ropes, and others to the topsail-brails." The eight or ten men would have found it impossible to distribute themselves in this fashion, even if they had not been simultaneously engaged in weighing anchor.

But "Monte-Cristo" is a tissue of inconsistencies. The fortune which falls in the way of the hero has all the astounding qualities of Fortunatus's cap. It is big enough, to be sure, in the first place. Four million dollars was an impossible fortune for a cardinal of the sixteenth century to have accumulated. But to Monte-Cristo four million dollars is a mere bagatelle. He scatters it with both hands. He hollows emeralds of priceless value to use them as pill-boxes. He gives away horses with rosettes of magnificent diamonds pinned to their heads. His steward has *carte blanche* in regard to expenditures; he must be ready at a moment's notice to supply the costly caprices of his patron, and he plunders that patron with equal *sang-froid*. Monte-Cristo further allows himself to be preyed upon by brigands and smugglers, and insolvents of all classes. Yet when he talks of settling up his affairs prior to being shot by Morcerf, he finds that after all these inroads his original fortune of four millions is—what does the reader suppose? A million? a half-million? Nay, by some extraordinary process it has not diminished a sou: it has even increased; it has more than duplicated itself: it is now a cool ten million! In the paradoxical lexicon of Monte-Cristo, prodigality is another name for thrift.

Charles Lever's geography is sadly at fault. In "Charles O'Malley" he makes Andalusia a province of Portugal, and speaks of Don Emanuel's heiress as possessing an estate in Valencia, forgetting that Valencia lies on the opposite shore of Spain. But this is nothing to Victor Hugo, who airs his topographical knowledge by translating "the Firth of Forth" as "Le Premier des Quatres,"—"the First of the Four." And it is nothing to the various English authors who have dealt with American subjects. In the latter regard the Britisher began early to claim the human privilege of erring. As far back as 1729 Dean Swift talks of Pennsylvania, on no less an authority than William Penn, as a spot that "wanted the shelter of mountains, which left it open to the northern winds from Hudson Bay and the frozen sea, which destroyed all plantations of trees, and were even pernicious to all common vegetables." In "Hand and Glove" Amelia B. Edwards compares her hero to "an overseer on a Massachusetts cotton-plantation." Even Thackeray, who knew America and loved it, and who loved Virginia above all, shows in his "Virginians" that he is but superficially acquainted with the geography and conditions of his favorite State. Though it is just barely possible that a

grant might have been made to the Esmonds of a tract extending from the Potomac to the James River, it is quite absurd to imagine that any one estate approaching this in size was ever cultivated from one centre. Yet Madame Warrington is described as shipping tobacco from both rivers. There are other inconsistencies,—notably the contiguity of Castlewood to Mount Vernon and Williamsburg, which are at least one hundred miles apart.

Miss Helen Mathers is fond of lugging into her novels the ill-directed results of her reading, and in the effort to appear learned she is continually making the saddest mistakes. Two examples from "Cherry Ripe" must suffice. She refers to Henry VIII. and his six wives "all waiting to have their heads cut off;" and to show that she really believes they all lost their heads, she asks, "Did these murdered wives come stepping softly to his side when he lay a-dying?" She makes her hero speak of Miss Porter, and when this recondite allusion puzzles the heroine, the hero puzzles the reader still more completely by declaring that Dr. Johnson, "apropos of his marriage with that lady," is recorded to have said, "Sir, it was a love-match on both sides." A far worse offender is Ouida, who can never restrain the exuberant expression of her learning. She is the Malaprop of the classics, the Partington of belles-lettres, history, and statistics. She plays sad havoc with the names and doings of the old heathen gods. She talks of "the glory that was Athens", and the grandeur that was Rome's." She dowers her heroes and her heroines with impossible perfections, and places them in impossible surroundings. Wanda lives in a castle in an almost inaccessible Alpine height, where foliage would well-nigh perish, yet the magic of Ouida makes the desert to blossom as the rose, while the steinbok, an animal now extinct in the Tyrol, gambols around it. And is it not Wanda's lover who lives in an equally extraordinary château whose library contains a million volumes? An unimaginative statistician once took the pains to show that a million volumes could not be shelved in any less space than a Colosseum.

In one of his "Roundabout Papers" Thackeray acknowledges his manifold shortcomings, blunders, and slips of memory: "As sure as I read a page of my own composition, I find a fault or two, half a dozen. Jones is called Brown. Brown who is dead is brought to life. Aghast, and months after the number was printed, I saw that I had called Philip Firmin, Clive Newcome. Now, Clive Newcome is the hero of another story by the reader's most obedient servant. The two men are as different in my mind's eye—as Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli, let us say." Elsewhere he had to confess that he had resuscitated Lady Kew after having laid the unquiet old dowager in her coffin. Newcome, senior, is colonel and major at one and the same time; Jack Belsize becomes Charles on another page; and Mrs. Raymond Gray, introduced as Emily, is suddenly rechristened Fanny. A good deal of confusion is introduced into "The Newcomes" by a want of agreement between author and artist. While Thackeray jests about Clive's beautiful moustache and whiskers, Richard Doyle persists to the end in representing that young man as entirely destitute of capillary attractions.

But, having owned his shortcomings, Mr. Roundabout makes a touching plea for mercy. As he looks on the pages written last month or ten years ago he tells us that he remembers the day and its events; "the child ill, mayhap, in the adjoining room, and the doubts and fears which racked the brain as it still pursued its work. It is not the words I see, but that past day; that bygone page of life's history; that tragedy, comedy, it may be, which our little home company was enacting; that merrymaking which we shared; that funeral which we followed; that bitter, bitter grief which we buried." And, such being the state of his mind, he prays the gentle reader to deal kindly with him.

After such a plea it seems almost brutal to call attention to a nice little anachronism in "The Newcomes." Clive, in a letter dated 183-, asks, "Why have we no picture of the sovereign and her august consort from Smee's brush?" The answer is easy enough: because there was no Prince Consort until 1840.

But if we are to chronicle all the anachronisms in imaginative literature we shall never get through. The very head and front of all offenders was Shakespeare himself. He speaks of cannon in the reign of John, whereas cannon were unknown until a century and a half later; of printing in the time of Henry II.; of clocks—and striking clocks at that—in the time of Julius Cæsar; he makes Hector quote Aristotle, and Coriolanus refer to Cato and Alexander; he introduces a billiard-table into Cleopatra's palace; he dowers Bohemia with a sea-coast, makes Delphos an island, and holds Tunis and Naples to be at an immeasurable distance from each other. Nor were his brother dramatists—his contemporaries and his followers—a whit more careful. Nat Lee talks about cards in his tragedy of "Hannibal;" Otway makes Spartan notables carouse and drink deep; D'Urfey's ancient Britons are familiar with Puritans and packet-boats; Rymmer makes his Saxon heroine pull off her patches when her lover desires her to lay aside her ornaments; Schiller, in his "Piccolomini," speaks of lightning-conductors.

When Colman the younger read his drama of "Inkle and Yarico" to Dr. Moseley, the latter exclaimed,—

"Stuff and nonsense! It won't do."

"Why?" cried the alarmed dramatist.

"Why, you say in the finale,—

'Come, let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes' bells shall ring!'

It won't do, sir; there's but one bell in the island."

Nevertheless the play did *do*: and even if this terrible mistake had not been pointed out, it would have *done* all the same. Let us not be Dr. Moseleys. We may amuse an idle hour by pointing out the discrepancies in this or that great author, but we need not imagine that his greatness suffers by any such minute specks and flaws.

Mistletoe. That little parasite with the curious white berry, the mistletoe, has long been a puzzle and a mystery to botanists, naturalists, and antiquaries. But we will leave the botanists and naturalists to fight out their battles among themselves, and merely glance at what the antiquaries have to say concerning the origin of the pleasant and of course popular custom of kissing a maid under the mistletoe.

It will surprise no one to be told that of old the mistletoe was sacred to love. The Scandinavians dedicated it to Freya, their goddess of beauty and love. Freya united in herself the attributes of Venus and of Proserpine, who was the queen of the dead, and it is curious how the mistletoe has been inextricably mixed up with both love and death, the story of Freya and Balder, her son, furnishing a striking illustration. Balder, so the legend goes, dreamed a dream presaging danger to his life, and this dream was a cause of much anxiety to his mother, who, to make sure of fate, exacted a promise from Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, and all things springing from them, that they would do no harm to her son. This done, the Scandinavian gods met in their hall, and, placing Balder in their midst, amused themselves by casting stones, darts, lances, and swords at him as he stood. True to their oaths, they fell from him, leaving him unscathed. Loki, the spirit of evil, filled with wonder and envy at the sight, resolved to learn the secret of Balder's invulnerability. Transforming himself into an old woman, he went

to Freya, told her how her son bore unhurt the assaults of all the deities, and soon wormed himself into her confidence and won the secret of Balder's invulnerability. For to Loki's inquiry if all things had made the promise not to injure Balder the goddess replied that all things had taken the oath save the mistletoe, which was too feeble to hurt, if it would. Loki then left Freya, resumed his own shape, and, plucking up the mistletoe by its roots, fashioned it into an arrow as he went. On rejoining the assembly he found the gods still at their sports, but, looking around, spied blind Höder (the god of fate) standing silently apart from an amusement he could not share. Loki entreated him to do honor to Freya's offspring, placed the arrow in his hand, and guided his arm. It flew with fatal accuracy, and stretched the unhappy Balder dead before the startled gods. All nature mourned so bitterly the death of the sun-god that Hela agreed to restore him if it could be shown that everything lamented. Then every creature wept, and the trees even dropped their branches in token of their grief. Loki alone stood tearless. In holy rage the assembled gods rushed on the cause of the world's sorrow, bore him to the bottomless pit, and chained him fast. At this unexpected result of his evil work, Loki shed tears copiously, and, Hela's condition being thus fulfilled, Balder returned to life.

Professor Skeat explains why the mistletoe should be of all created things the slayer of the sun-god (Balder) by saying that the myth represents the tragedy of the solar year, the sun overwhelmed by the gloom of mid-winter. In Anglo-Saxon *mist* means "gloom," and *mistel* is used for the plant "mistletoe."

In later stories the mistletoe still continues to be associated with love and death. Take, for instance, the famous ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough," by Thomas Haynes Bayly, which has long enjoyed a wide popularity. Here is sufficient of it to give the story :

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly-branch shone on the old oak wall,
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride,
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.
Oh, the mistletoe bough !
Oh, the mistletoe bough !

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried ;
"Here tarry a moment,—I'll hide, I'll hide ;
And, Lovell, be sure thou art first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan ;
And young Lovell cried, "Oh, where dost thou hide ?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride !"

* * * * *
At length an oak chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle: they raised the lid ;
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair !
Oh, sad was her fate ! in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest,
It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.
Oh, the mistletoe bough !
Oh, the mistletoe bough !

This story is widely spread and has numerous *locales*. Rogers in his "Italy" tells the same tale, and calls his heroine Ginevra. In Florence in

an old castello there is shown the identical chest in which the unhappy lady is supposed to have secreted herself. In England many old houses have similar traditions connected with them; and, as the old oak chest or coffer was in former times an article of furniture in every mansion, and as from its size it was an inviting hiding-place, it may have been the cause of more than one tragedy. Collet in his "Relics of Literature" gives the story, and it is also to be found in the "Causes Célèbres."

But *revenons à nos moutons*. The gathering of the mistletoe was a most important ceremony among the ancient Druids. Five days after the new moon they went in stately procession to the forest and raised an altar of grass beneath the finest mistletoe-bearing oak they could find: the arch-Druid then ascended the oak and with a golden knife removed the sacred parasite, the inferior priests stood beneath and caught the plant upon a white cloth, for if a portion of it but touched the ground (Loki's empire) it was an omen of misfortune to the land. The mistletoe was distributed among the people on the first day of the new year. As it was supposed to possess the mystic virtue of giving fertility and a power to preserve from poison, the ceremony of kissing under the mistletoe may have some reference to this original belief.

Grant Allen in the *Cornhill Magazine* has another theory. "In many primitive tribes," he says, "when the chief or king dies, there ensues a wild period of general license, an orgy of anarchy, till a new king is chosen and consecrated in his stead to replace him. During this terrible interregnum or lordship of misrule, when every man does that which is right (or otherwise) in his own eyes, all things are lawful; or rather there are no laws, no lawgiver, no executive. But as soon as the new chief comes to his own again, everything is changed: the community resumes at once its wonted respectability. Now, is it not probable that the mid-winter orgy is similarly due to the cutting of the mistletoe? perhaps even to the killing of the King of the Wood along with it? Till the new mistletoe grows, are not all things allowable? At any rate, I cast out this hint as a possible explanation of saturnalian freedom in general, and kissing under the mistletoe in particular. It may conceivably survive as the last faint memory of that wild orgy of license which accompanied the rites of so many slain gods,—Tammuz, Adonis, Dionysus, Attis. Much mitigated and mollified by civilization and Christianity, we may still see in it, perhaps, some dim lineaments of the mad feasts which Herodotus describes for us over the dead gods of Egypt. So far back into the realms of savage thought does that seemingly picturesque and harmless mistletoe hurry us."

But, setting aside Druidical and pagan practices, let us see what part the mistletoe played in mediæval times. It seems pretty well established that it once had a place among the evergreens employed in the Christmas decoration of churches, but that it was subsequently excluded. Hone states that it was banished together with kissing in the church, which practice had established itself at a certain time of the service. Brand, however, asserts that the mistletoe never entered into sacred edifices except by mistake, and assigns it a place in the kitchen, where "it was hung up in great state, with its white berries; and whatever female chanced to stand under it, the young man present either had a right, or claimed one, of saluting her, and of plucking off a berry at each kiss." Nares makes it ominous for the maid not so saluted, and says, "The custom longest preserved was the hanging up of a bush of mistletoe in the kitchen, or servants' hall, with the charm attached to it that the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas would not be married in that year."

Whatever the origin of kissing under the mistletoe, the custom was a de-

servedly popular one, and still retains its hold. An enthusiastic English minstrel sings,—

Yet why should this holy and festival mirth
In the reign of old Christmas only be found?
Hang up Love's mistletoe over the earh,
And let us kiss under it all the year round.

But there may be too much of a good thing, and then, too, there is a time for all things. Let us keep up the good old custom, however, at the Christmas season, for it is eminently worth preserving, especially when a pretty girl is in the question, and certainly its antiquity should be a guarantee for its respectability.

Mistress of the Adriatic. By this figure Venice, from her situation at the head of the sea of that name, and her commercial importance in the later Middle Ages as the *entrepôt* and chief factor in the trade between Europe and the Orient, is alluded to. The following extract is a reference to the fact that this commercial pre-eminence afterwards passed to the Dutch :

The nations of the Baltic and the farthest Ind now exchanged their products on a more extensive scale and with a wider sweep across the earth than when the Mistress of the Adriatic held the keys of Asiatic commerce.—MOTLEY: *Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

Mitten, To give the, or the sack, in American slang, to refuse a proposal of marriage, to dismiss a lover. The phrase is probably derived from the French custom of presenting *mitaines* to an unsuccessful wooer,—a supposition strengthened by the fact that it comes to us from French Canada; but it was doubtless influenced by some reminiscence of the old custom of throwing the glove down as a sign of defiance. The suggestion that there is some allusion here to the Latin *mittere*, to “send” about one’s business, seems hardly tenable.

Had I only got her glove—
Without a *g*—I’d have her love.
But the lilting, jilting kitten
Has bestowed on me a mitten.

The Sorrows of Sam.

“May I see you safe home?” he asked, as he had often asked her before, but never before with trepidation. “No,” said Rachel, with an evident effort, and without looking at Tom’s face. Such an answer is technically known as the sack and the mitten, though it would take a more inventive antiquary than I to tell how it got these epithets. But it was one of the points on which the moral etiquette of that day was rigorous and inflexible, that such a refusal closed the conversation and annihilated the beau without allowing him to demand any explanations or to make any further advances at the time.—*Century Magazine*, 1887, *apud* “Farmer.”

Mock-Turtle. According to Dr. Kitchiner’s “The Cook’s Oracle,” a famous book of recipes published in London in 1817, this savory fraud was invented by Elizabeth Lister, who is described as “late Cook to Dr. Kitchiner, Bread and Biscuit Baker, No. 6 Salcombe-place, York Terrace, Regent’s Park,”—with the further information that she “goes out to dress dinners on reasonable terms.” Of mock-turtle itself this authority states that it “is the *Bonne Bouche* which the ‘officers of the Mouth’ of Old England prepare when they choose to rival *les Grands Cuisiniers de (sic) France* in a *Ragout sans Pareil*.” The directions for making this soup fill altogether about four pages, and embedded among them comes the following outburst in praise of the dish (the italics and the capitals are the Doctor’s): “Without its paraphernalia of subtle double Relishes a *STARVED TURTLE* has *not more* intrinsic sapidity than a *FATTED CALF*. Friendly Reader, it is really neither half so wholesome nor half so toothsome.” Later on he says, “This is a delicious Soup within the range of those ‘who eat to live,’ but if it had been composed expressly for those who only ‘live to eat,’ I do not know how

it could have been made more agreeable ; as it is, the lover of good eating 'will wish his throat a mile long, and every inch of it palate.'"

Molly Maguires, a secret society among the coal-miners of Pennsylvania, which for many years prior to 1877 terrorized the entire coal-producing region, and even rose to be an important political factor in the State, through the numerous votes which it controlled. The name was originally that of a secret society organized in Ireland in 1843 for the purpose of terrorizing the officials employed by the landlords to distrain for rent. Stout, active young men, dressed in women's clothes, with faces blackened, or otherwise disguised, would pounce upon the grippers, bumbailiffs, process-servers, and drivers (persons who impounded cattle till the rent was paid), releasing the distress and roughly handling the distrainers, from the effects of which they not infrequently died.

The Molly Maguires of the coal-regions were composed almost entirely of Irishmen, and they kept the forms and practices of the secret societies of the old country. They combined against mine-owners and overseers as the Irish society had combined against landlords and agents. But their crimes were worse, as their excuse was less, and their cruelty was as ferocious as the offence which caused it was petty. In committing their murders, the society took a course not unknown in the history of the brotherhoods of assassins, and had the deeds done by persons who were strangers in the sections where the victims lived. Returns of courtesies were arranged by which murders were exchanged. They pursued the same course in regard to terrorism of witnesses and to subornation of perjury, and consequently for a long time made trials a farce. With murder and incendiarism, matters came to such a pass that in 1875 the entire region was in a tremble of fear. After the total failure of the local constabulary, after even the militia had failed to establish more than temporary quiet, the Pinkerton Agency of Chicago was ultimately set upon their track, and largely through the personal efforts and influence of Franklin B. Gowen, President of the Reading Railroad, the ringleaders were detected, arrested, convicted, and, in June, 1877, hanged, after which order was restored and the association broken up.

Moloch. Figuratively, a ruling passion or consuming vice, to which man sacrifices things most dear and sacred ; it may be the Moloch of gambling, the Moloch of ambition, the Moloch of war, etc. The derivation is from Moloch, a god of the Ammonites, into whose bowels, being a furnace with a raging fire, the worshippers cast as sacrifices jewels, treasures, often even their own favorite children : this practice is alluded to in the Biblical reference to the god, to whom children were "made to pass through the fire" in sacrifice.

Money makes the mare go, an old English proverb of uncertain origin. It may be a far-off variant of the ancient phrase found in this form in Publius Syrus : "Money alone sets all the world in motion." (*Maxim* 656.)

There is an old glee that contains the following lines :

"Will you lend me your mare to go a mile?"
 "No ; she is lame, leaping over a stile."
 "But if you will her to me spare
 You shall have money for your mare."
 "Oh, ho ! say you so ?
 Money will make the mare to go."

There is no evidence, however, to show that the glee was not taken from the saw. In Caleb Bingham's "American Preceptor," published in 1794, is a dialogue called "Self-Interest," in which an English rustic, named Scrape-well, makes all sorts of false excuses to avoid lending his mare to a neighbor, but afterwards, finding that the loan is to be profitable to himself, he takes

back all the excuses and lets the mare go. The author's name is given as Berquin. Probably it is a paraphrase from the French writer for children Arnauld Berquin (1749-91). The glee may have been founded on this dialogue, as it follows it in all essentials. And, as the proverb is not mentioned in the dialogue, the saw as well as the glee may have arisen therefrom.

Monkey's money, To make payment in,—i.e., in something of no value. The origin of the phrase is sought in an ordinance said to have existed in Paris, imposing a toll of four deniers upon any animal crossing the Petit Pont and brought into the city for sale; if it was a showman's monkey, not intended for sale, an exception was made, and in such a case it would suffice if the monkey went through his antics and grimaces.

Friar John bought him two rare pictures, . . . an original, by master Charles Charmois, principal painter to King Megistus; and he paid for them in court fashion, with monkey's money (with congé and grimace).—RABELAIS, Book iv., ch. ii.

A parallel figure is the English colloquialism "monkey's allowance." The extract explains the meaning:

You fellows worked like bricks, spent money, and got midshipman's half-pay (nothing a day and find yourself) and monkey's allowance (more kicks than halfpence).—C. KINGSLEY: *Letters*, May, 1856.

Monograms are cabalistic-looking ciphers or figures, often utterly meaningless at first sight, which on closer inspection resolve themselves into letters fantastically intertwined the one with the other. These devices can be traced back to early ages, possibly to the Egyptians, and certainly to the Greeks, who used them on early coins, medals, and seals. They are found also on the family coins of Rome, but not on the coins of the Roman emperors until the time of Constantine, who used, there and elsewhere, the famous monogram of Christ, formed from the first two letters of the Greek ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ, which was the most striking part of the labarum. (See *IN HOC SIGNO VINCES*.) Another famous Christian monogram is considered *sub voce* I. H. S. Charlemagne is thought to have revived in France the practice of placing monograms on coins, which was copied by most of the Carlovingian kings. And in order to hide his ignorance of the art of writing, Charlemagne was wont to use a monogram stamped on a seal as his signature. The "merchants' marks" of the Middle Ages were often monograms, as were the devices on tradesmen's tokens, and the signatures of old painters, engravers, and printers. The latter form the especial study of the bibliographer, who is thus enabled to fix the identity of the ancient editions, German, Italian, and English, from the invention of printing down to the middle or end of the sixteenth century. But as a means of handing down one's name to posterity monograms can hardly be considered a success. Not many years ago a long controversy broke out in the pages of *Notes and Queries* concerning a monogram which different correspondents variously attributed to Peter Quast, Lewis Crosse, Sir Peter Lely, and others, and which to the uninstructed mind seemed to contain a P, a C, an L, and a D. Unfortunately, there are no rules for deciphering a monogram. All attempted rules, such as that which declares that in these combinations the initial of the surname should be the most prominent character, have been sacrificed to the exigencies of the occasion in hand. It is now generally held that the diphthong *Æ*, for example, is a true monogram in itself, embracing the initials A, E, F, L in any desired order, and standing either for Ebenezer Fitz-Adam Longshanks or Alexandria Letitia Frances Escobar. Shakespeare asks, What's in a name? With a deal more reason he might ask, "What's in a monogram?"

Monosyllable. The literary value of simplicity, of Saxon as against

Latin terminology, of the short word as against the long, of monosyllables, in fact, as against polysyllables, is a modern discovery, or not so much a discovery as a recrudescence. It was known to the Elizabethans, it was forgotten by their successors, it was rediscovered in more modern times. Shakespeare and the English Bible have established and retained their hold on the popular heart by their knowledge of this great rhetorical fact. But Shakespeare and the Bible (as a literary force) had become discredited in Queen Anne's age. For that age was big with the coming portent of Johnsonese and Gibbonese, it was the legitimate precursor of the "Rambler" and the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," it was subconsciously aware of the revolution which it bore within its womb. It is not astonishing, therefore, to find in the work of a great Queen Anne poet the well-known gibe against monosyllabic verse,—

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

This, of course, is Pope, in the "Dunciad." A successor of Pope, a satirist who lived in the very heyday of Johnsonese English,—Churchill, in short,—in his "Rosciad" has this sarcastic fling at the actor Mossop :

With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney'd critic's reach ;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungraced, like lackeys wait ;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables ;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join
To stamp new vigor on the nervous line ;
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
He, she, it, and we, ye, they, affright the soul.

But in spite of Pope, in erring Churchill's spite, ten words can fly as well as creep, and thunders may roll in monosyllables as readily as in *sesquipedalia verba*. The finest passages in Shakespeare, the "To be or not to be," for example, the most impressive portions of the Bible, as in the books of Job and Revelation, or the denunciations of Jeremiah against Jehoiakim, King of Judah, "O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord," etc., the Burial Service, Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears," Pope's "Universal Prayer," Gray's "Elegy," Scott's description of the battle of Flodden Field,—all these and many more of the best-remembered passages in English literature might be searched in vain for words hard enough to set at a spelling-bee. They represent all moods of the mind, all the possibilities of human expression. They show that directness and simplicity may consort with majesty, with dignity, with passion, with eloquence. This truth is excellently put in the following two sonnets by Dr. J. Addison Alexander, written throughout in monosyllables, which originally appeared in the *Princeton Review* :

THE POWER OF SHORT WORDS.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true, who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want or woe or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend ? There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine,—
Light, but no heat,—a flash, but not a blaze !

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts :
 It serves of more than fight or storm to tell,
 The roar of waves that dash on rock-bound coasts,
 The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,
 The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
 On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
 For them that far off on their sick-beds lie ;
 For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead ;
 For them that laugh and dance and clap the hand ;
 To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow tread,
 The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep time,
 And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
 With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
 In thought, or speech, or song, in prose or rhyme.

Let us cull from literature a few of the more notable examples of verse and prose wherein monosyllables play the chief and sometimes the only part. Shakespeare and the Bible, as we have already noted, yield a rich harvest. Where is the language of passionate grief made more expressive than in the speech of the widowed Constance in "King John"?—

Thou may'st, thou shalt ; I will not go with thee :
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up : here I and Sorrow sit ;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Act iii., Sc. 1.

Here are seventy-three words, of which only six are polysyllables. In the same play, in the thrilling scene where King John is inciting Hubert to murder Arthur, his speech consists largely of monosyllables. Here are four lines without a single word of more than one syllable :

Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet ;
 But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say ;—but let it go.

Act iii., Sc. 3.

In one of the most forceful of all the Shakespearian plays, "King Lear," the most forceful passages are made up of words of one syllable. Here again are four lines without a single polysyllable :

Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air,
 We wawl and cry : I will preach to thee, mark me.
 When we are born we cry that we are come
 To this great stage of fools.—This a good block ?

Act iv., Sc. 6.

Coleridge considered that the most beautiful verse, and also the most sublime, in the Bible was that in the book of Ezekiel which runs, "And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live ? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest." Here are seventeen monosyllables, and only three words of two syllables.

Here are a few more examples, selected almost at random :

And God said, Let there be light : and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good.—*Genesis* i. 3, 4.

At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down : at her feet he bowed, he fell : where he bowed, there he fell down dead.—*Judges* v. 27.

O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me. O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave : thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit. Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks.—*Psalms* xxx. 2-4.

Prove all things ; hold fast that which is good.—*1 Thessalonians* v. 21.

For if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him.—*2 Timothy* ii. 11.

For the great day of his wrath is come ; and who shall be able to stand ?—*Revelation* vi. 17.
 And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day ; for there shall be no night there.—*Revelation* xxi. 25.

If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.—*Matthew xv. 14.*

Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink.—*Matthew vi. 25.*

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?—*Matthew vii. 9.*

The tree is known by his fruit.—*Matthew xii. 33.*

Be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.—*James i. 19.*

If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?—*Luke xxiii. 31.*

We walk by faith, not by sight.—*2 Corinthians v. 7.*

Lord Russell, in his *Life of Moore*, records a conversation between that poet, Rogers, and the once popular critic Crowe on the use of short words. Phrases like "He jests at scars who never felt a wound," "Give all thou canst," and "Sigh on my lip" were quoted with approval as most musical and vigorous. Rogers cited two lines from Pope, declaring that they could not be improved :

Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd ;

Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.

Eloisa to Abelard, l. 123.

Moore himself offers some excellent examples :

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,

And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.

Rich and rare were the Gems she wore.

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,

I but know that I love thee whatever thou art.

Come rest in this Bosom.

I give thee all,—I can no more,

Though poor the offering be ;

My heart and lute are all the store

That I can bring to thee.

My Heart and Lute.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet

The dream of home, the dream of home,

Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,

When far o'er sea or land we roam ?

The Dream of Home.

Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.

The Light of the Harem.

I knew, I knew it could not last :

'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past.

Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,

I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;

I never loved a tree or flower

But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,

To glad me with its soft black eye,

But when it came to know me well

And love me, it was sure to die.

Now, too, the joy most like divine

Of all I ever dreamt or knew,

To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—

Oh, misery ! must I lose *that* too ?

Yet go ! On peril's brink we meet ;

Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—

No, never come again—though sweet,

Though heaven, it may be death to thee !"

The Fire-Worshippers.

Phineas Fletcher in "The Purple Island" has a remarkable passage :

New light new love, new love new life hath bred ;

A life that lives by love, and loves by light ;

A love to Him to whom all loves are wed ;

A light to whom the sun is darkest night :

Eye's light, heart's love, soul's only life He is ;

Life, soul, love, heart, light, eye, and all are His ;

He eye, light, heart, love, soul ; He all my joy and bliss.

Here are seventy words, and only one word of more than one syllable, and that merely the superlative form of a monosyllable. Giles Fletcher, the brother of Phineas, was often quite as happy in his simplicity of phrase,—as, for example :

Love is the blossom where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows ;
Love doth make the Heav'ns to move,
And the Sun doth burn in love :
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak ;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild.

Love no med'cine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas :
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench :
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear.

Here are two of the most famous of George Herbert's poems. The second is especially noteworthy as containing but a single dissyllable and eighty-two monosyllables :

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives,
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THE CALL.

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life :
Such a Way, as gives us breath ;
Such a Truth, as ends all strife ;
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength :
Such a Light, as shows a feast ;
Such a Feast, as mends in length ;
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart :
Such a Joy, as none can move ;
Such a Love, as none can part ;
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

Thomas Lodge, the poet from whose "Euphues' Golden Legacy" Shakespeare drew the plot of his "As You Like It," has this notable example :

MADRIGAL.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth sucke his sweete ;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feete.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amid my tender breast ;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.

Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays, if I do sing ;
He lends me every living thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod,
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be ;
O Cupid ! so thou pity me,
I will not wish to part from thee.

In this stanza by Ben Jonson—the most famous passage in all his voluminous verse—there is but one word of more than one syllable :

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

The Forest : To Celia.

Bailey's "Festus" once threw all England into ecstasies of admiration. To-day only a few passages here and there live in the popular memory. It is worthy of note that they consist almost entirely of monosyllables :

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truth :
Though many, yet they help not ; bright, they light not.
They are too late to serve us ; and sad things
Are aye too true. We never see the stars
Till we can see naught but them. So with truth,
And yet if one would look down a deep well,
Even at noon, we might see those same stars.

Life's more than breath, and the quick round of blood.
We live in deeds, not years,—in thoughts, not breaths.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end.

We may say that the sun is dead, and gone
For ever ; and may swear he will rise no more ;
The skies may put on mourning for their God,
And earth heap ashes on her head ; but who
Shall keep the sun back when he thinks to rise ?
Where is the chain shall bind him ? Where the cell
Shall hold him ? Hell he would burn down to embers,
And would lift up the world with a lever of light
Out of his way : yet, know ye, 'twere thrice less
To do thrice this, than keep the soul from God.

It is well worth noting, also, that the arch-offender against the simplicity of the English language, Dr. Johnson himself, is remembered best by the things he did when not in the Johnsonese mood. His plain, direct talk, as embalmed in Boswell, is a delight forever ; his essays, even his "Rasselas," are unread. Of his poems only a few nervous Saxon lines survive :

He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale,

Vanity of Human Wishes ;

For we that live to please must please to live,
Prologue on opening of Drury Lane ;

and the couplet which he added to Goldsmith's "Traveller :"

How small of all that human hearts endure
The part which laws or kings can make or cure !

Byron offers many examples, none better than the following :

I had a dream which was not all a dream.

Darkness.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea ;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate ;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

To Thomas Moore.

No better instance of the power of short words can be offered than in his famous characterization of man :

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar.

Compare this with Churchill's couplet, from which Byron stole his thought,—

Half lowly earth and half ethereal fire,
Too proud to sink, too lowly to aspire,—

and note what energy is gained by the substitution of short words for long.

Here are a few miscellaneous examples :

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing.

We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away

Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee
And read thee everywhere.

KEBLE.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
Save by its loss ; to give it then a tongue
Were wise in man.

YOUNG.

Ah, yes ! the hour is come
When thou must haste thee home,
Pure soul, to Him who calls.

The God who gave thee breath
Walks by the side of death,
And naught that step appalls.

LANDOR.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way !

POPE.

But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not ; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake.
——Thou sun, said I, fair light,

And thou enlightened earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here!

* * * * *
 Tell me, how may I know Him, how adore,
 From whom I have that thus I move and live?

MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, Book viii.

Fond fool, six feet shall serve for all thy store,
 And he that cares for most shall find no more.

HALL.

The last-quoted verse extorted from the polysyllabic Gibbon the exclamation, "What harmonious monosyllables!"

Monroe Doctrine, a political creed first officially propounded by James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, in his message of December 2, 1823, and ever since the declared policy of the American Union,—*i.e.*, to consider as dangerous to its peace and safety, and to discountenance, any attempt of European powers to extend further their jurisdiction on the Western Hemisphere. A flagrant violation of the doctrine was the intervention of Napoleon III. and the establishment of the empire of Maximilian in Mexico. Others are the seizure of the Falkland Islands off the coast of South America, and of the Mosquito Coast in Central America, by Great Britain, both of which she still holds. The doctrine was also relaxed in favor of the latter power with reference to the right to the control of any canal to be constructed through the Isthmus of Panama, by the terms of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, admitting Great Britain into the joint supervision of the proposed water-way.

Monsters of the deep. Byron, in his address to the Ocean, says,—

Even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made.

A similar phrase may be met with in Dryden's "Medal,"—a poem written on the striking of the medal to commemorate the grand jury's return of an "Ignoramus" in the case of the Earl of Shaftesbury, indicted for high treason. The indignant poet compares London to the Nile, which, though the cause of fertility and wealth,—

Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
 Engendered on the slime thou leavest behind.

Month's mind, a great longing or desire cherished for some time. This is the sense in which Shakespeare uses the phrase when he makes Julia say,—

I see you have a month's mind to them,
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., Sc. 2;

but it is a sense very different from that which it bore originally. The name came from an ancient solemn commemorative service in the Catholic Church held one month after the death of the person for the benefit of whose soul it was celebrated. His (or her) name was wont to be written on a tablet and kept on the altar, and was read out at the proper point in the mass. This was called "mynding" the dead. The ceremony might be repeated each month for a year, in which case it was called "a year's mind." The phrase is still retained in Lancashire, England, an exceptionally Catholic county, but elsewhere the "Mind Days" are called "Anniversary Days." The following extract from Peck's "Desiderata Curiosa" offers an explanation of how the phrase came to acquire its modern meaning: "By saying that they have a month's mind to a thing, they undoubtedly mean that, if they had what they so much longed for, it would do them as much good as they believe 'a month's mind,' or service in the church said once a month, would benefit their souls after their decease." In what esteem this "month's mind" was formerly held

is shown by the elaborate directions for the conduct of it found in the wills of sundry persons of consequence. Thus, Thomas Windsor, Esq. (1479), wills that at his "Month's Mind" "there be a hundred children within the age of sixteen years to say for my soul." Also, "that against my month's mind candles be burned before the rood in the parish church; also, that my executors provide twenty priests to sing 'Placebo, Dirige,' etc." Fabyan (born 1450), one of the historians of early Britain, also gives instructions in his will for his "Month's Mind:" "I will that myne executrice doo cause to be carried from London xii newe torches to burne in the tymes of the said burying and *monthes minde*. Also, I will that breade, ale, and chese for all comers to the parish church be ordered as shall be thought needful against a *monthes mind*." "In Ireland," we are told by an authority, "after the death of a great personage, they count four weeks; and four weeks from that day all priests and friars, and all the gentry far and near, are invited to a great feast, usually termed the *month's mind*. The preparations for this feast are masses said in all parts of the house at once for the soul of the departed. If the room be large there are three or four priests celebrating together in the several corners of the room. The masses done, they proceed to their feasting, but, after all the others, each priest and friar is discharged with his largess."

Moon and the brook. One of the most familiar of Tom Moore's metaphors occurs in the following lines:

I said (while
The moon's smile
Played o'er a stream in dimpling bliss),
"The moon looks
On many brooks,
The brook can see no moon but this."

Moore expressly acknowledges, "This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works: 'The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon.'"

Bulwer-Lytton had a similar idea in the blind girl Nydia's song, where

The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose,
But the Rose loved one.

Moon, To cry for the,—i.e., to desire the unattainable.

In the evening walked down alone to the lake by the side of Crow Park after sunset, and saw the solemn coloring of light draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At distance heard the murmur of many waterfalls, not audible in the daytime. *Wished for the moon*, but she was dark to me, and silent, hid in her vacant interlunar cave.—THOMAS GRAY.

Cognate phrases are "to cast beyond the moon,"—i.e., to make extravagant conjectures, "to level at the moon," to have highly ambitious aims. "You have found an elephant in the moon," is to have discovered a mare's nest. Sir Paul Neal, a shallow but extremely vain dilettante living in the seventeenth century, announced the incredible fact, which he stoutly maintained, that he had discovered "an elephant in the moon." As it turned out, his elephant was a mouse which had somehow got into his telescope. There is a satirical poem on the subject by Samuel Butler called "The Elephant in the Moon."

Moonlighters, in Ireland, men who carry out sentences of secret societies against individuals and perform their work of violence by night. The cognate American term "moonshiners" means illicit distillers, from the fact that they have to carry on their business, either actually or metaphorically, in the dark.

Moonshine, **All**, a colloquial phrase for nonsense, illusion. Thus,

Brougham, speaking of the salary attached to a new judgeship, said it was all moonshine. "Maybe," said Lord Lyndhurst; "but I've a notion that, moonshine or not, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

Morey Letter, a letter purporting to have been written by James A. Garfield to "H. L. Morey, Employers' Union, Lynn, Mass.," and published in fac-simile in an interior New York morning newspaper on the eve of the Presidential election in 1880. It expressed sympathy with the capitalist employers of labor, whose interests, it said, would be "best conserved" by freely admitting the immigration of Chinese laborers. It was copied and widely published in the newspapers, including those of the Pacific coast, and, notwithstanding the prompt action of the Republican managers in New York against the publishers of the newspaper in question and in denouncing it as the forgery which it was finally proved to be, it probably was the cause of the Republican loss of the State of California, which was apparently its main object. The Morey name and address was a myth.

Morgan. A good enough Morgan until after election, an effective phrase in the anti-Masonic party campaign in New York in the year 1827. A certain Morgan had disappeared, and, it was alleged, had been kidnapped and murdered by the Masons. A body was indeed found, which was asserted by the anti-Masons to be that of the vanished Morgan. As related by Thurlow Weed in his Autobiography (vol. i. p. 319), the following incident is that which gave rise to the cry: "The election of 1827 elicited an accusation against me which assumed proportions not dreamed of by those with whom it originated. Ebenezer Griffin, Esq., one of the counsel of the 'kidnappers,' who was going to Batavia to conduct the examination, observed laughingly to me, 'After we have proven that the body found at Oak Orchard is that of Timothy Monroe, what will you do for a Morgan?' I replied in the same spirit, 'That is a good enough Morgan for us until you bring back the one you carried off.' On the following day the Rochester *Daily Advertiser* gave what became the popular version of the story,—namely, that Mr. Weed had declared that, whatever might be proven, the body 'was a good enough Morgan until after the election.'" The phrase thus misquoted became an anti-Masonic watchword.

Mosaics, or Centos. A mosaic means an arrangement of small vari-colored glass, stones, marbles, etc., in patterns and figures. By extension the name is also applied to a sort of literary patchwork consisting of lines selected at random from various works or authors and rearranged into a new logical order. The result is also known as a cento, from the Greek word *κέντρον*, "patchwork," probably influenced by a phonetic analogy with the Latin word *centum*, "a hundred." The art was practised both by the Greeks and the Romans during the decay of the true poetic spirit. From the former we have inherited the "Homero-centones," a patchwork of lines taken from Homer (edited by Teucher at Leipsic, 1793), from the latter the "Cento Nuptialis" of Ausonius (who gives rules for the composition of the cento) and the "Cento Virgilianus" of Proba Falconia. The latter lady was the wife of the proconsul Adelfius. Both she and her husband were converts to Christianity in the time of Constantine, and she celebrated the new faith by giving in misplaced lines from Virgil an epitome of Biblical history from Adam to Christ. To accomplish her object she did not change a single line, but arranged the whole under numerous sub-heads (as in modern newspapers), which gave the needed interpretation of the text below. Something of her method may be understood from the following, which is made to describe Christ's ascension into heaven:

CHRISTUS ASCENDIT AD CÆLOS.

His demùm exactis, spirantes dimovet auras
 Aera per tenuem, cœloque invecus aperto,
 Mortales visus medio in sermone reliquit,
 Infert se septus nebulâ (mirabile dictu)
 Atque illum solio stellantis regia cœli
 Accipit, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen.

Her example was followed by numerous monkish imitators in the Middle Ages, who made the heathens bear copious testimony of this sort to Christian ethics and dogma. For example, Metullus, a monkish author of the twelfth century, constructed a number of devotional hymns from such unpromising material as Horace, with occasional assistance from Virgil. A Scotchman named Alexander Ross (1590-1654) produced a number of great works in this line, among them a "Virgilius Evangelizans," being a life of Christ made up entirely from Virgil. These great works are now forgotten, and the author is only remembered to-day by a chance allusion in Butler's "Hudibras:"

There was an ancient sage philosopher,
 And he had read Alexander Ross over.

The cento did not take very vigorous root in British soil. Ross was the only enthusiast who devoted a lifetime to the work. Nevertheless a few stray trifles of this sort have occasionally been composed. The best of these may be cited as illustrative examples. An early—perhaps the earliest—English specimen was composed by a member of a certain Shakespeare Society which met annually to celebrate the death of their eponymic hero. It has survived through the fact that it was communicated to Dodsley, who included it in his "Collection of Poems by Several Hands" (1748). Here it is:

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF SHAKESPEARE.

A Cento taken from his Works.

Peace to this meeting,
 Joy and fair time, health and good wishes.
 Now, worthy friends, the cause why we are met
 Is in celebration of the day that gave
 Immortal Shakespeare to this favored isle,
 The most replenished sweet work of Nature
 Which from the prime creation e'er she framed.
 O thou, divinest Nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
 In this thy son! formed in thy prodigality
 To hold thy mirror up, and give the time
 Its very form and pressure! When he speaks,
 Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravished,
 So voluble is his discourse. Gentle
 As zephyr blowing underneath the violet,
 Not wagging its sweet head—yet as rough
 His noble blood enchafed, as the rude wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful
 That an invisible instinct should frame him
 To loyalty, unlearned; honor, untaught;
 Civility, not seen in others; knowledge,
 That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sown. What a piece of work!
 How noble in faculty! infinite in reason!
 A combination and a form indeed
 Where every god did seem to set his seal.
 Heaven has him now! Yet let our idolatrous fancy
 Still sanctify his relics, and this day
 Stand aye distinguished in the calendar
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 For if we take him but for all in all,
 We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

It will be seen that this cento does not play fair. It alters, adds, and subtracts according to the exigencies of the moment. Even greater liberties are taken in the following, which was recently contributed to the *Manchester Press*, England, by one E. A. Marsh :

MY FAITH.

Tune.—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

I am a pilgrim stranger	<i>Heb. xi. 13.</i>
And often far from home,	<i>Heb. xi. 9.</i>
I pass through toil and danger	<i>I. Pet. i. 17.</i>
Wherever I may roam.	<i>I. Pet. ii. 11.</i>
I meet with opposition	<i>II. Cor. ii. 8, 9.</i>
And trials on each hand,	<i>I. Pet. i. 7.</i>
While publishing salvation,	<i>Rom. x. 10.</i>
As Jesus gave command.	<i>Mark xvi. 15.</i>
And while I am proclaiming	<i>Rom. x. 15.</i>
Glad tidings from the Word,	<i>Luke ii. 10.</i>
Some understand its meaning	<i>Matt. xiii. 23.</i>
And start to serve the Lord,	<i>Isa. lv. 6, 7.</i>
While others will reject it	<i>John xii. 48.</i>
And turn their ears away,	<i>II. Tim. iv. 4.</i>
Although God's Holy Spirit	<i>Eph. vi. 17.</i>
Has plainly shown the way.	
I teach that man is mortal,	<i>Job iv. 17.</i>
But this some will deny,	<i>John iii. 19.</i>
And think such teachings sinful,	<i>Luke x. 16.</i>
Although I tell them why ;	<i>I. Thess. v. 21.</i>
I turn to revelation,	<i>I. Tim. iii. 16, 17.</i>
And there I find that man	<i>Gen. ii. 7.</i>
Was dust at his creation,	<i>Gen. iii. 19.</i>
And turns to dust again.	<i>Eccl. iii. 20.</i>
The serpent said in Eden,	<i>Gen. iii. 1.</i>
"Ye shall not surely die;"	<i>Gen. iii. 4.</i>
And men of every nation	<i>I. Tim. iv. 2.</i>
Believe the same old lie.	<i>John viii. 44.</i>
Although God said to Adam	<i>Gen. ii. 16.</i>
That "Thou shalt surely die,"	<i>Gen. ii. 17.</i>
Yet few dare to believe Him	<i>John v. 40.</i>
Or on His Word rely.	<i>Mark vii. 13.</i>
Man then is not immortal,	<i>I. Tim. vi. 16.</i>
But patiently must strive	<i>Rom. ii. 7.</i>
To gain a life eternal	<i>John vi. 53.</i>
Through Christ who makes alive.	<i>John iii. 36.</i>
In Him we have redemption	<i>I. Pet. i. 18.</i>
And may be saved to-day,	<i>Mark xvi. 15.</i>
By seeking for salvation	<i>John v. 39.</i>
Through Christ the living way.	<i>John xiv. 6.</i>
It has been man's opinion	<i>Mark vii. 8.</i>
That when a good man dies	<i>Job xiv. 10.</i>
He enters into heaven,	<i>John iii. 13.</i>
Beyond the stars and skies ;	<i>Acts ii. 24.</i>
Yet there's no promise given	<i>John xiii. 24.</i>
That they shall thus receive	<i>John xiv. 1-3.</i>
A home with Christ in heaven,	<i>John vii. 33.</i>
Though many thus believe.	<i>I. John v. 10-12.</i>
The Saviour once ascended	<i>Acts i. 11.</i>
To dwell at God's right hand,	<i>Heb. i. 3.</i>
When Gentile times have ended	<i>Luke xxi. 24.</i>
Descends to take command :	<i>Dan. vii. 13.</i>
He now is interceding	<i>I. John ii. 1.</i>
For vain and sinful man,	<i>John ii. 8.</i>
But soon He'll finish pleading	<i>Rev. xxii. 12.</i>
And come to earth again.	<i>I. Thess. iv. 16.</i>

The promise is recorded
That when He comes again
The saints will be rewarded
And in the Kingdom reign.
They then will be immortal
And roam the plains of light,
But sinners death eternal
Shall share in endless night.

The times of restitution
He then will usher in,
Amid great lamentation
His righteous reign begin,
He comes to take the Kingdom,
To rule on David's throne,
The Kingdom and dominion
He then will rule alone.

Though Israel has been scattered,
Yet from the Word we learn
They surely will be gathered
And to their land return.
'Tis then the restoration
Of Israel will take place,
They are a chosen nation
And of a royal race.

Rom. iv. 23.
Heb. ix. 28.
Matt. xvi. 27.
Dan. vii. 27.
I. Cor. xv. 53.
Rev. xxii. 5.
Rom. vi. 23.
Isa. i. 28.

Acts iii. 21.
Dan. ii. 44.
Rev. i. 17.
Isa. xxxii. 1.
Ezek. xxi. 25.
Luke i. 32.
Dan. vii. 14.
Ps. cx. 1, 2.

Ex. xxii. 15.
II. Tim. iv. 8.
Ezek. xxxiv. 11-28.
Ezek. xxxvii. 21-28.
Rom. xi. 26.
Acts i. 6.
Deut. x. 5.
Ps. lxxii. 1.

But the two following are not open to criticism on the same score :

WHAT IS LIFE ?

What strange infatuation rules mankind,
What different spheres to human bliss assigned ;
To loftier things your finer pulses burn,
If man would but his finer nature learn ;
What several ways men to their calling have,
And grasp at life though sinking to the grave.
Ask what is human life ! the sage replies,
Wealth, pomp, and honor are but empty toys :
We trudge, we travel but from pain to pain,
Weak, timid landmen on life's stormy main :
We only toil who are the first of things,
From labor health, from health contentment springs ;
Fame runs before us as the morning star,
How little do we know that which we are ;
Let none then here his certain knowledge boast
Of fleeting joys too certain to be lost ;
For over all there hangs a cloud of fear,
All is but change and separation here.

To smooth life's passage o'er its stormy way,
Sum up at night what thou hast done by day ;
Be rich in patience if thou in gudes be poor ;
So many men do stoope to sight unsure ;
Choose out the man to virtue most inclined,
Throw envy, folly, prejudice behind.
Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys ;
Remembrance worketh with her busy train,
Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again ;
On high estates huge heaps of care attend,
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hand applaud what honor shuns to hear,
Who casts off shame should likewise cast off fear.
Grief haunts us down the precipice of years,
Virtue alone no dissolution fears ;
Time loosely spent will not again be won,
What shall I do to be forever known ?

But now the wane of life comes darkly on,
After a thousand mazes overgone ;
In this brief state of trouble and unrest,
Man never is, but always to be blest ;

Chatterton.
Rogers.
Chas. Sprague.
R. H. Dana.
Ben Jonson.
Falconer.
Cowper.
Ferguson.
Quarles.
Burns.
Tennyson.
Beattie.
Dryden.
Byron.
Pomfret.
Waller.
Hood.
Steele.

T. Dwight.
Herbert.
Dunbar.
Geff. Whitney.
Roue.
Langhorne.
Congreve.
Johnson.
Goldsmith.
Drayton.
Webster.
Southwell.
Thomson.
Knowles.
W. S. Landor.
Edward Moore.
Robert Greene.
Cowley.

Y. Basilie.
Keats.
B. Barton.
Alex. Pope.

Thine is the present hour, the past is fled,
O thou Futurity, our hope and dread;
How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Lo! while I speak the present moment's gone.

O thou Eternal Arbitrer of things,
How awful is the hour when conscience stings,
Conscience, stern arbitrer in every breast,
The fluttering wish on wing that will not rest!

This above all—To thine own self be true,
Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too.
To those that list the world's gay scenes I leave;
Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.

Notes and Queries.

*Marsden.
Eliot.
Blair.
Oldham.*

*Akenside.
Percival.
Hillhouse.
Mallett.*

*Shakespeare.
J. Denham.
Spencer.
Young.*

THE FATE OF THE GLORIOUS DEVIL.

A glorious devil, large in heart and brain,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Majestic rises on the astonished sight.

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,—
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race!
High is his perch, but humble is his home,
Fast anchored in the deep abyss of space.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
Where Punch and Scaramouch aloft are seen,
Where Science mounts in radiant car sublime,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green.

And, borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
Whom no man fully sees, and none can see,
'Wildered and weary, sits him down at last,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree.

I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
To view the smile of evening on the sea;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
"I smell a loller in the wind," said he.

"What if the lion in his rage I meet?"
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought.)
The scourge of Heaven! what terrors round him wait!
From planet whirled to planet more remote.

Thence higher still, by countless steps conveyed,
Remote from towns he ran his godly race;
He lectured every youth that round him played—
The jostling tears ran down his honest face.

"Another spring!" his heart exulting cries.
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force;
A milk-white lion of tremendous size
Lays him along the snows a stiffened corpse.

The hay-cock rises, and the frequent rake
Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed;
And the green lizard and the golden snake
Pause at the bold irrevocable deed.

Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart,
To bid the genial tear of pity flow?
By Heaven! I would rather coin my heart,
Or Mr. Miller's, commonly called Joe!

People's Friend, May, 1871.

*Tennyson.
Shakespeare.
Thomson.
Tait.*

*Wordsworth.
Pope.
Graham.
Cowper.*

*Beattie.
Rogers.
Hemans.
Collins.*

*Longfellow.
Prior.
Beattie.
Burns.*

*Wordsworth.
Hemans.
Crabbe.
Chaucer.*

*Collins.
Beattie.
Gray.
Campbell.*

*Bloomfield.
Goldsmith.
Rogers.
Burns.*

*Bloomfield.
Byron.
Falconer.
Thomson.*

*Joanna Baillie.
Byron.
Skelley.
Euripides.*

*Beattie.
Hemans.
Shakespeare.
H. Smith.*

These are about the best of their sort. It will be seen, however, that even the best are poor enough. If you want to make sense out of them you have to make-believe a good deal. Wherefore Laman Blanchard did a good work in burlesquing the art in a series of mosaic pieces published in *George*

Cruikshank's "Omnibus," which made no pretence to be anything save nonsense. Mr. Blanchard feigned that he found these poems among the manuscripts of one of Sir Fretful Plagiary's numerous descendants. He thinks that if any reader should be reminded of poets past and present it can only be because the profusely-gifted bard has clustered together more remarkable and memorable lines than any of his predecessors. "That poem," Mr. Blanchard goes on to say, "can be of no inferior order of merit, in which Milton would have been proud to have written one line, Pope would have been equally vain of the authorship of a second, Byron have rejoiced in a third, Campbell gloried in a fourth, Gray in a fifth, Cowper in a sixth, and so on to the end of the Ode; which thus realizes the poetical wealth of that well-known line of Sir Fretful's,—

'Infinite riches in a little room.'"

A couple of specimens will suffice. They are far more amusing than the genuine article; but, after all, that is no very great praise.

ON LIFE, ET CETERA.

Know, then, this truth, enough for man to know;
 Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow;
 Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow,
 Retreating lightly with a lowly fear
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
 To err is human, to forgive divine,
 And wretches hang that jurymen may dine
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
 All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
 * * * * *
 We ne'er shall look upon his like again,
 For panting time toils after him in vain,
 And drags, at each remove, a lengthening chain,
 Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way
 With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay!

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself has said,
 "Shoot folly as it flies"?
 Oh, more than tears of blood can tell
 Are in that word, farewell, farewell!
 'Tis folly to be wise.
 And what is friendship but a name,
 That boils on Etna's breast of flame?
 Thus runs the world away.
 Sweet is the ship that's under sail
 To where yon taper cheers the vale
 With hospitable ray!
 Drink to me only with thine eyes
 Through cloudless climes and starry skies;
 My native land, good-night!
 Adieu, adieu, my native shore;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more—
 Whatever is, is right!

Mossbacks, a *sobriquet* for the old-liners and fossils in the Democratic party, most common in Ohio, but also used in other parts of the country. They are supposed to be the remnants of the ante-bellum Democracy. The derivation is from an old snapping-turtle, in the popular vernacular called a "mossback," because of the covering of its shell by a growth of moss-like aquatic vegetation, induced by its sluggish habits and long living in stagnant water.

Mote and the beam. One of the most impressive lessons of charity and forbearance is contained in the Sermon on the Mount: "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

This ancient saying finds its analogues in the proverbs of all nations. We say in English, "The pot calls the kettle black," or "The kiln calls the oven 'burnt house';" the Italians say, "The pan says to the pot, 'Keep off, or you'll smutch me;'" the French, "The shovel makes game of the poker," or "Dirty-nosed folk always want to wipe other folks' noses;" the German, "One ass nicknames another Long-ears;" the Spanish, "The raven said to the crow, 'Avaunt, blackamoor!'" the Scotch, "'God help the fool!' said the idiot," or "'Crooked carlin!' quoth the cripple to his wife." In America, as indeed elsewhere, negroes have no worse reproach for each other than "damn niggers." The Arabs have an apologue, "A harlot repented for one night. 'Is there no police-officer,' she said, 'to take up harlots?'" "If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldst," says the "Imitation of Christ," "how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking? We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults. We would have others severely corrected, and will not be corrected ourselves. The large liberty of others displeaseth us, and yet we will not have our own desires denied us. We will have others kept under by strict laws, but in no sort will ourselves be restrained. And thus it appeareth how seldom we weigh our neighbor in the same balance with ourselves." An apologue from Phædrus is thus paraphrased by Bulwer:

From our necks, when life's journey begins,
Two sacks Jove the Father suspends,
The one holds our own proper sins,
The other the sins of our friends:

The first, man immediately throws
Out of sight, out of mind, at his back;
The last is so under his nose,
He sees every grain in the sack.

The same metaphor, though not with the same application, is used, in part at least, by Shakespeare:

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude;
These scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done.

Troilus and Cressida, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Mother of Presidents, a popular name for Virginia, from the great number among the earlier Presidents who were natives of that State. Since the civil war the term has lost much of its currency. The following Presidents were natives of Virginia: Washington, born in Westmoreland County, 1732; Jefferson, Albemarle County, 1743; Madison, King George County, 1751; Monroe, Westmoreland County, 1758; Harrison, Charles City County, 1773; Tyler, Charles City County, 1790; Taylor, Orange County, 1784.

Mother of States. Virginia was so called from the great number of States which were carved out of the territory originally included under the name Virginia, and also as being the first settled and oldest of the original thirteen States of the Union. The States created out of what was once Virginian territory are Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. During the civil war the northwestern portion of the seceded State, which portion

remained loyal to the Union, was separated from Virginia, and admitted into the Union as a separate State, under the name of West Virginia.

Mould, Broken. The idea that Nature broke the perfect mould after turning out a single splendid example is a favorite one in literature. In English we are most familiar with Byron's version :

Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan.
Monody on the Death of Sheridan, l. 22.

Ariosto, in "Orlando Furioso," Canto x., Stanza 84, says, "Nature made him, and then broke the mould" ("Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa"). But the earliest instance yet found occurs in an ancient Indian poem, "Legend of Rajapootana," the lines being thus translated by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, fifth series, i. 105 :

None other in the world has been formed in the mould in which Máru was cast :
Either the mould was broken, or the workman has been unable to make another.

Mountain, The, an epithet first derisively bestowed by the Girondists upon the Jacobins or extreme republicans in the French National Convention, from the fact that they occupied the rearmost and highest benches in the Assembly Chamber. The Mountain retorted by calling their opponents the Plain : a translation which would convey the meaning more accurately would be "the Flats."

Mountain in labor bringing forth a mouse, a phrase often used simply in the form of "a mountain in labor," the rest being understood, to represent a tremendous effort made with absurdly small result. Its immediate origin is the line of Horace, "Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus" ("The mountains are in labor : a ridiculous mouse will be born"), but that in its turn is a reference to Æsop's fable of the mountain which emitted subterranean sounds that led to the belief that it was in labor. An immense crowd collected, but nothing emerged save a mouse.

Mountain Meadow Massacre, a butchery of a party of immigrants, known as the "Arkansas Company," in September, 1857, by Indians under the leadership of certain Mormon "bishops" and leading "saints," and, as suspected, under the inspiration and with the connivance of Brigham Young, the head of the church himself, if not indeed by his direct orders. The ostensible motive for the crime was retaliation for acts of violence alleged to have been committed by other immigrant parties upon Mormon settlers. A Mormon named Laney, who had befriended the "Arkansas Company," to the extent of giving food to two of them, was murdered by a Mormon "angel of death." The immigrant party, finding themselves surrounded and attacked by the Indians and their Mormon instigators, hastily made a barricade of their wagons and threw up breastworks, from behind which they defended themselves. After several of their number had been killed and many wounded, and after a parley with the Mormons in the attacking party, the immigrants, under promise of cessation of further molestation, were induced to break up their camp and move to another point by a road which was indicated to them. On this road Mormon treachery had planned and prepared an ambuscade, and, the open and defenceless column being taken by surprise, the whole party was massacred, men, women, and children. The party of Federal soldiery who found the bones decently buried them, one of their number rudely carving upon one of the stones heaped over the spot an inscription in the words, "Vengeance is mine ! I will repay, saith the Lord."

Mourning Colors. Besides black, the following are used as a sign of

grief for the dead. Black and white striped, to express sorrow and hope, among the South Sea Islanders. Grayish brown, the color of the earth to which the dead return, in Ethiopia. Pale brown, the color of withered leaves, is the mourning of Persia. Sky-blue, to express the assured hope that the deceased has gone to heaven, is the mourning of Syria, Cappadocia, and Armenia. Deep blue in Bokhara. Purple and violet, to express "Kings and Queens to God," is the color of mourning for cardinals and kings of France. The color of mourning in Turkey is violet. White (emblem of hope), the color of mourning in China. Henry VIII. wore white for Anne Boleyn. The ladies of ancient Rome and Sparta wore white. It was the color of mourning in Spain till 1498. Yellow (the sere, the yellow leaf), the color of mourning in Egypt and in Burmah. Anne Boleyn wore yellow mourning for Catherine of Aragon.

Moutardier du Pape. A Frenchman frequently says of a conceited person, "Il se croit le moutardier du pape" ("He thinks himself the pope's mustard-maker"). The phrase is said to have arisen in the fourteenth century at the court of Pope John XXII. at Avignon. A sybarite both in his tastes and his appetites, he made the famous Palais des Papes in the Comtat Venaissin the seat of unparalleled splendor, invoking the aid of experts of all sorts, among others the most renowned cooks. Their use of mustard was especially grateful to his Holiness. This consisted in sprinkling dishes of meat with powdered mustard, and mixing mustard with the sauces. To insure perfection the pope created a special office, that of *moutardier*, at his court, conferring it on a favorite nephew. The latter's vanity was so absurdly tickled by his not over-dignified title and position that he became the object of constant pleasantries. The phrase *Moutardier du Pape* was handed down to posterity, and, oddly enough, it is recorded that Clement XIV applied it to himself when Cardinal de Berenice called to congratulate him on his elevation. Clement had been a simple monk. "I am sighing for my cloister, cell, and books," he said to the cardinal: "you must not run away with the impression that I think myself the *Moutardier du Pape*."

Mud, To throw, or sling, in American political slang, is to bespatter an adversary with abuse or calumny. A mud-slinger is one who deals in this sort of warfare. Archbishop Whately's saying, "If you only throw dirt enough, some of it is sure to stick," is frequently quoted in America with "mud" substituted for "dirt." Beaumarchais, in "The Barber of Seville," says, "Calomniez, calomniez, il en reste toujours quelque chose" ("Calumniate, calumniate, something will always remain behind"). Both expressions are avatars of the phrase used by Bacon in "De Augment. Scient.," section 8, 2, "Audacter calumniare, semper aliquid hæret" ("Calumniate boldly, some of it will always remain"). But Bacon may only have been quoting a familiar saying, for the identical words are found in Manlius's "Collectanea" (1563) and Kaspar Peucer's "Historia Carcerum" (1605), both quotations relating to one Midias (Medius?), a well-known calumniator, who was fond of quoting the saw.

Mugwump, a corruption of the Algonquin *Mugquomp*, meaning "great man," "leader," "chief," an American nickname applied to the independent voters and thinkers who hold themselves superior to party trammels. An alternative *sobriquet* is furnished by the compound *dude-and-pharisee*. The word Mugwump made its first literary appearance in John Eliot's translation of the Bible into Indian (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1661). It may be found there several times in Genesis xxxvi., where the English word, a very silly one, is *dude*, and the Hebrew *aliphâ*, a "leader." There is an apocryphal story, invented

probably by some anti-Mugwump, that a Jesuit minister, translating the New Testament, and being at a loss for a rendering of "not to think more highly of himself than he ought to think," referred to an Indian convert. "Oh," promptly returned the Indian, "that's Mugquomp." The term lingered in New England and portions of the West after the Indians had melted away, and became colloquial for a man of consequence, or, rather, one who deemed himself so. In this sense it occasionally crept into print. Thus, in 1840, during the Tippecanoe campaign, the *Great Western*, of Lake County, Indiana, edited by Solon Robinson, said, "Then the great Mugwump was delivered of a speech, which the faithful loudly applauded." In 1865, Hiram Atkins, of the *Argus and Patriot*, Montpelier, Vermont, spoke of "Uncle Nat Eaton, formerly of Calais, but now Mugwump No. 2, of Middlesex." In 1872, Henry F. Keenan, of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, used the word in a head-line, and in 1884 the New York *Sun* did the same, applying it to one D. O. Bradley, of Tarrytown. But it was not till the Blaine-Cleveland campaign that Mugwump in its present acceptation passed into current speech. James G. Blaine was nominated for the Presidency by the Republican convention on June 6, 1884. A strong opposition at once developed itself in the party, and the very next day an "Independent Republican" movement originated at a meeting in Boston, which was promptly taken up in New York and elsewhere. The supporters of the regular nomination complained that these Independents set themselves up as the superiors of their former associates, and when, on June 15, the New York *Sun* characterized them as Mugwumps, the term was gleefully caught up and adopted, and has ever since characterized the men and the methods of the Independent movement. General Horace Porter's definition, "A Mugwump is a person educated above his intellect," is in great vogue among anti-Mugwumps.

Mule, Here's your, a cant phrase popular among the Confederates during the civil war. There are several stories as to its origin. The best authenticated is that in the fall of 1861, just after the battle of Bull Run, a countryman came one day into Beauregard's camp at Centreville in search of a stray mule. Some of the boys swore they had seen the mule in the camp of another division, a half-mile distant, but hardly had the old man started when they shouted, "Come back, mister; here's your mule!" He turned to retrace his steps. Immediately the other camp, knowing only that some fun was in the air, took up the cry, "Mister, they 'uns lying to you 'uns; we 'uns hev got you 'uns mule,"—a travesty on the dialect of the troops from the mountainous regions of North Carolina. As he turned in the direction of this last call, he was hailed from still another command, "No, they haven't. Here's your mule!" And so the whole army joined in, and had the poor bewildered countryman changing his course, as the cry came from quarter to quarter, "Here's your mule." The phrase caught on after the story itself was forgotten. Soldiers are always ready for a joke, and none more so than those who dubbed themselves "Lee's Miserables." During their long, weary marches, if they chanced to encounter part of a wagon-train, the front ranks, glad of anything to relieve the monotony, would often break into the shout of "Here's your mule!" which would be taken up by the whole column. At the battle of Missionary Ridge, when the Confederates broke, and Hood, rushing among them, cried, "Here's your commander!" he was answered with the derisive shout, "Here's your mule!" One circumstance that helped to increase the popularity of the phrase was that it formed the refrain of a parody on Randall's song, "My Maryland," satirizing the supposed disposition of the Maryland refugees to seek "shade" offices rather than field-duty.

Mulligan Letters, certain letters written by Mr. James G. Blaine to Mr.

Warren Fisher, of Boston, which were industriously circulated by his opponents in the Presidential campaign of 1884. Mr. Mulligan, the book-keeper of Mr. Fisher, had been summoned during the session of 1876 before the Congressional investigation committee charged with the inquiry into alleged corrupt practices of Mr. Blaine in procuring legislation favorable to the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. The letters then in evidence Mr. Blaine had got possession of, and read in the House, with an explanatory statement. Owing to his prostration by a sunstroke, the investigation was dropped. When Mr. Blaine, in 1884, became a candidate for the Presidency, another series of letters was produced by Mr. Mulligan, and it was these latter principally which figured largely in the campaign. The friends of the statesman stoutly maintained that there was nothing in them which implicated their candidate, but his enemies as vociferously cited them as incontrovertible evidence of guilt. The contention of the former may have been correct. Many, however, of the sentences, read apart from their context, with the frequent injunctions to "Burn this letter," have a doubtful sound, and these, in that hot and well-contested struggle, were taken up as effective party-cries by Democrats and Mugwumps.

Mummy, Beaten to a,—i.e., to a jelly. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* makes a plausible suggestion as to the origin of the phrase :

Does it not refer to the medicinal substance formerly known as mummy, which kept its place in our dispensaries until pretty late in the last century? It was variously composed, and not always of the same consistence, but its general appearance would probably resemble that of soft pitch. I speak now of the spurious kinds, which were doubtless most common. Even the genuine sorts were not, however, necessarily Egyptian. Penicher, in his "*Traité des Embaumemens*" (Paris, 1699), gives directions for the composition of mummy from human flesh expressly for medicinal purposes. He recommends certain parts only of the body to be used, and these to be dried, macerated, and spiced out of all likeness to their natural condition. Mummy so prepared entered into a great variety of balm- and other medicaments, for which Penicher in his concluding chapter gives recipes from old writers. Some of these have the consistence of oil, others that of an ointment. It is clear, from the references in Nares, that in our own country mummy and its preparations were well known, and from the 'make mummy of my flesh,' which Nares quotes from an old play, to 'beaten to a mummy,' is a natural and an easy step."

Murder, Killing no. "He who kills one man is accounted a murderer ; he who kills a thousand, a hero," is a common saying, evidently a reminiscence of St. Cyprian,—"*Homicidium cum admittunt singuli crimen est, virtus vocatur cum publice geritur*" (*Epist. Donato*, lib. ii. ep. ii.). The same thought recurs in Bishop Porteus's "Poem on Death :"

One murder makes a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime ;

and Young's lines perhaps deserve a place under this heading :

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

Love of Fame, Satire vii.

Every American school-boy is familiar with the collocation on this topic between a father and son in "The Volunteers."

"Killing No Murder" is the title of a famous tract recommending the assassination of Cromwell. It is in the "Harleian Miscellany," and is ascribed to Colonel Silas Titus, to one Sexby, and others.

Murder will out. This phrase is used by Cervantes in "Don Quixote," Part I., Book iii., ch. viii., and also by Chaucer :

Mordre wol out, that sec we day by day.
Nonnes Preestes Tale, l. 15058.

Shakespeare embodies the same thought in these words :

Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.
Hamlet, Act ii., Sc. 2.

But the idea is almost as ancient as the race. The Greeks had a proverbial expression, "The cranes of Ibycus," which was used in much the same sense. Ibycus, a famous lyrical poet of Greece, journeying to Corinth, was assailed by robbers. As he fell beneath their murderous strokes he looked round to see if any witnesses or avengers were nigh. No living thing was in sight but a flight of cranes soaring high overhead. He called on them, and to them committed the avenging of his blood. A vain commission, as it might have appeared, and as no doubt it did to the murderers appear. Yet it was not so; for these, sitting a little time after in the open theatre at Corinth, beheld this flight of cranes hovering above them, and one said scoffingly to another, "Lo, there, the avengers of Ibycus!" The words were caught up by some near them; for already the poet's disappearance had awakened anxiety and alarm. Being questioned, they betrayed themselves, and were led to their doom; and *The cranes of Ibycus* passed into a proverb.

The notion was once seriously held throughout Europe that the corpse of a murdered man would bleed at touch of the murderer. King James I. in his "Demonologie" expressly affirms this: "In a secret murder if the dead carkasse bee at any time thereafter handled by the murderher it will gush out blood; as if the blood were crying to heaven for revenge of the murtherer, God having appointed that secret supernatural trial of the secret unnatural crime."

An instance tending to confirm this opinion is said to have occurred in the reign of Charles I., when the minister of a parish testified that the body of a woman suspected to have been murdered was taken out of the grave thirty days after her death and laid on the grass. The prosecution in this case was at the instance of a son of the deceased against his own father, grandfather, uncle, and aunt; and these four defendants, being required, touched each of them the dead body, whereupon, says the narrative, the brow of the defunct, which was before of a livid and carrion color, began to have a dew or sweat arise on it, which increased by degrees till the sweat ran down in drops on the face; the brow turned to a lively and fresh color, and the deceased opened one of her eyes and shut it again three several times; she likewise thrust out the ring- or marriage-finger three several times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood on the grass. Three of the four accused were convicted of the murder.

On some occasions the mere presence of the guilty person, even without his coming in contact with the deceased, was thought sufficient as a test; nor was it necessary that life should have been taken away by actual violence to constitute the crime. Janet Randall, it is related, was sent for by a man who imagined she had bewitched him, but he expired before her arrival. He had, however, "laid his death on her;" and "how soon as she came in, the corpse having lain a good space, and not having bled any, immediately bled much blood, as a sure token that she was the author of his death."

It is not improbable that the origin of this superstition may be sought in the misapplication of a passage of Scripture,—*"The voice of thy brother's blood calleth unto me from the ground."* So vehement were the prejudices of our progenitors, that little further evidence of guilt was demanded. What, indeed, could equal the interposition of the divine decree in pointing out the offender? Yet the truth of this test was disputed among the Continental lawyers, who recommended that the body of the deceased should be presented before the suspected murderer in chains, to discover whether he should mani-

fest any agitation, or whether the blood flowed from it before him. Scribonius advances his own testimony in corroboration of the success of this test. A nobleman of Arles, whom he names, had been mortally wounded. Blood burst from the wound and from the nostrils after decease, immediately on approach of the offender. Hippolytus of Marseilles declared his incredulity until a murder was committed by a person unknown during his magistracy of a town in Italy. He directed the body to be brought to him, and summoned the attendance of all suspected persons. The wounds began to bleed on the approach of the real murderer, who soon after confessed the fact. Matthæus, however, considers the test so fallacious as to be an insufficient reason for putting one suspected to torture for eliciting the truth. Carpzovius, also, another lawyer of repute, relates that it was established, from proof transmitted to his court, that a corpse had bled before an innocent person, though not a drop of blood escaped before the guilty. Nevertheless he had not considered the bleeding of a wound or of the nostrils enough to warrant the application of torture.

Murdered man. Keats, in his "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," has a daring phrase :

Then the two brothers and their murdered man
Rode into Florence.

The man had not yet been murdered, but this anticipatory glance at his fate snatches a grace beyond the reach of mere logic. The same cannot be said of a mistake by Lord Macaulay,—a mistake all the more remarkable because it echoes one made by Robert Montgomery in a passage which has other points of similarity. Montgomery is to-day remembered only as the victim of one of Macaulay's slashing criticisms. The reviewer has this in his "Battle of Lake Regillus :"

And louder still and louder
Rose from the darkened field
The braying of the war-horn,
The clang of sword and shield,
The rush of squadrons sweeping
Like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
The shouting of the slayers,
And *screeching of the slain.*

The reviewed had already written thus :

Spirit of Light and Life! When Battle rears
Her fiery brow and her terrific spears;
When red-mouthed cannon to the clouds uproar,
And gasping thousands make their bed in gore;
While on the billowy bosom of the air
Roll the dread notes of anguish and despair;
Unseen Thou walk'st upon the smoking plain,
And *hear'st each groan that gurgles from the slain.*

It is possible that the subject of battle may by its intensity create similarity of description, but the double likeness in these quotations gives the inevitable inference of conscious or unconscious imitation. As to the bull, it is more vehement in Macaulay than in Montgomery. It reminds one of Dr. Johnson, —though *he* meant a deliberate conceit,—

Nor yet perceived the vital spirit fled,
But still fought on, nor knew that he was dead,

and of Dryden,—

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.

Music of her face. In "The Bride of Abydos" Byron thus describes

Zuleika the bride, who is not a bride, after all, save in the paulo-post-future tense :

Around her shone
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone ;
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,—
And, oh, that eye was in itself a soul !

In the third line there seems to be a reminiscence of Gray's "the purple light of love" (*Progress of Poesy*). The figure in the second has many predecessors. *Lucasta*, whom *Lovelace* celebrates as his *Eurydice* in his song of "Orpheus to Beasts," was a maiden whose charms were singularly like *Zuleika's* :

Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace
And music of her face,
You'd drop a tear,
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear.

Sir Thomas Browne tells us, in his "Religio Medici," that he was himself never yet once married, and commends their resolution who never marry twice. Yet he is naturally amorous, as he afterwards confesses, of all that is fair :

There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument ; for there is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion ; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres.—*Religio Medici*, Part II., Sec. 9.

Music of the Spheres. The notion of the starry hosts emitting harmonies as they swing through space is as old almost as the Patriarchs, and its origin is undoubtedly Oriental, probably Sabæan. "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," we read in Job xxxviii. 7. The Pythagoreans imported the idea into the Hellenic world, and according to their philosophy the seven "wandering stars"—i.e., the five primary planets known to the ancients, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, and the Sun and Moon—were each attuned to a note in the harmonic scale and sounded in accord as they moved through space. Maximus Tyrius, a Hellenized Syrian, says that "the mere proper motion of the planets must create sounds, and as they move in space at regular intervals the sounds must harmonize." Shakespeare gives the thought exquisite expression :

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.

Merchant of Venice, Act v., Sc. 1.

Goethe's archangels, chanting anthem-wise about The Throne of the glory of God's works, open his great drama of the universe, Gabriel beginning,—

The sun-orb sings, in emulation,
'Mid brother-spheres, his ancient round :
His path predestined through Creation
He ends with step of thunder-sound.

Faust: Prologue in Heaven.

The following is Milton's embodiment of the fancy :

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

Ode on the Nativity.

Plato's notion is that a siren sits on each planet, who carols a sweet song, agreeing to the motion of her own particular star, but harmonizing with the others. These singing sirens reappear in Milton :

In deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony
That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres.

Arcades.

It would be impossible within reasonable limits to quote the numerous references to the supposed celestial music. The following from Wordsworth embodies the original simile :

And every motion of his starry train
Seems governed by a strain
Of music, audible to him alone.

The Triad.

In Collins the siren of Plato has descended to earth, and he apostrophizes her thus :

O Music ! sphere-descended maid !
The Passions, l. 95.

Mute inglorious Milton. The fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth stanzas of Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard" run as follows :

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade, nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of Mercy on mankind.

The thought in these lines is obvious enough. Indeed, it is but a more literal statement of the metaphorical figure in the two preceding stanzas, which we have already shown (see GEM — FLOWER) to have been frequently anticipated. But the very form of the expression may be traced through curious ramifications back to a very unlikely source in Cowley's "Davideis." The poet is laboring to impress upon us the bottomlessness of the bottomless abyss. It is, he says,

Beneath the dens where unfleht tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try.

Dryden seized upon this passage and turned it into ridicule in his "Mac-Flecknoe :"

A nursery erects its head,
Where queens are formed, and future heroes bred ;
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.

Shenstone saw in this parody the germ of a serious idea, which he thus expresses in his "School-Mistress :"

Nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !
E'en now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die !

Whereupon Gray turned it to immortal use in the above stanzas. Another coincidence has been pointed out between the third line of the fifteenth stanza and a passage in the "Mystery of the Good Old Cause" (1660), p. 11, reprinted by the Aungervyle Society, May, 1883, where Oliver Cromwell is referred to as one who "having projected greatness and sovereignty to himself from the beginning, he waded to it through the blood of his natural prince and great numbers of his fellow-subjects."

But we have not yet done with Cowley's couplet. Young takes hold of it in his "Night Thoughts" and bids us "elance our thought"

above the caves
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar.

And surely it was from the same font of inspiration that Byron drew his line in "Childe Harold" where he describes the glee of the mountains during a storm on Lake Lenian :

As if they did rejoice at a young earthquake's birth.

As to Dryden's parody, Mrs. Barbauld, as well as Shenstone, took it seriously and transferred it to her rhymes addressed to some grammar-school :

Its modest front it rears,
A nursery of men for future years ;
Here infant bards and embryo statesmen lie,
And unfledged poets short excursions try.

Muttons, Let us return to our, in other words, let us recur to the subject-matter from which we have wandered. The sentence comes from the old French play "*L'Avocat Patelin*," by Blanchet.

Guillaume, a draper, has been robbed by Pathelin, a lawyer, of six ells of cloth, and by Agnelet, his shepherd, of twenty-six sheep. Guillaume intends to make it a hanging-matter for the shepherd, but when he comes into court to accuse him he finds that Pathelin, who stole the cloth, is the lawyer employed to defend Agnelet. With his head running upon both his sheep and his cloth, he makes a delightful confusion of the two losses. The judge says,—

Sus, revenons à nos moutons :
Qu'en fut-il ?

and the draper replies,—

Il en a pris six aunes,
De neuf francs.

The judge is much puzzled, and continually entreats Guillaume, "Let us return to our sheep" ("*Revenons à nos moutons*").

Mutual Admiration Society, a satirical term popularly applied to any circle of private or public individuals who express what seems to be undue appreciation of each other, or especially who practise what is now known as log-rolling. There is much truth, however, in Dr. Holmes's protest. He makes his Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table give this reply to a question as to whether he belongs to a Mutual Admiration Society : "I blush to say that I do not at this present moment. I once did, however. It was the first association to which I ever heard the term applied ; a body of scientific young men in a great foreign city who admired their teacher, and to some extent each other. Many of them deserved it ; they have become famous since." In a note to the last edition of the "Autocrat" Dr. Holmes explains that this body "was the Société d'Observation Médicale of Paris, of which M. Louis was president, and MM. Barth, Grisotte, and our own Dr. Bowditch were members. About the time when these papers were published," he continues, "the Saturday Club was founded, or, rather, found itself in existence without any organization, almost without parentage. It was natural enough that such

men as Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, Peirce, with Hawthorne, Motley, Sumner, when within reach, and others who would be good company for them, should meet and dine together once in a while, as they did, in point of fact, every month, and as some who are still living, with other and newer members, still meet and dine. If some of them had not admired each other they would have been exceptions in the world of letters and science." But the term was known in America before the establishment of the *Saturday Club*. It was applied by newspaper humorists to a friendly circle self-styled the "Five of Clubs" which George S. Hillard, Henry R. Cleveland, Professor C. C. Felton, Charles Sumner, and H. W. Longfellow established at Cambridge in 1836. The point of the jest lay in the fact that as literary men they all had good chances, of which they liberally and righteously availed themselves, to speak well of each other's books in the *Reviews*. After Cleveland's early death Dr. S. G. Howe, the philanthropist, became one of the club.

Mutual friend, a modern substitute for common friend, which has established itself despite the protests of purist and pedagogue. Thus, Harrison, in his "Choice of Books," says, "In D'Israeli's 'Lothair' a young lady talks to the hero about their mutual ancestors. . . . One used to think that mutual friend for common friend was rather a cockneyism. Mutual, as Johnson will tell us, means something reciprocal, a giving and taking. How could people have mutual ancestors, unless, indeed, their great-grandparents had exchanged husbands or wives?" The same fault was one of the many which Macaulay denounced in his review of Croker's "Boswell's Johnson" in 1831: "We find in every page words used in wrong senses, and constructions which violate the plainest rules of grammar. We have the vulgarism of mutual friend for common friend." Nevertheless, from the beginning of the seventeenth century this "vulgarism" has been forcing itself into favor. Its earliest reported appearance is in Ned Ward's "Wandering Spy," Part II., p. 56, edition of 1722 (but that, of course, is a work of no linguistic authority):

At once quite banishing away
The past Mischances of the Day,
So that we now, like mutual Friends,
Walked in to make the House amends.

Sir Walter Scott is much better authority. Writing to Messrs. Hurst, Robinson & Co., February 25, 1822, he refers to "our mutual friend Mr. James Ballantyne" (CONSTABLE: *Memoirs*). And at last came Dickens in 1864 and boldly took the tabooed phrase as the very title of a novel, so that now it is stamped so indelibly upon the English language that all the brooms of all the Partingtonian critics will never suffice to wash out the hall-mark.

Myself, That excellent man is. Charles Mathews, the comedian, was once placed in the awkward position of proposing his own health at a banquet where he doubled the parts of host and guest upon taking leave of his friends before starting for the antipodes. But his ready wit always extricated him from the most awkward positions, and with excellent humor he justified his novel position on the ground that he was naturally the fittest man to propose the toast of the evening: "I venture emphatically to affirm there is no man so well acquainted with the merits and demerits of that gifted individual as I am. I have been on the most intimate terms with him from his earliest youth. I have watched over and assisted his progress from childhood upwards, have shared in all his joys and griefs; and I am proud to have this opportunity of publicly declaring that there is not a man on earth for whom I entertain so sincere a regard and affection. Indeed, I don't think I go too far in stating that he has an equal affection for me. He has come to me for

advice over and over again, under the most embarrassing circumstances; and he has always taken my advice in preference to that of any one else."

Was it mere coincidence, or was the author acquainted with this poem of Heine's?—

They gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me and honored me more and more;
Said that I only should wait awhile;
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But, with all their honor and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man
Who bravely to help me along began.

Good fellow! he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget;
I cannot embrace him,—though other folks can,—
For I myself am this excellent man!

Mystification and Imposture. The mystifier and the impostor have the same end in view,—the deluding of the public. But the former does it in a harmless, hoaxing spirit, the latter as a deliberate fraud for purposes of gain or glory. The mystifier only amuses, he piques curiosity, when he does what is disgraceful in the impostor. Let us take the Bacon-Shakespeare theory as proved. Bacon, in that light, is the greatest and most successful mystifier in literary history, Shakespeare the most contemptible impostor,—an impostor all the more degraded because the consent of the true author robbed his act of any redeeming boldness or audacity. The Shakespeare of the North,—or will the time come when we shall call him the Bacon of the North?—the good Sir Walter, in short, found a great and altogether justifiable delight in provoking the public curiosity anent the Waverley Novels in seeking all means of throwing that curiosity off the right scent, even writing a critical review of one of the novels which distributed blame as well as praise, even denying point-blank a point-blank and impertinent interrogatory. There were wheels within wheels in the great Waverley mystification. Not only were the public for a period deceived as to the authorship of the books, but it was not till after his death that they discovered that a large number of the most striking mottoes to the chapter-heads, variously purporting to be extracts from old plays, the composition of anonymous writers, etc., were composed by Sir Walter Scott himself. Lockhart, in the "Life," vol. v. p. 145, thus explains the beginning of this practice:

It was in correcting the proof-sheets of the "Antiquary" that Scott first took to equipping his chapters with mottoes of his own fabrication. On one occasion he happened to ask John Ballantyne, who was sitting by him, to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. John did as he was bid, but he did not succeed in discovering the lines. "Hang it, Johnny!" cried Scott, "I believe I can make a motto sooner than you will find one." He did so accordingly; and from that hour, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate epigraph, he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of "old play" or "old ballad," to which we owe some of the most exquisite verses that ever flowed from his pen.

These were gathered as "Miscellaneous and Lyrical Pieces" in the popular edition of the poems, to which Lockhart in 1841 prefixed a short notice giving the collection his *imprimatur*. Among them all there are none more famous than this quatrain,—

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name,—

which forms the motto to the concluding chapter of "Old Mortality," and is credited to Anon. The verses have the true Scott ring in them, yet even

to this day inquirers of the *Notes and Queries* order are continually requesting information as to whether the anonymity has ever been solved.

One cannot be so certain of the morality of that German would-be imitator of Scott, G. W. Häring, who, making a wager that he could produce a novel which would be accepted as a genuine Waverley, published at Leipsic in 1824 the romance of "Walladmor" as an actual translation from Sir Walter Scott, and deceived many Continental readers into the belief of its genuineness. The scene is laid in Wales; the tale itself is crude and ill compacted,—not, indeed, without some weird attractions in parts, but mostly a clumsy imitation of incidents and characters such as the Enchanter had in his time conjured with. By a curious coincidence, Scott was then engaged on "The Betrothed," the scene of which is laid in the same part of Britain, and it was naturally supposed by him and his publishers that the unknown pretender to his name had in some way gained an inkling of this fact and used it to give the fabrication a greater air of probability. In the mock introduction to "The Betrothed" (1825) a good-humored conjecture is made that "Walladmor" was "the work of Dousterswivel, by the help of the steam-engine," though it is allowed that "there are good things in it, had the writer known anything about the country in which he laid the scene." De Quincey, however, found almost no good in the work. He had undertaken its translation for a London publisher, and realized when too late the hopelessness of the task. "Such rubbish—such 'almighty' nonsense (to speak *transatlantic*)—no eye has ever beheld as nine hundred and fifty, to say the very least, of these thousand pages. To translate them was perfectly out of the question; the very devils and runners of the press would have mutinied against being parties to such atrocious absurdities." He saw nothing for it, therefore, but to rewrite the whole in his own way, "and hence arose this singular result: that, without any original intention to do so, I had been gradually led by circumstances to build upon this German hoax a second and equally complete English hoax. The German 'Walladmor' professed to be a translation from the English of Sir Walter Scott; my 'Walladmor' professed to be a translation from the German; but, for the reason I have given, it was no more a translation from the German than the German from the English."

A successful form of mystification was invented by Father Prout, the other name of the witty Irish unfrocked priest Father Francis Mahony, and successfully practised by many of his co-contributors to the early *Fraser*. This was to translate a well-known poem into some foreign language, and then to pass off the translation as a much earlier work and the undoubted original. In his "Rogueries of Tom Moore" Prout gravely charges that Moore's song "Go where Glory waits thee" is but "a literal and servile translation of an old French ditty which is among my papers, and which I believe to have been composed by that beautiful and interesting ladye, Françoise de Foix, Comtesse de Chateaubriand, born in 1491, and the favorite of Francis I., who soon abandoned her;" that "Lesbia hath a Beaming Eye" was stolen from "an old Latin song of my own, which I made when a boy, smitten with the charms of an Irish milkmaid;" and so on through half a dozen of Moore's best-known poems. Here are the opening stanzas of the pretended "originals" side by side with the "translation:"

CHANSON DE LA COMTESSE DE CHÂTEAUBRIAND À FRANÇOIS I.

Va où la gloire t'invite;
Et quand d'orgueil palpite
Ce cœur, qu'il pense à moi!
Quand l'éloge enflamme
Toute l'ardeur de ton âme,
Pense encore à moi!

TOM MOORE'S TRANSLATION OF THIS SONG
IN THE IRISH MELODIES.

Go where glory waits thee;
But while fame elates thee,
Oh, still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh, then remember me!

Autres charmes peut-être
 Tu voudras connaître,
 Autre amour en maître
 Régnera sur toi ;
 Mais quand ta lèvre presse
 Celle qui te caresse,
 Méchant, pense à moi !

IN PULCHRAM LACTIFERAM.

Carmen, auctore Prout.

Lesbia semper hinc et inde
 Oculorum tela movit ;
 Captat omnes, sed deinde
 Quis ametur nemo novit.
 Palpebrarum, Nora cara,
 Lux tuarum non est foris,
 Flamma micat ibi rara,
 Sed sinceri lux amoris.
 Nora Creina sit regina,
 Vultu, gressu tam modesto !
 Hæc, puellas inter bellas,
 Jure omnium dux esto !

Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee
 Dearer far may be ;
 But when friends are dearest
 And when joys are nearest,
 Oh, then remember me !

TO A BEAUTIFUL MILKMAID.

A Melody, by Thomas Moore.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Norah's lid that seldom rises.
 Few her looks, but every one
 Like unexpected light surprises.
 O my Nora Creina dear,
 My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
 Beauty lies in many eyes,
 But love's in thine, my Nora Creina.

In explanation of the manner in which Tom Moore got hold of these originals, Father Prout circumstantially sets forth that the Blarney stone in his neighborhood has attracted many visitors, among whom none had been so assiduous a pilgrim as Tom Moore. "While he was engaged in his best and most unexceptionable work on the melodious ballads of his country he came regularly every summer, and did me the honor to share my humble roof repeatedly. He knows well how often he plagued me to supply him with original songs which I had picked up in France among the merry troubadours and carol-loving inhabitants of that once-happy land, and to what extent he has transferred these foreign inventions into the 'Irish Melodies.' Like the robber Cacus, he generally dragged the plundered cattle by the tail, so as that, moving backward into his cavern of stolen goods, the foot-tracks might not lead to detection. Some songs he would turn upside down by a figure in rhetoric called *ὑστερον πρότερον* ; others he would disguise in various shapes ; but he would still worry me to supply him with the productions of the Gallic muse : 'For, d'ye see, old Prout,' the rogue would say,

'The best of all ways
 To lengthen our lays

Is to steal a few thoughts from the French, my dear.' "

Not content with these exploits, Father Prout accomplished the truly extraordinary feat of translating the "Groves of Blarney," by Milliken, into excellent Italian, French, Latin, and Greek versions, claiming that the first three with the English were variants of the Greek, probably by Tyrtæus or Callimachus, and proving thereby the immense antiquity of the Blarney stone. This *tour de force*, which appears among the published "Reliques of Father Prout" under the head "A Plea for Pilgrimages," was of course an obvious jest. But his similar attempt to prove that Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore" was almost a literal translation of some French stanzas written in commemoration of a Colonel de Beaumanoir who was killed at Pondicherry in 1749, while the French stanzas in their turn were almost literally translated from a German poem of the seventeenth century in honor of the Swedish general Torstenson, who fell at the siege of Dantzic,—this attempt, made in two papers contributed to volumes i. and ii. of *Bentley's Miscellany*, but not included in his "Reliques," has given some little trouble to scholars. In *Putnam's Magazine* for 1869 the two poems were republished in all apparent seriousness by Theodore Johnson, who claimed to have found them in foreign

periodicals, and who made no mention of their Proutian origin. Johnson may have been a plagiaristic fakir, but his article imposed upon many contemporaneous critics, and the few who, like the *Nation*, scented a hoax gave Johnson the credit of being the hoaxer.

Mirza Schaffy is a name well known in literature as that of the putative originator of the "Songs of Mirza Schaffy," a collection of Oriental poems published in 1850 and feigned to be a German translation from the Persian. They obtained an extraordinary popularity in Germany, and were rendered into nearly all the principal modern languages, and even into Servian and Hebrew. Then inquiries began to be made about the author. It was discovered that one Mirza Schaffy had lived not long before at Tiflis. Curious investigators even found his grave. But nobody in the East had ever heard of his poems. The little mystery, however, was soon dispelled. Friedrich Bodenstedt, who presented himself as the translator, was really the author of the songs. Yet Mirza Schaffy was no myth. "He was for a long time," says Bodenstedt, "my teacher in Tartaric and Persian, and in that capacity was not without influence on the production of these songs, of which a great part would not have been written without my residence in the East."

In 1800 a Spaniard named Marchena, attached to the army of the Rhine, amused himself during the winter which he passed at Basle by composing some fragments of Petronius. These were published soon after, and, in spite of the air of pleasantry which ran through the preface and notes, the author had so well imitated the style of his model that many very accomplished scholars were deceived, and were only set right by a declaration of the truth on the part of the publisher. The success of this mystification struck the fancy of Marchena, and in 1806 he published, under his own name, a fragment of Catullus, which he pretended to have been taken from a manuscript recently unrolled at Herculaneum. But this time he was beaten with his own weapon. A professor at Jena, Eichstädt, announced in the following year that the library of that city possessed a very ancient manuscript in which were the same verses of Catullus, with some important variations. The German, under pretence of correcting some errors of the copyist, pointed out several faults in prosody committed by Marchena, and made sundry improvements upon the political allusions of the Spaniard.

In 1803 a Frenchman named Vanderbourg published some charming poetry under the name of Clotilde de Surville, a female writer said to have been contemporary with Charles the Seventh of France. The editor pretended to have found the manuscript among the papers of one of her descendants, the Marquis de Surville, who was executed under the Directory. The public was at first the dupe of this deception, but the critics were not long in discovering the truth. "Independently," says Charles Nodier, "of the purity of the language, of the choice variation of the metres, of the scrupulousness of the elisions, of the alternation of the genders in the rhymes,—a sacred rule in the present day, but unknown in the time of Clotilde,—of the perfection, in short, of every verse, the true author has suffered to escape some indications of deception which it is impossible to mistake." Among these was her quotation from Lucretius, whose works had not been then discovered, and which, perhaps, did not penetrate into France until towards 1475; her mention of the seven satellites of Saturn, the first of which was observed for the first time by Huyghens in 1635, and the last by Herschel in 1789; and her translation of an ode of Sappho, the fragments of whose works were not then published. However, the poems attributed to Clotilde are full of grace and beauty.

Prosper Mérimée was one of the most skilful of literary mystifiers, using his talents for amusement rather than for deliberate deception. When a mere

youth, he played a practical joke on Cuvier by manufacturing for him an original letter of Robespierre, which delighted that hunter of autographs as well as of truth. The deception was not found out until a rival collector held the autograph to the light and saw that the water-mark on the paper bore a date later than that of Robespierre's death. Mérimée's first published book was a collection of short dramas, pretended translations from a gifted Spanish lady, Clara Guzla, for whom he invented a biography. "Clara Guzla" was taken for a reality; her genius was gravely discussed by critics, and a Spaniard, ashamed to confess ignorance of so gifted a countrywoman, declared that, although the French translation was good, it was inferior to the original. Mérimée afterwards manufactured an Hungarian bard, songs and all. The deception made dupes of the German as well as the French critics, and set them wondering why so brilliant a writer had never been heard of beyond Hungary.

J. Whitcomb Riley, when comparatively unknown to fame, set afloat the following item in the Kokomo (Indiana) *Dispatch* :

In the house of a gentleman in this city we saw a poem written on the fly-leaf of an old book. Noticing the initials "E. A. P." at the bottom, it struck us that possibly we had run across a bonanza.

The owner of the book said that he did not know who was the author of the poem. His grandfather, who gave him the book, kept an inn in Chesterfield, near Richmond, Virginia. One night a young man who showed plainly the marks of dissipation rapped at the door, asked if he could stay all night, and was shown to a room.

That was the last they saw of him. When they went next morning to call him to breakfast he had gone, but had left the book, on the fly-leaf of which he had written these verses :

LEONANIE.

Leonanie—angels named her,
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars, and framed her
In a suit of white;
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of glowing
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In the silent night.

In a solemn night of summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to greet the comer
Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distressed me
I forgot as joy caressed me,—
Lying joy that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom.

Only spake the little lisper
In the angels' tongue,
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper,
"Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you,—
Tales are told you to deceive you,—
So must Leonanie leave you
While her love is young."

Then God smiled, and it was morning
Matchless and supreme,
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem;
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer, and lifted,
Where my Leonanie drifted
From me like a dream.

E. A. P.

The verses went the rounds of the press, critics gravely discussed their genuineness, many lovers of Poe were duped. Finally the secret of the hoax

was discovered. When one sees how easily the most judicious may be deceived, one wonders which one of our great literary masterpieces may be merely an accepted fraud.

We know that Robert Stephen Hawker deceived even Macaulay (an excellent judge of ballad poetry) by his "Song of the Western Men," with its refrain of

And must Trelawny die, and must Trelawny die?
Then forty thousand Cornishmen will know the reason why.

We know that Surtees deceived even Sir Walter Scott (a still better judge) with his ballads of "The Slaying of Antony Featherstonhaugh" and "Bartram's Dirge," which purported to be collected from oral tradition and were furnished with learned notes. Nay, Andrew Lang hints an uncomfortable suspicion that Sir Walter Scott was himself the author of the ballad of "Kinmont Willie," which to this day is accepted as one of the finest of the old English ballads. Supposing this be true, how many other Kinmont Willies are there in our literature?

In the London *Times* of June 16 and 28, 1886, Sir George Grove for the first time told how musical literature was "enriched" by an apocryphal work of Beethoven, "The Dream of St. Jerome." In the course of "Philip" Thackeray makes his Miss Charlotte play Beethoven's "Dream of St. Jerome," which he likens to "a poem of Tennyson's in music." A reader of the novel as it ran through *Cornhill* very naturally wished to possess this work, which was unknown to him, and, applying to a great musical shop, he was told by the proprietor that it was out of print, but would soon be ready. Now, the proprietor himself had never heard of the piece. But, being a gentleman of infinite resources and an iron will, he ordained that if it did not exist it should exist. He commanded one of his "myrmidons," as Sir George puts it, "to look sharp and cook up something; you know your Beethoven." The myrmidon, not loath to show agility in cause so fair, dived among the lesser known works of the Beethoven whom he knew, and came up with the third of that master's sacred songs. Then, like a subtle archimage or an adept in the modern arts of cookery and fakery, he toiled with his material, adding an *allegretto* in six-eight, two themes of trivial import whipped extremely thin into an airy froth,—*"some real vulgar melody,"* says Sir George,—and thus was woven "The Dream of St. Jerome."

But was Thackeray, too, a deceiver? If not, what was that music which had so charmed and soothed him? What was the true, the antenatal "Dream of St. Jerome"? Curiously enough, it is to be found in another set of "Sacred Songs," the work of Thomas Moore, among which is one entitled "Who is the Maid? St. Jerome's Love. Air—Beethoven." "Ay, St. Jerome's Love; but what of his Dream?" is the obvious question of the inquirer; for, though love is a dream, a dream is not necessarily of love. Of this difficulty there is no better solution than that of Sir George Grove, who very plausibly conceives that Thackeray's recollection failed him, and thus for "love" he wrote "dream." Moore's song is a version of the opening theme of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 26), set to some inspired verses of his own, and there can be no doubt that Thackeray must have frequently heard it sung, probably by Moore himself. It is somewhat singular that the "myrmidon" who manufactured the "Dream" did not know of the existence of the song. His presumed ignorance of this illustrious example only increases the courage of his action, and renders more remarkable his long immunity from detection. The deception, it must be owned, was aided by the most adroit appeal to the sympathetic public. The title itself is a lure of appalling ingenuity. Nothing could be more circumstantial than the superficial evidence. The large inventiveness of the legend "for the Piano-forte, by L. v. Beethoven,"

is supported by the quotation from "Philip" and by another quotation that soberly sets forth the date and locality of "St. Jerome's Dream."

One of the most amazing impostors who ever lived was George Psalmanazar. He made his first appearance in London in 1703. His antecedents were then entirely unknown: even to this day we only know what he chose to reveal. His real name is still a mystery. A youth of nineteen, he had come to England at the invitation of the Bishop of London, to whom he had been recommended by a clergyman named Innes, chaplain of a Scotch regiment then in garrison at Sluys, Holland.

These were his preliminary recommendations. And this was the account he gave of himself:

His name was George Psalmanazar. He was born of a noble family in the island of Formosa, off the coast of China. He had been educated by a private tutor who passed for a Japanese, and gained from him all the accomplishments usual to the Formosan youth, as well as a thorough knowledge of Latin. When the tutor suddenly announced his determination of taking a journey to the Western world, whose glories he had frequently unfolded to the eager mind of the young pupil, Psalmanazar determined to accompany him. The tutor agreed, after some apparent hesitation, on condition that the matter should be kept a secret from the youth's father, some of whose money would have to be borrowed for the occasion.

The fugitives gained the coast in safety, and after many adventures reached Avignon, in France. Here the pretended Japanese tutor threw off all disguise and appeared in his true colors. He was in truth Father de Rode, a missionary member of the Jesuit College at Avignon, who had encountered numerous dangers in order to save this single human soul.

But the soul would not be saved, because it was conjoined with a mind that detected the sophistry of Jesuitical Christianity, and when the baffled doctors threatened him with the Inquisition, Psalmanazar managed to escape from Avignon. After leading a vagrant life, he joined the service of the Elector of Cologne, and in this capacity was encountered at Sluys by the aforesaid Chaplain Innes. Lutheran and Catholic had sought in vain to convert his heathen incredulity, but what consubstantiation and transubstantiation had failed to do was effected by the sweet reasonableness of Mr. Innes's Anglican arguments. Psalmanazar was baptized by the chaplain, who straightway communicated the remarkable story to the Bishop of London.

The bishop invited the chaplain and his interesting convert over to England. In London he meets a royal welcome. The Tories, headed by the clergy, are delighted to greet a proselyte from paganism who recognized in Anglicanism "a religion that was not embarrassed by any of those absurdities which are maintained by the various sects in Christendom." The Whigs are pleased to find their worst suspicions of Jesuitry so strongly confirmed. The fashionable world is interested in this good-looking and accomplished young man, who, according to his own account, had once been a cannibal. Philosophers and wits are anxious to obtain information concerning the far-off island of Formosa. He is petted and fêted in the highest circles. He has a few detractors, but their voices are drowned in the general hurrah. The book upon which he is engaged will establish his claims beyond possible cavil.

In a few months the book appears. It bears the following title: "An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, an island subject to the Emperor of Japan, giving an account of the religion, customs, manners, etc., of the inhabitants; together with a relation of what happened to the author in his travels, particularly his conferences with the Jesuits and others in several parts of Europe. Also the history and reasons of his conversion to Christianity, with his objections against it in defence of Paganism, and their

answers, etc. To which is prefixed a preface in vindication of himself from the reflections of a Jesuit lately come from China, with an account of what passed between them. By George Psalmanazar, a native of the said island, now in London. Illustrated with several cuts."

It was adorned by an alphabet, a map of the island, plates representing the divinities of the country, costumes, religious ceremonies, edifices, and vessels. It was speedily translated into French and German.

After some prefatory remarks upon the utter unreliability of all previous writers on Formosa, the author devotes a hundred and fifty pages to an account of his own adventures, which we have already summarized, and then gives his famous history and description of Formosa.

And first, as to the history. That, it seems, had been misunderstood by every previous writer. A capital error made the island a dependency of China, whereas in fact it had been governed for nearly two hundred years by native dynasties before a usurper, named Merryaandanoo, a Chinese fugitive, got possession of the Japanese throne and subsequently of that of Formosa. Formosa, therefore, was a portion of Japan, and not of China. To establish the thing beyond cavil, Psalmanazar quotes the very words of a letter which Merryaandanoo addressed to the native monarch whom he afterwards deposed.

The story of how Merryaandanoo (the name has comic-opera suggestions which are much assisted by its apparent relationship to Merry-Andrew)—the story of how this bold, enterprising, and unscrupulous monarch succeeded in capturing the island of Formosa, needs a new Homer to sing it. Indeed, it is obviously borrowed from the story of the capture of Troy.

He had usurped the throne of Japan, it appears, by the blackest of perfidies, and soon cast a longing eye upon Formosa.

So he feigned sickness. All the native gods of Japan were appealed to, but in vain. Sacrifices were offered; the divinities seemed to turn their nostrils away from the ascending smoke. Then Merryaandanoo declared that he would appeal from the home gods to foreign gods. He would implore his royal cousin of Formosa to grant permission that victims should be immolated in all the principal temples of his kingdom.

A letter was accordingly framed and despatched. His Highness of Formosa received it with tears of joy. The priests were all in a high state of exhilaration. Here was a chance to test the true god against foreign impostors. An answer was in due course returned, granting to Merryaandanoo the permission he craved, on condition, however, that if the Formosan deity wrought a cure the worship of that god should be established throughout the Japanese kingdom. The condition was at once accepted.

Then Merryaandanoo caused to be constructed a number of norimmonnos of the largest size. And what is a norimmonnos? It is a huge sort of litter capable of containing from thirty to forty people. It is usually divided off into compartments, with window-like openings to admit fresh air. The litter is carried by two elephants.

Now, in each of the norimmonnos the wily Merryaandanoo caused thirty soldiers to be hidden away. To better deceive the Formosans, oxen, calves, or sheep were also placed in the norimmonnos, which could readily be seen through the windows left open for the purpose. To the ordinary eye it would appear that the litters were filled only with the victims for sacrifice.

Then the norimmonnos, three hundred in all, with their attendant elephants, were embarked on board of large flat-boats known as arkha-kasseos. These are huge craft, propelled by as many as two hundred oars on each side.

When the Formosans saw this mighty fleet approaching their shores they

were much tickled. The great Emperor of Japan had done them proud, they thought, in sending over so many victims to be sacrificed to the native god. Owing to the veneration which sacrificial animals inspired in their bosoms, they did not dare to inspect the norimmonnos too closely, but stood by in rapt admiration while the backs of the elephants were laden with their sacred burdens. A magnificent retinue of Japanese officers accompanied them to the capital city of Xternetsa.

Just as the ceremonies were about to begin, and the King of Formosa, his courtiers and his citizens, were looking on in open-mouthed admiration, the signal agreed upon was given. Out poured ten thousand Japanese soldiers. The Formosans were taken by surprise, the king surrendered on the spot, and Merryaandanoo neatly and expeditiously possessed himself of the capital, and later of the entire island, without shedding a drop of blood!

Since that time the King of Japan has always held a strong garrison in the island, and sends over a king to govern it. This king is known as the Tano Agon, or Superintendent; the real heirs to the throne bear the title of Bagalandro, or Viceroy, and have little more than the empty title, a yearly stipend, and the right to wear robes of a very magnificent description.

The religion of the country is polytheism. One of its chief rites is the yearly sacrifice of eighteen thousand boys' hearts. Note the figures. We shall have to recur to them again. Every month they sacrifice one thousand beasts, and every week as many fowls as they are able.

The religious ceremonies of the Formosans are curious.

"1. The Formosans, in adoring God, use various postures of body, according to the several parts of religious worship they are performing; for, first, when the *Jarhabadiond* is publicly read in their temples, every one of them, at least if he be capable of doing it, bends a little the right knee, and lifts up the right hand towards heaven.

"2. When thanks are given to God, then all of them fall prostrate on the ground.

"3. After the thanksgiving, when they sing songs or hymns, they are to stand up with their hands joined together.

"4. When prayers are made for the sanctification of the sacrifices, then every one bends the left knee and stretches out his arms wide open. But when the victims are a-slaying, every one may sit upon the ground (for they have no seats or pews such as you use here in England), only the richer sort have a cushion to sit on; while the flesh is a-boiling every one stands with his hands joined together, looking towards the upper part of the tabernacle. After the flesh is boiled, every one of the people takes a piece of the flesh from the priest and eats it, and what remains the priests keep for themselves."

Religious freedom, however, is assured to all save Christians: "No king can prohibit or enjoin any religion in his country; but every subject shall enjoy the liberty of his conscience to worship God after his own way, except there shall be any found that are Christians."

Transmigration is one of the doctrines taught by the clergy. The soul of a woman, it appears, cannot obtain eternal rest until it has informed the body of a man; though "some, indeed, think that if it animate the body of a male beast, it is sufficient to attain as great happiness as it is capable of."

Another article of the Formosan faith seems to the excellent Mr. Psalmanazar the converted Formosan a deplorable one. And this is the worship which even the sanest and most pious citizens give to the demon.

They hold, indeed, that there are no devils save aerial spirits who people the atmosphere around us. These they imagine to be the souls of the wicked, and they offer sacrifices to them, thinking thus to propitiate them. They acknowledge that these spirits are the enemies of God and man, but they are

firmly persuaded that all public and private calamities, as storms, earthquakes, famines, pestilences, sicknesses, and so on, are caused by these spirits. Wherefore whenever any affliction seizes them they rush to certain mountains where there are altars raised to the demon or chief of the evil spirits, and prostrate themselves before the hideous statues that surmount the altars, and beat their breasts, and pray, and sacrifice animals of all kinds, and even children, believing that the blood of these innocents will appease the anger of the demon.

The funerals of people of wealth and distinction are conducted with great pomp. The body of the deceased is rubbed with perfumes and laid out on a table for thirty-two hours. Parents and friends assemble around it. Food and drink are served to them, of which they partake in silence.

The funeral *cortège* is marshalled in this order. First of all walks a city magnate bearing the arms of the deceased; then a lot of musicians singing and playing slow and subdued airs; then the military, armed with lances, bows, cross-bows, and swords; then the monks, preceded by an officer of the convent bearing the emblem of the order and followed by their *Soullets*, or superior. The secular priests follow, and in their wake comes the wagon carrying the animals which are to be sacrificed. This wagon is drawn by an elephant. The weepers are next. They march immediately before the body, which is carried in a sort of litter covered with black and surmounted in the middle by a small tower. This litter (which is called *norimmonnos ach boskos*) is borne on the backs of two elephants covered with black cloth in such a way that nothing can be seen save the head of the first one. On this cloth are worked the armorial devices of the deceased and of his ancestors. Last of all come the relatives and friends of the dead.

When the procession has arrived at the sacrificial altar, priests and monks pray for the sanctification of the animals, they are duly slaughtered and burnt, and then the body itself is cremated with appropriate ceremonies.

Those who hold that the Formosans are olive-skinned are greatly in error. The upper classes, especially, are as fair as Europeans, owing to their habit of living during the hot season in caves or in tents kept cool by the continual sprinkling of water. Nor are the Formosans gigantic in size, as some authors assert. They are rather below than above the middle size, and the ladies especially are very beautiful, so much so that some hold the Formosan and the Turkish women to be the fairest in the world. In a foot-note the author adds with becoming gallantry that even were the Georgians willing to cede them the palm in this respect, it might well be contested by the ladies of England.

Their dress, from the descriptions, does not differ very materially from the European in fashion, though its materials are sometimes leopard-, tiger-, and bear-skins, which would seem strangely unsuited to a tropical country.

The national architecture, too, appears to be more European in character than one would have expected, and might be described as a judicious admixture of the Chinese and the classical.

The Formosans have no carriages; their principal vehicles are the *norimmonnos*, which we have already described. These vary in size and in magnificence.

The *norimmonnos* of the viceroy is from eight to nine feet in height by twelve in breadth. It is upholstered inside with silk and cloth-of-gold, and is covered on the outside with pure gold. Two elephants, richly caparisoned, are the bearers. The viceroy takes his seat within, accompanied by his *Carilhan*, or general, together with some ten or twelve of their wives, whenever he goes to Japan to pay formal homage to the emperor.

The *norimmonnos* of the nobility and gentry are not more than seven feet high and ten wide. They are of wood, painted and gilded.

The king does not possess a norimmonnos, as he is not required to travel to Japan for the purpose of homage. He rides his horse on land, and varies this out-door existence by going down to the sea in a *balcon* or *balon*, a sort of barge or galley, with a tower in the middle. Other dignitaries also have their *balcons*, but these are smaller and less gorgeous.

Some of the more outlandish habits and customs of the Formosans must be mentioned here.

Polygamy is practised by those who can afford it. But if the first wife, or an only wife, bears her husband no children, he may kill her and install another in her place. The oldest son of the first wife is the heir to one-half the husband's fortune, and in case the first wife has no child, that portion of the estate is forfeited to the crown. Hence the king keeps a watchful and a thrifty eye over all marriages.

Terrible penalties prevent the practice of polygamy by those who cannot afford it. "If any one takes more wives than his means will maintain, he is to be beheaded." Each wife lives in a separate chamber, but all of them take their meals together. "No conversation is allowed between any man and another man's wife, nor between a bachelor and a maid, but in the greatest feasts and diversions every one keeps among those of his own family."

Cannibalism is not habitual, but the inhabitants eat the bodies of prisoners of war and of malefactors legally executed. "The flesh of the latter is our greatest dainty, and is four times dearer than other rare and delicious food." Husbands, also, who have reason to be offended with their wives condemn them to the family larder. In aggravated cases the husband may send for the lady's relatives, and "sometimes with fiery indignation he strikes her in the breast with a dagger, and sometimes, to show his resentment, he will take her heart out hastily and eat it before her relations."

The Formosans are also accustomed to beat live serpents with rods "until they be very angry, and when they are in this furious passion all the venom that was in the body ascends to the head, which being then cut off, there remains no more poison in the body, which may therefore be safely eaten." Elsewhere the author commends this, taken in the early morning with a pipe of tobacco and a cup of tea, as, "in my humble opinion, the most wholesome breakfast a man can make."

The laws, as a rule, seem to be much like those which prevail in European countries, save that the punishments are more vindictive and sanguinary. A murderer is to be "hanged up by the feet with his head downward" for a longer or shorter time, and is then "shot to death with arrows." "If he be both a robber and a murderer, he shall be crucified." A thief is punished with hanging or with continual imprisonment, or with whipping, or with a fine. An adulterer is fined or whipped for the first offence, and beheaded for the second. A blasphemer is burnt alive. A slanderer has his tongue bored through with a hot iron, and one who bears false witness loses that member altogether. A traitor is "tortured with all imaginable torments."

A son or daughter who strikes his or her parents, relations, or superiors, shall have his or her legs and arms cut off, and, a stone being fastened to the maimed and helpless trunk, it is cast into the sea or river.

Evidently any child who wishes its days to be long and pleasant in that land must honor father and mother and uncle and aunt.

In his chapter on the Formosan language the author dwells at much length upon its alphabet and grammatical structure, and adds specimens of the written character, which are to be read from right to left,—plausible enough to mystify even men of culture, acquainted only with the classical languages of Europe, and ignorant of the rudiments of comparative philology.

The book was a success. The first edition was rapidly sold, and a second

was called for. But though the learned world was staggered, and a large proportion convinced, the book was too full of absurdities, the author too young and ignorant, to gain universal credence.

Evidence is given in the second edition that there had grown up a formidable crop of objections against the narrative. He treated them, however, with a debonair air that shows him to have been an agile master of logical fence. For example, when it was urged that the annual sacrifice of eighteen thousand male infants would soon depopulate the island, he explained that he referred to the number legally demanded by the priesthood. Bribery, prompted by parental affection, undoubtedly diminished that number very greatly. Again, when asked how he could remember the very words of Mer-ryaandanoo's letter, he replied, "My father has a copy of the letter by him."

But his cavillers were not to be silenced. To use a current but excellent phrase, he was continually "giving himself away" by contradictions and mis-statements made in the heat of personal altercation with his disputants. Slowly and reluctantly the public mind was brought to acquiesce in the view that he was an impostor. He fell from favor, and almost disappeared from public view. His biographer states that he consorted with the very lowest ranks of society and crawled in the vilest pursuits.

But we are not yet at the end of the surprises reserved for us by Psalmanazar.

In 1716, at the age of thirty-two, he experienced a genuine and lasting change of heart. The squalid adventurer became the model of modest virtue, the audacious forger the pattern of conscientious scholarship.

No penitent could have done more honor to religion. He disavowed his early impostures, took occasion to introduce into a treatise upon geography a rectification on the subject of his former description of Formosa, and finally wrote a detailed confession designed for publication after his death.

He lived to be seventy-nine years old, busying himself for half a century upon a "Universal History" and other meritorious but now forgotten works. Dr. Johnson knew him in those days, and more than once bore testimony to the uprightness and sincerity of the former adventurer. "He was," Johnson told Boswell, "one of the men for whom he entertained the greatest respect."

In 1764, a year after his death, his memoirs were published, containing a full confession of what the writer calls "the base and shameful imposture of passing upon the world for a native of Formosa and a convert to Christianity, and backing it with a fictitious account of that island, and of my own travels, conversion, etc., all or most of it hatched in my own brain without regard to truth or honesty."

Still he does not reveal his real name. He begs to be excused from naming his country or family, "or anything that might cast a reflection upon either," but assures the reader "that out of Europe I was not born, nor educated, nor ever travelled." It has been plausibly conjectured, however, from various admissions made here and there in the memoirs, that he was a native of the southern part of France.

His parents, he tells us, were extremely poor. His father came of an ancient but decayed family, but through stress of circumstances had been obliged to leave his mother when the boy was only five years old and live a long distance away. So his care and education were left entirely to the mother. She was a zealous Catholic, cherishing a natural hatred for Protestants and Protestantism, but withal an excellent and well-meaning woman. Poor as she was, she stinted herself of everything but the necessities of life in order to give the boy an education.

When six years old he was sent to a free school taught by two Franciscan monks. Here his uncommon talent for languages was early recognized. He

was transferred to the Latin form, where, although his classmates were twice his years, he outstripped them all in a comparatively brief space of time, carrying off the highest prizes, and being "singled out as the flower of the flock" whenever priests, monks, gentlemen, or other persons passed through the city. All this made him assuming and arrogant. Nevertheless, he was never guilty of a fault at school: "so, let me do what I would out of it, I was never punished for it as the other boys were, but had, perhaps, a soft reprimand or some easy task assigned me by way of penance."

The good boy of the school, who won all the prizes and escaped all the reprimands, was naturally no favorite with his school-fellows. But he held his head high, and they dared not vent their displeasure in any other way than in words.

At nine years of age he was removed to a Jesuit college. Here at first he found it hard work to keep up with his class, and he who had been used to be foremost found it a shame now to be middlemost. So he worked hard, and acquitted himself with much credit. Subsequently he studied theology. Then he left school and tried teaching. But in this he was not a success. He was naturally indolent. When he found that his pupil was not only indolent, but stupid, he gave up trying to teach him, and master and pupil "spent more of our time in playing on the violin and flute than at our books."

His next situation was with two small boys, whose mother proved somewhat too demonstrative to him. But he remained cold to all her advances, owing not so much to virtue, he acknowledges, as to "my natural sheepish bashfulness and inexperienced youth." So she procured his dismissal.

He was now in sore straits. He took the road to Avignon, and made his first essay as an impostor. He claimed to be a sufferer for religion,—his love for the Church had estranged his father and cut off his financial supplies. He was praised and pitied. But he wanted hard cash, and that was not forthcoming. So he tried another plan. He procured a certificate to the effect that "he was a young student of theology of Irish extract," then going on a pilgrimage to Rome.

But how to obtain a pilgrim's garb?

He remembered that a returned pilgrim had left his cloak and staff in a neighboring church as a token of gratitude for his happy return. The church was never empty. But fearless audacity is always successful. Psalmanazar simply walked boldly in at noon-time and carried off both cloak and staff. He had an answer ready prepared in case he was stopped and questioned. He would have said that he imagined the things were placed there for the accommodation of penniless pilgrims.

"How far such a poor excuse would have gone I knew not, neither did I trouble my head about it; however, I escaped without such an inquiry, and carried it off unmolested, and made what haste I could to some private corner, where I threw my cloak over my shoulders, and walked with a sanctified grace with the staff in my hand, till I was out of the city."

So accoutred, and with the proper certificate in his hand, he begged his way in fluent Latin, "accosting only clergymen or persons of figure, by whom I could be understood and was most likely to be relieved."

He was very successful,—so successful, indeed, that but for his vanity and his extravagance he might easily have saved a good deal of money. But as soon as he had sufficient for the day he would quit begging and retire to some inn, where he spent money as freely as he got it, "not without some such awkward tokens of generosity as better suited with my vanity than my present circumstances."

Should he go home, or pursue his journey to the Eternal City? He deliberated the question for a while. Filial piety finally carried the day. His

mother was overjoyed to see him, though pained at his poverty-struck appearance. A few days after his return she proposed that he should proceed, still in pilgrim guise, to visit his father. He accepted the suggestion and started on his travels. Though his pilgrim garb should have protected him from robbers, he did not feel entirely safe. And no wonder.

"I met frequently with some objects that made me shrink, though it was a considerable high-road. Now and then at some lonely place lay the carcass of a man rotting and stinking on the ground by the way-side, with a rope about his neck, which was fastened to a post about two or three yards' distance, and these were the bodies of highwaymen, or rather of soldiers, sailors, mariners, or even galley-slaves, disbanded after the peace of Ryswick, who, having neither home nor occupation, used to infest the roads in troops, plunder towns and villages, and when taken were hanged at the country towns by dozens, or even scores sometimes, after which their bodies were then exposed along the highway *in terrorem*. At other places one met with crosses, either of wood or stone, the highest not above two or three feet, with inscriptions to this purport: 'Pray for the soul of A. B., or of a stranger, who was found murdered in this spot!'"

Sights enough to discourage even a brave and resolute youth!

Nevertheless he pressed ahead, and finally reached the village where his father dwelt. That gentleman professed joy at seeing him, but was unable to offer any assistance. Indeed, the son was surprised to find that his father dwelt even more meanly than he had been led to anticipate. But though he had no money, the old gentleman had lots of advice to give. He suggested that the young man should continue visiting the various parts of Europe at free cost. The advice was accepted.

Psalmanazar was now sixteen years of age. His wits had been sharpened by necessity. He determined to find some more "cunning, safe, and effectual way of travelling" than he had hitherto pursued. To pass as an Irishman and a sufferer for religion not only exposed him to the constant risk of detection, but "came short of the merit and admiration I had expected from it."

He would leave off the Irish and become a Japanese. His notions of the East were vague, but they were not much vaguer than those of even the learned and the travelled. The average European knew less than he did. "I was rash enough to think that what I wanted of a right knowledge of them I might make up by the strength of a pregnant invention." So he proceeded to excogitate both an alphabet and names of letters, together with many other particulars equally difficult, such as a considerable piece of a new language and grammar, a new division of the year into twenty months, a new religion, etc. Then he forged a certificate to bear out his assumed character, and appended to it the seal belonging to his Avignon certificate.

On the whole, he found that he was generally credited not only in Germany, but in Brabant and in Flanders. His wonderful story, his fluency in Latin, his smattering of various sciences, procured him more money and attention than an ordinary pilgrim might have expected. After many adventures, he finally joined a Dutch regiment as a recruit. He still pretended to be a Japanese, but no longer a convert to Christianity. He found himself an object of greater interest than ever. Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen sought to convert him. But when Papists and Protestants are so intermingled, he explains, their guides are better stored with arguments against each other than against the common enemies of the Christian faith. Hence in his assumed character as a heathen he won an easy controversial victory over his opponents.

In due time the regiment in which Psalmanazar had enrolled himself was ordered to Sluys. A Scotch regiment in the Dutch pay was quartered here.

Brigadier Lander was the colonel of the regiment, as well as governor of the place. A good, honest Scotchman, he was anxious to convert the interesting Japanese recruit to Christianity.

For this purpose he introduced him to Chaplain Innes. At first Innes, too, was duped. But he speedily discovered the fraud. Did he denounce it? Not at all. He was too canny for that. He broadly hinted that it would be well for both of them if Psalmanazar would consent to be baptized, and then accompany him to London.

Psalmanazar profited by the hint. Brigadier Lander stood sponsor, Chaplain Innes performed the ceremony. Then the latter wrote a letter to the Bishop of London about his interesting convert.

What followed we have already detailed.

N.

N, the fourteenth letter and eleventh consonant of the English alphabet, derived through the Latin and Greek from the Phœnician. In the English prayer-book **N** is used in the same way as the algebraic x in mathematics, to indicate the unknown name of some person in question. For example, in the baptismal service the priest is directed to say, "**N**., I baptize thee," etc. In the catechism the "Question. What is your name?" is followed by the "Answer. **N**. or **M**." Again, in the marriage service and in the formula for publishing the banns the initials used are "**M**. and **N**." Much ingenious conjecture has been spent on the question as to the ulterior meaning of these initials. It has been suggested that **M**. stands for Mary and **N**. for Nicholas. But the people who make this suggestion forget that from the position of the initials **M**. is the man and **N**. the woman. Therefore there is more plausibility in the guess that **M**. stands for *maritus* ("husband") and **N**. for *nupta* ("bride"). But even this theory is disposed of by the fact that in the more ancient prayer-books the letter **M** makes no appearance, the form in all cases where there is more than one party being "**N**. and **N**." It is therefore more than probable that **N** was originally adopted as a convenient letter, and the initial of *nomen*, or name, and that in due course **M** was added, not only from its cognate quality, but as the next preceding letter,—the next succeeding one, **O**, being, for obvious reasons, objectionable. Or **M** may stand for double **N** = names.

Nach Canossa gehen wir nicht (Ger., "We are not going to Canossa"), the answer made by Bismarck to the clerical party in 1872. Canossa, it will be remembered, was the place whither Emperor Henry IV of Germany was summoned by Pope Gregory VII. after a long and bitter struggle for supremacy, in which Henry was obliged to confess himself vanquished. It was at the dead of winter when the humbled monarch reached the castle of Canossa, among the mountains of Modena in Italy, but he was only admitted to the space between the first and second walls, standing there barefooted and fasting until sunset. Not till the morning of the fourth day, January 25, 1077, was he ushered into the Pope's presence. Here he swore to be faithful in future to the command of the Church. The struggle in 1872 between Pope and Kaiser terminated for the moment in the passage of the Falk laws, which disqualified the Pope's appointees from performing their clerical functions if they were disapproved by the state or refused to take the required oaths before the civil authority. Bismarck's phrase was used in the German Reichstag, May 14, 1872.

Nail. To hit the nail on the head, a popular phrase common to many languages, meaning to furnish a clinching argument, to strike home, the metaphor being obviously borrowed from the fact that to drive a nail home it must be hit full and square on the head.

This hitteth the naile on the hed.

HEYWOOD : *Proverbs*, ch. xi.

You have there hit the nail on the head.

KABELAIS, Book iii., ch. xxxi.

Nail, Down on the, a slang phrase for a cash payment. The nail is sometimes supposed to be a figure of speech for the nail-studded counter whereon the money might be paid. But it is more likely a reminiscence of the classical phrase "in unguem" or "ad unguem," signifying "to a nicety," "to the finger-tips." In a parliamentary deed of King Robert the Bruce dated July 15, 1326 (Scots Acts, i. 476), occurs the phrase, "Pro quibus prisus et cariagiis plena fiat solutio super unguem" ("For which prises and carriages full payment shall be made on the nail"). An early use of the English phrase is quoted in Nares's Glossary :

When they were married, her dad did not fail

For to pay down four hundred pounds on the nail.

The Reading Garland (no date).

The French have a corresponding phrase, "payer rubis sur l'ongle." This grew out of the custom called "faire rubis sur l'ongle"—i.e., to drain a tumbler so completely that there remains in it only one drop of wine, which, being put on the nail, looks like a ruby.

Je sirote mon vin, quel qu'il soit, vieux, nouveau ;

Je fais rubis sur l'ongle et n'y mets jamais d'eau.

REGNARD : *Folles Amoureuses*, iii. 4.

Hence the phrase came to mean to pay punctually :

La sottise en est faite ;

Il faut la boire ; aussi la buvons-nous

Rubis sur l'ongle.

PIRON : *Contes*.

O'Keefe, in his "Recollections," tells of a pillar in the centre of the Limerick Exchange with a circular disk or plate of copper, about three feet in diameter, laid across the top, and called "the Nail." On this metal disk the earnest of all stock-exchange bargains had to be paid. A similar custom prevailed at Bristol, where before the Exchange were placed four pillars, called "nails," intended for the like purpose. O'Keefe believes that here is the origin of the phrase ; but in fact the phrase gave the name to the pillars.

Nail-money. This was the six crowns given in the days of chivalry, by each knight who came to take part in a tournament, to the "roy des harnoys" (herald) for affixing his arms to the pavilion.

Nails, Twopenny, etc. The origin of the expression twopenny, sixpenny, tenpenny, etc., as applied to nails lies in an English corruption of the word pounds. Anciently nails were made a specified number of pounds to the thousand, and this standard is still recognized in England and other countries. For instance, in England a tenpenny nail is understood to be one of a kind of which it would require one thousand to make ten pounds, and a sixpenny nail one of a kind of which an equal number would make six pounds. "Penny" is really a survival of the English "pun," a corruption of "pound." Formerly the pound-mark (£) followed the figures designating the size of the nails, thus, 2£, 6£, 10£, and so on, but this in time gave way to the pence-mark (d), as at present.

Namby-pamby, affected, artificial, childish. Pope applied the word to the verses addressed to Lord Carteret's children by Ambrose Philips. The first word is a baby way of pronouncing Amby, or Ambrose; the second is a jingling corruption of the surname. Macaulay accordingly says correctly that this sort of verse "has been so called after the name of its author."

Name, What's in a? This famous inquiry is put into Juliet's mouth in "Romeo and Juliet," Act ii., Sc. 2:

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title.

In "Love's Labor's Lost," Act i., Sc. 1, Shakespeare had already made use of a similar sentiment:

Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority, from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know naught but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

Tennyson, in "Maud," Part II., 2, has a parallel thought:

See what a lovely shell.
* * * * *
What is it? A learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

Emerson in his poem of "Blight" has an equally scornful reference to those sciolists who

Love not the flower they pluck and know it not,
And all their botany is Latin names.

Nameless City, *i.e.*, the most ancient Rome, which was said to have had another and older name, which it was death to pronounce. This mysterious name is supposed to have been *Valentia*, of which the Greek word *Ῥώμη* is a translation. Of *Ῥώμη*, the Greek form of Rome, the earliest recorded use is made by Aristotle, although this does not exclude the possibility, on the contrary would seem to point to the probability, of its earlier use, and that it was the common and current name of the city at the time. The city was known by other local names, but "all are inferior, I think, to the one sacred and proverbial name which belonged to Rome. They take many words to convey one idea. In one word, the secret qualifying name of the ancient city, many ideas found expression,—*Valentia*!" (DR. DORAN.)

Names assumed in religion. It is well known that Popes change their name on assuming the tiara, as do the members of various religious orders when they take the vows. An ancient tradition, mentioned as an *on-dit* by Platina and accepted as a fact by Machiavelli (*History of Florence*, Book i., ch. i.), asserts that Sergius II., who became Pope in A.D. 844, set the fashion which has been followed by nearly all his successors. "It has been said that Sergius's name was originally Osporci [pig-face], and that on his election he changed this to Sergius because of the disagreeable nature of his original appellation. The custom has come down to our days, and the Popes almost all have, in their creation, altered their family name for some name of their own selection." (PLATINA: *In Vita Sergii*.) But this story has been fully refuted. Indeed, it carries its refutation on its face, for the Popes had been always called

by their first names, so that the assumption of *Sergius* as a pontifical name did not affect the other name at all. In any event, it was not *Sergius II.* who was called *Boccadiporco* (which *Platina* Latinizes as *Osporci*), but *Sergius IV.* The latter was elected Pope in 1012. It is quite clear, moreover, that the custom originated before this date. In 999, for example, *Gerbert*, or *Gerbertus*, took the name of *Sylvester II.* A very plausible suggestion has been made that the leader in the innovation was the first Pope whose name happened to be *Peter*. Naturally he would find himself in an embarrassing position. To have called himself *Peter II.* might seem wanting in humility, while *Peter I.* would have been a practical denial of the *raison d'être* of his own position. The first-known *Peter* was *Pietro di Canevanno*, who became *John XIV* in 984. But there must have been other *Peters* before him in that long stretch of nine centuries, and it is safe to assume that the custom set by some eponymous predecessor had come into tacit use, being greatly assisted by the mediæval love of symbolism and the possible suggestion that *Christ* had instituted it in giving a new name to *St. Peter*, and that hence it ought to be adopted and perpetuated. In later times, the only Pope who broke through the tradition was *Adrian IV* (1522), who retained his own name exactly. *Julius II.* took one that very closely resembled his own name of *Giuliano* (in Latin, *Julianus*).

Names, Curiosities of. There is a great deal in a name, in spite of *Shakespeare's* query. And, in fact, *Shakespeare* probably knew what he was about when he put the query in the mouth of a girl of fourteen, ignorant and inexperienced. For surely *he* was aware of the value of names. In the very title "*Romeo and Juliet*" is there not reflected all the deliciousness of the soft Italian skies? Call it "*John and Tabitha*," for instance, and the illusion vanishes. Or take *Goethe's* play of "*Faust*:" was not the name of *Gretchen* a happy choice for the heroine? Does not that caressing diminutive suggest simplicity and purity and innocence? *Gretchen* is simply the English *Maggie*, yet how vulgar the fall when you translate it! On the other hand, the *Marguerite* of the French is too stately and too haughty. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why *Gounod's* opera seems tawdry and meretricious beside *Goethe's* tragedy. Why should *Petrarch* be praised for loving *Laura*? Anybody might love so mellifluous a union of vowels and consonants, but we cannot understand how the Lord of *Burleigh* fell in love with *Sarah Hoggins*. By whom is the butterfly best loved,—by the Greek who calls it *Psyche*, the Spaniard who calls it *Mariposa*, the Italian who calls it *Farfalla*, or the Dutch who damns it with the hideous name of *Witze* and the German who makes it ridiculous as *Schmetterling*?

Unconsciously to ourselves we form a mental picture of people that are unknown to us from their names. We expect more from *Gwendolen* than from *Hephzibah*, from *Hector* than from *John*. The names that have become famous are those which have a sonorous and stately ring, *George Washington*, *Alexander Hamilton*, *Lafayette*, *Shakespeare*, *Wolfgang von Goethe*, *Gustavus Adolphus*, *Alfred Tennyson*, *Ludovico da Vinci*, *Michael Angelo Buonarrotti*, *Raffaello Sanzio*. One can understand how an obscure Corsican born with such a name as *Napoleon Bonaparte* might have conquered the world. Authors and actors know the value of a mouth-filling name. *Herbert Lythe* becomes famous as *Maurice Barrymore*, *Bridget O'Toole* charms an audience as *Rosa d'Erina*, *John H. Brodribb* becomes *Henry Irving*, *Samuel C. Clemens* and *Charles F. Browne* attract attention under the eccentric masks of *Mark Twain* and *Artemus Ward*. *John Rowlands* would never have become a great explorer unless he had first changed his name to *Henry M. Stanley*. *James B. Matthews* and *James B. Taylor* might have remained lost among the mass of magazine contributors but for their cunning

in dropping the James and standing forth as Brander Matthews and Bayard Taylor. Would Jacob W Reid have succeeded as well as Whitelaw Reid?

The Italians are adepts in this sort of thing. If a man's name be not up to the dignity of his personality they find some *sopranome*—some nickname or *nom de guerre*—which shall more accurately label and define him. Pietro Vanucci sounds harsh and common, Antonio Allegri lacks distinction, so they are known as Perugino and Correggio, from their birthplaces. Domenico Corradi is an ugly clash of consonants, but how mellifluous and how characteristic is Ghirlandaio, a nickname taken from his father's trade as a garland-maker. Giorgione suggests color and harmony, and admirably befits the gorgeous Venetian painter whose baptismal name was the more plebeian Giorgio Barbarelli.

An ingenious writer in the *Athenæum* has even suggested that between the character of a great man and the mere names of the places associated with him there is often a harmony as happy as it is inscrutable. Every one feels, for instance, that there would be something lacking to Drummond if he had not lived at a place called Hawthornden. Shakespeare could not fail to be born at a town so beautifully and appropriately named as Stratford-on-Avon. As Scott was not born at a place called by the appropriate name of Abbotsford, the fates very properly decreed that he should make money expressly to purchase Cartley Hole and rechristen it aright. And there was no reason in the world, save that love of harmony in black or white which characterizes fate, why Scott should be buried in a place called Dryburgh Abbey. It is impossible to conceive any collocation of letters so expressive of that peculiar kind of sweetness and light which Carlyle was born to shed as Ecclefechan and Craigenputtock. The list might be almost indefinitely extended. Rydal Mount has about it some of the serene austerity which befits a habitation for Wordsworth. Gad's Hill (probably through its Falstaffian associations) suggests a riotous humor which made it the appropriate residence of Dickens. Mount Vernon has all the calmness and dignity that we are accustomed to attribute to Washington. Trollope has a rough and ready suggestion about it which ill befits the character of the novelist (though it better suits the asperities of his mother). But when the novelist purchased a villa near Florence the Italians seem to have been conscious of this deficiency and called his residence the Villino Trö-l-lö-pé, which admirably suits the suave and harmless character of the man.

Unlike the Italian, the Anglo-Saxon spoils the names that he touches. An amusing article might be written to show, by the degeneration of their names, that the English and the Americans are themselves degenerating. Sevenoaks, for example, bodies forth to the mental eye a splendid doughty figure, but his descendant Snooks cannot help being something of a snob and a good deal of a sneak. Cholmondeley must have been a good and great man, and the modern Chumley is a sad disgrace to the family. How ignoble does Marchbanks sound beside the imposing Marjoribanks from which it descends! And when we in America had in our midst so noble a name as Enrougty, we had to perform a tremendous feat of cacophonous acrobaticism by converting it into Darby. On the other hand, a man might almost as well not have been born as to be saddled with a ridiculous or an unmeaning name. One can sympathize with Mr. Ludocovischi Katz von Kottek, who petitioned a San Francisco court to change his name to L. Kats, because "the meaning of the words Katz von Kottek is 'cat of cats,' and the name of L. Katz von Kottek is the occasion of great annoyance to Petitioner." We are glad that the Hartford (Connecticut) County Superior Court granted the petition of Henry Ratz of Thomasville, praying that his name be changed to Henry Raïtes. The petitioner showed that his name was the cause of a great deal of annoyance

to himself and members of his family. Facetious neighbors spoke of him and his wife as the old rats, and the children as little rats, and some of them even committed the enormity of calling the latter mice. And it is a matter of real rejoicing that Herr Julius Jackass had his name changed in New York to Julius Courage.

The French law recognizes no name not borne by a saint or an historical personage. This may seem arbitrary, and would prevent the sensible practice that is now growing up in America of giving family names in lieu of Christian names. Thus, Cadwalader Biddle has a more distinctive individuality than John or James Biddle, and individuality in names is to be encouraged, not only for utilitarian but for æsthetic reasons. Nevertheless, the French law is a great boon if it saves a child from being handicapped by the absurd names that are rife in England and America. It would prevent such poor jests as that of a Mr. Death, who named one of his sons Jolly and the other Sudden, or that of Victoria Woodhull's father, who named one of her sisters Tennie C. and the other Uti K. And it would prevent the unpleasant results of the sentimentalities of ladies like Mrs. Rose, who named her eldest daughter Wild, and was astonished at the change produced by Wild's marriage with Mr. Bull.

The curiosities indeed of English and American baptismal names might easily fill a volume. In the United States census of 1870 a record was obtained of the father of a family who had named his five children Imprimis, Finis, Appendix, Addendum, and Erratum, the latter being the unkindest cut of all. Three sisters still live who were born during political excitement and baptized by the names of Anti-Nebraska, Free Kansas, and Texana. Preserved Bullock was the name of a lady buried at Salem, Massachusetts, and Preserved Fish was once a well-to-do New Jersey merchant. A farmer living at Huntingdon in the time of Charles the First was named January May. His surname was May, and in all probability he was born in the month of January. Sou'-Wester was conferred on a boy in memory of an uncle so baptized because of his birth during a southwesterly gale. But a still greater meteorological curiosity in the way of names is Easterly Rains. A boy called Washington was christened General George; a boy called Newton, Sir Isaac. Marquis, Duke, Earl, Lord, and Squire are common names in the West Riding of Yorkshire. In the North of England the Bible has decided the nomenclature of most of the children. "A clerical friend of mine," says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, "christened twins Cain and Abel only the other day, much against his own wishes. Another parson on the Derbyshire border was gravely informed at the proper moment that the name of baptism was Ramoth-Gilead. 'Boy or girl, eh?' he asked, in a somewhat agitated voice. The parents had opened the Bible hap-hazard according to the village tradition, and selected the first name the eye fell on." "Sirs" was the answer given to a bewildered curate after the usual demand to name the child. He objected, but was informed it was a scriptural name, and the verse "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" was triumphantly appealed to. This reminds one of the Puritan who styled his dog Moreover, after the dog in the Gospel, "Moreover, the dog came and licked his sores."

But above all other men the Puritans distinguished themselves by their fantastic choice of names. They resolved to throw off all semblance of the world or acquaintance with worldly things. With the usual result of fanaticism, they made themselves ridiculous. Such names as Swear-not-at-all Ireton, Glory-be-to-God Pennyman, Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord Robinson, and Obadiah-bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-in-irons Needham, were calculated to excite the derision of the Cavaliers. The man whose name is often associated with the Rump Parliament had three brothers, of whom

one bore the mild designation of Fear-God Barebone, while the others had such formidable Christian names as Jesus-Christ-came-into-the-world-to-save Barebone, and If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebone. For the needs of daily life such names usually had to be reduced to the first or the last syllable, the brother of Praise-God being thus, for instance, familiarly known as "Doctor Damned Barebone." Whether these words were given at their baptism is not certain, but if parochial registers may be taken as evidence, the length of the child's name was by no means an insuperable hinderance to the bestowal of it at the font. The register of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, for the year 1611 tells the short tale of "Job-raked-out-of-the-ashes," a child born on the last day of August, "in the lane going to Sir John Spencer's back gate," "and there laid on a heap of sea-coal ashes. Baptized the next day and buried on the day following." A longer life may have been granted to "Dancell Dallphebo Marc Antony Dallery Gallery Cæsar, sonn of Dancell Dallphebo Marc Antony Dallery Gallery Cæsar Williams," whose name appears in the registry of the parish church of Old Swineford.

"Grace names" were of course very common among the Puritans,—Faith, Hope, and Charity, Prudence, Mercy, Truth, Constancy, Temperance, Honor, Obedience, Rejoice, Endure, Repentance, Humiliation, Pride, and Humility. A man named Sykes had four sons, whom he named Lovewell, Dowell, Diwell, and Farewell.

The grotesque Puritan nomenclature has died out in England and only survives in grace names in some portions of New England, but there are still common instances of people whose names are ridiculous from their length. Thus, an old lady in Lansingburg, New York, was called Frances Caroline Constantia Maria Van Rader Van Rase Out Zoron Van Bian Van Helsdinger. This was even more sonorous than the name of a colored nurse-maid in Brooklyn, who informed her employer that she was called "Miss Minnie Loretta Progret Under-the-Snow Sypher." But after all, when one wants names, he must have recourse to the Almanach de Gotha, and especially to the chapters devoted to the Hapsburgs of Tuscany, the Bourbons of Parma, and the royal family of Portugal. For a good mouth-filler there is nothing so complete as the name of the Portuguese Prince Alphonso Henry Napoleon Maria Louis Peter of Alcântara Charles Humbert Amadeus Ferdinand Anthony Michael Raphael Gabriel Gonzaga Xavier Francis of Assisi John Augustus Julius Volfando Ignatius of Braganza, Savoy, Bourbon, Saxe-Coburg, and Gotha.

In some noble European families it is not uncommon to christen several sons by the same name, where it is desired to perpetuate it. The German family of Reuss carries this practice to an absurd extent, all the males being named Henry, the distinguishing numbers attached to their titles beginning with each century. Another curious name is that of a prominent Belgian house, the Viscounts Vilain XIII. (*sic*), one of whom neatly answered the banter of the Austrian emperor, "Ah, viscount, all your family are numbered like cabs," with the retort, "Yes, sire, like cabs and kings." All the oldest sons of the Rochefoucauld family have borne the name of François since one of their ancestors held Francis the First at the baptismal font.

A crusade has recently been waged against the diminutives, and especially those ending in *ie*, which at one time threatened almost to supersede the good old names which they spoil. If trifles are any indication of character, Mrs. Harrison must yield in dignity to Mrs. Cleveland. The latter promptly rebuked all efforts to call her "Frankie," and will go down to history as Frances Folsom Cleveland. Mrs. Harrison is not Caroline; she signs herself Carrie S. Harrison, both in business and in friendly letters. To be sure, one

of the most popular mistresses of the White House was known as "Dolly Madison," but her real wit and grace carried off her want of dignity. Robert and William who allow themselves to be styled Bobby and Billy must be either wanting in self-respect or be afflicted with a weak amiability that falls below the level of a vice. The public men who are familiarly known as Tom this or Steve that may be "good fellows" and friends of the boys, but they are politicians and not statesmen.

In spite of Hayward's declaration, "I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom," it has been legally ruled that it is disrespectful and insulting to call a man by his Christian name unless the parties have been intimately connected. A Massachusetts hotel-keeper discharged his clerk because that magnificent creature was too fond of such familiarity. The clerk sued for his salary for a year and damages, but was non-suited, the Supreme Court delivering the following judgment: "To address a person by his Christian name, unless the parties have been intimately connected, socially and otherwise, is uncalled-for familiarity, and, therefore, insulting to the person so addressed. To address a party by his surname only shows a want of respect, and would imply that the party so addressed was beneath the party addressing; therefore it is discourteous, and would be considered insulting. To speak of employers by their surnames only shows a great want of respect on the part of the employee towards the employer. While it may be customary for a person to address his junior clerks or under-servants by their Christian or surnames, to address others so shows a want of respect, and the party so addressed would naturally evade contact in the future with any one who had previously so addressed him."

It has sometimes been foolishly held that only snobs and dudes would part their names in the middle, but in fact anything that increases the individuality of names is to be welcomed, especially in the case of the unfortunates who are burdened with such undistinctive names as Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robinson. There are thousands of John H. Smiths or John M. Smiths, there may be only a few J. Hayward Smiths or J. MacNamara Smiths. Nor is there any reason why Mr. Smith should not alter the spelling of his name to Mr. Smyth or Smythe, or Mr. Brown should not likewise add a final "e." A fine example of how a commonplace patronymic may gain a lordly and aristocratic sound is the name of the popular magazinist Junius Henri Browne. The middle name, "Henri," whether given in baptism or changed subsequently to please the nice ear of its possessor, is a stroke of genius. During the progress of the famous Codman Will case, the name of J. Amory Codman gave rise to an amusing error of a type-writer. A copy of the telegram found among the papers bore the address "J. A. Mory, cabman, Parker House." A long and puzzling search followed. Not a trace of Mory could be found, no such cabman was known to be in employ there, and not until after two weeks' hunt did the solution dawn upon the counsel.

According to Mr. H. A. Hamilton, in his "Quarter Sessions from Queen Elizabeth," the practice of giving children two Christian names was unknown in England before the period of the Stuarts, was rarely adopted down to the time of the Revolution, and never became common until after the Hanoverian family was seated on the throne. "In looking through so many volumes of county records," he says, "I have, of course, seen many thousands and tens of thousands of proper names, belonging to men of all ranks and degrees,—to noblemen, justices, jurymen, witnesses, sureties, innkeepers, hawkers, paupers, vagrants, criminals, and others,—and in no single instance, down to the end of the reign of Anne, have I noticed any person bearing more than one Christian name. The first instance occurs in 1717, when Sir Coplestone Warwick Bampfild appears among the justices who attended the midsummer

sessions at Exeter. The first instances which I have met with in any other place are those of Henry Frederick, Earl of Arundel, born in 1608, and Sir Henry Frederick Thynne, who was created a baronet in 1641. Both these must have been named after the eldest son of James I., who was, of course, born in Scotland. No other child of James bore two Christian names, nor did any child of Charles I., except Henrietta Maria, named after her mother, who was a Frenchwoman. No king of England bore two Christian names before William III., who was a Dutchman."

Surnames, in modern times as distinguished from classical, cannot be traced farther back than the tenth century. Their origin is simple enough. So long as persons bore only single names, and these derived from a limited number of sources, as profane or sacred history, there might be fifty persons of the same name in every little community. Hence there gradually grew up the habit of adding a distinguishing epithet, commonly noting some personal peculiarity or attribute, place of birth or residence, trade, occupation, office, or relationship. Thus, such names as Brown, Black, Gray, etc., are derived from the color of the hair or complexion of the eponymic ancestor; Long, Short, Little, Cruikshank, and so on, from his bodily conformation; Smart, Swift, Hardy, from his disposition; Noble, Rich, King, Earl, Knight, etc., from his station; Archer, Fletcher, and especially the familiar Smith, from his trade or occupation; and English, Scott, Holland, and Ireland, from his country. A great fund from which the necessities of family nomenclature have been supplied is the baptismal or personal names of the founders. These have become surnames, not only in their original form, but also in the many familiar shapes which usage may have assigned to them, as the affectionate diminutives in the domestic circle or the monosyllabic appellatives once current in the workshop or on the farm. Thus, from Richard we get Richards and Richardson, Ricks and Rix, Rickson, Rixon, or Ritson, Ricards and Ricketts. From the curter Dick or Diccon we derive Dicks, Dix, Dickson or Dixon, Dickens or Diccons, and Dickenson or Dicconson; from Hitchin (once nearly as familiar as Dick) we get Hitchins, Hutchinson, Hickok, and Hickox. Surnames in this class add to the personal names on which they are based either the possessive "s" or the more explicit "son," these being the Saxon patronymic forms, as the prefixes "Fitz," "Ap," "Mac," and "O" are respectively the Norman, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish forms. People bearing these patronymic names may be assumed to be descended from the stay-at-homes of the family, the domestic and unambitious ones, who were content to tread quietly in their father's footsteps. While the enterprising brother travelled to a distance and acquired a surname from the town or shire or country of his birth, with which new associates identified him, while the brother of strong predilections seized his favorite occupation and extracted from it his distinguishing appellation, the less sanguine, less original of the three, who calmly took up his father's business, was called merely the son of his father, and handed down to his posterity a surname based upon that father's baptismal name. Does this explain why in a country where probably one-third of the names end in "son" there are comparatively so small a number of eminent names with that termination? The greatest of all, probably, is Dr. Johnson, and he can only be ranked in the second class.

A number of things conspire to increase the difficulty of tracing surnames to their origin. Many were given on account of circumstances long ago forgotten, many were mere accidental nicknames. Many of the words on which surnames were based have become more or less obsolete. Fletcher and Lorimer, for example, would be inexplicable did they not appear in early Norman literature as the words for archer and manufacturer of horse-bits. Todd ("fox") and Beck ("brook") are intelligible only through dialects. But

above all, many names have become so transmogrified through abbreviation, phonetic decay, and corruptions of all sorts that in many cases it is not possible to recognize the original form. In old times every one spelt phonetically, and especially insisted on the right to spell his own name as he chose. Shakespeare spelt his forty-three different ways. His friends lent additional variety by giving it two hundred and seventeen forms. Some idea of the confusion which among the unlettered classes might arise from this phonetic spelling may be gained from the story told by a recent traveller in Cornwall, that a pit-girl on her marriage confounded both parson and clerk by giving her name as "Loice Showd." It was only by diligent inquiries among her friends that the name was found to be "Alice Harwood." Nay, even among the higher classes phonetic spelling would alter the appearance of many noble names. Wemyss would become Weems; Eyre, Air; Geoffrey, Jeffrey; Colquhoun, Cohoon; Urquhart, Urkurt; Dyllwyn, Dillun; Waldegrave, Walgrave; Cockburn, Coburn; Mainwaring, Mannering; Knollys, Knowles; Gower, Gor; Meux, Mews; Kerr, Carr; McLeod, McCloud; St. John, Sin Jin; St. Clair, Sinkler; Beauchamp, Beecham. The strange metamorphosis which a name may assume in passing from one language to another may be illustrated by Taliaferro, which drops into "Tolliver" in Virginia (where Carruthers must fail to recognize itself as "Cruder"), Tollemache, which becomes "Talmage" in New York, Janvier, which has been anglicized as "January." Somerset becomes "Sainte Mousette" in Canada, Fitzpatrick "Felix Patry," and Stanford "Sainte Folle." For the astonishing mispronunciation of Enrougthy to which we have already alluded, many explanations have been offered. It has been suggested that when the original Enrougthys reached Virginia they found it a perfectly hopeless job to get their name properly spelt or properly pronounced by their new countrymen. So in despair they consented to be called Darbys by mankind in general, though they steadfastly clung to their true patronymic in all papers and documents. But a Richmond paper offered a more plausible solution, obtained from a member of the family, according to which the first Enrougthy who emigrated to this country was named Darby Enrougthy. He settled at or near what is now known as Darbytown, and his neighbors called him Darby for short. This finally became so universal that it attached to him as his patronymic, and many supposed he had no other. None of the family, however, ever used it in writing, but always answered it when spoken to.

It is curious to trace the real meaning of some famous names, and to see how whimsically inappropriate some of them were to the men who bore them. The greater part of Europe suffered from the misdeeds of Bonaparte, whose name really means good part, or good side. The Prince of Benevento (welcome) must greatly have belied his name to the Hollanders who were compelled to receive him. The Christian world would hardly consider Renan as a friend, in spite of the etymological meaning of his name; and it seems merely whimsical that Sardou, the playwright, should trace his name to *sacerdos*, a priest. Biron, the original form of Byron, means squint. The ancient Italian princely name of Borghese is the same as the French *bourgeois*, or citizen. Daudet is a form of the Hebrew David. There is no significance in the fact that Gambetta signifies a little leg, Goupil a fox, Abelard a beeherd, or Boucicault a fat man. MacMahon scarcely seems to be the same as the Italian Orsini or the French Ursins, yet all mean son of the bear.

On the other hand, Arago, the name of a philosopher who looked so steadily at scientific truth, means good eagle. Erckmann, the novelist, the first half of the literary partnership which always suggests the Siamese twins, is both by name and by nature a sincere man. Garibaldi means brave

spear. Gounod derives his name appropriately from *garlan*, to sing. Hugo means intelligence. The name of Victor Hugo would therefore signify victorious intelligence. Sarcy means switch, a fit name for a critic. Sibour, the Archbishop of Paris who was killed at the Barricades, bore an old German name which signifies victorious protector. Bennett is a form of Benedict, but the bachelor proprietor of the *Herald* does not seem bent on justifying its signification.

Coincidence has even determined that the name of a person should be felicitously linked with his profession. Thus, Dr. Physick was one of the most famous of Philadelphia doctors, and that city now boasts several lawyers named Law, one named Lex, and another named Judge. In the same city Mr. Loud and Mr. Thunder were both organists at one time. Among other instances authenticated by trades directories and parish registers are Mr. Toe and Mr. Heel, one a shoemaker, the other a clog-maker, at York. Foot and Stocking were the names of two hosiers, and Treadaway and Last were shoemakers. Trulock was a gunsmith, Pie was a pastry-cook, Pickles sold pickles in a provincial town, Rideout did business as a livery-stable-keeper, Pickup was an omnibus-owner, Lightfoot a dancing-master, Rod (an ominous name) a school-master, Henry Moist a waterman, Dabb a painter, and Copper a copper-plate engraver. No better name could have been suggested for the editor of *Punch* than Mark Lemon. The church militant during our civil war was significantly typified in the names of two chaplains of the Federal army, Mr. Camp and Mr. Drum. The Prohibitionists would probably think that Bones and Death were admirable names for two tavern-keepers.

Odd juxtapositions of names without reference to the trades carried on are very frequent. Violet, Primrose, and Wallflower was a former London firm; Blood and Hoof had a sign in Liverpool; Heath and Waterfall were partners; Jones and Huggs seems a harmless enough name for school-teachers, but a parent might well be alarmed at learning from their circular that "Jones teaches the boys, and Huggs the girls." The proprietor of an Illinois newspaper felt obliged to decline an otherwise desirable partnership proposal from the impossibility of arranging the name satisfactorily, since the title of the firm must read either "Steel and Doolittle" or "Doolittle and Steel," so he wrote, "We cannot join: one partner would soon be in the workhouse and the other in the penitentiary."

Names in Fiction. If the influence of a right name is felt in real life, how much more so in fiction! In real life it is a matter of chance or of lucky accident if the baptismal name prove a just and congruous one, suited to the character and the circumstances of the owner. The natural parent may claim forgiveness for error on the score that he could not foresee the possible career of the child whom he may have handicapped at the altar. The author of a work of fiction can make no such plea. His characters should take form in his brain, like Minerva in the skull of Jupiter; they should be armed at all points, and the most vulnerable point of their equipment is an unworthy name. Yet knowledge of the thing desired does not necessarily lead to its easy discovery. It is a matter for thought, for research, for studious inquiry. Great skill and nicety of perception must be called into play. The effect must not be too crudely palpable. Suggestion, not insistence, is needed. The good old trick which pleased our simpler forefathers, that which consists in merely labelling a character,—an ingenuous, but not ingenious, stratagem,—has had its day. It was carried to an extreme in the early English drama, where even Shakespeare gives us such names among his minor characters as Mouldy, Feeble, Shallow, Shadow, etc., and it retained its hold on the comic stage down to the time of the Lydia Languishes, the Sneerwells, the Mrs. Malaprops of Sheridan, the Sir Fopling Flutterwells of Vanbrugh.

At first sight no man would appear to offend more than Bunyan. Yet Bunyan never becomes offensive; indeed, he is a master of nomenclature. In an avowed allegory an author may do what he never could do in a novel. We should not care to meet with Mr. Lechery or Mrs. Filth in contemporary fiction: in Bunyan they are meet and proper. We feel that his names came to him with a flash. None is an after-thought. The quality, the Christian grace, the virtue or the vice, which he would impersonate, takes form and name with him at the same instant of time. We recognize the inspiration, we welcome the inevitable.

The change from the bluntness of early labelling to the more modern refinement of names that in themselves are possible and may even be current, yet suggest a double meaning of peculiar appropriateness to the character,—this change was a gradual one. The Commodore Trunnions, Lieutenant Hatchways, and Tom Pipes of Smollett are bad, but they are better than the Lovewits and Abel Druggers of Ben Jonson, or the Sir Pertinax MacSycophants, Sir Brilliant Fashions, and Sir Politick Wouldbes of the eighteenth-century drama. The nomenclature of Fielding is better than that of Smollett. To be sure, his Allworthys, Courtlys, and Slipslops all belong to the label order; but Tom Whipwell, which at least sounds like reality, is not a bad name for a coachman, while Blifil and Trulliber are good examples of that grotesquerie lit up by some undefinable *nuance* of undermeaning which was later to be carried to an extreme length by Dickens. Richardson was still better. Lovelace is very good. So is Sir Charles Grandison. Swift's Lemuel Gulliver is a masterpiece, and shows what he might have done if he had directed his attention in this line. But Swift was only a pioneer. It was Scott who, in George Saintsbury's words, made "the first attempt to unite the advantage of the play upon words with the advantage of not taxing the reader's credulity and good nature too greatly." He has the art to give an air of probability to a name full of meaning. Richie Moniplies, Dr. Heavysterne, Andrew Fairservice, especially when veiled in Scottish, tickle the ear with a lasting relish. Dr. Dryasdust is a classic. So is Kennaquhair. Killancureit is less happy, yet to those who are acquainted with the oddities of Scotch nomenclature it has a certain false plausibility. It is better, for example, than Dotheboys Hall, which is evidently modelled upon it. Waverley itself, the very beginning of his work, could hardly be improved upon. It is a real and not a manufactured name. It is sonorous as a title and as a name. As applied to a hero "who was not exactly famous for knowing his own mind," it is pleasantly yet not too obtrusively descriptive. And Scott's other names, Captain Coffinkey, Roger Wildrake of Squattlesea Mere, Rev. Simon Chatterly, Dr. Quentin Quackleben, each is a more or less felicitous example of the novelist's method,—to make a little gentle appeal to the intelligent and risible faculties, without quite such a demand on general credulity as may be tolerated in an allegory or on the stage. Few or none of Scott's contemporaries caught the knack from him. Marryat goes back to the old straightforward style in his Faithfuls, Easys, and Muddles. Miss Austen never even attempts it. Miss Edgeworth occasionally tries and fails. Peacock once in a while strikes off an excellent name, like Glowry, but usually produces an unpleasant impossibility, like Mr. Feathernest Derrydown, or elaborately dull polyglot puns, like Scythrops and Escot. Dickens struck out a new line for himself, which was to take note of all the oddest and most eccentric names he could find in real life and apporportion them among his characters with a nice sense of their onomatopoeic qualities.

"During my boyish days," says a writer in *Notes and Queries*, "when Dickens always stayed at Broadstairs, near Ramsgate, it was generally remarked among his friends and acquaintances that he had taken all the names of

the characters in 'Pickwick' from persons residing in Ramsgate. There was Weller, the straw-hat manufacturer and hosier in High Street, near the market; Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass lived higher up; Mrs. Bardell also lived near; and more names than I can now remember were inhabitants of either Ramsgate or Broadstairs."

With Balzac, he held that names which were invented gave no life to imaginary creations. It has been asserted that none even of the most fantastic of Dickens's names was an actual coinage. Yet some of his names, the moment they are detached from real life, read like mere labels. Lord Verisopht, Alderman Cutt, Gradgrind, Slyme, Scrooge, Veneering, Mould, are all of this order. They grate upon our modern ear. It is no excuse to say that they occur in real life, often with startling appropriateness. Truth is stranger than fiction,—that is only another way of saying that fiction may not dare to be so strange as truth. Cheeryble, on the other hand, is excellent, and so, in their way, are Quilp, Nickleby, Oliver Twist, Micawber, Pecksniff, Sairey Gamp. One can hardly believe that these names were once non-significant, that they were borne by persons who were neither condemned nor classified by them. Enthusiasts have gone so far as to say that from Simon Wegg's bare name they divined the whole man, wooden leg and all. Surely these enthusiasts could not allow the possibility of a matter-of-fact, every-day, able-bodied Simon Wegg?

But the greatest master of allusive nomenclature was Thackeray. He developed it early and it flourished apace. Those two capital flunkies, Charles Yellowplush and Jeames de la Pluche, are nicely differentiated by their names, Deuceace, though obvious, is a striking name for a gambler. Bareacres is an admirably suggestive title for a fallen family of haughty bearing, especially when Thistlewood is made their family name. Beatrix Esmond is as fine in its way as Di Vernon. Newcome, with its subtle suggestion of the *militaire* on one hand and the *parvenu* on the other, is admirably differentiated by the help of the first names. Hobson Newcome is evidently a snob, Barnes Newcome is a cad, Colonel Newcome is a simple-hearted old warrior, Clive Newcome is pleasant but unimpressive, Ethel Newcome has a melody of its own. Perhaps Becky Sharp is a trifle too insistent in its suggestiveness, and Dobbin leaves out all the native poetry in the honest Major's composition, and illustrates only his thick-hided patience. Yet we could spare neither of these names. And what a wealth of humor and satire is contained in the names of the minor characters,—characters that often appear only for a moment and then disappear, but leave their memory in the ear forever, transfixed there by the magic of a name! "Tiler and Feltham, Hatters and Accountment-Makers" is full of fun, and of plausibility as well. The Count von Springbock-Hohenlaufen, Madame de la Cruchecassée, MM. de Trufsigny (of the Perigord family), Baron Pitchley and Grillsby, Mr. Zeno Poker, the American ambassador, these are almost as good in their way as the names of more important characters, as Arthur Pendennis, or Captain Costigan, or Harry Foker, or Blanche Amory.

Thackeray suggests the great Frenchman to whom he has often been likened. One at least of Balzac's similarities to the English author was the felicity of his nomenclature. Yet his method was that of Dickens rather than of Thackeray. He never invented names; he found them in real life. Léon Gozlan dwells with much humor upon the almost superstitious reverence which Balzac paid to names. He believed in a mysterious affinity and reciprocal influence between names and people in actual life. Philosophers and the mob, he claimed, were at one in holding this view; there was no room left for a single heretic outside of the pale.

"Except for me," interjected Gozlan.

What! didn't Gozlan believe that there were names which recalled special objects,—a sword, a flower? that there were names which at once veiled and revealed the poet, the philosopher, the painter? Racine, for example,—the very name depicted a tender passionate poet.

On the contrary, to Gozlan it gave only the idea of a botanist or an apothecary.

"Well, Corneille? Corneille?"

Still the stubborn heretic was recalcitrant. From Corneille he got only the idea of some insignificant bird. He accounted for the meaning which both names bore to Balzac by the fact that the characteristics of the poets had become associated in his mind with the sounds of the names. Therefore it was only through sheer good humor and good fellowship that he joined Balzac one morning on a certain exploring trip.

Balzac had written a story which he could not let go to the printer's because the name of the hero had not yet been discovered. He held that there was but one name which could fit all the qualities of the imaginary person, that that name was already in actual existence, and that it might be found by a careful consideration of the signs in the Paris streets. He had thought of many names; none filled the character; none expressed it; none would do. So he drags Léon Gozlan for hours through the streets. Gozlan reads the signs on one side, Balzac on the other. In vain Gozlan proposes name after name. Balzac is pitiless. Suddenly Gozlan feels Balzac's arm on his. It trembles with excitement. In a broken voice he whispers, "There, there; read!" Gozlan looks round and reads the name of Marcas. "In this name," says Balzac, "there is the philosopher, the great mathematician, the unrecognized poet." The name is chosen. Balzac decides to add the initial Z, which would give it "une flamme, une aigrette, une étoile." He discourses volubly on the subject. "Marcas must be a great artist, perhaps a Benvenuto Cellini." Gozlan, less confident of the physiognomy of names, makes inquiries at the house. "Marcas is a tailor!" he cries, exultingly. "A tailor!" repeats the novelist, with an air of discouragement: "he deserved a better fate. Never mind, I will immortalize him." In spite of this living refutation, Balzac clung to his theory, and in the preface to his story of "Z. Marcas" he insists that no man so cognomened could be other than a great artist, and launches out into a disquisition on the influence exercised by names over the destiny of men.

It is not often that we have the history of a name so accurately set forth. The nearest approach to it is in Daudet's own story of the name of Landouzie.

Landouzie, like Sir Fretful Plagiary or Fadladeen in England, has recently become in France a synonyme for a jealous and backbiting critic. The name and the character first appeared in Daudet's "Jack," but acquired greater prominence in the dramatization of that novel by Daudet and the actor Lafontaine.

Daudet was supposed to have invented the name, but in one of his recent prefaces he explains that it was found by him under such unusual circumstances that he made an oath to employ it some day in a story. During the siege of Paris he was invited by the commandant of a company of *francs-tireurs* to accompany him to their head-quarters at Nanterre. While the two friends were conversing there, a messenger hastened up with the news that the Prussians were attacking Rueil. Every man, save the novelist, seized his gun. Daudet asked for a weapon. "There is only one available," said the commandant, "poor Landouzie's." "Landouzie! what an odd name!" said Daudet. "Who is he?" "Our sergeant-major. He will never use a gun again: he has not many hours to live."

The civilian set forward with his friends. Next morning they reached the

station of Rueil, and found themselves in the midst of a company of *gardes mobiles*. "Who is that man?" asked the corporal, eying Daudet suspiciously. In vain explanations were offered. The corporal felt convinced the civilian was a German spy, and led him before the major. "I went trembling," says Daudet, "with Landouzie's gun in my hand. Happily for me, the major had read my 'Lettres de mon Moulin.' Had he not, I should certainly have been shot." Hence the name of Landouzie became impressed on his mind.

Nancy, Miss, an opprobrious epithet for an exceedingly effeminate, over-nice young man. The original Miss Nancy, however, was a Mrs. Anna Oldfield, a celebrated actress, who died in 1730 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. She was extremely vain and nice about her dress, and as she lay in state, attended by two noblemen, she was attired, as she had directed shortly before her death, in "a very fine Brussels lace head-dress, a Holland shift with a tucker and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves," etc., a circumstance alluded to by Pope in the lines,—

"Odious! in woollen? 'twould a saint provoke!"
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.

Moral Essays.

The horror expressed against woollens is a reference to the ancient custom, originally introduced by act of Parliament as a compulsory regulation, intended to encourage the manufacture of woollen cloth within the kingdom, of burying the dead in woollen shrouds.

Natick Cobbler, The, Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States, elected with General Grant in 1872. He was born in Natick, Massachusetts, where he in his boyhood learned the trade of shoemaker.

National characteristics. Carlyle, writing in 1827, records the fact that, except by name, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter was at that time little known out of Germany. "The only thing connected with him, we think, that has reached this country is his saying,—imported by Madame de Staël and thankfully pocketed by most newspaper critics,—Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English, that of the sea; to the Germans, that of the air." Probably this still remains his most-quoted saying, as the best-known of Heine's witticisms is his comparison of the Englishman and the Frenchman: "I verily believe that God loves a blaspheming Frenchman better than a praying Englishman." On the other hand, Dr. Johnson very naturally thinks that even British taciturnity is better than French volatility: "A Frenchman must be always talking, whether he knows anything of the matter or not; an Englishman is content to say nothing when he has nothing to say." (BOSWELL: *Life*, ch. x.) Emerson, in his "English Traits," under the head of "Manners," says, "I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes."

There is an old saying of uncertain parentage which affirms that an Englishman is never happy save when he is miserable, a Scotchman is never at home save when he is abroad, an Irishman is never at peace save when he is fighting, a Welshman never keeps anything till he has lost it. This paradoxically but effectively touches off the chief characteristics of the inhabitants of Great Britain. Separate proverbs affirm the same truths in detail. "The Englishmen take their pleasures sadly," is a well-known French saying.

Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom,
Not forced him wander, but confined him home,

is a couplet which reaffirms the judgment of many proverbial sayings, as, e.g.,

"A Scottish man and a Newcastle grindstone travel all the world over." And the popular idea of the Irishman represents him as suavely asking, "Will any gentleman tread on the tail o' me coat?" as a preliminary to further amenities.

A Scotch saying, speaking of food, says that "the Englishman weeps, the Irishman sleeps, but the Scotchman gaes till he gets it." As to the Welshman, a Welsh proverb itself acknowledges that "the older the Welshman the more madman."

With the exception, perhaps, of the Irish, the natives of Great Britain are not favorites in Continental Europe: proverbial sayings usually bear hard upon them. Under ALBION, PERFIDE, we have already given a few examples. "The Emperor of Germany," so runs an old French saw, "is the king of kings, the King of Spain king of men, the King of France king of asses, the King of England king of devils." And as popular estimates of other nations, take the following from various quarters:

The Italians are wise before the deed, the Germans in the deed, the French after the deed.
—*Italian*.

A Polish bridge, a Bohemian monk, a Swabian nun, Italian devotion, and German fasting are not worth a bean.—*German*.

The Italians are known by their singing, the French by their dancing, the Spaniards by their bravado, the Germans by their drinking. (But this translation spoils the lilt and rhyme of the original: "L'Italiani al cantare, i Francesi al ballare, i Spagnuoli al bravare, i Tedeschi allo sbrevacchiare, si conoscono.")—*Italian*.

The Italians cry, the Germans bawl, the French sing.—*French and Italian*.

The Frenchman sings well when his throat is moistened.—*Portuguese*.

If the devil came out of hell to fight, there would forthwith be a Frenchman to accept the challenge.—*French*.

When the Frenchman sleeps, the devil rocks him.—*French*.

No German remains where he is well off.—*German*. (This agrees with the description of Tacitus, "The German mind cannot brook repose.")

The Germans carry their wit in their fingers.—*French*.

Italy, heads, holidays, and tempests ("Italia, teste, feste e tempeste").—*Italian*.

It is better to be in the forest and eat pine-cones than to live in a castle with Spaniards.—*Italian*.

Abstract from a Spaniard all his good qualities, and there remains a Portuguese.—*Spanish*.

When the Spaniard sings, either he is mad or he has not a doit.—*Spanish*.

Succors of Spain, either late or never.—*Spanish*.

Things of Spain ("cosas de España"), a proverbial term in Spain for abuses, anomalies, and faults of all sorts).

Poland is the hell of peasants, the paradise of Jews, the purgatory of burghers, the heaven of nobles, and the gold-mine of foreigners.—*German*.

Native, an English name for oysters raised in a bed other than the natural one. These are considered very superior.

An epicure, while eating oysters, swallowed one that was not fresh. "Zounds, waiter!" he ejaculated, making a wry face, "what sort of an oyster do you call this?" "A native, sir," replied the wielder of the knife. "A native!—I call it a *settler*: so you need not open any more."—HORACE SMITH: *The Tin Trumpet*.

Native Americans, one of the many names by which the American, or Know-Nothing, party (*q. v.*), whose real name was secret, was popularly called.

Natural child. At present this term means an illegitimate child, a bastard. Anciently it meant the exact contrary:

Then Ector eftersones entrid agayne,

With the noble men [and] his naturill brether.

Destruction of Troy, l. 6844.

The modern use of the term dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century. Yet so late as 1641, in a grant of tuition, etc., Anne Lawrence is described as "natural and legitimate daughter of Lawrence Edmundson, late of Maghull, co. Lancaster, deceased" (quoted in *Notes and Queries*, seventh series, iv. 51).

A friend, who was about to marry the natural daughter of the Duc de —, was expatiating at great length on the virtues, good qualities, and talents of his future wife, but without making allusion to her birth. "A t'entendre," observed Montrond, "on dirait que tu épouses une fille surnaturelle" ("To hear you, one would imagine you were going to marry a supernatural daughter").—GRONOW: *Recollections*.

Nature. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. This famous line from "Troilus and Cressida," Act iii., Sc. 3, is popularly misapprehended to mean, Once touch the feelings and the whole world is with you. It is really a cynical expression, meaning that the love of novelty, whether worthy of love or not, is common to all mankind. Ulysses is railing at the Greeks for that they have well-nigh forgotten their former idol Achilles and are now worshipping Ajax. Virtue, he says, need not seek

Remuneration for the thing it was.

* * * * *
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

Nature the art of God. "In brief," says Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Religio Medici," "all things are artificial, for Nature is the Art of God,"—words which Hobbes has adopted unaltered in the first line of his introduction to "Leviathan." But, indeed, the definition is as old as Plato, who says, "Those things which are said to be done by Nature are indeed done by Divine Art."

Young borrowed the phrase, and spoiled it :

The course of Nature is the art of God.

Night Thoughts, xi., l. 1267.

It is curious to compare these aphorisms with the converse statement of Burke, "Art is man's nature." The two views which make nature the divine art, or art human nature, are philosophically combined in the well-known passage in the "Winter's Tale," where Shakespeare substantially explains that the difference between them is ultimately arbitrary. Perdita has bestowed on the disguised visitors Polixenes and Camillo rosemary and rue, for that they "keep seeming and savor all the winter long." Whereupon Polixenes playfully remonstrates :

Shepherdess,—

A fair one are you,—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Perdita.

Sir, the year growing ancient—

Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streaked gillyvors,
Which some call Nature's bastards. Of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Polixenes.

Wherefore, gentle maiden,

Do you neglect them ?

Perdita.

For I have heard it said,

There is an art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating Nature.

Polixenes.

Say there be ;

Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean ; so o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend Nature—change it rather ; but
The art itself is Nature.

Perdita.

So it is.

Polixenes. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Act iv., Sc. 4.

Ne plus ultra (also written "non plus ultra" and "nec plus ultra"), a Latin phrase used to indicate the highest excellence, the remotest limit or boundary. Probably it comes from Job xxxviii. 11: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

Ne quid nimis, the Latin and more familiar form of the famous maxim ἄριστον μέτρον ("Nothing to excess," or, less literally, "Moderation in all things"), which is attributed to Cleobulus, to Chilo, or to Solon, and with the equally famous "Know Thyself" (*g. v.*) was inscribed over the temple of Apollo at Delphi. Many classical and modern poets and thinkers have repeated the idea, if not the phrase. In "Medea" we have Euripides calling moderation "the noblest gift of heaven,"—not half as fine a phrase as the Oriental "Moderation is the silken thread running through all the virtues." In Roman literature we have the "Medio tutissimus ibis" ("You will travel safest in the middle") of Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, ii. 137), and the "aurea medio-critas," or "golden mean," of Horace,—

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Odes, II., x. 5;

as well as his

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum,
Satires, I., i. 106,—

paraphrased thus by Conington:

Yes, there's a mean in morals. Life has lines
To north or south of which all virtue pines.

In French we have La Fontaine translating the maxim almost literally in the well-known line,—

Rien de trop est un point,
Fables, Book ix., No. 11;

and Ronsard applying the idea to literature,—

Ni trop haut, ni trop bas; c'est le souverain style;

and Molière in "The Misanthrope,"—

La parfaite raison fuit toute extrémité
Et veut que l'on soit sage avec sobriété,
("Perfect reason avoids all extremes,
And directs one to be wise with sobriety;")

and Quinault in "Armide,"—

Ce n'est pas être sage
D'être plus sage qu'il ne le faut,
("It is not wise to be wiser than is necessary;")—

and the comic dramatist Monvel, in a refrain which Desaugiers was fond of quoting,—

Faut d'la vertu, pas trop n'en faut;
L'excès en tout est un défaut,

("Some virtue is needed, but not too much of it. Excess in anything is a defect,")—

which reads as if it might be a reminiscence of the Vulgate's translation of Paul's advice in the twelfth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans: "Non plus sapere quam oportet sapere, sed sapere ad sobrietatem." Again, we have

Talleyrand, in a similar vein, advising the beginner in diplomacy, "Pas trop de zèle" ("Not too much zeal"), while Louis Philippe hits upon the best laconic equivalent in his "juste milieu."

The Bishop of Amiens was an adept in conveying a moral lesson under the guise of a jest or a witty remark. To a lady who consulted him about the use of paint, which some allowed but others forbade her, he replied, "As for myself, I always like people to observe a happy medium [*juste milieu*] in everything; therefore I will allow you to use it on one side of your face."—*La Famille*, Paris.

In English the same lesson is taught in many ways :

Be valyaunt, but not too venturous. Let thy attyre bee comely, but not costly.

LVLV: *Euphues*, 1575 (Arber's reprint), p. 39.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy.

SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 3.

I have often advised you to strike the senses of everybody, that is, their eyes and their ears, and their hearts will follow, for who is guided by mere reason? Learn to distinguish between trifles and trifles; some are necessary, some agreeable, and some utterly despicable in the common intercourse of life. For instance, dress is undoubtedly a trifle in itself, too great accuracy in that trifle forms a fop, too much negligence a sloven; bad extremes both, but in *medio tutissimus ibis*. Conform to the common fashion, which is in general equidistant from each.—CHESTERFIELD: *Letters to his Godson*, p. 275.

But there is *modus in rebus*; there are certain lines which must be drawn; and I am only half pleased, for my part, when Bob Bowstreet, whose connection with letters is through policemen X and Y, and Tom Garbage, who is an esteemed contributor to the Kennel Miscellany, propose to join fellowship as brother literary men, slap me on the back, and call me old boy or by my Christian name.—THACKERAY: *The Virginians*, vol. i. ch. xliii.

See also quotations grouped under MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW.

Ne sutor ultra crepidam (L., "Let not the cobbler go beyond his last"), a proverbial expression applied to one who exceeds the proper functions of criticism or meddles in matters with which he is not acquainted. Pliny the Elder, in his "Natural History," Book xxxv., Sec. 84, tells the story of its origin. "It was a practice," he says, "of Apelles, when he had completed a work, to exhibit it to the view of the passers-by in some exposed place, while he himself, concealed behind the picture, would listen to the criticisms."

It was under these circumstances, they say, that he was censured by a shoemaker for having represented the shoes with one latchet too few. The next day, the shoemaker, proud at seeing the former error corrected, thanks to his advice, began to criticise the leg; whereupon Apelles, full of indignation, popped his head out and reminded him that a shoemaker should give no opinion above the shoes ["ne supra crepidam sutor judicaret"],—a piece of advice which has passed into a proverbial saying."

Irving, in his "Knickerbocker's New York," thus refers to the habit of criticising and complaining in the time of William the Testy: "Cobblers abandoned their stalls to give lessons on political economy; blacksmiths suffered their fires to go out while they stirred up the fires of faction; and even tailors, though said to be the ninth parts of humanity, neglected their own measures to criticise the measures of government. Strange! that the science of government, which seems to be so generally understood, should invariably be denied to the only ones called upon to exercise it. Not one of the politicians in question but, take his word for it, could have administered affairs ten times better than William the Testy."

Socrates used to say that although no man undertakes a trade he has not learned, even the meanest, yet every one thinks himself sufficiently qualified for the hardest of all trades,—that of government.

A shoemaker was arrested for bigamy and brought before the magistrate. "Which wife," asked a by-stander, "will he be obliged to take?" Smith, always ready at a joke, replied, "He is a cobbler, and of course must stick to his last."—MARSHALL BROWNE: *Wit and Humor*.

Necessity is the mother of invention, a proverb common to most modern nations, and based on the Latin "*Mater artium necessitas*." In St. Gregory Nazianzen it appears in the form, "For there is nothing more inventive than suffering." A cognate phrase is, "Needs must when the devil drives" (*q. v.*).

Sheil had learnt and forgotten the exordium of a speech which began with the word "Necessity." This word he had repeated three times, when Sir Robert Peel broke in, "is not *always* the mother of invention."—ABRAHAM HAYWARD: *Essays*.

"Necessity knows no law," is a well-known axiom. Among the ancients Publius Syrus said, "A wise man never refuses anything to necessity" (*Maxim* 540), explaining his meaning more fully in *Maxim* 553: "Necessity knows no law except to conquer." In the translation of "Don Quixote" it appears, "Necessity has no law." Shakespeare says, in "Julius Cæsar," *Act. iv., Sc. 3*,—

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity.

An anonymous couplet finds a facile jest in the phrase :

Why is Necessity like Lord Anstruther's brother ?
Necessity knows no Law, no more does Anstruther.

But necessity is often the plea of the tyrant, as well as of the distressed :

And with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.

MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, Book iv., l. 393.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants ; it is the creed of slaves.—WILLIAM PITT: *Speech on the India Bill*, November, 1783.

Neck-verse, a verse from the Psalter, which a prisoner who claimed benefit of clergy (*q. v.*) was obliged to read, and by his ability to do so he literally "saved his neck." The magistrate might open the book at random and test him. But it was more common for the bishop's ordinary, appointed for the purpose at each prison, to give some particular verse, which at Newgate was usually Psalm li. 1, known as David's prayer for remission of sin: "*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam; et secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum, dele iniquitatem meam*" ("Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions"). If the ordinary said, "*Legit ut clericus*" ("He reads like a clerk"), the offender was only burned in the hand; otherwise he suffered death (3 Edw. I., 1274).

There are many allusions in the old dramatists to this custom, as,

Within forty feet of the gallows, conning his neck-verse.

DODSLEY: *The Jew of Malta*, viii. 368.

Twang it perfectly,
As you would read your neck-verse.

MASSINGER: *The Guardian*, iv. 1.

An old song has the following :

If a monk had been taken
For stealing of bacon,
For burglary, murder, or rape,
If he could but rehearse
(Well prompt) his neck-verse,
He never could fail to escape.

The British Apollo (1770).

Needs must when the devil drives, an old English proverb, quoted both by Shakespeare (*All's Well that Ends Well*, *Act i., Sc. 3*) and Marlowe (*Doctor Faustus*, *Act iv., Sc. 2*), in the less elliptic form, "He must needs go that the devil drives." But half a century before Marlowe's great play John Heywood had said,—

There is a proverb which tweve now preveth,
He must needs go that the dyvell dryveth.

Johan Johan the Husband (1533).

Other English variants of the proverb are, "They run fast whom the devil drives," and "He that the devil drives feels no lead at his heels." Analogous expressions abound in the proverbial literature of other countries.

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita (It., "Midway in the journey of our life"), a famous line in Dante's "Inferno," Canto i. Cary thus translates the passage :

In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,
Gone from the path direct.

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita. This line, with which Dante begins the first canto of the "Divine Comedy," occurs to me this evening for the hundredth time perhaps. But it is the first time that it touches me. With what interest do I reflect upon it, and how serious and significant do I find it! It is because at this moment I can apply it to myself. I am in my turn at the point where Dante was when the old sun marked the first year of the fourteenth century. I am midway in the path of life, if we suppose that path equal for all and leading to old age.—ANATOLE FRANCE.

Nem. con., a contraction for *nemine contradicente*, which in its turn is bad Latin for *nullo contraicente*,—i.e., no one contradicting. It would be interesting to know how the generally tabooed ablative of *nemo* has worked itself into popular favor. Even so correct a writer as Schopenhauer uses the kindred barbarism *nemine dissente*.

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus (L., "No one ever became very wicked all at once"), a passage in Juvenal's *Satires*, II., 66, which may be taken as an offset to Virgil's phrase in the "Æneid" (Book vi., l. 126), "*Facilis descensus Averni*" (or, as some texts read, "Averno"), "The descent to Avernus [hell] is easy." Easy it may be, but the journey is accomplished by gradual approaches.

Nessus, Shirt of, a figure used oftener by Continental writers and speakers than by English : thus, Renan alludes to the "Nessus shirt of ridicule." It is used in speech generally as a simile for a source of misfortune, a fatal gift, or, less often, anything that indelibly wounds the susceptibilities, and it is borrowed from the fable of Hercules and the centaur Nessus, who was ordered by the former to carry his wife Dejanira across a river. Arrived on the other side, the monster offered to do violence to the woman, which seeing, Hercules shot and killed him with a poisoned arrow. In revenge, the dying centaur gave to Dejanira his tunic, saying that he to whom she should give it would love her exclusively. Dejanira gave it to her husband, who as soon as he put it on was devoured by the poison with which it was steeped. It clung fast and could not be taken off, and after unutterable agonies Hercules jumped into a blazing funeral pyre which he caused to be prepared, and was consumed.

New and True. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (seventh series, iv. 477) says that Lessing wrote of Voltaire, "Voltaire writes much that is good, much that is new, but what is good is not new, and what is new is not good." Unfortunately, he gives this on the authority of a third party, and is unable to supply chapter and verse. The phrase, however originated, has now become a favorite form of condemnatory criticism,—the adjective *true* being usually substituted for *good*. Daniel Webster, in his attack on the platform of the American Free-Soil party (September 1, 1848), said, "I see nothing in it both new and valuable. 'What is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable.'" But even in this form he puts the saying in quota-

tion-marks. A somewhat similar antithesis may be found in Macaulay : "There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles II. But the seamen were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not seamen." Dr. Johnson quotes from Goldsmith a "fine passage" from the "Vicar of Wakefield," which "he was afterwards fool enough to expunge :—" "When I was a young man, being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions. But I soon gave this over, for I found that generally what was new was false." (BOSWELL'S *Life*, vol. vii. ch. viii.) After all, this is a bald commonplace, which Goldsmith did well to cancel.

New departure, a phrase made popular by Clement C. Vallandigham, one of the leaders of the Democrats, to express the policy which he first urged upon the party at a convention in Montgomery County, Ohio, May, 1871. Here he secured the adoption of his principles in the platform known in political history as the Dayton platform. Vallandigham's new departure was, in brief, an abandonment of the old policy of obstruction and opposition, the acceptance of the results of the war as final, including the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments, which the Democracy had hitherto opposed as revolutionary, and the commencement of a new policy of living and vital issues. The phrase "a new departure" is now in general use, and is applied to any radical reform or change of base, personal or political.

Republicans of all shades of opinion have for a good while been urging on the Democrats the propriety and expediency of accepting "accomplished facts,"—that is, of formally acknowledging in the public utterances of the party that the war and the amendments to the Constitution adopted since the war had settled certain questions beyond further dispute or cavil. These questions are the non-existence of the constitutional right of secession, the abolition and perpetual prohibition of slavery, and the equality of all men before the law. Republicans have further urged on them the propriety of acknowledging the validity of the public debt and the duty of the nation to discharge it in coin. For six years the Democrats have resolutely refused to do any of these things. A considerable portion of the party, headed by Mr. Vallandigham, seem to have learned wisdom at last, and propose to surrender all the principal points in their former creed, and to begin their opposition to the party in power on a new line. They offer to do what the Republican party has been doing, maintain the results of the war, and to do something which the Republican party has thus far neglected or failed to do,—correct and restrain the evils growing out of the war. They offer, for instance, while adhering to the three new constitutional amendments, to oppose the dangerous tendency which the Republican party has for some time been manifesting to treat the amendments as having practically abrogated the whole Constitution ; or, in other words, as having constituted the majority in both houses as supreme judges of what is and what is not constitutional. They offer to treat the reconstruction measures as finalities,—that is, to put the Southern States on a footing of equality with the Northern States, and put further interference with their affairs on exactly the same level with interference in the affairs of New York and Massachusetts.—*New York Nation*, June 8, 1871.

New Timon Quarrel. A curious chapter in any new volume on the "Quarrels of Authors" would be furnished by the passage at arms between Tennyson and Bulwer. The latter, in his early days, had an unfortunate faculty for exciting the antagonism of his fellow-authors. It was unfortunate, because he was extremely sensitive to attack, and his sensitiveness was increased by the fact that he was anxious to stand well with his brethren of the pen, and never said an unkind or discourteous word about them, save in the way of retort.

No doubt he felt like a good fellow wronged,—a feeling that is gall and wormwood to a sensitive spirit.

In his Autobiography he complains of the "ribald attacks" which Thackeray made upon him in the pages of *Fraser's*, and doubtless those attacks cut deep into his soul. Yet he wound up by making friends with Thackeray, who in one of his prefaces makes public profession of the regret with which he looked back upon his "Bulwig" caricatures, attributing them to an ebullition of animal spirits in a young and thoughtless writer, unconscious of the pain

he was inflicting. Maginn, Lockhart, Jeffrey, all the wags and critics of the period, had their fling at Bulwer. Carlyle expressed a loathing for him. Even in America, Hawthorne, in one of his "Mosses from an Old Manse," says, "Bulwer I detest. He is the very pimple of the age's humbug." Disraeli and Dickens are almost the only men of any literary standing who always looked kindly upon the author of "Pelham."

As to Tennyson, he showed his dislike as far back as 1830. His volume, "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," published in that year, contained a short poem called "A Character," which was recognized by every one as a satire on Bulwer.

A CHARACTER.

With a half-glance upon the sky
At night he said, "The wanderings
Of this most intricate Universe
Teach me the nothingness of things."
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.

He spake of beauty : that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air ;
Then looking as 'twere in a glass,
He smoothed his chin and sleeked his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful.

He spake of virtue : not the gods
More purely when they wish to charm
Pallas and Juno sitting by ;
And with a sweeping of the arm,
And a lack-lustre dead-blue eye,
Devolved his rounded periods.

Most delicately hour by hour
He canvassed human mysteries,
And trod on silk, as if the winds
Blew his own praises in his eyes,
And stood aloof from other minds
In impotence of fancied power.

With lips depressed as he were meek,
Himself unto himself he sold :
Upon himself himself did feed :
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold,
And other than his form of creed,
With chiselled features clear and sleek.

There is a cruel truth in this dissection of the vain, self-conscious, and self-worshipping Bulwer, his failure to accommodate his profession to his practices, his affectation of Byronic gloom, his utter want of literary sincerity.

The victim writhed under the lash. But it was many years before he retaliated. In his "New Timon," a very dull and insipid romance in verse which he published anonymously in 1846, he made a savage onslaught on the young poet who had now taken a recognized place among the immortals. No doubt the fact of his foeman's success in the line of literature wherein he himself had failed, though wishing most ardently to succeed, added venom to the onslaught. But, though the shaft was tipped with poison, it was shot by an incompetent hand, and recoiled on the archer. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive of anything more puerile, more unfair, more manifestly dictated by personal spite, than the following lines :

I seek no purfled prettiness of phrase ;
A soul in earnest scorns the tricks for praise.
If to my verse denied the Poet's fame,
This merit, rare to verse that wins, I claim ;

No tawdry grace shall womanize my pen !
 E'en in a love-song, man should write for men !
 Not mine, not mine (O Muse, forbid !) the boon
 Of borrowed notes, the mockbird's modish tune,
 The jingling medley of purloined conceits,
 Outbabying Wordsworth and outglittering Keates [*sic*],
 Where all the airs of patchwork-pastoral chime
 To drowsy ears in Tennysonian rhyme !
 Am I enthralled but by the sterile rule,
 The formal pupil of a frigid school,
 If to old laws my Spartan tastes adhere,
 If the old vigorous music charms my ear,
 Where sense with sound and ease with weight combine
 In the pure silver of Pope's ringing line ;
 Or where the pulse of man beats loud and strong
 In the frank flow of Dryden's lusty song ?
 Let School-miss Alfred vent her chaste delight
 On " darling little room so warm and bright,"
 Chaunt " I'm a-weary " in infectious strain,
 And catch her " blue fly singing i' the pane,"
 Though praised by Critics, though adored by Blues,
 Though Peel with pudding plump the puling Muse,
 Though Theban taste the Saxon's purse controls,
 And pensions Tennyson while starves a Knowles,
 Rather be thou, my poor Pierian Maid,
 Decent at least in Hayley's weeds arrayed,
 Than patch with frippery every tinsel line,
 And flaunt, admired, the Rag Fair of the Nine !

In a note to this precious rubbish the author says, " I have no blind enthusiasm for Mr. Knowles, and I allow both the grave faults of his diction and the somewhat narrow limits within which is contracted his knowledge of character and life, but no one can deny that he has nobly supported the British Drama ; that he has moved the laughter and tears of thousands ; that he forms an actual, living, and imperishable feature in the loftier literature of his time ; that the history of the English stage can never be rewritten hereafter without long and honorable mention of the author of ' *Virginius*' and ' *The Hunchback*.' The most that can be said of Mr. Tennyson is that he is the favorite of a small circle ; to the mass of the public little more than his name is known ; he has moved no thousands, he has created no world of characters, he has labored out no deathless truths, nor enlarged our knowledge of the human heart by the delineation of various and deathless passions ; he has lent a stout shoulder to no sinking but manly cause, dear to the Nation and to Art ; yet if the uncontradicted statements in the journals be true, this gentleman has been quartered on the public purse ; he is in the prime of life, belonging to a wealthy family, without, I believe, wife or children ; at the very time that Mr. Knowles was lecturing for bread in foreign lands, verging towards old age, unfriended even by the public he has charmed ! Such is the justice of our Ministers, such the national gratitude to those whom we thank—and starve ! "

The most noticeable thing about both the lines and the note to them is their arrogant and uneasy egotism. In the verse the poet expressly claims, " I am virile, strong, original ; this Tennyson whom you critics put above me is effeminate, tawdry, and a plagiarist." In his note you might read between the lines some such affirmation as this : " Mr. Knowles is not my equal, to be sure ; he has not certain virtues which I possess ; nevertheless he is far superior to Tennyson, who has moved no thousands, etc., etc.,—all of which I have done."

Both in his praise and in his blame you feel instinctively that Bulwer is measuring everybody by his own standard, and awkwardly striving to conceal his anger that the critics do not see how far the others fall below it.

Punch, which had always befriended Tennyson, came to the rescue of its

friend. In the number for February 7, 1846, appeared the following verses,—rather lame, indeed, but well intended :

THE "NEW TIMON" AND ALFRED TENNYSON'S PENSION.

You've seen a burly mastiff's port,
Bearing in calm, contemptuous sort
The snarls of some o'erpetted pup
Who grudges him his "bit and sup :"

So stands the bard of Locksley Hall,
While puny darts around him fall,
Tipp'd with what Timon takes for venom ;
He is the mastiff, Tim the Blenheim.

"School-miss Alfred" then took up the cudgels for himself in very masculine fashion. The number of *Punch* for February 28, 1846, came out with some lines entitled "The New Timon and the Poets." They were signed "Alcibiades," but were universally recognized as Tennyson's. They are well known, but we will quote them in full :

THE "NEW TIMON" AND THE POETS.

We know him out of Shakespeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke ;
The old Timon with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old : here comes the New.
Regard him : a familiar face ;
I thought we knew him. What, it's you,
The padded man,—that wears the stays,—

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote !
A Lion, you, that made a noise,
And shook a mane *en papillotes*.

And once you tried the Muses too :
You failed, sir ; therefore now you turn,
To fall on those who are to you
As Captain is to Subaltern.

But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what this hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels, when they try to sting.

An Artist, sir, should rest in Art,
And waive a little of his claim :
To have the deep poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, sir, you are hard to please :
You never look but half content,
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temperament.

And what with spites, and what with fears,
You cannot let a body be :
'Tis always ringing in your ears,
"They call this man as good as me."

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt,
A dapper boot, a little hand,
If half the little soul is dirt ?

You talk of tinsel ! why, we see
The old mark of rouge upon your cheeks.
You prate of Nature ! you are he
That spilt his life about the cliques.

A Timon, you? Nay, nay, for shame!
 It looks too arrogant a jest,—
 The fierce old man,—to take his name,
 You bandbox! Off, and let him rest!

It is evident that "Alcibiades" had penetrated the anonymous authorship of the "New Timon." Indeed, the secret was an open one from the first. Though the poem has few of the virtues of Bulwer's prose, it has all its vices, and the critics at once laid the foundling at his door.

A week later (March 7) "Alcibiades" followed his first return shot with another, which only indirectly alludes to the "New Timon" controversy.

LITERARY SQUABBLES.

Ah, God! the petty fools of rhyme
 That shriek and sweat in pygmy wars
 Before the stony face of Time,
 And looked at by the silent stars;—

That hate each other for a song,
 And do their little best to bite;
 That pinch their brothers in the throng,
 And scratch the very dead for spite;—

And strive to make an inch of room
 For their sweet selves, and cannot hear
 The sullen Lethe rolling doom
 On them and theirs, and all things here;—

When one small touch of Charity
 Could lift them nearer Godlike state
 Than if the crowded Orb should cry
 Like those that cried Diana great.

And I too talk, and lose the touch
 I talk of. Surely, after all,
 The noblest answer unto such
 Is kindly silence when they bawl.

Tennyson has never publicly acknowledged these "Alcibiades" poems. He included them in no edition of his works. Nevertheless, their authorship is undeniable and undenied. They served their purpose. The victim was demolished. The public was with Tennyson. In the third edition of the "New Timon" the obnoxious lines and the note were withdrawn. Bulwer made no answer to "Alcibiades." But to Tennyson he seems to have written a private letter, whose contents we can only guess at from the following poem by Tennyson, written apparently in December, 1846:

ON A SPITEFUL LETTER.

Here, it is here,—the close of the year,
 And with it a spiteful letter.
 My fame in song has done him much wrong,
 For himself has done much better.

O foolish bard! is your lot so hard
 If men neglect your pages?
 I think not much of yours or of mine;
 I hear the roll of the ages.

This fallen leaf, isn't fame as brief?
 My rhymes may have been the stronger,
 Yet hate me not, but abide your lot;
 I last but a moment longer.

O faded leaf, isn't fame as brief?
 What room is here for a hater?
 Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,
 For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I,—isn't that your cry?—
 And I shall live to see it.
 Well, if it be so, so it is, you know;
 And if it be so, so be it.

O summer leaf, isn't life as brief?
 But this is the time of hollies,
 And my heart, my heart is an evergreen.
 I hate the spites and follies.

It is pleasant to note in conclusion that the feud, so bitter and rancorous while it lasted, was healed long before the death of Bulwer.

Indeed, the poet-romancer might have paraphrased an old saying attributed to many famous men, by asserting that Lord Lytton did not remember the enmities of Bulwer.

By the time he had become Lord Lytton he was a wealthy man, a man of fashion, of political and titular eminence,—a sort of golden link between literature and the aristocracy.

He honestly strove to gain the good will of his literary fellow-laborers, even those who had formerly abused him. With such adjuncts, it was not difficult to succeed. Thackeray apologized for Yellowplush and Bulwig. The critics were gained over. A mutual admiration sprang up between the Laureate and the Lord, and in a speech made at Hertford, October 9, 1862, Lord Lytton made an *amende honorable* for his ill-considered verses when he said publicly, "We must comfort ourselves with the thought so exquisitely expressed by our Poet-Laureate, that the Prince we lament is still

The silent father of our kings to be."

New World, America, the Western Hemisphere. There is a tradition that Ferdinand and Isabella, at some date unspecified, granted to Columbus as a legend for his coat of arms the motto

Á Castilla y á Leon
 Nuevo mundo dió Colon.

("To Castile and Leon
 Columbus gave a new world.")

It is added that when the discoverer's bones were removed to Seville, the motto, by Ferdinand's orders, was placed on his tomb. There is no historical foundation for this story. It is first mentioned by Oviedo in 1535, who gives the motto a somewhat different turn:

Por Castilla y por Leon
 Nuevo mundo halló Colon.

But the other form was preferred by Ferdinand Columbus, who about 1535, or earlier, had adopted it on his arms, and on whose tomb in the cathedral at Seville it may still be read. Evidently legend transferred to the father the motto adopted, if not invented, by the son. The phrase "New World" as applied to the recent discoveries was unknown to Columbus and his contemporaries. The true significance of these discoveries had not yet dawned upon voyager or writer. Columbus died in the belief that he had found a new route to the Indies by sailing west. Nobody was looking for a new world, and when it at last came to be realized that America was not Asia it was looked upon merely as a barrier in the way to Asia. The main object of the explorers who entered its navigable streams was to ascertain if these might not prove to be arms of the sea separating the mass of land in two, and so leading to the longed-for haven. The phrase New World was first used by Amerigo Vespucci in a letter to Lorenzo de' Medici, written from Lisbon in March or April, 1503. "It is proper to call them a new world," he says, referring to the tract of Brazilian sea-coast, south of the equator, which he

aaa

had discovered on his third voyage. In 1504 a Latin version of the letter was published under the title "Mundus Novus." Its daring assertion of the existence of a populous land beyond the equator and unknown to the ancients (whose omniscience had not yet been questioned) excited great curiosity. The pamphlet was a great success. It familiarized Europe with the title New World as applied to a great continent detached from Asia. Not yet, however, was any connection fancied between the discoveries of Columbus and those of Vespucci. In 1507, Martin Waldseemüller published a little treatise in which the suggestion was made that the Quarta Pars, or New and Fourth Part of the earth's surface, discovered by Americus Vesputius, should be called America. The suggestion was accepted without a word of protest, even from Ferdinand Columbus, the devoted son of the great navigator, himself an accomplished geographer. That he owned a copy of the book of Waldseemüller's, that he had it for eighteen years in his possession, and that he annotated it with fulness and care, these are known facts. Nevertheless, Ferdinand Columbus made no comment upon the passage in which the discovery of a new world is attributed to Vesputius. This silence is absolutely decisive. It proves that Ferdinand Columbus shared Waldseemüller's opinion that the Fourth Part meant something very different from what we mean when we speak of America, and that whereas Christopher Columbus had discovered the eastern coast of Asia, or, in other words, a section of the Old World, it was to Vesputius that the discovery of a New World south of the equator belonged. By the time geographers had comprehended that Brazil pertained to the same continent revealed by Columbus and Cabot, the terms Quarta Pars, New World, and America had become interchangeable and synonymous; and thus, not for the first time in history,—the extension of the term Africa is another example,—the part gave a name to the whole. See Fiske's "Discovery of America," chap. vii., "Mundus Novus."

Newcastle, To carry coals to, a proverbial expression for unnecessary gifts or supererogatory favors, Newcastle being the greatest coal-mart in the world. The trade in coal seems to have been important from the beginning of the town. In 1239 the burgesses received from Henry III. a license to dig coals within the borough, and by the reign of Edward I. the business had increased so rapidly that Newcastle paid an annual revenue of two hundred pounds. In 1615 the trade employed four hundred ships, and extended to France and the Netherlands. Analogous expressions abound in every language,—viz. :

To send owls to Athens, box to Cyprus, a clod to the ploughed field; to add a farthing to the millions of Cræsus.—*Greek*.

To give fruit to Alcinoüs (whose orchards were famous for bearing fruit all the year round); to take wood to the forest.—*Latin*.

To carry oil to the City of Olives.—*Persian*.

To carry pepper to Hindostan.—*Persian*.

To carry water to the sea.—*German*.

To carry leaves to the forest; to carry water to the river.—*French*.

To carry wood to the mountains; to offer honey to the owner of beehives.—*Spanish*.

A familiar proverb in the Middle Ages was, To send indulgences to Rome. Johannes Garlandius, a poet of the eleventh century, begins his "Opus Synonymorum" with a list of similar proverbial sayings :

Ad mare ne videar latices deferre, camino
 Igniculum, densis et frondes addere sylvis,
 Hospitibusque pyra Calabris, dare nina Leaco,
 Aut Cereri fruges, apibus mel, vel thyma pratis,
 Pomo vel Alcinoö vel mollia thura Sabæo—
 Ad veterum curas curo superaddere nostras.

Burton says, "To enlarge or illustrate the power and effect of love is to set a candle in the sun." (*Anatomy of Melancholy*, Sec. 2, Memb. 1, Subsec. 2.)

But the most noteworthy example in poetry of similar metaphors occurs in Shakespeare, in the familiar lines,—

To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

King John, Act iv., Sc. 2.

Newcome, Johnny, a nickname particularly applied to a young, unpractised officer in the British army, and more generally to any raw, inexperienced youth.

"A' comes o' taking folk on the right side, I trow," quoth Caleb to himself, "and I had ance the ill hap to say he was but a Johnny Newcome in our town, and the carle bore the family an ill will ever since."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Newland, Abraham. A Bank-of-England note used to be called an "Abraham Newland," from the name of the cashier, fifty or sixty years ago, to whose order the notes of the bank were made payable. The notes are celebrated thus in the words of a song of the period :

For fashion and arts, should you seek foreign parts,
It matters not wherever you land,
Hebrew, Latin, or Greek, the same language they speak,
The language of Abraham Newland.

CHORUS.

Oh, Abraham Newland ! notified Abraham Newland !
With compliments crammed, you may die and be damned,
If you haven't an Abraham Newland.

News. It is popular to say that this word is derived from the initial letters of the four points of the compass arranged in a device in the form of a cross and placed at the top of some of the earlier news-sheets to indicate that their contents were derived from all quarters. But it is easy to show that this is purely fanciful. First, the earliest English newspaper dates from 1662, and we find the word *news*, exactly in its modern sense, in Shakespeare, who died nearly fifty years earlier,—namely, in 1616. Thus, we have "How now? What news?" (*Macbeth*, Act i., Sc. 7;) "But let time's news be known!" (*Winter's Tale*, Act iv., Sc. 1;) "Even at that news he dies" (*King John*). This list, which might be extended indefinitely from Shakespeare and other old writers, would alone be sufficient to dispose of the north-east-west-south theory; but a reference to the equivalent words in the tongues to which English is most nearly allied will further show its fallacy. In German the initials of the points of the compass read in this order, N. O. W. S., while the word for news is *neuigkeiten*, obviously impossible of derivation from these four letters, while it is derived from the word for *new*. Again, in French the initials are N. E. O. S., while the word for *news* is *nouvelles*, which is simply the plural form of the word for *new*.

The true derivation does not seem difficult to trace. Some take it directly from the German *das Neue*, which is an abstract noun signifying "the new," and equivalent to our *news*. The genitive is *neues*, and the phrase "Was giebt's neues?" renders the exact sense of our "What's the news?" Moreover, the old German spelling is *new*, genitive *news*. Yet this, plausible as it looks, is not the origin of the word. When we find in Anglo-Saxon such a phrase as *hwæt niwes*? ("what news?") we can be at no loss to determine that the word is of pure Low German or native English origin, although the French *nouvelles* may have influenced its use. The fact that the word is often used in the singular confirms this. Thus, we have in John Florio's

"World of Words" (1597) "Novella, a tale, a newes." In "The Wits' Recreation," published in 1640, we have the following epigram :

When news doth come, if any would discuss
The letter of the word, resolve it thus :
News is conveyed by letter, word, or mouth,
And comes to us from north, east, west, and south.

The little corps of the newspaper fraternity were then beginning work in England, and, being tickled by the above epigram, had it put at the head of their papers, as already stated.

Skeat says that newes is not older than 1500, and cites Berners's translation of Froissart, "Desyrous to here newes," and Surrey's translation of Virgil, "What news he brought." But at least one earlier instance is to be found in "The Siege of Rhodes," translated by John Kay, and printed by Caxton about 1490.

News, III. All nations agree that "Ill news travels fast," which is the English form of the proverb. Its corollary, "No news is good news," is found also in French and Italian. Here are some foreign proverbs of the same kind :

Bad news always comes too soon.—*German.*

Bad news has wings.—*French.*

Bad news is the first to come.—*Italian.*

Bad news is always true.—*Spanish.*

Good news is rumored, bad news flies.—*Spanish and Portuguese.*

And here is how the sentiment appears in various forms in English literature :

For evil news rides post, while good news baits.

MILTON : *Samson Agonistes*, l. 1538.

Ill news is winged with fate, and flies apace.

DRYDEN : *Threnodia Augustalis*.

Ill news flies with eagles' wings, but leaden weights are wont to clog the heels of gladsome tidings.—ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN : *Nocturnal Lucubrations* (1638).

Ill news, madam, are swallow-winged, but what's good walks on crutches.—MASSINGER : *The Picture*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news. Ill tidings tell themselves.

SHAKESPEARE.

Nightmare is derived from the Anglo-Saxon words *neht*, "night," and *mara*, a "spectre," which, in Runic mythology, placed itself on the breast of the sleeping and deprived them of the powers of motion and utterance. (Low German, *nagt-moor* ; German, *nacht-mahr* ; Dutch, *nacht-merrie*.)

The *mara* was also believed to be the guardian of hidden treasures, over which it brooded as a hen over eggs, and the place where it sat was called its *nidus*, or nest. Hence the term mare's-nest.

In North German and Norwegian traditions the *mara* generally assumes the form of a beautiful woman. Like other supernatural beings, she can enter through the smallest hole, and sets herself across her victims to torment them. Many curious methods are given to get rid of her. One is to wrap a knife in a cloth, and let it turn three times round the body while repeating certain rhymes. Another is to turn one's shoes with the toes outward from the bed. The mistletoe is also recommended as a remedy.

Nightmare of Europe, one of the many appellatives of Napoleon Bonaparte, given him by awed and appalled contemporaries in Europe when, after his stupendous military successes, he seemed to sit heavily on the helpless continent, as a nightmare on the breast of a troubled sleeper, helpless under its weight.

Nil admirari (L., "to admire" or "wonder at nothing"), a phrase from Horace (*Epistles*, I., vi. 1). Dr. Arnold, in a letter to an old pupil, quoted in "Arnold's Life and Correspondence," calls it "the devil's favorite text," and the best he could choose "to introduce his pupils into the more esoteric part of his doctrine. . . I have always looked upon a man infected with the disorder of anti-romance as on one who has lost the finest part of his nature, and his best protection against everything low and foolish." He adds that such men may well call him mad, but he thinks their party are not yet strong enough to get him fairly shut up, and until they are "I shall take the liberty of insisting that their tale is the longest."

Nimini pimini, affected simplicity in young ladies. In Burgoyne's comedy of "The Heiress" (Act iii., Sc. 2), Lady Emily tells Miss Alscrip, "The way to acquire the correct Paphian mimp is to stand before the glass and pronounce repeatedly 'nimini pimini.' The lips cannot fail to take the right ply." Dickens has borrowed the conceit, where in "Little Dorrit" Mrs. General tells Amy Dorrit, "*Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism* are all very good words for the lips : especially *prunes* and *prism*. You will find it serviceable, in the formation of a demeanor, if you sometimes say to yourself in company,—on entering a room, for instance,—*Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism, prunes and prism.*"

Nine days' wonder, an old phrase for a short-lived sensation. It may be found in Chaucer :

Eke wonder last but nine deies newe in toun.

Troilus and Creseide, Book iv., Stanza 80.

Alternate readings give *nyghtes* for *deies*, and *never* for *newe*. The expression undoubtedly dates back to the Novendiale Sacrum of the Romans, which, according to Livy, Book i. chap. 310, took its rise from the fact that just after the defeat of the Sabines a thick shower of stones fell from heaven on the Alban Mount, and a voice was heard recalling the Albans to the observance of the ancient religious rites, which they had discontinued. "A festival of nine days was instituted publicly by the Romans also on account of the same prodigy, either in obedience to the heavenly voice sent from the Alban Mount (for that, too, is stated) or by the advice of the aruspices ; certain it is that it continued a solemn observance that whenever the same prodigy was announced a festival for nine days was observed."

Nine of Diamonds is called the curse of Scotland. The expression goes back at least as far as 1745, for a caricature dated October 21 of that year represents the Young Chevalier attempting to lead a herd of bulls, laden with papal curses, etc., across the Tweed with the nine of diamonds lying before them. Perhaps the most satisfactory explanation is that which refers it to the massacre of Glencoe. The order for this cruel deed was signed by the Earl of Stair, John Dalrymple, Secretary of State to Scotland, who was instrumental in bringing about the union of England with Scotland. The coat of arms of the Dalrymple family bears nine lozenges, resembling diamonds, in its shield, and it appears to have been with reference to them that the nine of diamonds was called the curse of Scotland. The other reasons that have been suggested for this expression are :

That during the reign of Mary a thief attempted to steal the crown from Elizabeth Castle, and succeeded in abstracting nine valuable diamonds therefrom. To replace these a heavy tax was laid upon the people, which was termed the curse of Scotland.

That when the game of comète was introduced into the court at Holyrood, the nine of diamonds, being the winning card, got this name because of the number of courtiers ruined by the game.

That in the game of Pope Joan the nine of diamonds is the Pope, whom the Scotch Presbyterians considered a curse.

That it is a corruption of the phrase "Cross of Scotland." The nine "pips" on the card were formerly printed in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross.

That the Duke of Cumberland wrote his inhuman orders at Culloden on the back of a nine of diamonds. (But the battle of Culloden was fought April 8, 1746, nearly six months after the date of the caricature before mentioned.)

That a Scotch member of Parliament, part of whose family arms were nine lozenges, voted for the introduction of the malt tax into Scotland.

Ninth Beatitude. Writing to Gay on October 6, 1727, Pope says, "I have many years ago magnified in my own mind and repeated to you a ninth beatitude, added to the eight in the Scripture: 'Blessed is he who expects nothing; for he shall never be disappointed.'" (Roscoe's ed. of Pope, vol. x. p. 184.)

No Man's Land, a long narrow strip of territory lying west of the Indian Territory, north of Texas, east of New Mexico, and south of Kansas, over which, it would seem, the jurisdiction of neither of these extends, nor has the same been organized as a territorial government by the United States, although petitioned by its inhabitants to do so. It is also known as Cimarron. Locally, the name is also given to a strip of territory on the boundary between Pennsylvania and Delaware. According to the official surveys, it seems to belong to Pennsylvania, but by habit and custom of the people to Delaware, in which latter State its inhabitants vote, and where the title-deeds to its real estate are recorded.

There is a little uninhabited island called No Man's Land near Martha's Vineyard, off the coast of Massachusetts. Another region sometimes called by this name lies in British South Africa. Being dispeopled, it was in 1852 in part occupied by Adam Kok's band of the Griquas, and hence it is often called Griqualand East, which is at a long distance from Griqualand West, the original home of the tribe. These Griquas (in their own speech this name is the plural form of *Grip*) are of mixed Dutch and Hottentot stock, and speak a dialect compounded of very mixed elements. The Basutos (of Bechuana-Kaffir stock) and the Ama-Baca (Kaffirs) also dwell in what was once called No Man's Land; but the country now contains many settlers of European race.

Nobility, Our old. This once famous phrase occurred in the following passage from "England's Trust, and other Poems" (1841), by Lord John Manners, afterwards Duke of Rutland:

No, by the names inscribed in History's page,
Names that are England's noblest heritage,
Names that shall live for yet unnumbered years
Shrined in our hearts with Cressy and Poitiers,
Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

These lines, which voiced pretty fairly the ideals of the "Young England" enthusiasts, and hence earned for the noble lord the title of Young England's Poet, raised a great storm. Some of the friends of Lord John strove to explain that nobility of character and not of caste was meant; but the context hardly bore out this explanation. In course of time the author grew properly ashamed of his production, and characterized it as the foolish work of his youth. He was, in fact, only twenty-two when the book was issued. It is curious to note that the obnoxious lines, written in all seriousness, had been very closely anticipated by a satirical writer just half a century previous:

Be aristocracy the only joy :
 Let commerce perish, let the world expire.
Modern Gulliver's Travels (1796), p. 192.

We suspect that some of the old nobility may have instinctively exclaimed on reading these lines, Save us from our friends ! The conflict of interests suggested by the noble renovator of his country is not only the most alarming, but it is also the least complimentary to his class that we remember to have seen stirred. It has sometimes been alleged that the nobility and landed aristocracy are careful of the interests of their order to the injury of wealth and commerce. But no demagogue that we have yet heard of has feigned an opposition between the aristocracy and "laws and learning." Here, however, one of themselves not merely insinuates the unfortunate incompatibility, but with great vigor and *sang-froid* takes up his ground in the controversy which he has raised. "Throw wealth and commerce," says he, "to the winds ! Perish laws and learning ! But save me and my order. At least so let it be in 'Young England.'"—*North British Review*, vol. i. p. 146.

Noblesse oblige, a French phrase, used only in the original, meaning, in Littré's definition, that "whoever calls himself noble should conduct himself nobly." According to Comte de Laborde in a notice of the meeting of the French Historical Society in 1865, the *mot* was suggested by the Duc de Lévis in 1808, apropos of the establishment of the nobility of the Empire, as the best maxim for both the old *régime* and the new. But in substance the thought had been uttered by so ancient an author as Euripides :

The nobly born must nobly meet his fate.
Alcmene, Frag. 100.

To feel itself raised on high, venerated, followed, no doubt stimulates a fine nation to keep itself worthy to be followed, venerated, raised on high : hence that lofty maxim *Noblesse oblige*.—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Nom de guerre, a French term, meaning, literally, a war-name, is used as identical with pseudonyme, or pen-name, both in English and in French. The "fake" term *nom de plume* is English, but not French. A long battle over the phrase in the English *Notes and Queries* was finally referred to the French *L'Intermédiaire*, a periodical of a similar sort, which answered, "We do not know in our language the expression *nom de plume*, and there is no need of borrowing it from the English. We have the phrase *nom de guerre*, which is thoroughly French, and which clearly enough indicates literary pseudonymity. The very origin of this phrase is thoroughly French. Formerly a soldier in enlisting took a surname, which he retained so long as he served under the flag. It was a true *nom de guerre*. The extension is natural. Under certain *régimes* of self-will (*bon plaisir*) or terror, is not the literary arena a field of battle where one fights for his liberty or his life ?"

Non-Interference, Doctrine of. The doctrine enunciated by Calhoun, that Congress had no right to interfere with the introduction of slavery in the States or Territories, or, as it was expressed in a resolution proposed to the Democratic National Convention in 1848, "That the doctrine of non-interference with the rights of property of any portion of the people of this confederacy, be it in the States or Territories thereof, by any other than the parties interested by them, is the true republican doctrine recognized by this body." The doctrine was levelled against the principle of the Missouri Compromise (*q. v.*), and, although defeated in the convention of 1848, it was embodied later in the Kansas-Nebraska Bill.

Non mi ricordo (It., "I do not remember"). In the trial of Queen Caroline, one of the witnesses was an Italian who had been in her service on the Continent. When pressed by awkward questions, his answer was, "Non mi ricordo." The phrase has come to designate a conveniently forgetful memory. Under similar circumstances the answer of the Know-Nothings (*q. v.*) was always "I don't know."

One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when on returning from his cruise he reported at Washington to one of the Crown-inshields,—who was in the Navy Department when he came home,—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a *non mi ricordo*, determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know.—E. E. HALE: *The Man without a Country*.

Nonsense. A well-known couplet of uncertain date and paternity asserts that

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

It seems to have been known to Horace Walpole, who, in a letter to Horace Mann (1774), gives a side glance at it: "A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and then, does not misbecome a monarch." "Don't tell me," William Pitt said, "of a man's being able to talk sense; every one can talk sense. Can he talk nonsense?" William Wirt tells a friend in a letter, "I have always found a little nonsense a capital preparation for a dry and close argument." And it has been said of Charles James Napier, the hero of Scinde, that he found in humor a constant antidote to all the ills and vexations of life. If he was wounded, his spleen discharged itself in a jest; if he was hurt or annoyed, the spirit of mockery burst into an uproar of merriment. "Nonsense will come," he once wrote to his mother, "and devil take me if I can stop for the life of me. *What a great relief is nonsense to a man who has been working hard!* I have a *quantum* in me beyond the ordinary run of men; and if it had no vent, my death would ensue from undelivered jokes. I am delighted to hear that you are so well, dearest mother, and that you bore the comet like an angel. By the way, no doubt exists in my mind that comets are the souls of good post-horses, who still ply their trade, carrying angels charged with despatches."

Nonsense verse and prose. As a literary form, manufactured or intentional nonsense is a comparatively recent art in English. The French in the seventeenth century began the cultivation of a form of verse which they called *amphigouri*, and which in the eighteenth grew into extraordinary popularity. An *amphigouri* (a factitious word, probably made up from the Greek *ἀμφί*, "on both sides"), was a bit of rhyme without reason,—a meaningless *rigmarole* in verse. An effort has even been made to trace the origin of the *amphigouri* to classic times, to the "Alexandra" of the Greek Lycophron. But, though that poem is undoubtedly obscure and enigmatic, there is no evidence to show that it is purposely meaningless.

Here is a good specimen of this form of verse which D'Israeli has copied from Collé's "Théâtre de Société." In the presence of the famous Fontenelle it was recited at the salon of Madame de Tencin. So nearly does its nonsense resemble sense that Fontenelle was baffled. "Let us hear that over again," he said; "I don't think I quite caught the meaning." "Why, you stupid," said Madame, "don't you see it is mere nonsense?" "Ah," was Fontenelle's sarcastic answer, "they are so much like the fine verses I have heard here that it's no wonder I was mistaken."

Qu'il est heureux de se défendre
Quand le cœur ne s'est pas rendu !
Mais qu'il est fâcheux de se rendre
Quand le bonheur est suspendu !
Par un discours sans suite et tendre,
Égarez un cœur éperdu ;
Souvent par un mal-entendu
L'amant adroit se fait entendre.

IMITATED.

How happy to defend our heart,
When Love has never thrown a dart !

But ah ! unhappy when it bends,
 If Pleasure her soft bliss suspends !
 Sweet in a wild disordered strain,
 A lost and wandering heart to gain,
 Oft in mistaken language wooed
 The skilful lover's understood.

There is a fairly good English amphigouri which is sometimes attributed to Swift, but more often and on better authority to Pope :

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart,
 I a slave in thy dominions,
 Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming,
 All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
 Mourned Adonis, darling youth :
 Him the boar, in silence creeping,
 Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers ;
 Fair Discretion, string the lyre ;
 Soothe my ever-waking slumbers ;
 Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
 Armed in adamantine chains,
 Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
 Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
 Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flowery chaplets crowned.

Thus when Philomela, drooping,
 Softly seeks her silent mate,
 So the bird of Juno stooping,
 Melody resigns to fate.

Gilbert Wakefield, one of Pope's commentators, actually misapprehended the nature of the above composition, and complained at some length that the poem was disjointed and obscure.

It was not until our own age, however, that nonsense literature was brought to its perfection by Lewis Carroll and Edmund Lear, who still hold their ground against all imitators. It is true that the modern nonsense verses have some relationship to antecedent extravaganzas and burlesques ; it would not indeed be impossible to prove a collateral descent for the "Book of Nonsense" and "The Hunting of the Snark" through the absurdities of the "Anti-Jacobin," through Henry Cary's "Chrononhotonthologos" all the way back to the nonsense drama in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." But this were considering more curiously than befits a book of the present character. Taking them at their apparent value, the verses of the two whom we have named form a unique school in English literature, as delightful as it is unique. Is there in the whole world a better bit of pure nonsense than this from "Through the Looking-Glass" ?—

JABBERWOCKY.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought,—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

It was in 1846 that Edmund Lear commenced the publication of those famous little four-line nonsense verses which made his first fame. The form was not original with him. Mr. Lear himself in the preface to his third book, where he laughs at "the persistently absurd report" that the Earl of Derby was the author of the first "Book of Nonsense," is careful to acknowledge his indebtedness to certain nursery rhymes beginning "There was an old man of Tobago," which were suggested to him by a valued friend as a form of verse lending itself to limitless variety for rhymes and pictures. Though these "Books of Nonsense" were first made for children, grown men and women, if they have not quite lost in worldliness the hearts of children, delight in them no less than these, and return to them again and again with ever-fresh pleasure. In New Mexico not long ago the English owners of a cattle-ranch had for their trade-mark the picture accompanied by this famous posy:

There was an Old Man who said, "How
Shall I flee from this horrible Cow?
I will sit on this stile, and continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of that Cow."

What protean powers are exhibited in the variations on this simple rhythmic scheme! what humorous irrelevance, what admirable fooling!

There was an Old Man in a pew,
Whose waistcoat was spotted with blue;
But he tore it in pieces, to give to his nieces,
That cheerful Old Man in a pew.

There was a Young Lady of Sweden,
Who went by the slow train to Weedon;
When they cried "Weedon Station!" she made no observation,
But thought she would go back to Sweden.

There was a Young Lady of Lucca,
Whose lovers completely forsook her;
So she rushed up a tree, and said, "Fiddle-de-dee!"
Which embarrassed the people of Lucca.

But why continue quoting? These are now a portion, and perhaps the best portion, of the classics of the nursery. We shall add only one more, because it has an historic interest as having inspired Mr. Gilbert with his famous "Nonsense Rhyme in Blank Verse." Here is Mr. Lear :

There was an Old Man in a tree,
Who was terribly bored by a bee;
When they said, "Does it buzz?" he replied, "Yes, it does!
It's a regular brute of a Bee."

And here is Mr. Gilbert :

There was an Old Man of St. Bees,
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp;
When they asked, "Does it hurt?" he replied, "No, it doesn't;
But I thought all the while 'twas a Hornet."

Mr. Lear's longer nonsense poems,—“The Owl and the Pussy-Cat,” “The Quangle Wangle Gee,” “The Jumbles,” “The Yonghy Bonghy Bo,”—these are all excellent. What can be funnier than the courtship in the “elegant pea-green boat,” when

The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
“O lovely Pussy, O Pussy my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are!
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!”

And then the wedding, after they had wandered for a year and a day in search of a ring, and the wedding feast, when

They dined on mince, with slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon!
The moon!
They danced by the light of the moon!

Mr. Lear was delighted when a friend observed to him that this couple were reviving the old law of Solon that the Athenian bride and bridegroom should eat a quince together at their wedding. But, as Hudibras says,—

Rhymes the rudders are of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses,

and it was possibly the rudder of rhyme which steered the pea-green boat into that classical harbor.

Admirable, too, is the humor of the “Nonsense Botanies.” The botanical names are all epigrammatic, the illustrations vividly realize the humor of the text. The *Barkia Howlaldia*, like a snap-dragon of dogs' heads, *Arth-broomia Rigida*, a sort of thistle, *Nasticeechia Krorluppia*, like a stem of catkins, the *Bassia Palealensis*, the *Shoebootia Utilis*, and all the rest, are not mere grotesque distortions, but natural representations of dogs and caterpillars, hearth-brooms, bottles, and boots, severally combined into such life-like imitations of actual flowers that the botanist who would not wish to be able to add them to his herbarium must be as dry as his own *hortus siccus*.

In every creation of Lear's, whether of pen or pencil, some touch of art which escapes analysis makes the grotesquely impossible a living flesh-and-blood reality. Like Sir Thomas Browne, we quote the Latin father and say, “Credo quia impossibile est.” Tables and chairs and fire-irons, ducks and kan-

garoos, and a host of nondescript creatures, such as the Quangle Wangle, the Dong, and the Yonghy Bonghy Bo, are endowed with human sentiment and moral life; and all their little hopes and fears and frailties are so natural in their absurdity that the incongruity of thoughts and images is carried to the utmost height of humor. Such, for instance, are those little touches where the friends of the Jumblies receive them back at the end of twenty years, saying,—

If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore;

or where the four little children who had gone out to see the world are welcomed back "by their admiring relatives with joy tempered with contempt;" or where the coachman, evidently an old family servant, "perceives with pain" that the young people, the poker and tongs, the shovel and broom, in the carriage are quarrelling while he drives them out.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert is a greater humorist, perhaps, than either of the two we have mentioned, and his humor, even in his elaborate comic operas, is often of a very similar topsy-turvy order. But his avowed nonsense verses are only a small portion of his entire work. Here is a good example:

Sing for the garish eye,
When moonless brandlings cling!
Let the froddering crooner cry,
And the braddled sapster sing.
For never and never again
Will the tottering beechlings play,
For bratticed wrackers are singing aloud,
And the throngers croon in May!

Here, also, are three stanzas from C. S. Calverley's "Ballad of the Period," an excellent parody on some modern versifiers, in which the *reductio ad absurdum* is accomplished by turning their method into nonsense:

An auld wife sat at her ivied door
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese),
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her knitting reposed on her aproned knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese),
Till the cow said, "I die," and the goose said, "Why?"
And the dog said nothing, but searched for fleas.

* * * * *

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese);
And I've met a ballad, I can't tell where,
Which mainly consisted of lines like these.

Occasionally a good bit of nonsense verse may be found elsewhere than in the pages of the masters.

The following "Ballad of Bedlam," which appeared in *Punch*, is not without merit:

O lady, wake! the azure moon
Is rippling in the verdant skies,
The owl is warbling his sweet tune,
Awaiting but thy snowy eyes.
The joys of future years are past,
To-morrow's hopes have fled away;
Still let us love, and e'en at last
We shall be happy yesterday.

The early beam of rosy night
Drives off the ebony moon afar,
While through the murmur of the light
The huntsman winds his mad guitar;

Then, lady, wake! my brigantine
 Pants, neighs, and prances to be free :
 Till the creation I am thine,
 To some rich desert fly with me.

The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* is responsible for the following, which it gives as an effort of the intelligent compositor to grapple with the illegible handwriting of an amateur poet :

TO MARIE.

When the breeze from the bluebottle's blustering blim
 T'wirls the toads in a tooroomaloo,
 And the whiskery whine of the wheedlesome whim
 Drowns the roll of the rattatattoo,
 Then I dream in the shade of the shally-go-shee,
 And the voice of the ballymolay
 Brings the smell of the stale poppy-cods blummed blee
 From the willy-wad over the way
 Ah, the shuddering shoe and the blinketty-blanks
 When the punglung falls from the bough
 In the blast of a hurricane's hicketty-hanks
 O'er the hills of the hocketty-how !
 Give the rigamarole to the clangery-wang,
 If they care for such fiddlededee ;
 But the thingumbob kiss of the whangery-bang
 Keeps the higgledy-piggle for me.

L'ENVOI.

It is pilly-po-doddle and aligobung
 When the lollypup covers the ground,
 Yet the poldiddle perishes plunkety-pung
 When the heart jimmy-coggles around.
 If the soul cannot snoop at the gigglesome cart
 Seeking surcease in gluggety-glug,
 It is useless to say to the pulsating heart,
 " Yankee-doodle ker-chuggety-chug !

One of Theodore Hook's witty associates, the Rev. Edward Cannon, was the author of the following bit of fooling :

IMPROMPTU.

If down his throat a man should choose,
 In fun, to jump or slide,
 He'd scrape his shoes against his teeth,
 Nor dirt his own inside.
 Or if his teeth were lost and gone,
 And not a stump to scrape upon,
 He'd see at once how very pat
 His tongue lay there, by way of mat,
 And he would wipe his feet on *that* !

Mr. Charles G. Leland thinks the following lines "the finest and daintiest nonsense" he ever read :

Thy heart is like some icy lake,
 On whose cold brink I stand ;
 Oh, buckle on my spirit's skate,
 And lead, thou living saint, the way
 To where the ice is thin,—
 That it may break beneath my feet
 And let a lover in !

This, from *Fun*, is not bad :

A CHRONICLE.

Once—but no matter when—
 There lived—no matter where—
 A man whose name—but then
 I need not that declare.

He—well, he had been born,
And so he was alive;
His age—I details scorn—
Was somethingty and five.

He lived—how many years
I truly can't decide;
But this one fact appears,—
He lived—until he died.

"He died," I have averred,
But cannot prove 'twas so;
But that he was interred,
At any rate, I know.

I fancy he'd a son,
I hear he had a wife:
Perhaps he'd more than one,
I know not, on my life!

But whether he was rich,
Or whether he was poor,
Or neither—both—or which,
I cannot say, I'm sure.

I can't recall his name,
Or what he used to do;
But then—well, such is fame!
'Twill so serve me and you.

And that is why I thus
About this unknown man
Would fain create a fuss,
To rescue, if I can,

From dark oblivion's blow
Some record of his lot;
But, ah! I do not know
Who—where—when—why—or what.

MORAL.

In this brief pedigree
A moral we should find;
But what it ought to be
Has quite escaped my mind!

The following curious verse is said to have been on a gravestone at one time in the church-yard of Homersfield, Suffolk, over the body of Robert Crytoft, who died November 17, 1810, and it is very like nonsense:

MYSELF.

As I walked by myself I talked to myself,
And thus myself said to me,
Look to thyself and take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.
So I turned to myself, and I answered myself,
In the self-same revery,
Look to myself or look not to myself,
The self-same thing will it be.

In the way of prose nonsense nothing can be better than this famous farrago which Samuel Foote wrote to test the memory of one who boasted that he could learn anything by heart on hearing it once: "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear coming up the street pops its head into the shop. What! no soap? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies and the Joblilies and the Garulilies and the Great Panjandrum himself with the little round button at top. And they all fell to playing the

game of 'catch as catch can' till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

The prose works of Tom Hood and of Charles Lamb, and especially their letters, frequently revel in a reckless and lawless fun which is not unlike the humor of Carroll's and Lear's prose.

For example, Hood inserts in one of his "Comic Annuals" a letter on autographs, in which he classifies them as follows :

There have been autographs written by proxy : for example, Doctor Dodd penned one for Lord Chesterfield. But to oblige a stranger in this way is very dangerous, considering how easily a few lines may be twisted into a rope.

With regard to my own particular practice, I have often traced an autograph with my walking-stick on the sea-sand. I also seem to remember writing one with my forefinger on a dusty table, and am pretty sure I could do it with the smoke of a candle on the ceiling. I have seen something like a badly-scribbled autograph made by children with a thread of treacle on a slice of suet dumpling. Then it may be done with vegetables. My little girl grew her autograph the other day in mustard and cress.

Domestic servants, I have observed, are fond of scrawling autographs on a tea-tray with the slopped milk ; also of scratching them on a soft deal dresser, the lead of the sink, and, above all, the quicksilver side of a looking-glass,—a surface, by the by, quite irresistible to any one who *can* write and does not bite her nails.

A friend of mine possesses an autograph—REMEMBER JIM HOSKINS—done with a red-hot poker on the back-kitchen door. This, however, is awkward to bind up.

Gentlemen in love delight in carving their autographs on the bark of trees, as other idle fellows are apt to hack and hew them on tavern benches and rustic seats. Among various modes, I have seen a shop-boy dribble his autograph from a tin of water on a dry pavement.

The celebrated Miss Biffin used to distribute autographs among her visitors which she wrote with a pen grasped between her teeth. Another, a German phenomenon, held the implement with his toes.

When the sweetheart of Mr. John Junk requested his autograph and explained what it was,—namely, "a couple of lines or so with his name to it,"—he replied that he would leave it to her in his will, seeing as how it was done with gunpowder on his left arm.

Doppeldickius, the learned Dutchman, wrote an autograph for a friend, which the latter published in a quarto volume.

Charles Lamb writes as follows to his friend Manning, who contemplates becoming a missionary and converting savages :

MY DEAR MANNING,—The general scope of your letter afforded no indications of insanity, but some particular points raised a scruple. For God's sake, don't think any more of Independent Tartary. What are you to do among such Ethiopians ? Is there no *lineal descendant* of Prester John ? Is the chair empty ? Is the sword unswayed ? Depend upon it, they'll never make you their king as long as any branch of that great stock is remaining. I tremble for your Christianity : they will certainly circumcise you. Read Sir John Mandeville's Travels to cure you, or come over to England. There is a Tartarman now exhibiting at Exeter 'Change. Come and talk with him, and hear what he says, first. Indeed, he is no very favorable specimen of his countrymen. But perhaps the best thing you can do is to try to get the idea out of your head. For this purpose repeat to yourself every night, after you have said your prayers, the words "Independent Tartary, Independent Tartary," two or three times, and associate with them the *idea of oblivion* ('tis Hartley's method with obstinate memories), or say, "Independent, Independent, have I not already got an independence ?" That was a clever way of the old Puritans, pun-divinity. My dear friend, think what a sad pity it would be to bury such parts in heathen countries, among nasty, unconvertible, horse-belching Tartar people ! Some say they are cannibals ; and then, conceive a Tartar fellow eating my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar ! I am afraid 'tis the reading of Chaucer has misled you ; his foolish stories about Cambuscan, and the ring, and the horse of brass. Believe me, there are no such things,—'tis all the poet's *invention* ; but if there were such darling things as old Chaucer sings, I would up behind you on the horse of brass, and frisk off for Prester John's country. But these are all tales ; a horse of brass never flew, and a king's daughter never talked with birds ! The Tartars really are a cold, insipid, smouchy set. You'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray try and cure yourself. Take hellebore (the counsel is Horace's, 'twas none of my thought originally). Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Pray, to avoid the fiend. Eat nothing that gives the heart-burn. *Shave the upper lip*. Go about like a European. Read no books of voyages (they are nothing but lies), only now and then a romance, to keep the fancy under. Above all, don't go to any sights of *wild beasts*. *That has been your ruin*. Accustom yourself to write familiar letters on common subjects to your friends in England, such as are of a moderate understanding. And think about common things more. I supped last night with Rickman, and met a merry, *natural*

captain, who pleases himself vastly with having once made a pun at Otaheite, in the O language. 'Tis the same man who said, "Shakespeare he liked, because *he was so much of the gentleman*." Rickman is a man absolute in all numbers. I think I may one day bring you acquainted, if you do not go to Tartary first; for you'll never come back. Have a care, my dear friend, of anthropophagi: their stomachs are always craving! 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at fivepence a pound; to sit at table (the reverse of fishes in Holland), not as a guest, but as a meat.

God bless you; do come to England. Air and exercise may do great things. Talk with some minister. Why not your father?

God dispose all for the best. I have discharged my duty.

Your sincere friend,
C. LAMB.

On another occasion Lamb confided a pet dog to the care of Mr. Patmore, and shortly afterwards wrote the following letter of inquiry:

DEAR PATMORE,—Excuse my anxiety, but how is Dash? (I should have asked if Mrs. Patmore kept her rules and was improving,—but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing.) Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore*? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him. All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water. If he won't lick it up, it is a sign he does not like it. Does he wag his tail horizontally, or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean, when he is pleased; for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time, but that was in *Hyder-Alley's* time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you) and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways. It might amuse Mrs. Patmore and the children. They'd have more sense than *he*! He'd be like a Fool kept in the family, to keep the household in good humor with their own understanding. You might teach him the mad-dance set to the mad-howl. *Madge Owl-et* would be nothing to him. "My, how he capers!" (One of the children speaks this.)

[Here three lines are erased.]

What I scatch out is a German quotation from Lessing on the bite of rabid animals; but, I remember, you don't read German. But Mrs. Patmore may, so I wish I had let it stand. The meaning in English is, "Avoid to approach an animal suspected of madness, as you would avoid a fire or a precipice;" which I think is a sensible observation. The Germans are certainly profounder than we.

If the slightest suspicion arises in your breast that all is not right with him (Dash), muzzle him and lead him in a string (common packthread will do; he don't care for twist) to Hood's, his quondam master, and he'll take him in at any time. You may mention your suspicion or not, as you like, or as you think it may wound or not Mr. H.'s feelings. Hood, I know, will wink at a few follies in Dash, in consideration of his former sense. Besides, Hood is deaf; and, if you hinted anything, ten to one he would not hear you. Besides, you will have discharged your conscience, and laid the child at the right door, as they say.

The following note by Thackeray has lately been published for the first time by the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

KENSINGTON, W., Wednesday.

DEAR NED,—You ask me for a recipe for restoring your eyes to their wonted lustre and brilliancy. Very good. Here you are. Take them out and wash well, first with soap and water, and afterwards with a solution of nitric acid, white sand, and blacking. Let them dry well, and then replace them, fastening them in their places with gum-water. One great advantage of the discovery is that by turning the pupils *inside*, on restoring the eyes to their places again, a view of the whole internal economy may be obtained, and thus the precept of the old philosopher, to "know thyself," be readily complied with. There! will that suit you? Eh?

Generously yours,
W. M. THACKERAY.

Non sequitur, a Latin phrase meaning "It does not follow," is used as an English noun to indicate a wrong process of thought by means of which an impossible cause and effect are grotesquely linked together. The familiar sophism known as the *post hoc propter hoc* fallacy ("after this, therefore on

account of this") is a familiar instance. Thus, the Free-traders ridicule the Protectionist claim that American manufactures have increased under high tariff legislation, and *therefore* that such legislation favors manufactures, by the proposition that divorces have increased under high tariff legislation, and *therefore* that such legislation is responsible for divorces. Another illustration of a *non sequitur* is that known proverbially as putting the cart before the horse, or taking the effect for the cause. An excellent illustration is afforded by the Carmelite friar who praised the divine goodness and wisdom which cause navigable rivers to flow by large towns, and by Voltaire's dictum (absolutely Voltaire's) in "L'Histoire de Jenni," ch. ix., where, writing of Mount Hecla, he rambles on, "Car tous les grands volcans sont placés sur ces montagnes hideuses."

If we inquired too curiously, however, many of our finest metaphors would resolve themselves into precisely this sort of blunder. Thus, Sterne's exquisite phrase, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," teaches a great truth, but loses sight of the fact that the wind is not tempered because the lamb is shorn, but that the lamb (or, more accurately, the sheep) is shorn at a period chosen because then the wind is tempered.

The current jest-books are full of stories wherein the point lies in this confusion of logical sequences. Horace Smith, in his "Tin Trumpet," has two familiar yet excellent examples, that of the Birmingham boy who, being asked whether some shillings which he tendered at a shop were good, answered with great simplicity, "Ay, that they be, for I seed father make 'em all this morning," and of the witness who was about to be sworn: "Young woman," said the magistrate, "why do you hold the book upside down?" "I am obliged, sir, because I am left-handed."

The "equivocal answer" in the following story had a startling lack of connection with the question propounded:

A literary gentleman, wishing to be undisturbed one day, instructed his Irish servant to admit no one, and if any one should inquire for him, to give him an equivocal answer. Night came, and the gentleman proceeded to interrogate Pat as to his visitors:

"Did any one call?"

"Yes, sir; wan gintleman."

"What did he say?"

"He axed was yer honor in."

"Well, what did you tell him?"

"Sure, I gave him a quivikle answer, jist."

"How was that?"

"I axed him was his grandmother a monkey."

It is a common trick also of the most famous humorists. Dickens employs it with excellent effect. In "Nicholas Nickleby" the letter written by Fanny Squeers to Ralph Nickleby is admirable: "My pa requests me to write to you, the doctors considering it doubtful whether he will ever recover the use of his legs, which prevents his holding a pen," etc. But this is no better than the dream he relates in one of his letters to James T. Fields:

I dreamed that somebody was dead. It was a private gentleman, and a particular friend; and I was greatly overcome when the news was broken to me (very delicately) by a gentleman in a cocked hat, top-boots, and a sheet. Nothing else. "Good God!" I said, "is he dead?" "He is as dead, sir," rejoined the gentleman, "as a door nail. But we must all die, Mr. Dickens, sooner or later, my dear sir." "Ah!" I said: "yes, to be sure. Very true. But what did he die of?" The gentleman burst into a flood of tears, and said, in a voice broken by emotion, "He christened his youngest child, sir, with a toasting-fork!"

Lewis Carroll's books are perhaps the best examples in the language of this topsy-turvy sort of fun. In the books which relate Alice's adventures all the

characters think, speak, and act with the most delightful irrelevance; and "The Hunting of the Snark" is a marvel of inconsequential humor:

They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care;
They pursued it with forks and hope;
They threatened its life with a railway share;
They charmed it with smiles and soap.

Admirable was the ocean-chart which the Bellman brought with him to facilitate the hunt:

He had bought a large map representing the sea,
Without the least vestige of land;
And the crew were much pleased when they found it to be
A map they could all understand.
"What's the good of Mercator's North Poles and Equators,
Tropics, Zones, and Meridian Lines?"
So the Bellman would cry; and the crew would reply,
"They are merely conventional signs!"
"Other maps are such shapes, with their islands and capes,
But we've got our brave captain to thank"
(So the crew would protest) "that he's bought us the best,—
A perfect and absolute blank."

This was charming, no doubt; but they shortly found out
That the captain they trusted so well
Had only one notion for crossing the ocean,
And that was to tingle his bell.

He was thoughtful and grave, but the orders he gave
Were enough to bewilder a crew.
When he cried, "Steer to starboard, but keep her head larboard!"
What on earth was the helmsman to do?

Then the bowsprit got mixed with the rudder sometimes,—
A thing, as the Bellman remarked,
That frequently happens in tropical climes,
When a vessel is, so to speak, "snarked."

But the principal failing occurred in the sailing,
And the Bellman, perplexed and distressed,
Said he *had* hoped, at least, when the wind blew due East,
That the ship would *not* travel due West!

Admirable, too, is the butcher's mathematical demonstration of the problem whether two and one make three:

Taking Three as the subject to reason about,—
A convenient number to state,—
We add Seven and Ten, and then multiply out
By One Thousand diminished by Eight.

The result we proceed to divide, as you see,
By Nine Hundred and Ninety and Two;
Then subtract Seventeen, and the answer must be
Exactly and perfectly true.

Here are two good examples from Artemus Ward's "Lecture:—"

I met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth,—not a tooth in his head,—yet that man could play on the bass drum better than any man I ever met.

I never on any account allow my business to interfere with my drinking.

The wit of the two following stories lies in the incongruity of the explanations suggested,—the utter failure of sequence between question and answer:

Some one saying to Sir F. Gould, "I am told you eat three eggs *every day at breakfast*,"
"No," answered Gould, "on the contrary." Some of those present asked, "What was the contrary of eating three eggs?" "Laying three eggs, I suppose," said Luttrell.—THOMAS MOORE: *Diary*.

Hicks and Thackeray, walking together, stopped opposite a door-way, over which were inscribed in gold letters these words: "Mutual Loan Office." They both seemed equally

puzzled. "What on earth can that mean?" asked Hicks. "I don't know," answered Thackeray, "unless it means that two men who have nothing agree to lend it to one another."—J. C. YOUNG: *Diary*.

The same effect is often gained by wilfully ignoring the sense of a proposition and attributing an absurd logical confusion to the propounder of it. Thus, Mark Twain tells us "that Benjamin Franklin was always proud of telling how he entered Philadelphia, for the first time, with nothing in the world but two shillings in his pocket and four rolls of bread under his arm. But really, when you come to examine it critically, it was nothing. Anybody could have done it." And again, he calls our attention to the fact that he is a greater and better man than Washington, for while the latter could not tell a lie, "I can, but I won't."

Was it humor or mere simplicity of mind that distinguished the heroine of a little anecdote recorded in Frederick Locker's "Patchwork"? "A friend tells me a funny little story of Mrs. — (the grandmother of Colonel M——), who was shown a picture of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, in which, of course, the patriarch showed his usual desire to withdraw himself from her society. Mrs. — looked at it for a little while, and then said, 'Eh, now, and what ails him at the lassie?'"

Nonumque prematur in annum, the famous advice given by Horace in his "Ars Poetica,"—Put away your compositions for nine years at least before you give them to the public. This was substantially the counsel of Quintilian also: "Let our literary compositions be laid aside for some time, that we may after a reasonable period return to their perusal, and find them, as it were, altogether new to us."

It is all very fine, madame, to remind me of the Horatian *nonum prematur in annum*. This rule, like many others, may be very pretty in theory, but is worth little in practice. When Horace gave to the author that celebrated precept, to let his works lie nine years in the desk, he should also have given with it a receipt for living nine years without food. While Horace was inventing this advice, he sat, in all probability, at the table of Mæcenas eating roast turkey with truffles, pheasant-puddings with venison sauce, ribs of larks with mangled turnips, peacocks' tongues, Indian birds'-nests, and the Lord knows what all, and everything *gratis* at that. But we, the unlucky ones, born too late, live in another sort of times. Our Mæcenas have an altogether different set of principles; they believe that authors, like medlars, are best after they have lain some time on straw, they believe that literary hounds are spoiled for hunting similes and thoughts if they are fed too high, and when they do take it into their heads to give to some one a feed, it is generally the worst dog who gets the biggest piece,—some fawning spaniel who licks the hand, or diminutive "King Charles" who knows how to cuddle up into a lady's perfumed lap, or some patient puppy of a poodle who has learned some bread-earning science, and who can fetch and carry, dance and drum. *Ma foi*, madame, I could never observe that rule for four-and-twenty hours, let alone nine years: *my* belly has no appreciation of the beauties of immortality. I have thought the matter over, and concluded that it is better to be only half immortal and altogether fat, and if Voltaire was willing to give three hundred years of his eternal fame for one good digestion, so would I give twice as much for the dinner itself. And, oh, what lovely beautiful eating there is in this world! The philosopher Pangloss is right, it is the best world! But one must have money in this best of worlds. Money in the pocket, not manuscripts in the desk. Mr. Marr, mine host of "the King of England," is himself an author and also knows the Horatian rule, but I do not believe that if I wished to put it into practice he would feed me for nine years.—HENSE: *Reisebilder*.

Northern Bear, Northern Giant, popular current designations for the Russian Empire:

We believe that in arranging the terms of peace he [Napoleon] was as little inclined to clip the claws of the Northern Bear as his ally.—*Christian Examiner*.

It is no small delight to the lovers of truth, freedom, and England to see that the Northern Giant has, by dint of too much finesse, suffered his once-willing prey to slip through his hands.—*Edinburgh Review*.

Colossus of the North, from the hugeness of her empire and the northern situation of its greater part, is another familiar designation.

Northern Harlot, Infamous (Fr. "Infâme Catin du Nord"), an appellation given to the licentious, sensual, and cruel Empress Elizabeth Petrovna of Russia (1709-1761). She caused her husband Paul to be murdered, listening in the next room, where she heard the dogs lapping up the blood of the assassinated emperor. Her shameless harlotry is notorious. She is the empress at whose court Byron's "Don Juan" becomes a great favorite, and by whom he is sent to England as ambassador. The murder of Paul is the subject of one of Landor's most dramatic "Imaginary Conversations."

Northwest Territory, the territory north of the Ohio River, east of the Mississippi, south of the great lakes, and west of the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. The charters and patents to these colonies, as also to Massachusetts and Connecticut, fixed no western boundary to the grants of territory made to them respectively, which accordingly extended without limit. When the tract was surrendered by Great Britain to the United States under the treaty of 1783, there was great dispute among these States as to their right in the same, so much so that at length it was determined by all to cede their rights to the Federal government, which was done by all unconditionally except Connecticut, which, while ceding its sovereign rights, reserved proprietary rights in a substantial strip of land. (See **WESTERN RESERVE**.) A bill for its organization was passed by Congress in 1787, but it was not until 1799 that it was fully organized as the Northwest Territory. It was the beginning of the "Great West," completed afterwards by the Louisiana Purchase and the conquests from Mexico. The Northwest Territory comprised the whole area of what are now the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan.

Nose. To cut off one's nose to spite one's face is a proverbial expression common to most modern nations, and meaning, roughly, to sacrifice one's own interest for the sake of revenge, or, more subtly, to do irreparable injury to one's self in order to affect a mutual interest of one's self and one's enemy. The earliest reported appearance of the saw in literature is in Tallemand des Réaux's "Historiettes" (1657-59), where it takes the literal French form, "Se couper le nez pour faire dépit à son visage."

"To keep one's nose to the grindstone" is another proverb of similar uncertain origin, meaning to be forced into uncongenial, unpleasant, or menial work. "A man," says Franklin, in his "Poor Richard's Maxims," "may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose to the grindstone." The phrase is found as far back as Heywood's "Proverbs," Part I., ch. iii.

Not for Joe, or Not for Joseph, in American and English slang, is used to intimate that one does not intend or care to do, or have, anything requested. It probably originated in the refrain of a song popular in the sixties:

Not for Joseph,
If he knows it;
Oh, no, no!
Not for Joe;

but this in turn seems to have been a special application of the popular locution "Not if I know myself," sometimes used with the addition "and I rather think I do." This phrase is at least as old as Charles Lamb: "Not if I know myself at all" (*The Old and New School-Master*).

Not men, but measures, a familiar phrase in the mouths of "straight-out" politicians, meaning that the success of the party policy is paramount over the question of the personal fitness of the candidate. Burke, in his "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents," vol. i. p. 531 (1770), alludes scornfully to "the cant of 'not men, but measures.'" Canning echoed

him in a speech against the Addington ministry in 1801: "Away with the cant of 'measures, not men'!—the idle supposition that it is the harness and not the horses that draw the chariot along. No, sir, if the comparison must be made, if the distinction must be taken, men are everything, measures are comparatively nothing." But this, too, is mere cant, mere electioneering talk. There are undoubtedly times when measures are more important than men. Brougham came closer to the truth when he said in the House of Commons, November, 1830, "It is necessary that I should qualify the doctrine of its being not men, but measures, that I am determined to support. In a monarchy it is the duty of Parliament to look at the men as well as the measures." The phrase is found for the first time in literature in Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man," Act ii. (1768), but it is evident that he is only repeating a current shibboleth.

Not much of a shower, an American political phrase quoted derisively to an opponent who attempts to make light of a great defeat. The story in explanation of the saying is that while Noah was building his ark one of the neighbors used to come daily and jeer at him. But when the rain began, and the scoffer, with his chin just above water-level, saw the ark riding safely on the waves, he changed his tone and begged to be taken on board. Noah refused, and the man thereupon waded off, indignantly exclaiming, "Go to thunder with your old ark! I don't believe there's going to be much of a shower anyway!"

Nothing is changed; there is only one Frenchman more (Fr. "Il n'y a rien de changé; il n'y a qu'un Français de plus"), an historical phrase printed as forming part of the speech of the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) upon the restoration of Louis XVIII., April 12, 1814. But he never really uttered it. He had only murmured some nearly unintelligible and quite insignificant words. That evening Talleyrand assembled a brilliant company at his hôtel. "What did the prince say?" was his natural inquiry. The general answer was, "Nothing at all." "Oh, but he *must* have said something!" cried the wily diplomat. And turning to M. Beugnot, Minister of the Interior, he continued, "Beugnot, you are a *bel-esprit*: go into my closet and make a *mot*." Beugnot obeyed, and came back three times. But his wit was at fault; the product did not please the company. On his fourth return he triumphantly produced the now famous saying. There was a hearty round of applause. "That will do," cried Talleyrand; and on the morrow it appeared in the *Moniteur* as a part of the count's speech. The count himself, more candid than Talleyrand would have been under similar circumstances, declared that he did not remember having said anything of the kind. But he was reminded that the words were in print, that the newspaper could not very well have made a mistake, and was ultimately reduced to silence by the congratulations of his friends. The *mot* won instant popularity. It was bandied about, admired, sneered at, parodied. When the first giraffe arrived in Paris a medal was struck bearing the words "Il n'y a qu'un bête de plus" ("There is only one animal more;" but the word *bête* means fool as well as animal, and so had a sarcastic fling at the Bourbons). When Francis I. of Austria died in 1835 the current phrase was, "Nothing is changed; there is only one Austrian less." And when Talleyrand was appointed vice-grand-elect of the Empire, Fouché said, "Among so many officers it will not count; it is only one vice more."

Nothing new and nothing true. In his "Representative Men," essay on Montaigne, Emerson, considering the materialist view of life, complains that "the inconvenience of this way of thinking is that it runs into indiffer-

entism and then into disgust. . . 'Ah,' said my languid gentleman at Oxford, 'there's nothing new or true—and no matter.'" But in truth the utterance does not seem to be original at Oxford. It is a common proverb, of unknown date, found in Cornwall and other portions of southwesterly England in the form, "There's nothing new, and there's nothing true, and it don't signify."

Nous avons changé tout cela (Fr., "We have changed all that"), the famous phrase of Sganarelle, in Molière's "Le Médecin malgré Lui," Act ii., Sc. 7. Sganarelle, forced to play the doctor against his will, at last enters into the spirit of the thing, gives an absurd diagnosis of the patient's disease, and speaks learnedly of vapors passing from the liver on the left side to the heart on the right. "It could not, doubtless, be better reasoned," says Géroste. "There is only one thing which surprised me,—the position of the heart and liver. It seems to me that you placed them differently from where they are; that the heart is on the left side and the liver on the right." "Yes," replies Sganarelle, loftily, "it used to be that way, but *nous avons changé tout cela*, and we practise medicine now in quite a different manner." The phrase has become proverbial to ridicule any absurd and pretentious claim put forward by ignorance.

Now, An eternal. In "The Doctor," Southey asks, "One of our poets—which is it?—speaks of an *everlasting now*. If such a condition of existence were offered to us in this world, and it were put to the vote whether we should accept the offer and fix all things immutably as they are, who are they whose voices would be given in the affirmative?" The poet in question is Cowley:

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.
Davidicis, Book i.

Now I lay me down to sleep, the first line of a familiar childish prayer, whose succeeding lines run as follows:

I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Bartlett ascribes the quatrain to the "New England Primer." It may be found there, indeed, credited to one "Mr. Rogers, the martyr, whose wife and ten small children are so well known," but it is far older than the "Primer" or even than Mr. Rogers. Rev. Thomas Hastings, in the "Mothers' Nursery Songs" (1848), ascribes it to Watts; but, *a fortiori*, it is older than Watts, and, furthermore, the nearest that Watts came to it is in the following lines:

I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

In mediæval times the prayer appears to have been known as the White Paternoster, being so styled in the "Enchiridion Patæ Leonis, MCLX." Ady's "Candle in the Dark" (1655) quotes it in the following form:

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lye on,
And blessed Guardian Angel, keep
Me safe from danger while I sleep.

I lay me down to rest me
 And pray the Lord to bless me ;
 If I should sleep, no more to wake,
 I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Chaucer, in his "Night Spell," alludes to it :

Lord Jhesu Crist and Seynte Benedyht
 Blesse this hous from every wikked wight,
 Fro nyghtes verray, the white Patre nostre
 When wonestow now, Seynte Petre's soster.

A more modern variant runs as follows :

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John !
 God bless the bed that I lie on !
 Four corners to my bed,
 Four angels round me spread !
 One at the foot and one at the head,
 And two to keep
 My soul asleep !
 And should I die before I wake,
 I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take
 For my Redeemer Jesus' sake !

It is evident that Protestantism gradually rejected the saints and angels from the invocation, and remodelled the lines into the form that is now familiar to us. In the original form, or something like it, the White Paternoster occurs in the popular hymnology of every country. Thus, Quenot, "Statistique de la Charente," gives it as follows :

Dieu l'a fait, je la dit,
 J'ai trouvé quatre anges couchés à mon lit,
 Et le bon Dieu au milieu.
 De quoi puis-je avoir peur ?
 Le bon Dieu est mon père,
 La Vierge ma mère,
 Les Saints mes frères,
 Les Saintes mes sœurs.
 Le bon Dieu m'a dit,
 Lève-toi, couche-toi,
 Ne crains rien ; le feu, l'orage et la tempête
 Ne peuvent rien contre toi ;
 Saint-Jean, Saint-Marc, Saint-Luc et Saint-Matthieu,
 Qui met les âmes en repos,
 Mettez-y la mienne si Dieu le veut.

In the Loire it runs thus :

Jésus m'endort,
 Si je trépasse, mande mon corps,
 Si je trépasse, mande mon âme,
 Si je vie, mande mon esprit.

In Sardinia :

Anghelu de Deu,
 Custodia meu !
 Custa notti illuminame,
 Guarda e defenda me
 Ca eo mi incommando a Tie.

Other forms may be found in other parts of France and Italy, in Germany, and elsewhere.

Nulla dies sine linea (L., "No day without a line"). Pliny, in his "Natural History," Book xxxv., Sec. 84, refers this proverb to Apelles: "It was a custom with Apelles, to which he most tenaciously adhered, never to let any day pass, however busy he might be, without exercising himself by tracing some outline or other,—a practice which has now passed into a proverb." Erasmus, in his "Adagia," gives the proverb as "Nulla dies abeat, quin linea ducta supersit." The far superior modern version seems to have been a gradual evolution. See, also, DAY, I HAVE LOST A.

But I do lay claim to whatever merit should be accorded to me for persevering diligence in my profession. And I make the claim, not with a view to my own glory, but for the benefit of those who may read these pages, and, when young, may intend to follow the same career. *Nulla dies sine linea.* Let that be their motto. And let their work be to them as its common work to the common laborer.—ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *Autobiography*.

Nullification, Doctrine of. In the constitutional history of the United States this doctrine was that held by the ultra strict-constructionists (see LOOSE-CONSTRUCTIONIST). According to them, the Federal Union was a mere league of States, to which certain limited governmental powers had been delegated, ultimate sovereignty and all powers not expressly delegated remaining with the separate States; so that these latter might repudiate, each for itself, any general act of Congress which in its judgment exceeded the limits of the delegated powers strictly construed in favor of the States. An attempt was made in 1832 by the Legislature of South Carolina to "nullify" the United States tariff, held to be oppressive to the State and unconstitutional in that it went beyond the powers given to Congress to raise revenue by a tariff on imports, and embodied protective features in the interests of the manufacturing States and against those of the purely agricultural communities. Andrew Jackson's energetic measures, however, soon caused the repeal of the act of the South Carolina Legislature. He pronounced the act treasonable, and sent General Scott to Charleston to maintain the authority of the Federal government and aid the officials in enforcing the provisions of the act of Congress.

Numbers, Curiosities of. If it be true that figures won't lie, that they won't even equivocate, that two and two exhibit an unbending determination to make four and nothing but four, at least figures do often play strange pranks. They abound in paradoxes, and though a paradox is rightly defined as a truth that only appears to be a lie, yet the stern moralist, who hates even the appearance of evil, looks with scant favor upon a paradox. Luckily, we are not all so stern in our morality. Most of us welcome a little ingenious trifling, an amiable coquetting with the truth; we are willing that Mr. Gradgrind shall have the monopoly of hard facts; we like to find romance even in our arithmetic. And we don't have far to look.

There is the number nine. It is a most romantic number, and a most persistent, self-willed, and obstinate one. You cannot multiply it away or get rid of it anyhow. Whatever you do, it is sure to turn up again, as did the body of Eugene Aram's victim.

Mr. W. Green, who died in 1794, is said to have first called attention to the fact that all through the multiplication table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by any figure you like, and the sum of the resultant digits will invariably add up as nine. Thus, twice 9 is 18; add the digits together, and 1 and 8 make 9. Three times 9 is 27; and 2 and 7 is 9. So it goes on up to 11 times 9, which gives 99. Very good. Add the digits together, 9 and 9 is 18, and 8 and 1 is 9. Go on to any extent, and you will find it impossible to get away from the figure 9. Take an example at random. Nine times 339 is 3051; add the digits together, and they make 9. Or again, 9 times 2127 is 19,134; add the digits together, they make 18, and 8 and 1 is 9. Or still again, 9 times 5071 is 45,639; the sum of these digits is 27; and 2 and 7 is 9.

This seems startling enough. Yet there are other queer examples of the same form of persistence. It was M. de Maivan who discovered that if you take any row of figures, and, reversing their order, make a subtraction sum of obverse and reverse, the final result of adding up the digits of the answer will always be 9. As, for example:

$$\begin{array}{r} 2941 \\ \text{Reverse, } 1492 \\ \hline 1449 \end{array}$$

Now, $1 + 4 + 4 + 9 = 18$; and $1 + 8 = 9$.

The same result is obtained if you raise the numbers so changed to their squares or cubes. Start anew, for example, with 62; reversing it, you get 26. Now, $62 - 26 = 36$, and $3 + 6 = 9$. The squares of 26 and 62 are, respectively, 676 and 3844. Subtract one from the other, and you get 3168 = 18, and $1 + 8 = 9$. So with the cubes of 26 and 62, which are 17,576 and 238,328. Subtracting, the result is 220,752 = 18, and $1 + 8 = 9$.

Again, you are confronted with the same puzzling peculiarity in another form. Write down any number, as, for example, 7,549,132, subtract therefrom the sum of its digits, and, no matter what figures you start with, the digits of the products will always come to 9.

7549132, sum of digits = 31.

31

7549101, sum of digits = 27, and $2 + 7 = 9$.

Again, set the figure 9 down in multiplication, thus :

$$\begin{array}{l} 1 \times 9 = 9 \\ 2 \times 9 = 18 \\ 3 \times 9 = 27 \\ 4 \times 9 = 36 \\ 5 \times 9 = 45 \\ 6 \times 9 = 54 \\ 7 \times 9 = 63 \\ 8 \times 9 = 72 \\ 9 \times 9 = 81 \\ 10 \times 9 = 90 \end{array}$$

Now, you will see that the tens column reads down 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and the units column up 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Here is a different property of the same number. If you arrange in a row the cardinal numbers from 1 to 9, with the single omission of 8, and multiply the sum so represented by any one of the figures multiplied by 9, the result will present a succession of figures identical with that which was multiplied by 9. Thus, if you wish a series of fives, you take $5 \times 9 = 45$ for a multiplier, with this result :

$$\begin{array}{r} 12345679 \\ \quad 45 \\ \hline 61728395 \\ 49382716 \\ \hline 55555555 \end{array}$$

A very curious number is 142,857, which, multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by 7 gives all nines. Multiplied by 1 it equals 142,857; multiplied by 2, equals 285,714; multiplied by 3, equals 428,571; multiplied by 4, equals 571,428; multiplied by 5, equals 714,285; multiplied by 6, equals 857,142; multiplied by 7, equals 999,999. Multiply 142,857 by 8, and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figure to the last, and you have 142,857, the original number, the figures exactly the same as at the start.

The number 37 has this strange peculiarity : multiplied by 3, or by any multiple of 3 up to 27, it gives three figures all alike. Thus, three times 37 will

be 111. Twice three times (6 times) 37 will be 222; three times three times (9 times) 37 gives three threes; four times three times (12 times) 37, three fours; and so on.

The wonderfully procreative power of figures, or, rather, their accumulative growth, has been exemplified in that familiar story of the farmer who, undertaking to pay his farrier one grain of wheat for the first nail, two for the second, and so on, found that he had bargained to give the farrier more wheat than was grown in all England.

My beloved young friend who love to frequent the roulette-table, do you know that if you began with a dime, and were allowed to leave all your winnings on the table, five consecutive lucky guesses would give you a million and a half of dollars, or, to be exact, \$1,450,625.52?

Yet that would be the result of winning thirty-five for one five times hand-running.

Here is another example. Take the number 15, let us say. Multiply that by itself, and you get 225. Now multiply 225 by itself, and so on until fifteen products have been multiplied by themselves in turn.

You don't think that is a difficult problem? Well, you may be a clever mathematician, but it would take you about a quarter of a century to work out this simple little sum.

The final product called for contains 38,589 figures, the first of which are 1442. Allowing three figures to an inch, the answer would be over 1070 feet long. To perform the operation would require about 500,000,000 figures. If they can be made at the rate of one a minute, a person working ten hours a day for three hundred days in each year would be twenty-eight years about it. If, in multiplying, he should make a row of ciphers, as he does in other figures, the number of figures would be more than 523,939,228. This would be the precise number of figures used if the product of the left-hand figure in each multiplicand by each figure of the multiplier was always a single figure, but, as it is most frequently, though not always, two figures, the method employed to obtain the foregoing result cannot be accurately applied. Assuming that the cipher is used on an average once in ten times, 475,000,000,000 approximates the actual number.

There is a clever Persian story about a wealthy Oriental who, dying, left seventeen camels to be divided as follows: his eldest son to have half, his second son a third, and his youngest a ninth. But how divide camels into fractions? The three sons, in despair, consulted Mohammed Ali.

"Nothing easier," said the wise man. "I'll lend you another camel to make eighteen, and now divide them yourselves."

The consequence was, each brother got from one-eighth of a camel to one-half more than he was entitled to, and Ali received his camel back again,—the eldest brother getting nine camels, the second six, and the third two.

There are many mathematical queries afloat whose object is to puzzle the wits of the unwary listener or to beguile him into giving an absurd reply. Some of these are very ancient, many are excellent. Who, for example, has not at some period of his existence been asked, "If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?" And who has not been tempted to reply on the instant, fifteen pounds? The correct answer is, of course, twenty pounds. Indeed, it is astonishing what a very simple query will sometimes catch a wise man napping. Even the following has been known to succeed:

"How many days would it take to cut up a piece of cloth fifty yards long, one yard being cut off every day?"

Or again:

"A snail climbing up a post twenty feet high ascends five feet every day,

and slips down four feet every night : how long will the snail take to reach the top of the post ?”

Or again :

“A wise man having a window one yard high and one yard wide, and requiring more light, enlarged his window to twice its former size ; yet the window was still only one yard high and one yard wide. How was this done ?”

This is a catch question in geometry, as the preceding were catch-questions in arithmetic,—the window being diamond-shaped at first, and afterwards made square. As to the two former, perhaps it is scarcely necessary seriously to point out that the answer to the first is not fifty days, but forty-nine ; and to the second, not twenty days, but sixteen,—since the snail, who gains one foot each day for fifteen days, climbs on the sixteenth day to the top of the pole, and there remains.

Numbers have a legendary and mystic signification. It is not only the mathematician that has been fascinated by them. The poet, the philosopher, the priest, have pondered over their changeless relations to each other, have seen in mathematical truth the one thing absolutely fixed and sure, and have come to look upon numbers and their symbols as in some sort a revelation from on high, things to be dealt with reverently and awesomely. And so almost every number has been given an esoteric meaning.

The number one, as being indivisible, and as entering into all other numbers, was always a sacred number. The Egyptians made it the symbol of life, of mind, of the creative spirit.

Three, in the Pythagorean system, was the perfect number, expressive of beginning, middle, and end. From time immemorial greater prominence has been given to it than to any other number, save perhaps seven. And as the symbol of the Trinity its influence has waxed more potent in more recent times. It appears over and over again in the Old Testament and the New.

When the world was created we find land, water, and sky, sun, moon, and stars. Noah had three sons ; Jonah was three days in the whale's belly ; Christ three days in the tomb. There were three patriarchs,—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Job had three friends. Samuel was called three times. Samson deceived Delilah three times. Three times Saul essayed to kill David with a javelin. Jonathan shot three arrows on David's behalf. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were rescued from the fiery furnace. The Commandments were delivered on the third day. St. Paul speaks of Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three. Three wise men came to worship Christ with presents three. Christ spoke three times to Satan when tempted. He prayed three times before his betrayal. Peter denied him three times. Christ suffered three hours' agony on the cross. The superscription was in three languages, and three men were crucified. The third day Christ arose again, and appeared three times to his disciples. And so on, and so on. It were tedious to continue the enumeration.

In classic mythology the Graces and the Furies were three, the Muses were originally three, and Cerberus's three heads, Neptune's trident, the tripod of Delphi, are a few more instances of the sacred character of the number.

Who does not remember the three bears of nursery lore, the three feline infants who lost their mittens, the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl, or the three fniking Frenchmen frying frogs, and recall the delight he felt in the story of the farmer's wife who vowed vengeance on the three hapless mice, or of Old King Cole with his “fiddlers three” ? Then, when fairy-tales began to charm, who does not recollect learning that the elfish creatures carried bows made of the ribs of a man buried where three

lairds' lands meet? Those who followed Gulliver in his travels will call to mind that in the kingdom of Lilliput the three great prizes of honor were fine silk threads, six inches long, in colors blue, red, and green; but perhaps every reader had not the opportunity of being fascinated by the German story which relates how a miller's daughter, wedded to a king, was ordered by him to spin straw into gold, and had it done for her by the dwarf Rumpelstilzchen, on condition that she gave him her first-born. She cried so bitterly that he promised to relent if she guessed his name in three days. Two days were spent in vain guesses, but the third the queen's servants heard a strange voice, singing "Little dreams my dainty dame Rumpelstilzchen is my name." The queen saved her child, and the dwarf killed himself with rage.

France, Belgium, Holland, and Italy all fly three national colors. The Turkish vizier has his standard ornamented with three horse-tails. The Prince of Wales's crest consists of three feathers. Indeed, the annals of heraldry revel in designs of a triplicate character, the three British lions being conspicuous. The original armorial ensign of the Isle of Man was a ship in full sail; but after the battle of Ronaldsway Alexander III. substituted the present curious device, having probably taken it from the emblem of Sicily,—the ancient Trinacria found upon Greek vases. In 1363, Charles VI., it appears, reduced the Fleurs-de-Lis to three in number, from the mystic superstition of the Church. Every one familiar with University life knows what it is to drink copus, bishop, and cardinal. Ecclesiastical history is replete with such triads, as, for example, the Bell, Book, and Candle; the Triduum, or three days' prayer; the Pope's three crowns; and "The Mystery of the Three Dons," a religious play which lasted three days.

Nay, do not life itself and nature proclaim the same truth? Have we not morning, noon, and night; fish, flesh, and fowl; water, ice, and snow; hell, earth, and heaven? The very lightning from heaven is three-forked. Life is divided into youth, manhood, and old age. The *os sacrum*, supposed to resist the action of water, fire, mill, or anvil, is triangular in shape. Man himself is said to be threefold,—body, soul, and spirit, or, as Laertes has it, a mortal part, a divine and ethereal part, and an aerial and vaporous part. According to the Romans, man has a threefold soul,—the *anima*, or spirit, the *umbra*, and the *manes*; and, as was also the opinion of the Greeks, three *Parcæ*, or Fates, arbitrarily controlled his birth, life, and death. Oculists affirm that our early progenitors were giants possessed of three eyes, the third eye being in the back of the head.

No wonder the witches in "Macbeth" ask, "When shall we three meet again?"

Four, as the first square, was highly revered by the Pythagoreans. They swore by it, but ten was the more holy as the symbol of the absolute. One plus two plus three plus four make ten, and four contains the smaller numbers. Therefore, since its contents made ten, it was sacred. Besides, four represented the four elements, the four cardinal points; it stood for equilibrium and for the earth.

Five was considered the number of dominion by knowledge. The pentagram, or Solomon's seal, was its symbol, and the Gnostic schools adopted it as their crest. It was much employed in incantations, and often was used as the symbol of man, who has five senses, five members,—head and four limbs,—five fingers, etc.

Six is a perfect number; its symbol is two triangles base to base; it represents equilibrium and peace.

Seven, which is composed of four, a good number, and three, a good number, has always been regarded as sacred and mystic; indeed, it rivals in popularity the number three.

Take the Bible, for example: there are seven days of creation; after seven days' respite the flood came; the years of famine and of plenty were in cycles of seven; every seventh day was a Sabbath, every seventh year the Sabbath of rest; after every seven times seven years came the jubilee; the feast of unleavened bread and the feast of tabernacles were observed seven days; the golden candlestick had seven branches; seven priests with seven trumpets encompassed Jericho once a day, and seven times on the seventh day; Jacob obtained his wives by servitudes of seven years; Samson kept his nuptials seven days, and on the seventh day he put a riddle to his wife, and he was bound with seven green withes, and seven locks of his hair were shaved off; Nebuchadnezzar was seven years a beast; Shadrach and his two companions in misfortune were cast into a furnace heated seven times more than it was wont. In the New Testament nearly everything occurs by sevens, and at the end of the sacred volume we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven spirits, seven trumpets, seven seals, seven stars, seven thunders, seven vials, seven plagues, seven angels, and a seven-headed monster.

The Jews considered this number the embodiment of perfection and unity. Thus, they asserted that the Hebrew letters composing the name of Samuel have the value of seven,—a recognition of the greatness and perfection of his character.

Turn now to other nations than the Jews and to other religions than the Christian. The number seven still retains its mystic character.

Pythagoras pronounced the number to belong especially to sacred things. Hippocrates divided the ages of man into seven, an arrangement afterwards adopted by Shakespeare. Long before them, however, the Egyptian priests had enjoined rest on the seventh day, because it was an unlucky day; and still farther back in the mists of antiquity we find the institution of a Sabbath, or day of rest every seven days, existing in a rudimentary form among the Chaldeans. The Egyptians knew of seven planets, hence the seven days of the week, each ruled and named after its proper constellation. It is singular that the ancient Peruvians likewise had a seven-day week, though without planetary patronage or planetary names. They also had a tradition of a great deluge, wherefrom seven people saved themselves in a cave and repopulated the earth. A similar tradition existed in Mexico, but there the seven survivors were each hidden in a separate cave until the subsidence of the waters.

Mediæval legend, too, continues this mystic tribute to the number seven. The delightful old slumberers carry on the idea. The great originals, the sleepers of Ephesus, are seven in number. Barbarossa, in his magic sleep in the Kyffhäuserberg, shifts his position every seven years; Olger Danske stamps his iron mace on the floor once during the same period; Olger Redbeard, in Sweden, lifts his eyelids only once in seven years. Tanhäuser and Thomas of Ercildoune each spend seven years of magic enthrallment under the earth.

The Pythagorean philosophers called eight the number of justice, because it divided evenly, they said, into four and four, and four divides evenly into two and two, which again divides into one and one. Also, as the first cube, it represented the corner-stone and capacity, hence plenty.

Nine, representing three triangles, means the equilibrium of the three worlds, and is therefore of good omen; besides, as three is a good number, three multiplied by three is also favorable. The Chinese have a great reverence for this number. They prostrate themselves nine times before their emperor. Some African tribes have the same form of salutation for their chiefs.

Ten was considered a perfect number even before the invention of the deci-

mal system. The fact that we have ten fingers and ten toes gave it its mathematical importance, inasmuch as it was by means of fingers and toes that our rude forefathers first learned to reckon.

St. Augustine held the number eleven to be an evil number, a transgression of ten, which is the number of the law. That thirteen is unlucky is no modern superstition.

Sixteen, the square of the just square, is lucky; eighteen is unlucky, but is used in incantations over drugs; nineteen is considered—why is hard to guess—the number of the sun, hence of gold; twenty-eight implies the favor of the moon, which is an uncertain favor; fifty is a lucky number to the Kabbalists, so is sixty.

It will be seen that the most sacred and beneficent numbers are the odd ones. Hence may arise the modern superstition among gamblers that there is luck in odd numbers. But among the ancient heathens also even numbers were shunned, because each can be divided into two, a number that Pythagoras and others denounced as the symbol of death and dissolution and evil augury generally.

The antique worship of mystic numbers still shows its after-effect in various popular superstitions. For instance, the seventh son of a seventh son (called in France a *marcou*) is reputed to possess singular powers of healing, and even intelligent people still hold to the fallacy that young animals born blind will open their eyes on the ninth day. The truth is that the blindness-period of puppies varies from ten to sixteen days, and that of kittens from six to twelve. The frequent assertion that "colds" will run their natural course in nine days is equally erroneous. A slight catarrh, characterized by all its unmistakable symptoms, may come and depart in three times twenty-four hours, while chronic "colds" are often as persistent as their cause, and may worry a whole family from Christmas to the season of open windows. Country experts in the phenomena of rabies are apt to assure the victim of a snapping cur that the bite of a mad dog will show its effect on the seventh day, after which time (sometimes extended to the ninth day) the dread of evil consequences may be dismissed; but the truth is that the virus of hydrophobia may remain latent for more than five years.

The old idea that man changes his body entirely every seven years is part of the same general fallacy. Mediæval physiologists were fond of noting that seven months is the least time in which a child may be born and live, that the teeth spring out in the seventh month and are renewed in the seventh year, that he becomes a youth at twice seven, at four times seven is in full possession of his strength, at five times seven is fitted for the business of the world, at six times seven becomes grave and wise, or never, at seven times seven is at his apogee, at eight times seven in his first climacteric, and at nine times seven in his grand climacteric.

Nutmeg State, a *sobriquet* for Connecticut. The Connecticut variety of Yankee has always enjoyed a singular reputation for what is known as "smartness" in business, extending even to such sharpers' tricks as substituting wooden hams (this, of course, jocosely only), and, more seriously, to the alleged manufacture of nutmegs of cedar fashioned in imitation of the real article.

The Empire State is your New York,—
I grant it hard to mate her;
Yet still give me the Nutmeg State:
Where shall we find a greater?

Yankee Ballads.

O.

O, the fifteenth letter and fourth vowel of the English, as of the Latin, alphabet. In Greek, however, and in the parent Phœnician it was separated from N by a character which in the former had the value of *ks* (ξ) and in the latter was a sibilant. It has no traceable Egyptian prototype. While in form it is identical with the *ain* of the Phœnicians and Hebrews, that peculiar guttural sound, to us well-nigh unpronounceable, was arbitrarily changed by the Greeks to the present vowel sound. Hence the otherwise plausible theory that O represents and is imitated from the rounded position of the lips in its utterance is untenable. It is more likely it represents an eyeball, the word *ain* meaning "eye." The ancient Greeks doubled the O when they wished to give it the long sound, but eventually this double O developed into a new character, ω, omega, or big O, and the single O became known as omicron, or little O.

In logic the sign O is used as the symbol of the particular negative proposition. (See A.)

Anciently the letter was used as a synonyme for anything circular or approximately so, as representing the shape of the letter.

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

SHAKESPEARE: *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

May we cram
Within this wooden O [the theatre] the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?

Henry V., Prologue.

O. K., a popular American abbreviation, meaning "all right," used not only in current talk but in serious business, as in the marking of documents, etc. Quite a cycle of legendary explanations have gathered around the term. It is plausibly held that in early colonial days the best rum and tobacco were imported from Aux Cayes, in San Domingo. Hence the best of anything came to be known locally as Aux Cayes, or O. K. The term did not, however, pass into general use until the Presidential campaign of 1828, when the supposed illiteracy of Andrew Jackson, the Democratic candidate, was the stock in trade of his Whig opponents. Seba Smith, the humorist, writing under the name of "Major Jack Downing," started the story that Jackson endorsed his papers O. K., under the impression that they formed the initials of "Oll Korreck." It is not at all impossible that the general did use this endorsement, and that it was used by other people also. But Mr. Parton has discovered in the records of the Nashville court of which Jackson was a judge before he became President, numerous documents endorsed O. R., meaning Order Recorded. He urges, therefore, that it was a record of that court with some belated business which Major Downing saw on the desk of the Presidential candidate. However this may be, the Democrats, in lieu of denying the charge, adopted the letters O. K. as a sort of party cry, and fastened them on their banners.

Oaths and Curses. The good John Keble, a poet himself as well as a Christian, in an article that appeared in the *British Critic* somewhere about the forties, after characterizing swearing as a hateful custom, nevertheless admits that it clearly indicates "a mind overcome with some violent but restrained feeling, and seeking a vent for it anyhow, and so far the very condition of poetical composition." Another poet and moralist goes still further. Coleridge, in his "Apologetic Preface" to a certain poem against Pitt, con-

siders "a rapid flow of *outré* and wildly combined execrations" as "escape-valves to carry off the excess of the passions as so much superfluous steam," and goes on to speak of such violent words as "mere bubbles, flashes, and electrical apparitions from the magic caldron of a fervid and ebullient fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language." The inference is plain. Poets must be expected to swear. The great poetic heart must find occasional relief in blasphemy. It is one of the privileges of the *genus irritabile*. Possibly the same rule will hold good with all highly-organized and sensitive natures. Shakespeare, at least, seems to have thought so. He puts into the mouth of the fiery and poetical Hotspur the counsel to his wife not only to swear, but to swear boldly, with a high-born and feminine roundness and fulness of volume :

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath.

Cloten, in "Cymbeline," lays down an even broader proposition : "When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?" And Cloten was a queen's son. Nevertheless he was not quite a gentleman. In the romantic and picturesque past, kings, nobles, and men of parts ransacked the language for strange oaths. To swear by some portion of the Deity or of a saint was especially fashionable and æsthetic. Our English ancestors blasphemed indifferently in French and in English : they said *morbleu* (which is *morte de Dieu*), *tudieu* (*tête de Dieu*), *corbleu* (*corps de Dieu*), *ventre-bleu* (*ventre de Dieu*), *sam-bleu* (*sang de Dieu*), or else "Zounds," "'Slid," "Sblood," and "'Sdeath" ("God's wounds," "God's lid," "God's blood," and "God's death"). The Plantagenet kings were known by their refined and characteristic oaths. The favorite blasphemies of royalty are on record, the Red King being, as his temperament and complexion would have led us to expect, very full and ingenious and original in the matter of cursing. One of his least objectionable oaths was by "St. Luke's face." His royal father, the Conqueror, usually swore by "the splendor of God." John's oath was by "God's tooth," Henry II.'s by "God's eyes." Elizabeth swore with a vigor and masculinity that make her favorite expletives unquotable. Shakespeare is usually careful to follow history in this regard. He makes Richard III. swear by St. Paul, which was his favorite oath according to tradition, though once the dramatist trips up in substituting "by my George,"—*i.e.*, the figure of St. George on the badge of Knights of the Garter, which was not used until the reign of Henry VII. Lord Herbert of Cherbury in his own quaint manner tells us that his defence of James I.'s habit of cursing "was much celebrated in the French court." The Prince de Condé complaining on a visit to Lord Herbert that the king was much given to cursing, "I answered that it was out of his gentleness ; but the Prince demanding how cursing could be gentleness, I replied yes ; for tho' he could punish men himself, yet he left them to God to punish."

But indeed the French kings were not far behind the English. Like the English, too, they were choice in their oaths : each had his own. We all remember how in "Quentin Durward" Louis XI. iterates "Pasques Dieu !" even to weariness. The feats of that monarch and his successors are thus recorded in a popular poem called the "Epitheton des quatre Rois," probably written in the time of Francis I. :

Quand le Pasque Dieu décéda, (Louis XI.)
Le Bon Jour Dieu lui succéda. (Charles VIII.)
Au Bon Jour Dieu defunct et mort
Succéda le Dyable m'emporte. (Louis XII.)
Luy décéda, nous voyons comme
Nous duist la Foi de Gentil Homme. (François I.)

Henry IV introduced the curious oath "Jarnicoton" into polite conversation. He had been in the habit of saying "Je renie Dieu" ("I deny God"), but his confessor, Father Coton, a Jesuit, expostulated with the royal penitent, and begged him rather to use the words "Je renie Coton:" hence arose the new expression. It may have been on some such principle that he manufactured his still more famous oath *Ventre St.-Gris*. Certainly *St.-Gris* is mentioned in no Church calendar. He may have been an imaginary saint, invented as the patron of drunkards, as *St.-Lâche* was invented for the lazy, and *St.-Nitouche* for hypocrites.

Shakespeare has recorded a large number of curious oaths which were doubtless common among all orders of society in his time. Hamlet swears by "St. Patrick," by "Our Lady," and by "the rood;" Polonius and many others, by "the mass;" Mrs. Page, by "the dickens" (devilkins, or little devil); Parson Evans, by "God's lords and his ladies," "'od's [God's] plessed will," and "the tevil and his tam;" Corporal Nym, by "welkin and his star;" Shallow and Page, by "cock and pie,"—possibly a reference to the cock and magpie, a common ale-house sign, but more probably God and Pye,—*i.e.*, a prayer-book. Scattered among the plays continually reappear such expressions as "'od's lifelings" (God's dear life), "by my halidom" ("holy dame," or possibly "holy dom" = salvation, or state of being holy), "bodikins" ("little body"), "Marry" (a supposed corruption of Mary), "by my fay" (faith), "'Slid" ("God's lid"), "'odsmé" ("God smite me"), not to mention "'Fore God," "God a mercy," "Mercy on me," "Faith," "Upon my soul," "by Gys," and a host of similar interjections. No wonder that James Howell in one of his "Epistolæ Ho-Eliañæ," dated August 1, 1628, writes, "This infandous custom of swearing, I observe, reigns in England lately more than anywhere else; though a German, in highest puff of passion, swears by a hundred thousand sacraments, the Frenchman by the Death of God, the Spaniard by His Flesh, the Irishman by His Five Wounds, though the Scot commonly bids the Devil hale his Soul, yet for variety of oaths the English roarers put down all. Consider well what a dangerous thing it is to tear in pieces that Dreadful Name, which makes the vast fabric of the world to tremble."

But on the authority of Sir John Harrington, half a century previous, we learn that the great national oath which has overshadowed all others was already beginning to assert its sway:

In olden times an ancient custom was
To swear in mighty matters by the *mass*;
But when the mass went down, as old men note,
They swore then by the *cross* of this same groat;
And when the cross was likewise held in scorn,
Then by their *faith* the common oath was sworn;
Last, having sworn away all faith and truth,
Only *God damn them* is the common oath:
Thus custom kept decorum by gradation,
That, losing *mass*, *cross*, *faith*, they find *damnation*.

The last-named oath has been looked upon as the shibboleth of the English for nearly five centuries. At the trial of Joan of Arc (anno 1429) one of the witnesses, Colette, being asked who "Godon" was, replied that it was a nickname given to the English from their favorite exclamation (SHARON TURNER: *History of the Middle Ages*, 8vo ed., vol. ii. p. 555). And the maid herself, while chained in her prison-cell, proudly said to the Earls of Warwick and Stafford, "You think when you have slain me you will conquer France, but that you will never do. Though there were a hundred thousand *God-dammes* more in France than there are, they will never conquer that kingdom." The name by which the English were known to Joan of Arc has followed their morning drum-beat around the world, so that in every savage and

civilized clime their favorite imprecation has become the national *sobriquet*. In 1770 Lord Hales tells us that in Holland little children saluted the English with the words "There come the Goddams." Captain Hall more recently informed us that when a Sandwich-Islander wished to propitiate a British crew he wooed them with congratulatory phrases from their own tongue: "Very glad see you! Dash your eyes! Me like English very much. Devilish hot, sir! Goddam." Nor must we forget the disastrous attempt of the British to colonize the Isthmus of Darien. The expedition carried a goodly company of clergymen to convert the heathen natives, for it was intended that Christianity should consecrate commerce. But the colony proved a commercial and theological failure, and the colonists left behind them no mark that baptized and godly men had set foot on Darien save the great national oath, which from its frequent reiteration had caught the ear and been retained in the memory of the native population.

Beaumarchais, in the "Mariage de Figaro," laughingly extols the beauty and compactness of the English language: "You only need one expression, Goddam; that will carry you through." He acknowledges that there are other words used occasionally by the English in conversation, but the substance and depth of the language are in that magical oath. Lord Byron corroborates Beaumarchais:

Juan, who did not understand a word
Of English, save their shibboleth "God damn!"
And even that he had so rarely heard,
He sometimes thought 'twas only their "salam,"
Or "God be with you!" and 'tis not absurd
To think so, for, half English as I am
(To my misfortune), never can I say
I heard them wish "God with you," save that way.
Don Juan, Canto xi., Stanza 12.

Yet, in spite of this world testimony to the peculiarly national character of this oath, Mr. Julian Sharman would rob the British of the glory of originality. He would have us believe that the expression is corrupted from the *dame-Dieu* (*dame de Dieu*, "lady" or "Mother of God") which the soldiers of Henry V heard continually on the lips of the French soldiery, but that, as the word *Dieu* was a phonetic poser, they were "forced to Anglicize it to fit it to the remainder of the oath." This is a good specimen of perverse ingenuity. It is absurdly unlikely that English soldiers carefully put the cart before the horse and exchanged their native tongue for a foreign one in those very moments of anger or excitement when language is apt to be most racy and natural. Besides, they already had the oath "Mother of God;" why exchange it for the feeble God-dame or God-mother?

A more odious formula of strong language, the adjective "bloody," is also traced by Mr. Sharman to a foreign source, to the Holland *bloedig* (German *blutig*), which Ben Jonson and his fellows brought back with them from their "Low-Country soldiering" in Holland. Unfortunately for this theory, neither Ben Jonson nor any of his contemporaries uses the word as an expletive. It was not till the days of Dryden and Swift that it appeared in literature or on the stage. Swift uses it with a beautiful impartiality: in one place, "It grows bloody cold, and I have no waistcoat," and in another, having walked from London to Chelsea in his gown, "It was bloody hot." The word, in fact, was a "swagger" one in those days before it penetrated to the lowest strata of society and ousted from the streets almost every other adjective. A well-known story tells of a bargee running with the boats at Oxford and shouting, "Hooray! hooray! hoo-bloody-ray!" Max O'Rell, in "John Bull and his Island," quotes an English workman as saying, "I told my bloody master that he only gave me a bloody sovereign every bloody

week, and that I wanted five bloody shillings more. He said he had not the bloody time to listen to my bloody complaints." He is rather inclined to favor the etymology which makes it a corruption of the *by'r lady* of Shakespeare's day. But Murray sees in it a reference to the habits of the "bloods" or swells of the eighteenth century. Bloody drunk—as drunk as a blood—was probably its first appearance. Gradually its apparent association with bloodshed and murder recommended its use to the rougher class as an adjective that appealed to their imagination.

During the time of the Commonwealth some effort was made to suppress profane swearing. But the Restoration brought back an unbridled license of tongue. Macaulay tells us that, in order to spite the Puritans, "the new breed of wits and fine gentlemen never opened their mouths without uttering ribaldry of which a porter would now be ashamed, and without calling on their Maker to curse them, sink them, confound them, blast them, and damn them." Nor was the habit checked or impeded by the "glorious Revolution of 1688." The plays and novels and the gossip of the period prove that profanity was quite an ordinary exercise of the English lungs. It did not much matter whether those lungs were placed in a male or a female breast. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, calling on an eminent judge and finding him absent, departed in a flurry of vituperative indignation without leaving her name. The servant could only report to the judge on his return that the visitor had not mentioned her name, but that "she swore like a lady of quality." The armies which swore so "terribly in Flanders," according to Uncle Toby's report, were English troops engaged in the siege of Namur in 1693. Congreve's "Old Bachelor," produced in that very year, fairly bristles with oaths. Not only has it all the common blasphemies, but a number of new refinements. Thus, "zounds" becomes "oons," "God's blood" becomes "ads-blud," and the Shakespearian "'Slid," "adslidikins." Then we have "O Lord," "By the Lord Harry," "Gad," "Egad," "Gadsobs," "Gadszooks" or "Odszooks" ("God's looks"), and the puerile "Gad's daggers, beets, blades, and scabbards." "By the Mass" becomes "By the Mess," or simply "Mess." In this, as in the various substitutions of Gad for God, we see the mincing pronunciation affected by the dandies and loungers of the period, who turned *o* into *a* and *a* into *e*.

In Sheridan's "Trip to Scarborough" (first acted in 1777) we have Lord Foppington rapping out a number of new oaths. "Death and eternal tortures, sir," he cries to his tailor, "I say the coat is too wide here by a foot! . . . As Gad shall jedge me, it hangs on my shoulders like a chairman's sur-tout!" "Stap my vitals," however, is his favorite adjuration. Bob Acres' "genteel style" of oaths is, of course, a mere burlesque. Its specialty is that it adapts itself to the subject in hand: "Ods whips and wheels, I've travelled like a comet!" "Odds blushes and blooms, she has been as healthy as the German Spa!" "Odds minims and crotchets, how she did chirrup at Mrs. Piano's concert!"

But we do not need the evidence of fiction and the drama to prove that until quite recent times hard swearing was a sign of good breeding. Lord Chancellor Thurlow swore from the wool-sack. When a certain bishop, claiming the right of presentation to an ancient benefice, sent his secretary to argue the point, Thurlow cut the latter short. "Give my compliments to his lordship," he said, "and tell him I will see him damned before he presents." "That," remonstrated the secretary, "is a very unpleasant message to deliver to a bishop." "You are right," said Thurlow; "it is. Tell him I'll see myself damned before he presents." Almost as pointed was the rejoinder of King William's attorney-general to the American clergyman who had crossed the Atlantic to solicit alms for a pious foundation in Virginia. "Sir," urged

the petitioner, "the people in Virginia have souls to be saved as well as their brethren in England." "Souls!" cried the attorney-general. "Damn your souls! Make tobacco!"

At present swearing as a fine art has gone out of fashion in Anglo-Saxon countries. Men practise profanity among themselves, but not in general society. And even in exclusively male society it is tabooed by the better classes. To be sure, many of our common adjurations which are not usually classed as profanity are corruptions of the mouth-filling oaths of the past. "Egad" and "zounds" are still heard among English gentlemen, who probably have no thought of their etymological meaning. The mother who, when scolding her child, says "plague you" or "drat you" does not know or care to know that those expressions are elliptical for "God plague you" and "God rot you." "Lord," "O Lordy," and "Good Lord" are undoubted adjurations of the Almighty. "Darn" is a mere vulgarization of "damn," as "Gosh" and "Golly" are of "God." "Confound you" is but a truncated form of "May God confound you," as the servantgalism "My!" or "Oh, my!" is a truncated form of invocation of the Deity. "Jingo" is the Basque name for the Deity. "Dickens" is a contraction for "devilkins." "Deuce" is a corruption of the Latin "Deus" (God). The Irish "be jabers" is a mere softening of "be Jasus" or "Jesus," and the harmless words "Jove" and "Gemini" (or "Jimminy") have only grown into favor through their faint yet sufficient resemblance in sound to the same sacred name. Nay, the commonest of all expressions, the familiar household phrase "Dear me!" is in all probability a corruption of the Italian "Dio mio!" ("My God!") an exclamation which is still used by Italian men, women, and children of all ranks in society with quite a little intention of profanity as English and Americans put into their "Dear me!"

To an Anglo-Saxon, indeed, the frequent appeal to God's name in the countries of Continental Europe is astonishing at least, if not shocking. The young American girl who, shortly after her arrival in Germany, went down into the kitchen and asked the cook if she had put on the potatoes, retreated with horror when the cook laughingly replied, "O thou great God, of course I have, miss." In Germany they probably ring more changes upon the name of the Divinity than in any other country. It is either "O Gott!" ("O God!") "Mein Gott!" ("My God!") "Herr Gott!" ("Lord God!") "Grosser Gott!" ("Great God!") "Du lieber Gott!" ("Thou dear God!") "Allmächt'ger Gott!" ("Almighty God!"), or "Gott" without any qualifying adjective. In France "Dieu," "Mon Dieu," "Bon Dieu," "Grand Dieu," are used with the same frequency as, and have about the force of, our "goodness gracious." A trifle more intensity is thrown into the French phrase "Sacré nom de Dieu" ("Sacred name of God"), especially when the stress of the voice is placed upon the syllable *cré* with a gradual *decrescendo* to the end.

An ingenious and kindly French curate, deploring the excessive use of theological terminology in social life, yet recognizing the needs of suffering or excited humanity, recently proposed a scheme of reformation. It is not original, but is evidently based upon the illustrious precedent set by Coton in his "jarnicoton." Why not choose a number of sonorous and mouth-filling words from general literature or history? As the Latin races want a good deal of rolling *r*'s in their sonority, he suggests Sardanapalus, Caractacus, or Crépuscule. "Repeat these or other words till they come to you naturally," says the good Abbé Icart, "and you will never think of reverting to old-fashioned blasphemies." The new method needs a good deal of practice. Like Demosthenes, its votaries should first seek some secluded shore of the sea, and hurl the words "Crrrépuscule!" "Sarrddanapale!" or "Mille noms d'un rrrat!" at the incoming waves. When they deem themselves perfect, they may venture back into general society.

Unhappily, many people feel that an oath quite devoid of supernatural sanction is like a temperance substitute for alcoholic drinks. Total abstinence seems to be the only true alternative, and really it is not a bit more difficult than the good abbé's scheme.

Oats, To feel one's, in American slang, to be lively, frisky, bumptious, or quarrelsome; a metaphor evidently derived from the stable. When a horse is well fed and in good condition he feels his oats.

Observation with extensive view. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes" opens with the well-known lines,—

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru.

De Quincey, in his essay on "Rhetoric," recalls "a little biographic sketch of Dr. Johnson, published immediately after his death," wherein the author quotes these lines as an instance of desperate tautology, "and contends with some reason that this is saying in effect, 'Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind extensively.'" Nor have the lines even the saving grace of originality. The phrase "from China to Peru" appears to be a suggestion from a contemporary:

The wonders of each region view,
From frozen Lapland to Peru.
SOAME JENYNS: *Epistle to Lord Lovelace* (1735).

Steele, in his prologue to Ambrose Philips's "Distressed Mother," has,—

'Tis nothing, when a fancied scene's in view,
To skip from Covent Garden to Peru,

and Thomas Warton, in his "Universal Love of Pleasure,"—

All human race, from China to Peru,
Pleasure, howe'er disguised by art, pursue.

Occam's razor, the maxim of William of Occam, who was noted for the hair-splitting logic with which he dissected every question. In the controversy between Nominalism and Realism, which, loosely speaking, was a dispute whether the names of things were merely symbols or whether they implied a separate existence in themselves, the rule was laid down by the Nominalists that "Entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem,"—i.e., Entities are not to be multiplied beyond what is necessary. The axiom became known as Occam's razor; but it is stated that Occam never made use of the formula which thus bears his name.

Ocean. Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll! Perhaps the most popular and best-remembered passage in all Byron is that invocation to the ocean with which he concludes the fourth and last canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Christopher North, in a long and labored critique, sought vainly to turn it into ridicule. Matthew Arnold and other later critics have vainly expressed a mild and gentlemanly contempt for it. The public still retains it in its heart. The opening stanza (clxxix.) runs as follows:

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unkenn'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The general thought of the stanza has some affiliation with George Chapman:

His deeds inimitable, like the sea
That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no tracts
Nor prints of precedent for poor men's facts.
Bussy D'Ambois, Act i., Sc. 1.

The last line may be a reminiscence of Scott,—

Shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung,
Lay of the Last Minstrel;

which in its turn is borrowed from the line in Pope's "Iliad :"

Unwept, unhonored, uninterred he lies.
Book xxii., l. 484.

Stanza clxxx. concludes with an ugly lapse in grammar :

And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

It has been conjectured that Byron wrote *stay* in lieu of *lay*, which would be a gain in correctness at the expense of force.

In stanza clxxxii. there is a famous disputed passage :

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee :
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

The expression about the waters and the tyrants wasting the shores is awkward, at least, if not absurd. Byron, who had not read the proofs, confessed in the presence of print that he hardly knew what it meant. A change of punctuation has been suggested,—

And many a tyrant since their shores obey—
The stranger, slave, or savage—their decay, etc.

But a neater conjecture is that Byron meant to write "washed them power while they were free," and omitted the word "power." Thereupon "washed" was read "wasted," for the sake both of the sense and of the metre.

It is not impossible that the stanza may be a reminiscence of Johnson's observation to General Paoli, as chronicled by Boswell : "The grand object of all travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On these shores were the four great empires of the world,—the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean." The general thereupon remarked that "The Mediterranean would be a noble subject for a poem."

But if Byron imitated, he has in turn been imitated. Lord Macaulay was the first to point out a very stupid bit of plagiarism by Robert Montgomery. "We never fell in," says Macaulay, "with any blunderer who so little understood how to turn his booty to good account as Mr. Montgomery. Lord Byron, in a passage which everybody knows by heart, has said, addressing the sea,—

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow.

Mr. Robert Montgomery very coolly appropriates the image and reproduces the stolen goods in the following form :

And thou, vast Ocean, on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.

So may such ill-got goods ever prosper !"

Stanza clxxxiv., the last stanza of the invocation, runs as follows :

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

Pollok, in his "Course of Time," has evidently—indeed, avowedly—borrowed the last figure :

He laid his hand upon " the ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
Book iv., l. 389.

Odds and Ends, small miscellaneous articles, scraps, leavings. An effort has been made to prove that *odds* is a corruption of *orts*,—i.e., fragments,—a word frequent in Elizabethan literature,

Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
SHAKESPEARE : *Lucrece*, l. 985 ;

Hang thee, thou parasite, thou son of crumbs
And orts !

BEN JONSON : *New Inn*, Act v., Sc. 1,

and still locally surviving both in England and in America. W W Skeat, in his "Chaucer," p. 185, thinks the phrase was originally "ord and ende,"—i.e., beginning and end. Either suggestion is plausible. Yet there seems no reason to be dissatisfied with the face value of the words, whose meaning is sufficiently intelligible.

Ohio Idea. During the Greenback agitation for an unredeemable paper currency, public opinion in the State of Ohio was permeated by the heresy. Many of her statesmen held what were believed to be unsound views on the money question, wherefore the fiscal policy advocated by them was sometimes called the Ohio Idea, although it should not be understood that its spread was confined to this State. Long before, in the transatlantic mind, at least, Ohio had been associated with financial irresponsibility, as in the once-famous stanza,—

Of all the States 'tis hard to say
Which makes the proudest show, sirs ;
But Yankee Doodle likes the best
The State of " Oh ! I owe," sirs !

The squib of which this is a portion was inspired by Sydney Smith's impassioned denunciations of Pennsylvania repudiation and entitled "A New Song to an Old Tune." It first appeared in the *Literary Gazette* in England, January 18, 1845, over the signature of "Cecil Harbottle." The lines begin,—

Yankee Doodle borrows cash,
Yankee Doodle spends it,
And then he snaps his fingers at
The jolly flat that lends it.

Oil upon the troubled waters, a common metaphor used of all efforts to allay commotion of any kind by smooth words of peace. Its origin is lost in obscurity. But the physical phenomenon on which it is based was known to the ancients, and is mentioned in Pliny's "Natural History," i. 2, c. 103. The Venerable Bede, in his "Ecclesiastical History" (731 A.D.), tells of a priest called Vtta who was sent into Kent to fetch Eanfleda, King Edwin's daughter, who was to be married to King Oswirra. He was to go by land, but to return by water. Before his departure Vtta visited Bishop Aidan, who

had the reputation of performing miracles, and besought his prayers for a prosperous journey. The bishop blessed him, and, predicting for his return a great tempest and a contrary wind that should rise suddenly, gave him a pot of oil, saying, "Remember that you cast into the sea this oyle that I give you, and anon, the winds being laied, comfortable fayer weather shall ensue on the sea, which shall send you againe with as pleasaunt a passage as you have wished."

The tempest came as predicted. The sailors essayed to cast anchor, but in vain; the water began to fill the ship, and "nothing but present death was looked for." At the near approach of death came the thought of the bishop and the pot of oil. Taking it in his hand, the priest cast of the oil into the sea, when, as if by magic, it became quiet and calm, and the ship was delivered.

Bede declares that he had it from "a very creditable man, a priest of our church, Cymmund by name, who saied that he had heard it of Vtta, the priest in whom the miracle was wrought."

Modern experiments have demonstrated that this was no miracle, and the scene no doubt occurred.

Oil, With (F., "Avec l'huile"). Fontenelle, the celebrated French author, is said to have been very partial to asparagus dressed in oil. A certain abbé dining with him one day preferred this favorite esculent dressed with butter, so it was decided that the dish of asparagus which was preparing should be dressed half with butter and half with oil. A short time before dinner was ready the abbé was attacked by an apoplectic fit, on which Fontenelle rushed to the cook, and cried out, "All with oil! all with oil!" The phrase has passed into a popular saying. But the story has no historical basis.

Old, Praise of the. Lord Bacon reminds us that "Alonso of Aragon was wont to say in commendation of age, that age appears to be best in four things,—old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read." (*Apothegms*, No. 97) The sentiment is thus reported by another authority: "Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read!—Alonso of Aragon was wont to say in commendation of age, that age appeared to be best in these four things." (MELCHIOR: *Floresta Española de Apothegmas ó Sentencias*, etc., ii. 1, 20.)

The phrase has often been imitated. Here are a few instances:

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsome, old wood burns brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest.—WEBSTER: *Westward Ho*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.—SELDEN: *Table-Talk: Friends*.

What find you better or more honorable than age? Take the preheminance of it in everything,—in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree.—SHAKERLEY MARMION (1602-1639): *The Antiquary*.

I love everything that's old,—old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.—GOLDSMITH: *She Stoops to Conquer*, Act i.

Chaucer has not only a similar thought but also an explanation thereof:

For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere;
And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh al this new science that men lere.

The Assembly of Fowles, l. 22.

The assumed superiority of age over youth is rather neatly put by Chapman:

Young men think old men are fools; but old men know young men are fools.—*All Fools*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Ray, in his "Proverbs," tells us that this is quoted by Camden as a saying of one Dr. Metcalf. "It is now in many people's mouths," Ray adds, "and likely to pass into a proverb." On the other hand, poets at least are agreed that the gray hairs of wisdom are a poor exchange for the foolish halo of youth :

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay ;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

BYRON : *Stanzas for Music*.

Or again, from the same poet :

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb,
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
Childe Harold, Canto iii., Stanza 8.

Old Abe, a popular *sobriquet* of President Abraham Lincoln ; sometimes also "Honest Old Abe" and "Father Abraham." The refrain to a popular song has reference to the President's call for five hundred thousand volunteers for the civil war :

We are coming, Father Abraham, five hundred thousand more.

Old Bullion, a *sobriquet* of Colonel Thomas Hart Benton (1782-1858), a distinguished American statesman, given to him for his persistent advocacy of a gold and silver currency as the only true remedy for the financial embarrassment prevailing after the expiration of the charter and closing of the United States Bank in 1833.

Old Colony, a popular appellation for that part of Massachusetts included in the original limits of the Plymouth Colony, which was older than the colony of Massachusetts Bay. The two colonies were united into one province, bearing the name of the latter, in 1692. But the term is now a *sobriquet* for the entire State.

Old Dominion, a popular *sobriquet* for the State of Virginia. In the early days of English colonizing, Virginia, as the first, was a generic term for all their New World settlements. Thus, in Captain John Smith's "History of Virginia" (edition of 1629) a map of the settlements of Virginia includes New England and other British colonies. The present State of Virginia is there called Ould Virginia, while the New England Colony is called New Virginia. Thus the epithet old is accounted for. From the settlement of the colony to the outbreak of the Revolution every official document designates Virginia as "the Colony and Dominion of Virginia." Spenser dedicates his "Faerie Queene" to Elizabeth, "Queen of England, France, and Ireland, and Sovereign of the Dominion of Virginia." Here we have the other word of the *sobriquet*. Another explanation asserts that the precise title Old Dominion was bestowed on the State by Charles II. Virginia had refused to recognize Cromwell and the protectorate, and after the execution of Charles I. transferred its allegiance to Charles II., then in exile on the Continent. The governor, Sir William Berkeley, even wrote to the royal refugee, inviting him to come over to his loyal subjects as their king. Cromwell sent a fleet against the recalcitrant province, which yielded under protest to superior force. But as soon as the news of Cromwell's death arrived Charles II. was solemnly proclaimed King of Great Britain, Ireland, and *Virginia*. All writs and processes were issued in his name. He was therefore *de facto* King of Virginia before he had begun to reign at home *de jure*. So far the facts are historic and cannot be gainsaid. In gratitude for this loyalty, it is further said, Charles caused the arms of Virginia to be quartered with those of England, Ireland,

and Scotland, as a distinct portion of the Old Dominion. They certainly thus appear on English coins struck as late as 1773, by order of George III.

Old Fritz (Ger. "Der Alte Fritz"), a popular *sobriquet* of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia (1712-1786). In Germany he is hardly ever referred to by any other name to this day.

Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, a popular designation for the Bank of England, the site of whose buildings is on the London street of that name.

Old Line State, a *sobriquet* for Maryland, because of the boundary-line, known as Mason and Dixon's line (*q. v.*), between it and Pennsylvania. Its people are often named *Crawthumpers*, which is also a generic nickname for Roman Catholics, from the beating of their breasts at certain religious devotions, as when they recite the "Domine, non sum dignus," or the "Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa."

Old Line Whig, in American politics (1840-1852) a name for the unprogressive, conservative element of that party.

Old maids' children are, proverbially, the best instructed and best brought up, just as, according to the same authority, bachelors' wives are the most docile and obedient. "He that has no wife chastises her well; he that has no children rears them well," say the Italians. "Every man can tame a shrew but he that hath her," is an English saw. Trench records a proverb current in Munster: "The man on the dike always hurls well,"—the looker-on at a game of hurling, seated indolently on the wall, always imagines that he could improve on the strokes of the actual players, and, if you will listen to him, would have played the game much better than they. In the same sense the Connaught men say, "The best horseman is always on his feet." So the Dutch say, "The best pilots stand on shore," and the English, "In a calm sea every man is a pilot."

Old Man Eloquent, a popular *sobriquet* of John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States. In English literary history the term had already been applied to Coleridge. But Milton, the originator of the phrase, applied it to Isocrates, who died of grief after the battle of Chæroneæ, where Philip of Macedon defeated the combined armies of Thebes and Athens:

When that dishonest victory
At Chæroneæ, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent.
Sonnet X.

Old Public Functionary. In his message to the last Congress (1859) in session before the rebellion, President Buchanan importuned it with many admonitory words, which he feebly imagined could allay the storm about to break loose, to hearken to "an old public functionary," as he impersonally described himself. During the remaining months of his term his words were turned upon him by his opponents, and he was freely referred to, in derision, as the "Old Public Functionary."

O'Leary's Cow, Mrs., the famous animal which is believed to have started the great fire in Chicago (1871). According to the report of the commission appointed to investigate the facts, Mrs. O'Leary went to bed at half-past eight o'clock, on account of her "sore fut." Now, a certain Pat McLaughlin, a fiddler, had a party next door, and, as Mrs. O'Leary subsequently learned, the party wanted oysters, the oysters wanted milk to be "sthewed in," and Mr. McLaughlin's party went out to milk Mrs. O'Leary's

cow. The McLaughlins admitted that they were having a jollification over a greenhorn from Ireland, but denied the oyster sthews, and denied also having milked Mrs. O'Leary's cow after the old lady had gone to bed. All the witnesses seemed to agree that there was a pile of shavings in the barn, and that the fire was first observed in the side of the barn where the shavings were stored, but none of them had any idea how it came or how long it burned before the engines arrived. The theory is that the cow, probably resenting a stranger's attempt to milk her, kicked a candle out of his or her hand into the shavings. It may be added that just after the fire the bell worn by Mrs. O'Leary's cow was exhibited simultaneously in eighty-one places in Chicago.

Om Mani Padme Hūm, a mystic formula which plays a conspicuous part in Buddhism, and particularly in the corrupt form of it known as Lamaism. It is the first subject taught by the Thibetans and Mongols to their children, and the last prayer muttered by the dying. All classes repeat it; for with all Buddhists and Lamaists it is particularly sacred. It is met wherever those creeds prevail; it is carved on columns, walls, trees, rocks, monuments, implements; it is regarded as the essence of all religion and wisdom, and the means of securing eternal rest. The six syllables are said to combine the favor of all the Buddhas, and to be the root of the whole doctrine. They symbolize the transmigration of souls, each syllable corresponding to and liberating from one of the six worlds in which mankind is reborn. They are also the mystic meaning of the six supreme virtues, the successive syllables denoting self-sacrifice, endurance, chastity, contemplation, mental energy, and pious wisdom. The author of the formula is reputed to be the Dhyanī-Bodhisattwa, or deified saint, Avalokiteswara, whom the Thibetans call Padmapani, or the lotos-handed. It is not discoverable in the oldest Buddhist works of Northern Hindustan or of Ceylon, and does not, therefore, belong to the earliest stage of that religion. Its signification is rather opaque. Some interpret it O (*om*) the jewel (*mani*) in the lotos (*padme*), amen (*hūm*); the jewel being an allusion to the saint himself, and the word *padme* to the belief that he was born from a lotos. The more probable meaning is, however, "Salvation is in the jewel-lotos, amen;" the compound word referring to the saint and the flower which produced him. If this be correct, the phrase would be simply a salutation to Avalokiteswara or Padmapani, and the mystic interpretation of each syllable would be equivalent to a transcendental interpretation of each letter of the syllables.

Omnia mecum porto mea (L., "I carry all my effects with me"), the reply of Bias, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, during the siege of Priene, when his fellow-citizens were surprised to see him make no preparations for flight. The reference, of course, was to his wisdom, his sole possession. The Latin form is that sanctioned by Cicero in his "Paradoxa," i. 1. The remark is variously attributed to other philosophers. Larousse, in his "Fleurs Historiques," tells how Mlle. Fanny Bias, the opera-singer, leaving for Paris with but small baggage, replied to a friend's remonstrances, "Do you not see that, like my illustrious ancestor, *omnia mea mecum porto*?"

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori (L., "Love wins all things, and we yield to love"), the sixty-ninth line of Virgil's Tenth Eclogue. Dryden has translated the sentiment,—

In hell, and earth, and seas, and heaven above,
Love conquers all, and we must yield to love.

In his "Palamon and Arcite" he repeats the sentiment, with a slight variation in the phraseology:

The power of love
In earth, and seas, and air, and heaven above,
Rules unresisted.

Many changes have been rung on this theme, as in Scott's lines,—

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And man below and saints above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love,

which seems to be more or less indebted to Butler,—

Translate to earth the joys above,
For nothing goes to heaven but love.

Sure, love *vincit omnia*; is immeasurably above all ambition, more precious than wealth, more noble than name. He knows not life who knows not that: he hath not felt the highest faculty of the soul who hath not enjoyed it.—THACKERAY: *Esmond*.

When the Marquis de Bièvre, the famous French wit, was told that the Abbé Maury had distanced him in a contest for a seat in the French Academy, he replied, "Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori (*à Maury*)."

Omnibus Bill, in American politics, any legislative measure which contains many and heterogeneous provisions. Specifically, the term is given to a bill, sometimes known also as the Compromise Bill of 1850, which Henry Clay, on January 29 of that year, introduced in the United States Senate. California, having adopted a constitution prohibiting slavery, had applied for admission into the Union as a free State. The Representatives of the slave States in Congress had refused to vote for her. Clay thereupon put together his bill. It provided for—1, the postponement of the admission of any new States formed out of Texan territory until Texas herself should demand the same; 2, the admission of California as a free State; 3, the organization of all territory acquired from Mexico (California excepted) without the Wilmot proviso; 4, the combination of this measure with a bill providing for the admission of Utah and New Mexico; 5, the payment to Texas of ten million dollars out of the Mexican war indemnity for the abandonment of her claims upon the territory of New Mexico; 6, a more effective law for the return of fugitive slaves; 7, the abolition of the slave-trade in the District of Columbia. This was the second great compromise measure on the slavery question proposed by Henry Clay. (See MISSOURI COMPROMISE.) It failed to pass, but most of its provisions ultimately became law by separate enactment.

On. This preposition is used in America in many ways which would be considered incorrect in England. "On the street," "on the cars," "on a steam-boat,"—in all these cases the English would substitute *in*. The eccentric slang "on it" is distinctively American. To say that a man is "on it" implies that he is quick-witted, alert, ready for anything, or that he is decidedly engaged in whatever may be the matter in hand. Americanisms still say "on the win," "on the borrow," "on the steal," "on the make," "on the preach," etc., and the phrase "on it" is a concise notification of the fact that the individual in question is "on" anything you may name that is audacious or disreputable.

"Pard, he was on it. He was on it bigger than an Injun!"

"On it? on what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight, you understand. He didn't give a continental for *anybody*."—MARK TWAIN: *Roughing It*, p. 334.

Again, to say of a man that he is on to any one or anything means that he has "tumbled to the racket," that he is too old a bird to be caught, that he has found out the truth.

Where a man is a wife-poisoner it is not right to have him married to an innocent woman who does not suspect any harm. He ought to have for his wife a woman who is on to him,

and who can meet his poison advances with a kerosene bath. It would be interesting to watch such a couple. If he came around her with taffy or gum-drops and sweet words, she would know in a minute they were loaded, and she would say, "No, darling, I do not care for candy. Eat them yourself."—*New York Mercury*, July 21, 1888.

On the dead, on the dead quiet, on the strict Q. T., are English as well as American slang for secret, confidential.

Once and away, an old English phrase, used in distinction from its opposite, of equal pedigree, "once and again." The phrase is found in children's games, "Once and away, Twice and away, Thrice and away." No doubt it was adopted hence into common parlance. The corresponding French is "une fois pour toutes." A foolish emendation has been suggested, "Once *in* a way."

One man power, a term by which Americans personify a subject of their rooted jealousy, the government by, or great power lodged in, any single individual. It probably arose out of hatred of the great and arbitrary authority of the governors sent over from England in the colonial times. In the early days of the republic the power of the executive in States and cities was carefully hedged about, and although its preponderance has steadily increased, the phrase is still in use, and frequently makes its appearance in political discussions. Within the party organizations it is often a cry raised by the disaffected against the tyranny of the "boss."

Open sesame has become naturalized as a colloquialism indicating any charms of person or speech which procure for their possessor an entry into select or exclusive circles, or open to him the hearts and minds of men. The origin of the phrase, from the Arabian tale of "Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves," where Cassim discovers them to be the magic words at whose utterance the door of the robbers' cave flies open, is well known.

Opinion. Butler, in "Hudibras," Book iii., Canto iii., l. 547, has the couplet,—

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

These lines are almost always misquoted

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

Something of the same sort was expressed in a different way by Favorinus, the Sophist philosopher, who, yielding to Hadrian in a rhetorical argument, said, "It is ill arguing with the master of thirty legions." As Selden expresses it in his "Table-Talk," "'Tis not seasonable to call a man traitor that has an army at his heels."

Orange-blossoms as bridal ornaments. Various theories have been suggested in explanation of the selection of the orange-blossom for bridal ornaments. First, the custom is by some supposed to have been brought to Europe by the Crusaders from the East, the Saracen brides being wont to wear orange wreaths at their marriage as an emblem of fecundity, their symbolical import being due to the fact that the orange-tree bears blossoms and fruit at the same time. To this it has been objected that, although the orange-tree was brought to England as early as 1290, it was long before there was any real cultivation of it there, even in green-houses. Many, indeed, hold that the tree was first introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh, and then not from any Saracenic land, but from India or the East.

A second theory is that orange-blossoms came to be worn by brides on their marriage because they were not only scented, but also were rare and

costly, and so within the reach of only the noble and rich, thus indicating the bride to be of high rank. A third is that the orange bridal wreath had its origin in Spain, where oranges are indigenous or have been cultivated for centuries. Thence the fashion passed into France, whence, through French milliners, it became spread over Europe.

It is possible, even on the supposition that one or the other of the last two theories (or a theory based on both) is correct, that the Eastern tradition regarding fruitfulness may have had an influence in prompting the selection of the orange-blossom for a bridal wreath and in continuing its use. When Mrs. Malaprop, in "The Rivals" (Act iii., Sc. 3), complains that "Nowadays few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentleman; men have no sense but for the worthless flowers of beauty," the gallant Captain Absolute makes reply, "Too true; but our ladies seldom show fruit until time has robbed them of more specious blossom; few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once."

Within recent years the lilac and rose have largely superseded the orange-blossom for bridal wreaths, the last being, in many countries, difficult to obtain.

Order reigns at Warsaw. The Polish rebellion of 1830 broke out almost simultaneously with the revolution in Paris which banished the Bourbons and placed Louis Philippe on the throne. As the representative of liberal ideas, it was expected that his government would give some aid to Poland. But a deaf ear was studiously turned to the demands of the press, the people, and the National Guard. Poland fell, and on September 16, 1831, Marshal Sebastiani, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, announced the termination of the struggle to the Chamber of Deputies in these words: "My letters from Poland announce that order reigns in Warsaw" ("Des lettres que je reçois de Pologne m'annoncent que la tranquillité règne à Varsovie"). The cold-blooded phrase recalls Byron's sarcasm,—

He makes a solitude and calls it—peace,
The Bride of Abydos, ii. 20,—

which Byron, however, borrowed from Tacitus: "Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant." (*Agricola*, ch. xxx.) Sebastiani and the government greatly increased their unpopularity by this unfortunate *mot*. Of recent years the words are usually, though erroneously, attributed to the Emperor Nicholas, who is supposed to have addressed them to one of the foreign ambassadors at St. Petersburg. As exactly the sort of thing he might have said, the credit will probably remain with him.

Orders, To make, a grim mediæval jest. A clerk in holy orders was known by his tonsure, or shaven crown. Hence the summary process of shaving off a large portion of a foeman's scalp by a dexterous swing of the sword was called as above. Thus, in the old epic "The Sowdane [Sultan] of Babylone" (ed. Hausknecht, l. 2036), when the Twelve Peers attacked the Sultan and his men we are told that they

maden orders wondir fast;
Thai slowe doun alle, that were in the halle
And made hem wondirly sore agast.

In other words, they sliced pieces off their adversaries' heads at an amazing rate. To do this was a favorite amusement with the renowned Twelve Peers.

Orleanists, the party of French monarchists which favored the claims of the descendants of the Orleans branch of the royal house of France, to which belonged the Louis Philippe who was King of the French from 1830 till 1848.

Louis Philippe (born 1838), better known as the Comte de Paris, is the present representative of the line, and since the death of the Duc d'Aumale, who, according to the "Legitimists," was the rightful king of France, and the extinction with him of the direct line, the former represents in his person all the loyal pretensions to the French throne. At present the royalists of all shades in France are in a condition of innocuous desuetude.

Out of sight, out of mind, the modern form of a well-known saw which was an "owlde proverbe" in the time of Nathaniel Bacon, and is so quoted by him on page 19 of the "Private Correspondence of Lady Cornwallis." Its earliest appearance in English is in Hending's "Proverbs," a manuscript collection (*circa* 1320):

Fer from eze, fer from herte,
Quoth Hending.

Out of syght, out of mynd.
GOOGE: *Eglogs* (1563).

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.
LORD BROOKE: *Sonnet LVI*.

I do perceive that the old proverbis be not alwaies trew, for I do finde that the absence of my Nath. doth breede in me the more continuall remembrance of him.—*Anne, Lady Bacon, to Jane, Lady Cornwallis* (1613).

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.—THOMAS A KEMPIS: *Imitation of Christ*, ch. xxiii.

Outsider. Until the nomination of Franklin Pierce for the Presidency, the word "outsider" was unknown in political parlance. The committee on credentials came in to make its report, and could not get into the hall because of the crowd of people who were not members of the convention. The chairman of the convention asked if the committee was ready to report, and the chairman of the committee answered, "Yes, Mr. Chairman, but the committee is unable to get inside, on account of the crowd and pressure of the outsiders." The newspaper reporters took up the word and used it.

Ox. Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn, an injunction found in Deuteronomy xxv. 4, has come to be used figuratively to signify that valuable services, patiently rendered, are not to be rewarded with ingratitude. According to Opie P. Read, in "A Kentucky Colonel," it was a much-quoted text by Southern preachers, by which the brethren were reminded that their ministration merited substantial and earthly reward.

Ox on the tongue, To have an (L. "Bovem in lingua habere"),—i.e., to be bribed to silence. The Latin is probably derived from the Greek phrase of the same import, and its origin and meaning are explained by the earliest coins being stamped with the figure of an ox. Before metallic money, cattle (L. *pecus*, whence *pecunia*, "money") were the standard of value and medium of exchange among both Hellenes and Latins, and the stamping of the ox on the earlier coins represents a surviving memory of this state of things. To say that one had an ox on the tongue was therefore equivalent to saying that he was tongue-tied by money.

Ox, To be trodden on the foot by the black, to suffer ills, especially domestic, and at the hands of near relatives. Hesiod speaks of himself as having been trodden on by the black ox, having suffered outrageous wrong from a brother, who defrauded him of his inheritance. Sir Walter Scott uses the saying in "The Antiquary," with the significance that misfortune has come over one's house. It has become a common proverb.

P.

P, the sixteenth letter, and twelfth consonant, of the English alphabet. This letter is one of admirable consistency. It has no varieties or irregularities of pronunciation save only as the initial in a few words borrowed from the Greek, when it is entirely silent,—psalm, pneumatic, etc. As an abbreviation it enters into such symbols as P.M., = post meridiem (afternoon), and P.S., = postscript. Standing alone, usually in lower-case, it may mean page, or the musical direction *piano*, ("softly"), according to circumstances; pp. in the former case meaning pages, and in the latter *pianissimo* ("very softly").

The expression "Mind your P's and Q's" is generally believed to have arisen from the former bar-room usage of scoring up against customers the amount of beer for which they had been trusted,—P standing for pint and Q for quart. Scores of this sort were settled weekly, and the application of the saying is self-evident. But Charles Knight suggests the more plausible explanation that the expression arose in the printing-office, where many other terse and quaint phrases have had their origin. The forms of the small p and q in Roman type have always proved puzzling to the printer's apprentice. In the one the downward stroke is on the left of the loop or oval, and in the other on the right. Now, when types are reversed, as they are in process of distribution, the young printer is often puzzled to distinguish the p from the q. Especially in assorting *pi*,—a mixed heap of types,—where the p and the q have not the form of any word for a guide, it is wellnigh impossible for an inexperienced person to distinguish one from the other at first sight. If this be true, the letters should be written in lower-case, and not in capitals, thus: "Mind your p's and q's."

Paddle your own canoe. This expressive phrase seems to have first appeared in a poem published in *Harper's Magazine* (New York, May, 1854). The following stanzas give a fair example of the whole:

Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And, whate'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
* * * * *
Leave to heaven, in humble trust,
All you will to do;
But if you would succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

Pain, Capacity for. Mrs. Browning has a very striking stanza:

That the mark of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain.

This may be a reminiscence of Dante:

Quando la cosa e più perfetta,
Più senta 'l bene, e così la doglienza.
Inferno, Canto vi.

("The more perfect the thing,
The more it feels pleasure, and also pain.")

But in truth the thought is an obvious one, and it is now an axiom with evolutionists that the higher the organism the greater its capacity for both pleasure and pain. The heights to which we can rise constitute the measure of the depths to which we can fall. See also MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY, POETS AND POETRY.

Painter, I too am a (It. "Anch' io son pittore"), an expression traditionally attributed to Correggio when looking at Raphael's St. Cecilia. Oehlen-schläger has further popularized it in his drama of "Correggio," and the phrase is now common property.

When I gave the effect I intended to any part of the picture for which I had prepared my colors; when I imitated the roughness of the skin by a lucky stroke of the pencil; when I hit the clear pearly tone of a vein; when I gave the ruddy complexion of health, the blood circulating under the broad shadows of one side of the face, I thought my fortune made; or rather it was already more than made, in my fancying that I might one day be able to say, with Correggio, "I also am a painter!" It was an idle thought, a boy's conceit; but it did not make me less happy at the time.—HAZLITT: *On the Pleasure of Painting*.

I should like to write a nightcap book,—a book that you can muse over, that you can smile over, that you can yawn over,—a book of which you can say, "Well, this man is so-and-so and so-and-so, but he has a friendly heart (although some wisecracks have painted him as black as Bogey), and you may trust what he says." I should like to touch you sometimes with a reminiscence that shall awaken your sympathy, and make you say, *lo anchè* have so thought, felt, smiled, suffered. Now, how is this to be done except by egotism? *Linea recta brevissima*. That right line "I" is the very shortest, simplest, straightforwardest means of communication between us, and stands for what it is worth and no more.—THACKERAY: *Roundabout Papers*.

Painting it red, in American slang, to go on a reckless debauch, to be wildly extravagant. An outgrowing phrase is "to paint the town red," or, more simply, "to paint the town." Originally the metaphor was applied to bonfires, etc., painting the sky or the scenery red. Thus, in an old Irish ballad,—

The beacon hills were painted red
With many a fire that night.

But the immediate source of the phrase may be traced to the times when a Mississippi steamboat captain would strain every nerve to make his boat defeat a rival. "Paint her red, boys!" would be his command to his men as they heaped fuel upon the roaring fires at night, casting a red glare upon the surrounding scenery. Undoubtedly the phrase was helped into popularity by the fact that to paint—*i.e.*, to paint the nose red—was an old slang term for drinking:

The muse is dry,
And Pegasus does thirst for Hippocrene,
And fain would paint,—imbibe the vulgar call,—
Or hot, or cold, or long, or short.

CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Two Years Ago*.

Pair off, To, in American politics, to agree with a member of a rival party that neither shall vote, so that both shall be spared trouble, yet the result be in no way affected. Pairing-off was first practised in the United States in 1839, and, though at first looked upon with disfavor, has now thoroughly established itself as a legitimate arrangement, especially in the legislative halls. It is said that in a Western town the practice was once carried to such an extent that not a vote was polled.

The vast majority of strong-minded women wouldn't care so much about voting if they could only get a chance to pair off.—*New Haven News*.

Palace of the soul. This metaphor for the human head was first used by Waller in his poem "On Tea:—"

Tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapors which the head invade,
And keeps the palace of the soul.

Byron uses the same figure in his musings over a skull in the Acropolis:

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole

The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
 And Passion's host, that never brook'd control :
 Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit ?
Childe Harold, Canto ii., Stanza 6.

This stanza has some affiliation with Hamlet's musings in the graveyard of Elsinore, first over an unknown skull,—

Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks?—

and then over Yorick's :

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols, your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? Quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come.—*Hamlet, Act v., Sc. 1.*

An anonymous poem "To a Skeleton," believed to have been written about 1825, has something of the same vein of moralizing :

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
 Once of ethereal spirit full,
 This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
 This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
 What beauteous visions filled this spot!
 What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
 Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
 Have left one trace of record here.

Poe also may have been indebted to Byron or to Waller for the first idea of his "Haunted Palace," of which these are two stanzas :

In the greenest of our valleys
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace
 (Radiant palace) reared its head.
 In the monarch Thought's dominion
 It stood there!
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair.
 * * * * *
 And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace door,
 Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
 And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.

Pale, Within the. The origin of this expression must be sought in history. The Pale, or English Pale, was that part of the kingdom of Ireland in which English rule and law were acknowledged after the conquest of 1172. Its limits varied at different times, centring always in the environs of Dublin, and including generally the counties of Meath, Louth, Carlow, and Kilkenny. Knight says it included the whole eastern coast of Ireland, from Dundalk Bay to Waterford harbor, and extended some forty or fifty miles inland. It received the name Pale because it was said the conquerors, in fear of the "rough, rug-headed kerns," "enclosed and impaled themselves, as it were, within certain lists and territories."

Paley's Watch, the familiar name for a once famous illustration employed by Rev. William Paley in his "Natural Theology" in support of what is known in theology as the "argument of design." The illustration, briefly

stated, is, that if a savage found a watch on a deserted road he would rightly argue, from the evidences of careful design, that it had been put together by some thinking mind. It has been found, however, that most of Paley's book, including this illustration, was boldly conveyed from Nieuwentyt's "Religious Philosopher." But even Nieuwentyt was far from being original. We find it, for example, in Tucker, in Clarke, in Bolingbroke, and done into queer verse by that dullest and most respectable of poets, Sir Richard Blackmore :

In all the parts of Nature's spacious sphere,
Of art ten thousand miracles appear ;
And will you not the Author's skill adore
Because you think he might discover more ?
You own a watch the invention of the mind,
Though for a single motion 'tis designed,
As well as that which is with greater thought,
With various springs, for various motions wrought.

The same illustration is to be found before this in the earliest English deist, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and in Hale's "Primitive Origination of Mankind." It is more curious, however, to find that it even preceded the invention of watches. Cicero, in "De Naturâ Deorum," says, "Quod si in Scythiam aut in Britanniam sphæram aliquis tulerit hanc, quam nuper noster efficit Posidonius, cujus singulæ conversiones idem efficiunt in sole et in lunâ et in quinque stellis errantibus, quod efficitur in cælo singulis diebus et noctibus, quis in illâ barbarie dubitet quin ea sphæra sit perfecta ratione ?" ("Suppose some one were to take to Scythia or to Britain this globe lately constructed by our friend Posidonius, whose every revolution shows us the same phenomena in the sun, the moon, and the five wandering stars that take place in the heavens daily and nightly, who in those barbarous regions would doubt that this globe was the product of a rational mind ?")

Palindrome (from the Greek *πάλιν*, "back," and *δρόμος*, a "course" or "race"), a word or sentence which may be read backward as well as forward, letter by letter or word by word. Palindromes may be roughly divided into two classes, the *reciprocal*, which yield identical results however read, and the *reversible* or *recurrent*, in which the meaning is different or even absolutely antagonistic. The English words *madam*, *noon*, *civic*, *tenet*, are examples of the first, and *revel*, *dog*, *emit*, etc., of the second. But the feat is to arrange a number of words in a sentence so that the whole shall be a palindrome. Thus, it seems that the very first words spoken by man in this world were a reciprocal palindrome. What did Adam do when he first saw Eve ? He bowed, and said, "Madam, I'm Adam." A better example—indeed, the best that the English language affords—is put into the mouth of Napoleon : "Able was I ere I saw Elba." The special excellence of this consists in the fact that every word remains intact,—there is no running of the component letters into different words in the reverse reading. "Live was I ere I saw evil" is also good, but is too palpable a plagiarism from the other.

Taylor the Water Poet, who was fond of this sort of trifling, came very near producing a masterpiece in "Lewd did I live & evil I did dwell," but the use of the ampersand craves an apology, while the dropping of the final *l* is an offence which apology would convert into insult.

Here are some palindromes of inferior merit :

Name no one man.
Red root put up to order.
Draw pupil's lip upward.
Trash ! even interpret Nineveh's art.
Snug & raw was I ere I saw war & guns.
Red rum did emit revel ere Lever time did murder.

Among the most excellent palindromes in the Latin language, and consequently in the world, are the two following, which Camden assures us cost their anonymous author an infinitude of trouble :

Odo tenet mulum, madidam mulum tenet Odo.
Anna tenet mappam, madidam mappam tenet Anna.

The following, also, is a remarkable *tour de force* :

Sator arepo tenet opera rotas.

Not only is the above perfect as a palindrome, but it contains the further peculiarity that the initial letters of the successive words unite to form the first word, the second letters to form the second word, and so on. The same is, of course, true on reversal.

Another well-known palindrome occurs in a mediæval legend. St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, at a period when prelates kept neither carriages nor servants, having occasion to consult the Pope, was fain to walk to Rome. On the highway he was met by Satan, who courteously represented how indecorous it was that so mighty an ecclesiastic should journey on foot like a common pilgrim. St. Martin straightway transformed the devil into a mule, and jumped upon his back. But, having neither whip nor spur, he found a more efficient goad in the sign of the cross, which he made and remade upon the mule's back whenever he slackened his pace. At last the beast lifted up his voice in remonstrance with these words :

Signa te, signa ; temere me tangis et angis ;
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

("Cross, cross yourself ; you annoy and vex me without need ; for, owing to my exertions, Rome, your desire, will soon be near.")

The classic languages, and especially the Latin, are better fitted than any other to this kind of verbal conjuring. All the Greek examples are modern, the art having been unknown to Grecian antiquity. Its invention is credited to a lascivious Roman poet named Sotades, who flourished about 250 B.C. Few of the latter's verses are extant, and none of those extant are in palindromic form. But the following verses, of somewhat later date, refer to one of Sotades's heroes :

Roma, ibi tibi sedes—ibi tibi amor ;
Româ etsi te terret et iste amor,
Ibi etsi vis te non esse—sed es ibi,
Roma te tenet et amor.

("Rome—there is thy seat, there is thy love ;
Yet that very love affrights you from Rome ;
Although you would fain not be there, there you remain ;
For both Rome and love hold you.")

A Roman lawyer is said to have chosen this palindrome for his motto : "Si nummi immunis" ("If you pay you will go free").

A Latin elegiac verse of uncertain date gives in every line a complete palindrome :

Salta, tu levis es, summus se si velut Atlas,
(Omina ne sinimus,) suminis es animo.
Sin, oro, caret arcanâ cratera coronis
Unam arcas, animes semina sacra manu.
Angere regnato, mutatum, o tangere regna,
Sana tero, tauris si ruat oret anas :
Milo subi rivis, summus si viribus olim,
Muta sedes ; animal lamina sede satum.
Tangeret, i videas, illisae divite regnat ;
Aut atros ubinam manibus orta tua !
O tu casurus, rem non mersurus acuto
Telo, sis-ne, tenet ? non tenet ensis, olet.

A pretty palindromic conceit was that of the lady of Queen Elizabeth's

time, who, being banished from court under false imputations, took as her device the moon, partly obscured, with the motto "Ablata at alba" ("Out of sight, yet still white").

A marvellous monument of misplaced ingenuity was published in Vienna in 1802, in the shape of a Greek poem of four hundred and sixteen lines, each line being a palindrome. It was entitled *Ποίημα καρκινικόν*. The publisher was George Bendotes, the author signed himself "Ambrose Hieromonachus Pamperes," and author or publisher assured the reader on the title-page that the book would be found "of great use to those who study it deeply."

Hitherto we have confined our examples to reciprocal palindromes. Merely recurrent or reversible palindromes are far less amusing and ingenious, except in the cases where the reverse reading carries its dissimilarity to some humorous point of negation. Addison, for example, mentions an epigram called "The Witches' Prayer," "which fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way and blessed the other."

The following expresses the sentiments of a Roman Catholic :

Patrum dicta probo, nec sacris belligerabo.

Read backward, the words resolve themselves into a Huguenot sentiment :

Belligerabo sacris, nec probo dicta patrum.

An hexameter line from the church of Santa Maria Novella thus refers to the sacrifice of Abel :

Sacrum pingue dabo, non macrum sacrificabo.

When reversed it becomes a pentameter, and refers to the sacrifice of Cain :

Sacrificabo macrum, non dabo pingue sacrum.

Another illustration of a change of meaning wrought by a change of form is furnished by the following :

Prospicimus modo, quod durabunt tempora longo
Fœdera, nec patriæ pax cito diffugiet.

Diffugiet cito pax patriæ, nec fœdera longo
Tempora durabunt, quod modo prospicimus.

A different form of palindromic dexterity is exhibited in Dean Swift's letter to Sheridan. The Latin in no case makes sense, but reading each word backward as English we get, by making due allowances, from

Mi sana. Odioso ni mus rem. Moto ima os illud dama nam?

I'm an as(s). O so I do in summer. O Tom, am I so dull, I a mad man?

Palm. Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung. This line is from "Palestine," by Reginald Heber, afterwards Apostolic Bishop of Calcutta, a poem which took the prize at Oxford in 1803. It describes the erection of the Temple, which "was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." The idea was suggested to Heber by Sir Walter Scott, as we learn from this extract from Lockhart's *Life of Scott*:

"From thence [London] they proceeded to Oxford, accompanied by Heber; and it was on this occasion, as I believe, that Scott first saw his friend's brother Reginald, in after-days the Apostolic Bishop of Calcutta. He had just been declared the successful competitor for that year's poetical prize, and read to Scott at breakfast, in Brasenose College, the manuscript of his 'Palestine.' Scott observed that in the verses on Solomon's Temple one striking circumstance had escaped him,—namely, that no tools were used

in its erection. Reginald retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with the beautiful lines,—

No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence! etc."

In later editions the lines were changed thus:

No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.

There seems to be a faint reminiscence here of Cowper's description of the ice palace reared by the Empress Catherine of Russia:

Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
The Task, Book v., l. 144.

Panel-game, an American thieves' trick. A place is specially fitted up with sliding doors or movable panels. Hither a woman entices a victim. Her accomplice obtains admission to the room through the secret entrance, empties the victim's pocket-book, and then silently retires to bang loudly on the genuine door of the apartment, clamoring for admission as the woman's husband. The victim, rudely awakened, gladly makes his escape by another door which the woman points out to him. Naturally, even after he has found out the trick played upon him, he is not often inclined to prosecute. The lair of a panel-thief is called indiscriminately a panel-house, panel-crib, or panel-den.

Panem et circenses (L., "Bread and the circus games"), a passage from Juvenal (*Satires*, x. 81). "That people," he says, "which formerly gave away military command, consulships, legions, and everything, now contains itself, and anxiously desires only two things,—bread and the games of the circus." The phrase is often used as a synonyme for moderate yet diversified desires.

Ennui is an evil that should by no means be under-estimated; it ends by imprinting real despair upon the face. It causes creatures who have so little love for one another as men have to seek their fellows, and thus it becomes the source of companionship. Public precautions are taken against it as against other general calamities, and this is a measure of wise politics, because the evil is one which may drive men to the greatest excesses, like its opposite, famine. The people need *panem et circenses*. The stern penitentiary system of Philadelphia makes the mere *ennui* of solitude and inaction its punishment,—a punishment so terrible that it has caused convicts to commit suicide. As necessity is the lash that falls upon the common people, so *ennui* is the lash of the upper classes. In middle-class life it is represented by Sunday, as necessity is by the six weekdays.—SCHOPENHAUER: *The World as Will*, i. 369.

Pantisocracy, the name given by Coleridge to a Utopian society which he, with his friends Southey, Robert Lovell, and George Burnet, had, in his younger days, dreamed of founding in America. It was imagined that they and others of congenial tastes and principles should join together and leave the Old World for the woods and wilds of the young republic of the West. Possessions were to be held in common: each would work for all. The daily toil was to be lightened by the companionship of the best books and the discussion of the highest things. Each young man would take to himself a fitting helpmeet, whose part it should be to prepare their food and rear a new race in pristine hardihood and innocence. "This Pantisocratic scheme," writes Southey in 1794, "has given me new life, new hope, new energy; all the faculties of my mind are dilated." But the money requisite for putting it into practice was not to be had, and ere long he and Coleridge married and settled themselves down to the conflict with the actual life around them.

Par, Above and below. *Par* as a commercial term signifies the nominal or face value of a share or security, with neither premium nor discount. *Par*

may then be considered to signify the normal average or level. In slang or familiar speech, one is *above par* when in health or spirits he is above his own average condition; one is *below par* in intelligence or enterprise when he is inferior in these respects to the average of people about him.

Paradoxes and Puzzles. We have Milton's word for it that philosophy is *not* "harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose." Certainly it was not always so. Like every other institution, human or divine, it went through its period of juvenility, when, at rare intervals, it would forget its usual occupation of rearranging the universe—a feat for which the omniscience of youth is so particularly well fitted—and indulge in some of those playful tricks that are a still more engaging feature of the adolescent mind.

In the days of old, which are called so because they were really the days of youth, the greatest philosophers were fond of disporting themselves in all sorts of ingenious fallacies.

There was Diodorus Chronos, a most acute and subtle reasoner. He proved that there was no such thing as motion. A body must move either in the place where it is or in the place where it not. Now, a body cannot be in motion in the place where it is stationary, and cannot be in motion in the place where it is not. Therefore it cannot move at all.

It was in answer to this paradox that the famous phrase "*Solvitur ambulando*" ("It is solved by walking") was first formulated,—a solution as practical as Dr. Johnson's famous refutation of the Berkeleyan theory of the non-existence of matter. "I refute it *thus*!" cried Ursa Major, striking his foot with great force upon the ground.

Diodorus was brought up roundly by another densely practical intelligence. Having dislocated his shoulder, he sent for a surgeon to set it. "Nay," said the practitioner, doubtful, perhaps, whether so subtle an intelligence might not euchre him out of his fee by some logical ingenuity, "your shoulder cannot possibly be put out at all, since it cannot be put out in the place in which it is, nor yet in the place in which it is not."

Then there was Zeno of Elea, who proved many things; for example, that there is no such thing as space. If all that exists must be in space, he argued, then must that space itself be in some other space, and so on *ad infinitum*; but this is absurd; therefore space itself cannot exist, as it cannot be in some other space.

In a dispute with Protagoras, Zeno inquired whether a grain of corn or the ten-thousandth part of a grain of corn would make any sound in falling to the ground.

"No," said Protagoras.

"Will a measure of corn make any noise in falling to the ground?"

"Certainly," was the answer of the other sage, stroking his beard, probably, and trying to look wise.

"But," said Zeno, and we can imagine the triumphant self-satisfaction with which he enunciated this bit of imbecility, "since a measure of corn is composed of a certain number of grains, it follows that either a grain produces a noise in falling or the measure does not."

This recalls to mind a more modern paradox, which is based on the law of acoustics. A sound is produced by the setting in motion of certain waves, which, striking the ear, give us the impression of sound. Now, suppose there be no ear present to listen, is there any sound?

The most famous of Zeno's paradoxes is that known as Achilles and the tortoise.

Achilles, who can run ten times as fast as the tortoise, gives the latter a hundred yards' start. While Achilles is running the first hundred yards, the tortoise runs ten; while Achilles runs that ten, the tortoise is running one;

while Achilles is running one, the tortoise is running one-tenth of a yard; and so on forever. This sophism has been considered insoluble even by Dr. Thomas Brown, since it actually leads to an absurd conclusion by a sound argument. The fallacy lies in the concealed assumption that what is infinitely divisible is also infinite.

But a paradox which looks like it at first sight *is* absolutely irrefragable. A man who owes a dollar starts by paying half a dollar, and every day thereafter pays one-half of the balance due,—twenty-five cents the third day, twelve and a half the fourth day, and so on. Suppose him to be furnished with counters of infinitesimal value, so as to be able to pay fractions of a cent when the balance left is less than a cent, he would never pay the full amount of his debt, even though, Tithonus-like, he were endowed with immortality; there would always be some outstanding fraction of a cent to his debt.

The famous "Syllogismus Crocodilus" is not Zeno's, but dates from an unknown antiquity. A crocodile seizes an infant playing on the banks of a river. The mother rushes to its assistance. The crocodile, an intelligent animal, promises to restore the child if she will tell him truly what will happen to it. "You will never restore it," cries the mother, somewhat rashly. The crocodile astutely rises to the occasion. "If you have spoken truly," he says, "I cannot restore the child without destroying the truth of your assertion. If you have spoken falsely, I cannot restore the child, because you have not fulfilled the agreement; therefore I cannot restore it whether you have spoken truly or falsely."

But the mother, too, exhibits logical powers that are rare indeed in her sex.

"If I have spoken truly," she says, "you must restore the child by virtue of your agreement. If I have spoken falsely, that can only be when you have restored the child. Therefore, whether I have spoken truly or falsely, the child must be restored."

Mother and crocodile may still be arguing out that question. History at least is silent as to the issue. It is one of the unsolved problems, like that of "The Lady or the Tiger?"

Another paradox equally astute is closely parallel. Young Euathlus received lessons in rhetoric from Protagoras, who was to receive a certain fee if his client won his first cause. Euathlus, however, being lazy, neglected to accept any cause. Then Protagoras brought suit. Euathlus defended himself, and it was consequently his first cause. The master argues thus: "If I be successful in this cause, O Euathlus, you will be compelled to pay by virtue of the sentence of the court; but should I be unsuccessful, you will then have to pay me in fulfilment of your contract." "Nay," replies the apt pupil, "if I be successful, O master, I shall be free by the sentence of the court; and if I be unsuccessful, I shall be free by virtue of the contract."

The judges were completely staggered by the convincing logic on each side, and postponed the judgment *sine die*.

A similar dilemma puzzled Aristotle half out of his wits, and drove Philetas, the celebrated grammarian and poet of Cos, into an untimely grave. It is known as "The Liar," and is stated as follows: "If you say, 'I lie,' and in so saying tell the truth, you lie; but if you say, 'I lie,' and in so saying tell a lie, you tell the truth."

The sophism of The Liar reappears in another form in the argument of the lying Cretians. St. Paul says (Titus i. 12, 13), "One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, The Cretians are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. This witness is true." Now, this witness cannot be true: the Cretians being always liars, the prophet, as a Cretian, must be a liar, and lied when he said they were always liars. Consequently, the Cretians are not

always liars. And yet, again, the witness may be true. For if the Cretians are not always liars, then the Cretian prophet was not always a liar, and told the truth when he said that they were always liars.

And are not these sophisms identical in essence with the famous legal case of the Bridge, which was decided by His Excellency Sancho Panza, when governor of the island of Barataria?

Here are some more paradoxes of Attic origin :

"The Veiled Man."—There is a man standing before you with his face and form entirely hidden by a veil. Do you know who this man is? No. Do you know who your father is? You say you do. But this cannot be so, for the veiled man happens to be your father, and you just said you did not know who he was.

"The Horns."—What you have not got rid of you still have. You agree to that. But you have not got rid of horns : therefore you have horns.

"The Bald Man."—You say that you call a man bald when he has only a few hairs. What is the difference between few and many? Would ten be a few and eleven not? Where shall the line be drawn? You say that there are such things as few and many, and that there is a difference between them. Define the difference, then. Such an examination makes it plain that the difference between few and many is not anything in particular, which is as much as to say that it has no particular existence.

In one of Plato's dialogues, Euthydemus, a skilful hand at this sort of work, tangles up a young man named Ktesippus in this fashion :

"Have you a dog?"

"Yes."

"Is he yours?"

"Yes."

"Has he any puppies?"

"Yes, and they are the plague of my life."

"Is the dog their father, then?"

"To my certain knowledge."

"Then the dog is a father and is yours, therefore he is your father."

This unexpected revelation fairly takes away Ktesippus's breath, and before he can recover Euthydemus goes on :

"Do you ever thrash that dog?"

"Yes."

"Then you are in the habit of thrashing your own father!"

But as the talk goes on, Ktesippus gets even with Euthydemus. For the purpose of his argument he wants to make Euthydemus confess that men like to have gold.

"No," says Euthydemus, "you can't lay that down as a general principle. Men don't always like to have gold ; they only want it under certain special conditions. No one would want to have gold in his skull, for instance."

"Oh, yes," answers Ktesippus. "You know that the Scythians use skulls for drinking-cups, and inlay them with gold. Now, these are their skulls in just the same way that you said the dog was my father. So the Scythians want to have gold in their skulls."

Euthydemus has no answer ready for this, and Ktesippus carries off the honors.

A modern dilemma of a somewhat similar sort proves that the much-used maxim, "All rules have their exception," is self-contradictory, for if all rules have exceptions, this rule must have its exceptions. Therefore the proverb asserts in one and the same breath that all rules have exceptions and that some rules do not,—a clear case of proverbial suicide.

Every school-boy, to use Macaulayese, is familiar with the good old paradox

which proves that one cat has three tails : No cat has two tails ; one cat has one tail more than no cat ; consequently one cat has three tails.

A famous old problem opens out a fertile but somewhat hopeless subject of inquiry : "If an irresistible force strikes an immovable body, what will be the result ?"

There are a number of more or less familiar problems which are not catch-questions, and which at first sight seem extremely simple, yet require considerable ingenuity to arrive at a correct result. And the correct result, when arrived at, proves to be the exact opposite of the simple *prima facie* answer that had sprung immediately to mind.

Can a ship sail faster than the wind ? Undoubtedly. Ice-boats, especially, which meet with little or no frictional resistance, can, with a very light wind, be sent ahead of a fast express-train,—an experiment frequently seen in action on the Hudson River. But even an ordinary yacht can be propelled twelve or fifteen knots an hour by a breeze blowing only ten knots an hour.

Of course this cannot happen when the ship sails straight before the wind. In that case it must travel more slowly than the wind, on account of the resistance made by the water. "But," you may say, "that is the only way to get the full effect of the wind. If the ship sails at an angle with the wind, the wind must act with less effect, and the ship will sail more slowly."

Plausible. Yet every yachtsman and every mathematician knows it is not true.

Suppose we illustrate. You put a ball on a billiard-table, and, holding the cue lengthwise from side to side of the table, push the ball across the cloth. Here, in a rough way, the ball represents the ship, the cue the wind, only, as there is no waste of energy, the ball travels at the same rate as the cue ; evidently it cannot go any faster. Now, let us suppose that a groove is cut diagonally across the table, from one corner-pocket to the other, and that the ball rolls in the groove. Propelled in the same way as before, the ball will now travel along the groove (and along the cue) in the same time as the cue takes to move across the table. The groove is much longer than the width of the table,—double as long, in fact. The ball, therefore, travels much faster than the cue which impels it, since it covers double the distance in the same time.

Just so does the tacking ship sail faster than the wind.

When a wheel is in motion, does the top move faster than the bottom ? Nine people out of ten would cry "Nonsense !" at the mere question. Both the top and bottom of the wheel must of necessity, it would seem, be moving forward at one and the same rate,—*i.e.*, the speed at which the carriage is travelling. Not so, however, as a little reflection would convince you. The top is moving in the direction of the wheel's motion of translation, while the bottom is moving in opposition to this motion. In other words, the top is moving forward in the direction in which the carriage is progressing, while the bottom is moving backward, or in an opposite direction.

That is why an instantaneous photograph of a carriage in motion shows the upper part of the wheel a confused blur, while the spokes in the lower part are distinctly visible.

You want more proof ? Very well ; try a practical experiment. Take a wheel, or, if none is convenient, a silver dollar, which you are sure to have about your person. Mark points at the top and bottom, as *A* and *B*. Make a mark at the starting-point, directly beneath *A* and *B*, upon whatever surface the wheel or dollar is rolled. Roll the wheel forward a quarter revolution, which brings *A* and *B* upon the dividing line between the upper and lower halves of the wheel. It will be seen that *A* moves upon a radius equal to the diameter of the circle, and, by actual measurement, that *A* has moved a much greater distance and described a greater curve than *B*.

Consequently it must have moved faster.

To clinch the matter, make another quarter revolution, or, in other words, a half revolution entire. *A* and *B* have now changed places. *B* is at the top of the wheel, *A* at the bottom. It will be found that in the second quarter revolution *B* has travelled the greater distance and described the greater curve.

The following proposition is left for the reader to think about :

If there are more people in the world than any one person has hairs upon his head, then there must exist at least two persons who possess identically the same number of hairs, to a hair.

This same proposition may be applied to the faces of human beings in the world. If the number of perceptible differences between two faces be not greater than the total number of the human race, then there must exist at least two persons who are to all appearances exactly alike. When it is considered that there are about one billion five hundred million persons in the world and that the human countenance does not vary, except within comparatively narrow limits, the truth of the proposition becomes obvious, without applying the logical reasoning of it.

You remember the egg-problem: "If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days?" The proposition is really as easy as the familiar one which every school-boy has puzzled over the first time he heard it, and wondered at himself ever after that it was not absolutely self-evident: "If a herring and a half cost a cent and a half, how much will six herrings cost?"—the answer to which is six cents, of course, for if a herring and a half cost a cent and a half, one herring will cost one cent.

Now, if the egg-problem were stated in this way, "If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in thirty-six hours, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days?" probably every one would see that the proposition can be simplified by saying that one hen lays one egg in thirty-six hours, and then it becomes a mere question of rudimentary mathematics to ascertain that six hens will lay twenty-eight eggs in seven days.

But many people are bewildered by the third fraction, and insist that, if it requires a day and a half for a hen and a half to lay an egg and a half, one hen will lay one egg in one day, and six hens will lay six eggs in one day; hence in seven days six hens will lay forty-two eggs. They do not see that although the first two fractions balance each other, and may be both cancelled, the last must remain as the measurement of time in which it takes either one hen or one hen and a half to perform a given feat.

Many ingenious casuists insist on twenty-four as the right answer, arguing that, as hens are never known to lay two-thirds of an egg, the six hens, having laid twenty-four eggs at the end of the six days, must patiently wait thirty-six hours before laying again. This is mere quibbling. The object of the problem is to find out how many eggs may be expected, week by week, from six hens under given conditions. To the mathematical mind there is no absurdity in saying that each hen lays two-thirds of an egg per day, and therefore six hens lay four eggs per day.

Of course, a mere humorist, who has no mathematical instincts, might assert that the entire proposition, as originally stated, is an absurdity, since half a hen cannot lay an egg, or any fractional part thereof, unassisted by the other half. The egg end of a hen only, he might assert, is constructed for that purpose. The other end merely announces the result of the hen's efforts and takes in the materials from which the egg is formed. A hen doing business with one-half of itself and trying to run a branch establishment with the other half would be a dismal failure.

But mathematics was not made for humorists.

The above are illustrations of paradoxes in which it requires a certain ingenuity to arrive at the correct answer. Here is a paradox of another sort, in which the answer given is an obvious and barefaced fallacy, and yet in which it requires considerable ingenuity to expose the falsehood :

A Dublin chambermaid is said to have put a round dozen of travellers into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate bedroom. Here is a diagram of the eleven bedrooms :

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----

"Now," said the quick-witted Irish girl, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom, I'll find a spare room for one of you as soon as I've shown the others to their rooms."

So, having put two gentlemen into No. 1, she put the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, the eleventh in No. 10. Then, going back to No. 1, where you will remember that she left the twelfth gentleman along with the first, she said,—

"I have now accommodated all the rest, and have still a room to spare ; so, if one of you will step into Room 11 you will find it empty."

Thus the twelfth man got his bedroom.

Now, every one sees at a glance that there is a flaw somewhere ; but not every one recognizes immediately that the flaw lies in rolling two single gentlemen (No. 2 and No. 12) into one, like the hero of Peter Pindar's poem.

Here is another semi-mathematical puzzle :

"A train starts daily from San Francisco to New York, and one daily from New York to San Francisco, the journey lasting seven days. How many trains will a traveller meet in journeying from San Francisco to New York?"

The same nine people out of our mythical ten, unless they have been warned by their former lapses, will answer off-hand, "Seven." But they overlook the fact that every day during the journey a fresh train is starting from the other end, while there are seven on the way to begin with. The traveller will therefore meet, not seven trains, but fourteen.

Here is a question which was seriously and gravely considered in the late R. A. Proctor's ponderous paper, *Knowledge* :

"A man walks round a pole on the top of which is a monkey. As the man moves, the monkey turns round on the top of the pole so as still to keep face to face with the man. Query : When the man has gone round the pole, has he or has he not gone round the monkey?"

Some correspondents held that the man had *not* gone round the monkey, since he had never been behind it. But *Knowledge* decided that the man had gone round the monkey in going round the pole.

Parallel. None but himself can be his parallel, a persistent misquotation of a famous line in "The Double Falsehood, or Distrest Lovers," Act iii., Sc. 1. The line and its context run as follows :

O my good Friend, methinks I am too patient.
Is there a treachery like this in baseness
Recorded anywhere? It is the deepest :
None but itself can be its parallel :
And from a friend professed !

The play is taken from a novel in "Don Quixote," and according to tradition was written by Shakespeare and presented to one of his natural

daughters. Lewis Theobald revised and published it in 1728. As the original manuscript has never seen the light, it is impossible to say how much of the play as we have it is Theobald's composition. Pope evidently assumed it to be mainly his. At all events, in his Treatise on Bathos he holds him responsible for the line

None but itself can be its parallel,

denouncing it as a masterpiece of absurdity, and supposing it copied from a Smithfield showman who wrote in large letters over the picture of an elephant which adorned his booth,—

The greatest elephant in the world except himself.

Now, if any part of this drama be old, it is probable that this passage belongs to the original portion. At all events, the idea was not Theobald's. It is classic; it goes as far back as Seneca's "*Hercules Furiens*," i. 84 :

Quæris Alcidiæ parem?
Nemo est nisi ipse.

("Do you need a parallel to Alcides? It can be nobody but himself.")

The peculiar audacity of the conceit commended it to the seventeenth-century intellect, which continually reproduced it. Thus, Massinger, in "*The Duke of Milan*" (1623), makes Sforza say of his wife that she has no equal, her goodness disdains comparison,—

And but herself admits no parallel.
Act iv., Sc. 3.

Again, as a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* points out (fifth series, i. 489), there is in the British Museum a broadside, undated, but marked by the collector "July, 1658," which in the form of an anagram makes a bitter attack on the notorious John Lilburne. The tenth and eleventh lines run as follows :

Rogues most compleat, but punyes unto him,
None but himself himself can parallel.

The eleventh line, word for word, is quoted by Dodd in his "*Epigrammatists*," p. 533, as an inscription placed under the portrait of Colonel Strangers, a member of Charles II.'s privy council. Here it was used in a complimentary sense. A similar compliment is paid in prose by the anonymous author of "*Votivæ Angliæ*" (Utrecht, 1624) : "I cannot speak of her without prayse, nor prayse her without admiration; sith shee can be immytated by none, nor parraleld by anie but herselfe." Analogues more or less remote may be found elsewhere. Under a portrait of Joseph Hall, dated 1650, and forming the frontispiece to "*Susurrium cum Deo*," are the lines,—

This Picture represents the Forme where dwells
A Mind which nothing but that Mind excels.

Indeed, are not the famous lines of Milton identical in spirit, even to the bull, if bull you choose to call it?—

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.

John Andrews, the learned Bishop of Aleria, who did so much for the early printers and their art, used to affix elaborate epistles to the works brought out by his *protégés*. That on Livy is particularly elaborate (Beloe's *Anecdotes*, iii. 283). Livy he thinks to be *Herculem merito historiarum*. Livy, says he, growing enthusiastic, not only excelled other writers, but also even far surpassed himself; *sed seipsum quoque longe antecellit*. He is not only his own parallel, but his alacrity is such that he leaves himself behind in the race, and runs away from his own shadow, or his own spirit from his own body.

Paris vaut bien une messe (Fr., "Paris is well worth a mass"). This phrase is attributed to Henry IV as his reason for becoming a Catholic. But it is also attributed to Sully as an answer made to Henry IV. when the latter asked him, "Why do you not go to mass like myself?" "Sire," answered the Protestant courtier, "the crown is well worth a mass," implying that apostasy was too great a price to be paid for anything short of the crown. Fournier, in his "*Esprit en l'Histoire*," subscribes to the latter story, holding that the expression in the mouth of Henry would have been highly imprudent. "If it had occurred to him when he resolved to abjure his religion in order to make his entrance to Paris and to the throne smoother, he was too shrewd to give it utterance."

Parody (from the Greek *παρῳδία*, literally, a song sung besides, a burlesque imitation), a very common form of literary drolling, consisting of an imitation of the serious manner of another applied to a low, ludicrous, or trifling theme.

M. Delpierre, who has published a copious work on ancient and modern parody (Paris, 1870), casts about him for a satisfactory definition, and finally falls back upon that of Père Montespán, a writer of the seventeenth century, who held that the essence of parody was the substitution of a new and light for an old and serious subject, and the free use (or misuse) of the expressions of the author parodied. Unlike burlesque,—where the subjects remain and the characters reappear the same, though trivialized and degraded,—in parodies new characters apply old and high-flown expressions and language to a new subject and an altered case. Francis Jeffrey, again, in his review of the "*Rejected Addresses*," makes a subtle and acute differentiation of the various forms of parody, distinguishing between the mere imitation of externals—mere personal imitation, so to speak—and that higher and rarer art which brings before us the intellectual characteristics of the original. "A vulgar mimic," he says, "repeats a man's cant phrases and known stories with an exact imitation of his voice, look, and gestures; but he is an artist of a far higher description who can make stories or reasonings in his manner, and represent the features and movements of his mind as well as the accidents of his body. It is a rare feat to be able to borrow the diction and manner of a celebrated writer to express sentiments like his own,—to write as he would have written on the subject proposed to his imitator,—to think his thoughts, in short, as well as to use his words,—and to make the revival of his style appear a natural consequence of the strong conception of his peculiar ideas." This is all very well. But the result would not be strictly a parody, any more than the irony of Defoe, which every one took literally, was true irony. Parody, like irony, must give a humorous twist to the sentiments imitated; the imitation must be consciously exaggerated; the fun must be apparent on the surface. However great may be the real reverence of the parodist for his author, he cannot free himself from the irreverence of levity. Therefore, though in some sense a parody is a compliment to the author because it is a tribute to the popularity of his work, no author ever really liked to be parodied; and that author's admirers, no matter how acutely they may enjoy the fun, cannot but feel a twinge of conscience as of an unwilling witness to a sacrilege or a desecration.

It is true that no one was more quick to recognize the cleverness and laugh at the fun of "*A Tale of Drury Lane*" in the "*Rejected Addresses*" than Sir Walter Scott himself, yet he humorously complained that he did not know he had ever written so badly. It is true also that Crabbe acknowledged that in the versification of "*The Theatre*" he had been "done admirably." Yet Crabbe complained that there was a "little undeserved ill-nature" in the prefatory address,—which reminds one of the debauchee who, rising with a matutinal headache, laid the blame upon that last oyster.

Robert Browning openly and avowedly detested parodies. To one who had asked his consent to quote a few lines from two of his popular poems to illustrate some imitations, he wrote,—

29, DE VEE GARDENS, W., December 28, 1888.
SIR,—In reply to your request for leave to publish two of my poems along with "Parodies" upon them, I am obliged to say that I disapprove of every kind of "Parody" so much that I must beg to be excused from giving any such permission. My publisher will be desired to enforce compliance with my wish, if necessity should arise. Believe me, sir,

Yours obediently,

ROBERT BROWNING.

Dr. Arnold of Rugby told his boys to follow his example and never read parodies, "as they suggested themselves to the mind for ever after in connection with the beautiful pieces which they parodied" (*Notes and Queries*, seventh series, x. 144).

Parodies and burlesques were both favorite forms of humor with the ancient Greeks. In the public streets, and later in the theatres, the parodist frequently followed the rhapsodist who recited from the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, or appeared as the farce after the tragedy, to give a comic version of the previous performance. It is not impossible that the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice," which is a mock imitation of the Homeric style, and which at one time passed for a genuine Homeric poem, may have been recited by some ancient parodist; perhaps following, as an after-piece, the "Battle of the Ships." If so, it is the only one of these earlier parodies that has come down to us. We can but guess at the nature of the others, for little remains of the numerous authors who are known to have composed them, and it is probable that the performers trusted a good deal to the extempore suggestions of their own Attic wit to give them effect. Of the famous Hipponax, for example, who is sometimes held to be the inventor of epic parody, only a few fragments are extant, and these reveal none of that terrible sarcasm with which he is credited,—the sarcasm which overwhelmed the brother-sculptors of Chios, who had made a too faithful likeness of the ugly and venomous little man, and finally drove them to suicide. Of Hegemon of Thasos, nicknamed "Lentil," who was the reputed father of dramatic as Hipponax was of epic parody, little more than his name survives. Yet he, too, was a power in his day, and it is related that the Athenians in the theatre sat out the recital of his "Battle of the Giants" in spite of the ill news of a disaster to their arms in Sicily received after its commencement. Just so in the French Revolution the people ran out of the theatres between the acts to see the miserable victims pass on their way to the guillotine, and then quietly resumed their seats and forgot that dark tragedy in the last new vaudeville.

That these early parodies were all mercilessly personal, and spared neither gods nor men, we may judge from what Aristophanes has taught us of the unbounded license of Greek satire. The prince of humorists was also the prince of Greek parodists. His ever-recurrent burlesques of Euripides, his travesties of the Socratic philosophies, are still redolent of fun after the lapse of a score of centuries. To read Aristophanes—"The Frogs," for example—is to take one's fill of parodies, the only drawback being a suspicion that the poet had his favorites as well as his butts.

With the Romans parody was a favorite amusement. Catullus and Virgil seem to have suffered the most, and Joseph Scaliger, in his "Catalecta," has even preserved a parody on Catullus which is attributed to Virgil. But the latter was paid off in his own coin by the anonymous writer of the "Anti-Bucolica," mentioned by Donatus, the first of which commenced as follows :

Tityre, si toga calda tibi est, quod tegmine fagi ?

The remains of Roman as of Greek parody are scanty. Perhaps the world

has lost very little. Certainly it has no reason to rejoice in the mass of rubbish which the priests and pedants of the Middle Ages left behind them in the shape of parodies on Horace, Juvenal, and Catullus. Nor can it experience any emotion save disgust for the fools who rushed in even on holy ground and parodied the prayers, litanies, and offices of the Church, as well as the finest passages in the Old Testament and the New. These were common in Europe from the twelfth century to the seventeenth, while over in England stern Puritans and loyal Cavaliers availed themselves largely of Scripture phraseology to give zest to their caustic witticisms, and reviled one another in mock Litanies and Visitations of Sick Parliaments. One of the latest and most offensive instances is found in the "Old England's Te Deum" of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

But enough of this. One would gladly exchange the whole lot for a few more such lively skits as the parodies of *Ménage*, or those which in Joseph Scaliger's day were composed by various learned personages upon a flea that had made its appearance on the fair bosom of Madame Catherine Desroches. The intruder was discovered by Etienne Pasquier, who forthwith delivered himself of an impromptu. Then followed a host of parodies, in many forms and many languages, and in imitation of many masters, until Madame Desroches's flea became as famous as Lesbia's sparrow.

About the middle of the seventeenth century (to be exact, in 1652) appeared the famous—or infamous—"Virgile Travesti" of the French Scarron. It seems to our modern taste rather a vulgar bit of ribaldry, but it was extravagantly admired, and, in spite of Boileau, it created a host of imitators. Over in England, Charles Cotton, the translator of Montaigne, produced a work of the same order, entitled "Scarronides, or Virgil Travestied," which is now, fortunately, forgotten. Of a far higher order was "The Splendid Shilling" of John Philips, pronounced by Steele to be the finest burlesque poem in the English language. It is not so much a parody of Milton, for it suggests no well-known passage, as an application of the Miltonic style to trivial things. It has undoubted cleverness, yet the humor is of a sort that soon fades. Let us try a few lines and see if they will extort a laugh. Here is the famous description of the dun and the bailiff:

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear: a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech,
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Intrenched with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!). Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
A catchpoll, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay

Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
 Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
 To some enchanted castle is conveyed,
 Where gates impregnable and coercive chains
 In durance strict detain him, till, in form
 Of money, Pallas sets him free.

This may be funny, but, as children say, "it's not so awful funny." Nevertheless the great Dr. Johnson enjoyed it.

The great period of parody in England undoubtedly began with the "Rolliad" and the "Anti-Jacobin," and has been continued in such masterpieces of fun as the "Rejected Addresses" of the brothers Smith, the "Bon Gaultier Ballads" of Aytoun and Martin, the prose travesties by Thackeray and Bret Harte, the "Echo Club" of Bayard Taylor, the "Heptalogia" of Swinburne, and various bits of verse by Lewis Carroll, C. S. Calverley, and other humorists.

The story of the "Rejected Addresses" has been often told. The directors of Drury Lane Theatre had offered a prize for the best poetical address to be read at the opening of their new building in 1812. A casual remark dropped by one Mr. Ward, the secretary to the theatre, that none of the pieces offered had proved acceptable, was the hint on which the brothers Smith set to work. They composed a series of addresses professedly written by the principal authors of the day and rejected by the Drury Lane committee. The book appeared simultaneously with the opening of the theatre, and was an overwhelming success. The parodies on Scott, Crabbe, and Wordsworth were voted especially fine. These are all too long to quote entire. Let us extract the story proper in the Crabbe parody from the long introduction. Here it is entire :

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
 Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire ;
 But when John Dwyer 'listed in the Blues,
 Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
 Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
 Up as a corn-cutter,—a safe employ ;
 In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
 (At number twenty-seven, it is said),
 Facing the pump, and near the Granby's head ;
 He would have bound him to some shop in town,
 But with a premium he could not come down.
 Pat was the urchin's name,—a red-haired youth,
 Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.
 Silence, ye gods ! to keep your tongues in awe,
 The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.
 Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
 But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat ;
 Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
 And spurned the one to settle in the two.
 How shall he act ? Pay at the gallery-door
 Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four ?
 Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
 And gain his hat again at half-past eight ?
 Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
 John Mullens whispered, "Take my handkerchief."
 "Thank you !" cries Pat : "but one won't make a line."
 "Take mine !" cried Wilson ; and cried Stokes, "Take mine !"
 A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
 Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
 Like Iris' bow down darts the painted clue,
 Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
 Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
 George Green below, with palpitating hand,
 Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band.
 Upscars the prize ! The youth, with joy unfeigned,
 Regained the felt, and felt what he regained ;
 While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
 Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat !

From the same work is taken this parody on a well-known passage in Southey's "Kehama :—"

Midnight, yet not a nose
 From Tower Hill to Piccadilly snored;
 Midnight, yet not a nose
 From Indra drew the essence of repose.
 See with what crimson fury,
 By Indra fanned, the god of fire ascends the walls of Drury!
 The tops of houses, blue with lead,
 Bend beneath the landlord's tread;
 Master and 'prentice, serving-man and lord,
 Nailor and tailor,
 Grazier and brazier,
 Through streets and alleys poured,
 All, all abroad to gaze
 And wonder at the blaze.
 Thick calf, fat foot, and slim knee
 Mounted on roof and chimney,
 The mighty roast, the mighty stew
 To see,
 As if the dismal view
 Were but to them a mighty jubilee.

This stanza from the parody of Byron is especially famous :

For what is Hamlet but a hare in March?
 And what is Brutus but a croaking owl?
 And what is Rolla? Cupid steep'd in starch,
 Orlando's helmet in Augustine's cowl.
 Shakespeare, how true thine adage, "fair is foul!"
 To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
 The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
 Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
 And nought is everything, and everything is nought.

The imitation of Moore, too, is good :

The apples that grew on the fruit-tree of knowledge
 By woman were plucked, and she still wears the prize,
 To tempt us in theatre, senate, or college,—
 I mean the love-apples that bloom in the eyes.

There, too, is the lash which, all statutes controlling,
 Still governs the slaves that are made by the fair;
 For man is the pupil who, while her eye's rolling,
 Is lifted to rapture or sunk in despair.

The "Bon Gaultier Ballads," by William Edmonstoune Aytoun and Theodore Martin, contain some equally good parodies. "The Laureate's Tourney, by the Hon. T—— B—— M'A——," is the best travesty of Macaulay ever written :

"He's dead, he's dead, the Laureate's dead!" 'twas thus the cry began,
 And straightway every garret roof gave up its minstrel man;
 From Grub Street, and from Houndsditch, and from Farringdon Within,
 The poets all towards Whitehall poured on with eldritch din.

Loud yelled they for Sir James the Graham : but sore afraid was he;
 A hardy knight were he that might face such a minstrelsie.
 "Now by St. Giles of Netherby, my patron saint, I swear,
 I'd rather by a thousand crowns Lord Palmerston were here!"

What is't ye seek, ye rebel knaves? what make you there beneath?"
 "The bays, the bays! we want the bays! we seek the laureate wreath!"
 We seek the butt of generous wine that cheers the son of song:
 Choose thou among us all, Sir Knight,—we may not tarry long!"

and so on. Are there not here the very lilt and spirit of the "Battle of Ivry" and other noble ballads? But even better is the "Lay of the Lovelorn," a burlesque of "Locksley Hall." It is too long to quote entire, but here is the

travesty of that famous passage where the hero threatens to go off and marry a savage :

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have space to breathe, my cousin !
I will take some savage woman,—nay, I'll take at least a dozen.

There I'll rear my young mulattoes as no Bond Street brats are reared :
They shall dive for alligators, catch the wild goats by the beard,

Whistle to the cockatoos, and mock the hairy-faced baboon,
Worship mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon.

I myself, in far Timbuctoo, leopards' blood will daily quaff,
Ride a tiger-hunting, mounted on a thoroughbred giraffe.

Fiercely shall I shout the war-whoop, as some sullen stream he crosses,
Startling from their noonday slumbers iron-bound rhinoceroses.

Fool ! again the dream, the fancy ! But I know my words are mad,
For I hold the gray barbarian lower than the Christian cad.

I, the swell,—the city dandy !—I to seek such horrid places,—
I to haunt with squalid negroes, blubber-lips, and monkey-faces.

I to wed with Coromantes !—I, who managed—very near—
To secure the heart and fortune of the widow Shillibeer !

Stuff and nonsense ! let me never fling a single chance away :
Maids ere now, I know, have loved me, and another maiden may.

Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends" has this admirable imitation of "The Burial of Sir John Moore :

Not a sou had he got,—not a guinea or note,—
And he looked most confoundedly flurried ;
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady alter him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the club returning :
We twigged the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him,
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his Marshall cloak around him.

"The Doctor's as drunk as the d—l," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow.
We raised him, and sighed at the thought that his head
Would confoundedly ache on the morrow.

We bore him home and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and daughter
To give him next morning a couple of red
Herrings with soda-water.

Loudly they talked of his money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him ;
But little he recked, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane, just as we laid him.

We tucked him in, and had hardly done,
When beneath the window calling
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "One o'clock" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room on the uppermost story,
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

This parody of one of Wordsworth's famous poems appeared in Henry S. Leigh's "Carols of Cockayne :

ONLY SEVEN.

(A PASTORAL STORY, AFTER WORDSWORTH.)

I marvelled why a simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
Should utter groans so very wild
And look as pale as death.

Adopting a parental tone,
I asked her why she cried;
The damsel answered, with a groan,
"I've got a pain inside.

I thought it would have sent me mad,
Last night about eleven."
Said I, "What is it makes you bad?
How many apples have you had?"
She answered, "Only seven!"

"And are you sure you took no more,
My little maid?" quoth I.
"Oh, please, sir, mother gave me four,
But they were in a pie."

"If that's the case," I stammered out,
"Of course you've had eleven."
The maiden answered, with a pout,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

I wondered hugely what she meant,
And said, "I'm bad at riddles,
But I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles.

Now, if you don't reform," said I,
"You'll never go to heaven!"
But all in vain; each time I try,
The little idiot makes reply,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

POSTSCRIPT.

To borrow Wordsworth's name was wrong,
Or slightly misapplied;
And so I'd better call my song
"Lines from Ache-inside."

From the same author we take the following burlesque of a well-known passage in "Lalla Rookh:"

I never reared a young gazelle
(Because, you see, I never tried);
But, had it known and loved me well,
No doubt the creature would have died.
My rich and aged uncle John
Has known me long and loves me well,
But still persists in living on.—
I would he were a young gazelle!

I never loved a tree or flower;
But, if I *had*, I beg to say,
The blight, the wind, the sun, or shower,
Would soon have withered it away.
I've dearly loved my uncle John
From childhood till the present hour,
And yet he will go living on.—
I would he were a tree or flower!

This passage has always proved a tempting mark for the parodist. Here are two more attempts, the first by C. S. Calverley, the second from an anonymous source:

I never nursed a dear gazelle ;
 But I was given a paroquet,—
 (How I did nurse him if unwell !)
 He's imbecile, but lingers yet.
 He's green, with an enchanting tuft ;
 He melts me with his small black eye ;
 He'd look inimitable stuffed,
 And knows it,—but he will not die !
Fly-Leaves.

I never had a piece of toast
 Particularly long and wide,
 But fell upon the sanded floor,
 And always on the buttered side.

Perhaps the best of all English parodists was C. S. Calverley. His "Story of a Cock and Bull" is an admirable *rifacimento* of Browning; but it is too long to quote here entire. Let us take this travesty of Tennyson's "Brook:"

THE TINKER.

I loiter down by thorp and town ;
 For any job I'm willing ;
 Take here and there a dusty brown,
 And here and there a shilling.

I deal in every ware in turn :
 I've rings for buddin' Sally,
 That sparkle like those eyes of her'n ;
 I've liquor for the valet.

The things I've done 'neath moon and stars
 Have got me into messes ;
 I've seen the sky through prison bars,
 I've torn up prison dresses.

But out again I come, and show
 My face, nor care a stiver ;
 For trades are brisk and trades are slow,
 But mine goes on forever ;

and this evident skit at Jean Ingelow :

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter
 (And Heaven it knoweth what that may mean ;
 Meaning, however, is no great matter),
 Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween,

Through God's own heather we wonned together,
 I and my Willie (O love, my love !):
 I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
 And flitter-bats wavered aloof, above.

Boats were curtsying, rising, bowing
 (Boats in that climate are so polite),
 And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,
 And O the sun-dazzle on bark and bight !

Through the rare red heather we danced together
 (O love, my Willie !) and smelt for flowers ;
 I must mention again it was glorious weather,
 Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours.

The "Heptalogia, or the Seven against Sense," has already been mentioned. It is attributed to Swinburne, and the evidence is sufficient to convict him. But he has never acknowledged it. Indeed, he attempted to throw the detective off the track by a parody of his own manner and style, which we have quoted under ALLITERATION. A portion of his parody on Owen Meredith appears in our article on PLAGIARISM. Here is a clever take-off on "The New Pantheism" of Tennyson :

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM

(IN A NUTSHELL).

One, who is not, we see ; but one whom we see not, is :
Surely this is not that ; but that is assuredly this.

What, and wherefore, and whence ? for under is over and under :
If thunder could be without lightning, lightning could be without thunder.

Doubt is faith in the main ; but faith, on the whole, is doubt :
We cannot believe by proof ; but could we believe without ?

Why, and whither, and how ? for barley and rye are not clover :
Neither are straight lines curves : yet over is under and over.

Two and two may be four ; but four and four are not eight :
Fate and God may be twain ; but God is the same thing as fate.

Ask a man what he thinks, and get from a man what he feels :
God, once caught in the fact, shows you a clean pair of heels.

Body and spirit are twins : God only knows which is which :
The soul squats down in the flesh, like a tinker drunk in a ditch.

One and two are not one ; but one and nothing is two :
Truth can hardly be false, if falsehood cannot be true.

Once the mastodon was : pterodactyls were common as cocks :
Then the mammoth was God : now is He a prize ox.

Parallels all things are : yet many of these are askew :
You are certainly I ; but certainly I am not you.

Springs the cock from the plain, shoots the stream from the rock :
Cocks exist for the hen, but hens exist for the cock.

God, whom we see not, is ; and God, who is not, we see :
Fiddle we know is diddle ; and diddle, we take it, is dee.

Swinburne has been parodied by others besides himself. Here is an effort
by Mortimer Collins :

IF.

If life were never bitter,
And love were always sweet,
Then who would care to borrow
A moral from to-morrow ?
If Thames would always glitter,
And joy would ne'er retreat,
If life were never bitter,
And love were always sweet.

If care were not the waiter
Behind a fellow's chair,
When easy-going sinners
Sit down to Richmond dinners,
And life's swift stream goes straighter,—
By Jove, it would be rare,
If care were not the waiter
Behind a fellow's chair.

If wit were always radiant,
And wine were always iced,
And bores were kicked out straightway
Through a convenient gateway,
Then down the year's long gradient
'Twere sad to be enticed,
If wit were always radiant,
And wine were always iced.

Another very good parody is contained in the "Shotover Papers," contributed to by members of the University of Cambridge. The procuratores, it should be explained, are a sort of university police :

Oh, vestment of velvet and virtue,
 Oh, venomous victors of vice,
 Who hurt men who never have hurt you,
 Oh, calm, cold, crueller than ice.
 Why wilfully wage you this war? is
 All pity purged out of your breast?
 Oh, purse-prigging procuratores,
 Oh, pitiless pest!

We had smote and made redder than roses,
 With juice not of fruit nor of bud,
 The truculent townspeople's noses,
 And bathed brutal butchers in blood;
 And we all aglow in our glories
 Heard you not in the deafening din;
 And ye came, O ye procuratores,
 And ran us all in!

Another sample from the "Shotover Papers" burlesques the Laureate :

Break, break, break!
 My cups and saucers, O scout;
 And I'm glad that my tongue can't utter
 The oaths that my soul points out.

It is well for the china-shop man,
 Who gets a fresh order each day;
 And it's deucedly well for yourself,
 Who are in the said china-man's pay.

And my stately vases go
 To your uncle's, I ween, to be cashed;
 And it's oh for the light of my broken lamp,
 And the tick of my clock that is smashed.

Break, break, break!
 At the foot of my stairs in glee;
 But the coin I have spent in glass that is cracked
 Will never come back to me.

William Sawyer is responsible for this outrage upon another song in "The Princess :—"

THE RECOGNITION.

Home they brought her sailor son,
 Crowned a man across the sea,
 Tall and broad and black of beard,
 And hoarse of voice as man may be.

Hand to shake and mouth to kiss,
 Both he offered ere he spoke;
 And she said, "What man is this
 Comes to play a sorry joke?"

Then they praised him,—called him "smart,"
 "Tightest lad that ever stept;"
 But her son she did not know,
 And she neither smiled nor wept.

Rose, a nurse of ninety years,
 Set a pigeon-pie in sight;
 She saw him eat :—" 'Tis he! 'tis he!"
 She knew him—by his appetite!

Here is a fragment from Shirley Brooks's "Wit and Humor," which glances humorously at the "Idylls of the King :—"

The blameless king
 Rising again (to Lancelot's discontent,
 Who held all speeches a tremendous bore),
 Said, "If one duty to be done remains,
 And 'tis neglected, all the rest is nought
 But dead Sea apples and the acts of Apes."
 Smiled Guinevere, and begged him not to preach;

She knew that duty, and it should be done :
 So what of pudding on that festal night
 Was not consumed by Arthur and his guests,
 The queen upon the following morning fried.

If, as we have said, Calverley is by common consent the greatest of English parodists, yet surely Lewis Carroll, in the few examples scattered about his "Alice" books, presses him hard for the place. It is only because they are so few that they are not taken into more serious account. What can be better than the parody on Southey's "Father William"?—

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
 "And your hair has become very white ;
 And yet you incessantly stand on your head.
 Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
 "I feared it might injure the brain ;
 But now I am perfectly sure I have none,
 Why, I do it again and again!"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
 For anything tougher than suet ;
 Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak ;
 Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
 And argued each case with my wife ;
 And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
 Has lasted the rest of my life."

And what admirable fooling in these lines!—

How doth the little crocodile
 Improve his shining tail,
 And pour the waters of the Nile
 On every shining scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
 How neatly spreads his claws,
 And welcomes little fishes in
 With gently smiling jaws!

Bret Harte has given a good imitation of Poe's "Ulalume" in "The Wil-lows," from which there follows an extract:

But Mary, uplifting her finger,
 Said, "Sadly this bar I mistrust,—
 I fear that this bar does not trust.
 Oh, hasten—oh, let us not linger—
 Oh, fly—let us fly—ere we must!"
 In terror she cried, letting sink her
 Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—
 In agony sobbed, letting sink her
 Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—
 Till it sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

Then I pacified Mary and kissed her,
 And tempted her into the room,
 And conquered her scruples and gloom ;
 And we passed to the end of the vista,
 But were stopped by the warning of doom,—
 By some words that were warning of doom.
 And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,
 At the opposite end of the room?"
 She sobbed as she answered, "All liquors
 Must be paid for ere leaving the room."

Bayard Taylor's "Diversions of the Echo Club" contains some very good work in this line. In our article on "Autographs" we quoted a stanza from his parody on Poe. That on Joaquin Miller is quite as good. The finale is capital:

She's now the mistress of Buffalo Bill,
 And pure as the heart of a lily still ;
 While I've killed all who have cared for me,
 And I'm just as lonely as I can be :
 So, pass the whiskey,—we'll have a spree !

Longfellow's "Hiawatha" was once a favorite subject for parody. Here is a bit from an anonymous effort :

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
 With the skin he made him mittens,
 Made them with the fur side inside ;
 Made them with the skin side outside ;
 He, to get the warm side inside,
 Put the inside skin side outside,
 He, to get the cold side outside,
 Put the warm side, fur side inside ;
 That's why he put the fur side inside,
 Why he put the skin side outside,
 Why he turned them inside outside.

When the nomination of General Butler for governor of Massachusetts was first proposed, the *Boston Post* came out as follows :

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these, we may have Ben !

But when it was definitely settled that the general would not be the candidate of his party for that campaign at least, the *Post* gleefully exclaimed,—

Of all glad words of tongue or pen,
 The gladdest are these, we shan't have Ben !

In one of the earlier Orpheus C. Kerr papers was a series of "Rejected National Hymns ;" in the poem attributed to Mr. Bryant, from the first line—

The sun sinks slowly to his evening post—

it was evident that the poet had endeavored to sneak in an advertisement of the newspaper which he edited.

This anonymous skit has some merit :

The melancholy days have come,
 The saddest of the year,
 Too warm, alas ! for whiskey punch,
 Too cold for lager beer ;

and so has this :

O kittens, in our hours of ease
 Uncertain toys, and full of fleas !
 When pain and anguish hang o'er men,
 We turn you into sausage then :

which recalls a parody on "Beautiful Snow" that once went the round of the papers. It was said to have been copied from the placard of a Milwaukee sausage-maker :

Oh, the pup, the beautiful pup !
 Drinking his milk from a china cup ;
 Gambolling round so frisky and free,
 First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea ;
 Jumping,
 Running,

After the pony.
 Beautiful pup, you will soon be bolony !

And here from the Lowell *Sunday Arena* is a good "take-off" on one of the best of Kipling's ballads :

DANNY DOLAN.

"What is that chap a-growlin' for?" said Cop-on-beat.
 "They've thrown him out, they've thrown him out," the loafer said, discreet.
 "What makes him cuss and swear so?" said Cop-on-beat.
 "They've kicked him out," the loafer said ; "he didn't pay his treat."

For he hung up Danny Dolan in a playful kind of way,
And he swiped a dozen schooners with "I'll pay some other day."
He's taken shingles off the house, an' worked the slate, they say.
He's been hangin' Danny Dolan up since morning.

"What makes him swear and breathe so 'ard!" said Cop-on-beat.
"He's got the jims, he's got the jams," the loafer said, discreet.
"What makes him stagger an' fall down?" said Cop-on-beat.
"A touch of rum, a touch of rum," the loafer said, "an' neat."
For he hung up Danny Dolan, sayin', "Put it on the ice."
Yes, he stood up Danny Dolan by a curious device.
He shook him for the drinks all round, an' worked in loaded dice.
He's been hangin' Danny Dolan up since morning.

"Dan's place is on this route of mine," said Cop-on-beat.
"It's got a little side door, too," the loafer said, discreet.
"I've drunk his beer a score of times," said Cop-on-beat.
"An' you settled," said the loafer, "like this fellow for your treat."
Yes, he's hung up Danny Dolan, takin' profit from the place,
An' I know where he'll be sleepin' when I look him in the face.
I'll ring in the patrol-wagon: I must wipe out this disgrace.
He's been hangin' Danny Dolan up since morning.

"What's that so black against his name?" said Cop-on-beat.
"Disorderly an' drunk, I think," the loafer said, discreet.
"What's that that whimpers underneath?" said Cop-on-beat.
"They're lockin' up," the loafer said, "an' ornery dead beat."
For he's done up Danny Dolan in a playful kind of way.
To-morrow he'll look solemn when a fine he has to pay;
As he hasn't got the cash, in jail for thirty days he'll stay.
For he hung up Danny Dolan in the morning.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of the few, an admirable definition by Pope in "Thoughts on Various Subjects." It was Pope also who, in his last letter to the Bishop of Rochester (Atterbury), said,—

At this time, when you are cut off from a little society and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents, not to serve a party or a few, but all mankind.

It is not impossible that Goldsmith had this sentiment floating in his mind when he wrote his famous description of Burke:

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote.

Retaliation.

As a curious double coincidence, President Rutherford B. Hayes's famous maxim in his Inaugural Address, March 5, 1877, "He serves his party best who serves the country best," is an obvious imitation of another line of Pope's:

He serves me most who serves his country best.

Homer's Iliad, Book x., l. 201.

Pasquinades, a general name for a lampoon or a satire, but more specifically and originally the name given by modern Romans to the anonymous lampoons surreptitiously hung upon the statue of Pasquino. This statue needs a word by itself. It stands at an angle of the Palazzo Orsini in Rome, in the square to which it has given its name. It is a mere torso,—armless, with amputated legs. Yet, though thus maimed and mutilated, it is full of beauty. Indeed, when Bernini, himself a sculptor, was asked which was the finest statue in Rome, he answered, without hesitation, "Pasquino." As to what it represents, no one knows. Antiquaries, however, have embittered their ignorance by issueless discussions as to whether it was a Fighting Gladiator, a Hercules, an Ajax, or a Patroclus bearing up a Menelaus. Authentic history tells us that it was discovered about the year 1503 near one of the entrances of the ancient amphitheatre of Alexander Severus. And whence

its name? Authentic history is silent. Yet tradition, which has received the conditional sanction of history,—a tradition that crept into quasi-authentic print so far back as 1560, when it is mentioned by Antonio Barotti,—tradition affirms that the statue takes its name from one Maestro Pasquino, a young tailor of great cleverness who flourished at the end of the fifteenth century. He was careless and bold of speech, freely satirizing Popes, cardinals, and noblemen, and his jests were taken up and repeated by the men in his employ. When, therefore, any person of rank and authority wished to relate an anecdote against some one in power, he fathered it upon Pasquino, whose insignificance protected him from vengeance. Gradually all lampoons and satires upon the pontifical court were attributed to the same person. But in time Pasquino died, and left no successor. It was at this very juncture that the statue was opportunely discovered. The people immediately labelled it Pasquino, and endowed it with the characteristics of its eponyme. But, as the dumb statue could not speak, it was feigned that he wrote all his biting satires, and these would be found on placards hung about his person.

Pasquino was not the only figure in Rome who gave expression to the thoughts and feelings which could not have been proclaimed openly and safely by human beings. His most distinguished companion was (and is) Marforio, another mutilated torso, of gigantic stature, evidently representing an ocean- or river-god, which was found in the sixteenth century near the Forum of Mars,—whence its name. Marforio was rarely or never the original spokesman, but he often carried on dialogues with Pasquino. A third party, a so-called Facchino, or Porter, in the Piazza Piombino, occasionally joined in the conversation. Sprenger, in his "*Roma Nova*," 1660, tells us that in his day Pasquino was the spokesman of the nobles, Marforio of the citizens, and Facchino of the commonalty. But the distinction was not very nicely observed; indeed, as a rule, Pasquino had a large and humanitarian interest in all ranks and classes of his fellow-citizens.

The first true pasquinades—that is, the first of the epigrams which were affixed to Pasquin and hence derived their name—belonged to the reign of Leo X., though satires on previous Popes have been retrospectively grouped under the same general head. The character of these Leonine pasquinades is generally so coarse as to render them unfit for publication. One only, and a very cruel one, may be singled out. When Leo died it was currently reported that he had not received the last sacraments of the Church. Pasquin, whose two favorite topics had been the immorality and venality of the papal court, came out with this epigram: "Do you ask why at the last hour Leo could not take the sacrament? He had sold it." On the death of Clement VII., popularly attributed to malpractice at the hands of his physician, Matteo Curzio or Curtius, Pasquin gleefully said, "Curtius has killed Clement. Curtius, who has secured the public health, should be rewarded." In a longer epigram he detailed a bitter struggle that had arisen between Pluto and St. Peter as to which should *not* possess the pontifical soul. Each sought to force the unwilling gift upon the other. Peter had no use for Clement in heaven, Pluto feared the disturbance he would make in hell. The quarrel was cut short by the Pope himself, who declared that he would force his way into hell:

Tartara tentemus, facilis descensus Averni.

With the advent of the Reformation a much wider career was opened to Pasquin. In 1544 a stout little volume appeared, bearing the title "*Pasquillorum, Tomi duo*." It consisted of satires, epigrams, and lampoons, many being actual pasquinades, many more being fugitive pieces of the same anti-papal character. Pasquin's renown was now heralded all over

Europe, and the name pasquil or pasquinade passed into the general vocabulary of modern languages as the synonyme for any species of epigrammatic lampoon.

At Rome, however, Pasquin continued to be the spokesman of the opposition, and, indeed, he has not altogether lost his old habits even in the present day of Italian unity. Sixtus V was the most frequently and most tartly pasquinaded. That pontiff, a sort of Baron Haussmann in his way, had a great mania for building,—especially fountains. It was he who erected the fountain of Monte Cavallo and the Fontana Felice. Pasquin parodied the inscription *Pontifex maximus* placed upon all these constructions, and made of it *Fontifex maximus* ("great builder of fountains").

A soldier of the Swiss papal guard having once, in the cathedral of St. Peter, struck a Spanish nobleman with his halberd, the latter in indignation returned the blow with his stick, but so roughly that the Swiss died of the wound the same morning. The Pope at once sent to the governor of Rome, and told him that he expected to see justice done that very afternoon, "before I sit down to dinner," he added, "and I intend dining early." The Spanish ambassador and four cardinals shortly after arrived at the Vatican to sue for the pardon of the culprit on the ground of the provocation he had received; but Sixtus was inflexible. "Grant at least, Holy Father," then asked the ambassador, "that the unhappy man be beheaded and not hanged, for he is of gentle blood." "He shall be hanged, he shall be hanged," cried the Pope; "but if the shame of this mode of death can in any way be alleviated by my attendance at the execution, the man shall die in my presence." The gibbet was accordingly erected in front of the pontifical windows. Sixtus V came out upon the balcony, witnessed without wincing the whole of the revolting scene, and when it was over said grimly to his attendants, "And now bring me to eat; this act of justice has given me an appetite."

The next day, Marforio asked of Pasquin whither he was hurrying, thus loaded with gibbets, wheels, whips, and axes. "Oh, it's nothing," answered Pasquin; "I am only carrying a stew to stimulate the Holy Father's appetite."

Sixtus, brutal as he usually was, yet put up, as a rule, with the jokes and criticisms of Pasquin. On one occasion only did he seek revenge. He had a sister, whom he dearly loved, named Camilla Peretti; but among other loose things that were said of her, it was reported that at the time when her brother had been a poor monk she had washed linen to earn her living. One morning, Pasquin appeared with a very dirty shirt on. "Halloo!" exclaimed Marforio; "why such unclean linen, Pasquino?" "I have no laundry," was the piteous answer, "ever since the Pope has made a princess of mine." After useless endeavors to discover the author of this pitiless joke, Sixtus offered a thousand crowns and a promise that the culprit's life would be spared, if he would give himself up at once. Tempted out of prudence by the magnitude of the reward, the author revealed himself. "You shall not be hanged," said the Pope to him in fury, "and you shall have your reward too; but we are going to pluck out your tongue, and to cut off your hands, to teach you how to moderate yourself for the future." And this inhuman order was executed. It is as well to note, however, that the story is not generally accepted by historians.

It would be impossible to relate the whole or even the principal of Pasquin's innumerable *concetti*: for every day and every hour something new was written, carved, or chalked upon his pedestal. If political topics failed, there were always social scandals and gossipings in plenty; and it was not only the rich and powerful who dreaded his sting. He was absolutely incorruptible. He could not be bribed or threatened into silence. "Great sums,"

he proudly said, addressing himself to Paul III.,—"great sums were formerly given to poets for singing; how much will you give me, O Paul, to be silent?"

On the authority of Paulus Jovius, Adrian VI., successor to Leo X., had almost made up his mind to silence Pasquin forever. Indeed, he actually proposed to throw him into the Tiber. But the Spanish legate dissuaded him. "If you do this," said he, "all the frogs in the river, becoming infected with the spirit of Pasquin, will adopt his style of speech, and croak only pasquinades. The very contemptibleness of the fellow makes him the more to be dreaded. Did not the very reeds reveal the secret of Midas?" Whether this reasoning convinced the pontiff, or whether wiser reflection showed him that all the public monuments of Rome would one by one have to follow Pasquin into the river in order to deprive him of a successor, certain it is that Adrian desisted from his project.

A pasquinade which has been highly commended for its imaginative wit is that which greeted the papal excommunication of all who took snuff in the churches of Seville. This was in the pontificate of Urban VIII. (1623-1644). Straightway Pasquin came out with the following verse from Job (xiii. 25): "Contra folium quod vento rapitur, ostendis potentiam tuam? et stipulam siccam persequeris?" which the Authorized Version translates, "Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? and wilt thou pursue the dry stubble?"

Coleridge also quotes as a fine example of wit the pasquinade upon the Pope who had employed a committee to rip up the errors of his predecessors: "Some one placed a pair of spurs upon the statue of St. Peter, and a label upon the opposite statue of St. Paul.

"*St. Paul.* Whither, then, are you bound?"

"*St. Peter.* I apprehend danger here; they'll soon call me in question for denying my Master.

"*St. Paul.* Nay, then, I had better be off, too; for they'll question me for having persecuted the Christians before my conversion." (*Lectures upon Shakespeare and other Dramatists.*)

This shows, what was in fact the truth, that other statues besides the ones we have mentioned were at rare intervals used for the purposes of pasquinade.

In 1808, when the French troops entered Rome to garrison it, after Napoleon's imprisonment of Pius VII., Pasquin asked Marforio whether the French were not a herd of brigands. Next morning Marforio answered, "Non tutti, ma buona parte" ("Not all, but a good part of them"). This pun on Bonaparte's name has been attributed to many other humorists.

Pasteboard, in English and American society slang, a visiting-card. "To pasteboard" or "to shoot a p. b." means to leave a card.

"Lady Clavering is going out for her drive," the Major said. "We shall only have to leave our pasteboards, Arthur." He used the word "pasteboards," having heard it from some of the ingenious youth of the nobility about town, and as a modern phrase suited to Pen's tender years.—THACKERAY: *Pendennis*, ch. xxxvi.

Pasters, a contrivance used by the candidates for popular suffrage to facilitate individual voting or "scratching" (*q. v.*) in their favor. They are sheets of gum-backed paper, divided into very narrow strips by perforated lines to enable them to be readily torn off for use; each of the narrow strips into which it is subdivided bears the name of the candidate providing it and distributing it at the polls, and its object is to invite and enable voters to substitute, by pasting over, his name for some other of the several names on the same ballot.

Patch. In colloquial English, when comparing an inferior person or thing to a superior, it is very usual to say that the one is not a patch upon the other,

—obviously meaning that it is so far inferior as not even to be worthy of being used as a patch. A phrase that sounds similar, yet is in fact different in meaning, is much used in western England: "Don't put a patch upon it," —i.e., "Don't make an excuse for it," or "Don't make the matter worse" by adding something to make the fault look less of a fault. Thus, Shakespeare:

Oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patched.
King John, Act iv., Sc. 2.

Patched Breeches, a nickname given to Governor William L. Marcy, of New York, in an unfriendly spirit. It was alleged against him that he had permitted the amount of a personal tailor's bill to be included in an appropriation and to be paid out of State funds.

Patched-up Peace, also called "Ill-grounded Peace" and "Lame and Unstable Peace," is the name by which the treaty is known, concluded in 1568, between Charles IX. of France and the Huguenots at Longjumeau. It was so called from the precipitancy with which it was concluded and the want of confidence felt on both sides of its stability.

Patronage. In the language of politics, patronage is ordinarily understood to be the benefits in the way of appointments into the civil service which any public office enables its occupant to bestow. Ordinarily, too, the power of appointment is with the executive department and its administrative subdivisions, and in America the term has sometimes, in popular use, among the lower order of politicians, obtained a most ludicrous extension, by which it signifies the power of appointment of anybody to do any service, so it be paid for out of public moneys, from the appointment of a Cabinet officer by the President down to that of a scrub-woman by the janitor of the county court-house. Although, with the exception of the officers and servants of their own houses and the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States or of the States required in appointments to the more important offices, strictly speaking and in law, legislative bodies have no patronage, in practice the case is very different. Members of Congress and Senators affiliated with the party controlling the executive not only exercise influence (*q. v.*) over appointments to all federal offices within their districts or the State whose representatives they are, but regard the right of nominating the appointee as an appanage of their office, in other words, as their "patronage." The civil service laws, which in the eyes of some have remedied this abuse altogether, have in the eyes of others only veiled it. At any rate, in the earlier half of the decade 1870-80 the practice was openly reduced to a system, and the executive was fast becoming, in matters of appointment at least, no more than the recorder and executor of the mandates of the Congressmen and Senators; the distribution of the offices was looked upon by most Congressmen as their most important public duty and the most important privilege attached to their position.

Patterson. **Who struck Billy Patterson?** a familiar American locution. Not only is the name of Billy Patterson's assailant veiled in night, but Billy Patterson himself is one of the great myths of American history. The question "Who struck Billy Patterson?" should be supplemented by the further question, "Who was Billy Patterson?" He has been variously described as a Baltimore merchant, a Georgia professor, a Philadelphia fireman, a New Jersey senator, a Boston bank president, a New York Bowery boy. But in most of the variants of the myth the point and the moral are

the same. In a street-riot or election-row Patterson is represented as having been struck. An indignant friend thereupon advances into the crowd, shouting, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" "I did!" cries a big, sturdy rioter. The champion's attitude suddenly changes from angry defiance to disinterested critical approval. "And a d—— good blow it was, too!" he says. This, we repeat, is the usual version, however the personality of Mr. Patterson may be varied in different localities. The incident must have occurred early in the century, for he was made the hero of a song popular in London in the reign of George IV. But, in spite of these well-authenticated facts, other legends of later date have clustered around the famous Billy. Two of these have acquired special prominence. They are apocryphal, of course, yet, because they have misled the unwary, they are worth chronicling. One story which made the rounds of the newspapers quite recently is that Professor Alban Smith Payne, M.D., at present living in Warrenton, Virginia, struck William Patterson in May, 1852, in Richmond.

"I struck him," said the doctor to a reporter of the *Detroit Free Press*, "because I saw old Usher Parsons, the surgeon to Commodore Perry in Lake Erie, lying on his back in the road, unable to rise, his white hair streaming in the air, ruthlessly knocked there by a brutal bully; and I said, 'By the Eternal! I will hit you, my man, and I will hit you hard!' And I did."

You see, all the point of the story disappears in this version. Why should a large part of the civilized world still be interested in asking, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" if it were simply the case of a bully knocked down by a medical gentleman? Moreover, the dates settle the matter. The question was asked long, long before 1852.

And in the other story, too, the dates are decisive. William Patterson, a Baltimore merchant, so this story goes, was struck by an unknown man in a Georgia street-riot. He at once jumped up and ran through the streets, crying, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Nobody could or would tell him,—naturally enough, for he was a stranger, and a brawny stranger. He afterwards offered a public reward through the newspapers to any one who should name the man. Again no one responded. He died, and left one thousand dollars in his will to any one who should furnish the information. (A copy of this will, by the way, is said to be filed away in the ordinary's office, Carnesville, Franklin County, Georgia.) Naturally, the affair grew to be talked about. "Who struck Billy Patterson?" became a proverbial saying. Finally the story of the reward reached the ears of Mrs. Jenny G. Conely, of Athol, New York. She came forward and asserted that her father, George W. Tillerton, struck the blow, but was so terrified by the results that he fled the town. Whether Mrs. Conely ever got the reward is not stated. Now, this story has a certain air of plausibility. It seems to give a reason for the constant repetition of the query. But it, too, lacks the all-satisfying moral of the more usual version. So we are glad to find it lacks as well historical confirmation. This event was too recent. The query is known to have been asked for almost a century.

Pauper Labor, a term used in American stump-oratory and political editorial writing. The expression was first extensively used in 1842, and has been reiterated ever since. It is particularly often used in discussions upon the tariff, and oftenest by the protectionists, who argue that their fiscal policy protects the contented, well-fed, and well-paid American workingman against competition with the pauper labor of Europe.

Peace with honor, one of Beaconsfield's most famous rockets of speech, was sent up immediately after his return to London (in 1876) from the Congress of Vienna. But it was a rank plagiarism. The very words appeared

on the flags of welcome which greeted him at Dover, and in his turn the man who placed the device there was a plagiarist. The phrase is a familiar one in English literature. Pepys, under date of May 25, 1663, says, referring to his wife, "With peace and honor I am willing to spare her anything, so as to be able to keep all ends together and my power over her undisturbed." Defoe has the exact phrase: "He [James I.] had rather spend a hundred thousand pounds in embassies to procure peace with dishonor than ten thousand pounds to send a force to procure peace with honor." (*Memoirs of a Cavalier*.) Again, Shakespeare puts the words into the mouth of Volumnia when she urges her son Coriolanus to let policy

hold companionship in peace
With honor, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request.

A pronounced similarity, not only in the words, but also in the situation in which they were uttered, occurs in Fletcher's "Queen of Corinth:"

Eraton. The general is returned, then?

Meantles. With much honor.

Sositles. And peace concluded with the place of Argos?

Meantles. And the queen's wishes.

Peacock feathers. These in England and locally in America are looked upon as unlucky. Their mere possession is reputed to be a harbinger of misfortune to the owner. Every kind of loss will have to be sustained by the occupiers of the house they adorn, including illness and death, and many country-people, even now, would be horrified if any one were unwittingly to bring under a roof one or more of these feathers. It is further said that children will never be healthy in rooms adorned with these iridescent plumes, and that it is the unluckiest thing in the world to give them as playthings to the youngsters.

The bird first received a bad name in the land of its birth. According to Mohammedan tradition, the peacock opened the wicket of Paradise to admit the devil, and eventually received a very ample share of the devil's own punishment, though what losses this winged accessory before the fact suffered are not stated: perhaps they were a melodious voice and presentable feet.

To Paradise, the Arabs say,
Satan could never find the way
Until the peacock let him in.

In the likeness of a serpent Satan tempted Eve, and the punishment meted out to the associate in crime may have been that the peacock should thereafter consider his former friend his greatest enemy. It is the one useful trait in the vain character of the bird, and deserves placing on record, that he is the deadly foe of all snakes, harmless and venomous.

The Yezidees, a remnant of the Parsees, who acknowledged the two principles of good and evil as antagonistic powers, chose the peacock as the representative of the evil principle, Ahriman, Pride. Believing that the evil principle is the strongest in this world, they considered that it was prudent to propitiate it by sacrifice before its emblem, the peacock, though they also believed in the final triumph of the good principle. The Egyptians had, of course, long before this arranged a little narrative about the peacock's tail. They said its feather was an emblem of an evil eye or an ever-watchful traitor in the house. Argus was the vigilant minister of Osiris, King of Egypt. When Osiris started on his Indian expedition he left his queen Isis regent, and Argus her chief adviser. The latter with his hundred eyes—secret spies—soon made himself so formidable that he seized the queen regent, shut her up in a castle, and proclaimed himself king. Mercury was sent against

him with a large army, took him captive, and cut off his head, whereupon Juno metamorphosed him into a peacock and set his eyes in his tail.

In the Middle Ages it was customary to serve the peacock at great banquets with much pomp and ceremony. Over his carcass mediæval knights swore one of their most solemn vows, the ladies being witnesses thereto. The principals do not appear to have known anything of the origin or meaning of the oath by the peacock, and there is reason, therefore, for believing it to have been traditional and imported. Its incongruous combination with vows to God and the Virgin seems to show that it was a pagan oath Christianized in outward form by the aspersion of holy words. In 1453, Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, vowed "by the peacock" to go to the deliverance of Constantinople, which had recently fallen into the hands of the Turks. At the conclusion of the tournament and banquet held by the duke at Lille, Holy Mother Church, under the disguise of a lady in mourning seated on an elephant and escorted by a giant, approached the duke and delivered a long versified complaint, claiming the aid and succor of the Knights of the Golden Fleece. The herald advanced, bearing on his fist a live peacock or pheasant, which, according to the rites of chivalry, he presented to the duke. At this extraordinary summons, Philip, a wise and aged prince, engaged his person and powers in the holy war against the Turks. His example was imitated by the barons and knights of the assembly; they swore to God, the Virgin, the ladies, and the peacock. In this connection will be recalled Præd's brilliant charade "The Peacock and the Ladies."

A representation of the bird, with train displayed, is supposed to have been employed by the early Christians to symbolize the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul. It is of frequent occurrence as an emblem in the catacombs of Rome. The fact appears to be that the peacock, as an emblem of the resurrection, supplanted the phoenix, which, used by the Egyptians, seated on its claws, and with two human arms protruding from its breast in an attitude of prayer, as a type of their great astronomical year, came, with the latter fable of its rising from its ashes, to symbolize the immortality of the soul and an after-life.

Not only does it thus appear on monuments and in windows, but the variegated feathers of the bird, or imitations of them in embroidery, were often used in early times as church decorations. The wings of angels, moreover, were often represented as formed of the plumes.

There was an old idea as to the incorruptibility of the flesh of the peacock, which may have suggested the adoption of this bird as a symbol of triumph over death and the grave. In a rare book, published in 1685, appears the following: "When a peacock is dead his flesh does not decay, nor yield any stinking smell, but continues, as it were, embalmed in spices."

Pearls before swine, a familiar expression, meaning something fine or costly wasted on those who cannot appreciate it, or, as Hamlet says, "caviare to the general." The original is in the Sermon on the Mount: "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." (*Matthew vii. 6.*)

The evening was advanced when a venerable squire of ancient name and lineage arose to propose a toast. Seldom have I heard one more successful. He began modestly. It is always well to begin modestly. "I feel," said the good man, "that for a plain country squire like myself to address a dignified body like the Presbytery of St. Andrews, including in its number various learned professors, is, indeed, to cast pearls before swine." He had to pause long ere he got further. Thunderous applause broke forth. The swine cheered as if they would never leave off. We all knew perfectly what the laird meant. I was sitting next to him as he spoke the words. I heard them with these ears.—*Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews.*

Peck of dirt. A familiar English phrase of no known parentage asserts that "Every one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies." Lord Chesterfield one day, at an inn where he dined, complained very much that the plates and dishes were very dirty. The waiter, with a degree of pertness, observed, "It is said that every one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies." "That may be true," said Chesterfield, "but no one is obliged to eat it all at one meal."

Peculiar Institution, in American political slang, slavery as it existed in the Southern States before the war. It is said to have been the condensation of a phrase first used by the *South Carolina Gazette*, which in the heat of the anti-slavery conflict (*circa* 1852) advised that all strangers from the North should be kept under surveillance, because of "the dangers which at present threaten the peculiar domestic institution of the South."

Peeler, in English cant, a policeman. The word, which dates originally from the organization of that splendid force, the Irish Constabulary, under Sir Robert Peel, crept over into England, and is used to this day in London indifferently with the word "cop" as a slang designation for a policeman. The latter is the older word, and is no doubt derived from the slang verb to "cop," or seize. As peeler is an adaptation of Sir Robert's last name, so the less frequent "Bobby" is a reminiscence of his Christian name.

Peg too low, colloquial English for low-spirited, moody. The expression originated in a custom of our Saxon ancestors, a method of drinking designed by that wonderful reformer of the tenth century, St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, with the object of preventing brawls. The cup or bowl used was called a "peg-tankard;" in this pewter cup places were left, at regular intervals, in which a peg could be inserted; as the bowl passed from hand to hand the peg was moved, so that no one might exceed his due share of the draught. Longfellow introduces the custom in "The Golden Legend," where, in the scene in the refectory, Friar John is made to say,—

Come, old fellow, drink down to your peg,
But do not drink any farther, I beg!

Pen and Sword. These striking lines, written by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, are from "Richelieu:—"

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.

Act ii., Sc. 2.

This may be a reminiscence of the Latin phrase quoted by Burton (*Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part I., Sec. 2, Mem. 4, Subs. 4), "Hinc quam sit calamus sævior ense, patet" ("From this it appears how much more cruel the pen may be than the sword"). But Saint-Simon comes closer to Bulwer's thought in his "Memoirs," iii. 517 (1702), ed. 1856: "Tant la plume a eu sous le roi d'avantage sur l'épée" ("So much had the pen, under the king, the advantage over the sword"). Evidently Sieyès would not have been classed by Bulwer among men entirely great. For at the end of the Directory, when he felt how powerless was the mere man of letters, Sieyès exclaimed, "What I want is a sword" ("Il me faut une épée").

The Portuguese Antonio da Fonseca, a celebrated although at times erotic poet of the early seventeenth century, in one of his most spirited elegies thus jocosely compares the prowess of the pen and sword, as applied to the "Academy of War:—"

Da Academia de Marte, em cujo estudo
E papel a campanha, o sangue tinta,
A penna espada e o tintiro escuda.

("Of war's academy, in whose study
Paper is the field, ink the blood,
Pen the sword, and ink-pot the shield.")

In the year 1520, Claus Petri, both historian and chancellor of the Upsala University, chronicled the amazing results that flowed from the numerous letters of Christian II., King of Denmark, containing assurances to the Swedes of the most grandiloquent character, and replete with promises if the public of Sweden would accept him for its ruler. He says, "Scarcely ever in former times was so great a number of letters issued by any king," but he terminates the sentence by observing, "Letters did more than the sword" ("Och mera gjorde bref än svärd").

But the original thought is in Sophocles :

Thoughts are mightier than strength of hand.

Frag. 854.

Mr. Edward Bok, in an article on "How I made my Autograph Album," in *Lippincott's Magazine*, gives the following interesting letter :

I prefer not to make scraps of sentimental writing. When I write anything I want it to be real and connected in form, as, for instance, in your quotation from Lord Lytton's play of "Richelieu," "The pen is mightier than the sword." Lord Lytton would never have put his signature to so naked a sentiment. Surely I will not. In the text there was a prefix or qualification :

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.

Now, this world does not often present the condition of facts herein described. Men entirely great are very rare indeed, and even Washington, who approached greatness as near as any mortal, found good use for the sword and the pen, each in its proper sphere. We have seen the day when a great and good man ruled this country (Lincoln) who wielded a powerful and prolific pen, and yet had to call to his assistance a million of flaming swords. No, I cannot subscribe to your sentiment "The pen is mightier than the sword," because it is not true. Rather, in the providence of God, there is a time for all things; a time when the sword may cut the Gordian knot, and set free the principles of right and justice, bound up in the meshes of hatred, revenge, and tyranny, that the pens of mighty men like Clay, Webster, Crittenden, and Lincoln were unable to disentangle.

Your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

Pennsylvania Dutch, a South German *patois* which took root in Pennsylvania, and, drawing succulence from its foreign surroundings, burgeoned out into something distinctively transatlantic, yet retaining its Teutonic stamp, especially in a great number of old and curious German words and forms of speech such as are now to be heard only in the remotest places of the Fatherland. The dialect is still spoken by a population of some two millions, centred round Philadelphia and in the Pennsylvanian neighborhood of New York City, becoming less and less adulterated with English the farther the settlement is removed from urban influences. It was originally brought over by the Germans who joined the expedition of William Penn in 1682. They received large reinforcements when the Moravian Count Zinzendorf and his co-religionists settled in the Lehigh Valley. Later on, in 1708, the Dunkers, or German Baptists, swelled the German element in Pennsylvania. The settlements of the latter were mainly called by Biblical names,—Lebanon, Jordan, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Emmaus.

Penny. No Penny, no Paternoster, meaning, of course, "Pay your money, or you will get no prayers," is an old English proverb, which may be found duly recorded by Heywood (1546) :

He may be in my Paternoster in deede,
But be sure he shall never come into my creede.
Ave Maria (quoth he) how much motion
Here is to prayers with how little devotion.
But some men say No Penny, no Paternoster.

Penny Dreadfuls, a name colloquially given in England to what in America are called blood-and-thunder stories,—*i.e.*, the volcanic serials con-

tributed to penny papers. When published in book-form they are known as "shilling shockers." The *Quarterly Review* answers its own query, "Who write the Penny Dreadfuls?" as follows :

A goodly proportion of them [the authors] began life in the unambitious capacities of compositors, reporters, and hangers-on of the newspaper press. One well-known personage of this class began what in moments of confidence he delights to style his "literary career" when acting as shopman to a second-hand bookseller in a manufacturing town of the Midlands. Another distinguished person of the same type translates dubious French novels on weekdays, and on Sundays actually officiates as minister in some sort of dissenting chapel. A third was a village school-master in Scotland, while of a fourth a curious anecdote was told a few years ago in a monthly magazine. "A friend of the writer," said the magazinist, "has in his service a housemaid whose father writes novels for a Fleet Street publisher from ten to four daily." A still more amusing illustration of the social status of some of our popular instructors was lately related by a lady, the wife of a well-known physician. Her cook having repeatedly neglected to send up the dinner with the punctuality which is desirable in a well-ordered household, she remonstrated with some sharpness, and, to her astonishment, was informed that the young person in question was so much occupied with the novel she was writing that she had been unable to pay due attention to her duties in the kitchen.—*The Quarterly Review*.

Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt (L., "Perish those who have said our good things before us"). St. Jerome tells us that his teacher Donatus frequently used these words as a comment on the lines in Terence, "Nullum est jam dictum quod non dictum sit prius" ("Nothing is now said which has not already been said"). This very saying seems to justify its own truth when one reflects that it is but a paraphrase of Ecclesiastes i. 9, "There is no new thing under the sun." La Bruyère begins his "Caractères" with the famous phrase, "All has been said, and one comes too late after the seven thousand years in which men have lived and thought." Boileau thought that nothing was left for us save imitation. "Him who does not imitate the ancients," he says, "none will imitate." Alfred de Musset, when accused of imitating the author of "Childe Harold," showed how that author had himself imitated Pulci and many more of the old Italians. Alfred's conclusion,

Rien n'appartient à rien, tout appartient à tous,

expresses with the rounded completeness of aphoristic truth what Voltaire had already represented, with his usual finesse, in the light of a similitude: "Il en est des livres comme du feu dans nos foyers. On va prendre ce feu chez son voisin, on l'allume chez soi, on le communique à d'autres, et il appartient à tous."

Byron himself expressed a desire to be numbered among the "good pilferers," for "you may laugh at it as a paradox," said he, "but I assure you the most original writers are the greatest thieves."

La Fontaine, avowing that he was no slavish imitator of Virgil, proposed to find a rule for practice. It is in essential harmony with that of Voltaire :

Je ne prends que l'idée, et les tours et les lois
Que nos maîtres suivaient eux-mêmes autrefois.
Si d'ailleurs quelque endroit plein chez eux d'excellence
Peut entrer dans mes vers sans nulle violence,
Je l'y transporte, et veux qu'il n'ait rien d'affecté,
Tâchant de rendre mien cet air d'antiquité.

When Alexander Smith was roundly accused of plagiarism by the policemen of the press, Sir Arthur Helps, in a cordial consolatory letter, said, very happily, "Really, if people were at all critics, they should be able to distinguish between the man who *conquers* and the man who *steals*." A happy phrase, indeed, yet Mr. Helps had himself conquered it from Molière, or from a phrase misquoted from Molière: "I take my own wherever I find it" ("Je prends mon bien où je le trouve"). This is the famous reply said to have been made by him when accused of borrowing incidents and characters. It is further explained by the definition which one of his avowed admirers has

based upon it: "An author is a person who takes in books what is passing through his head." Molière had no such epigrammatic meaning. He said retake or recover (*reprends*) in lieu of take (*prends*), and his meaning was that when any one stole from him he always recaptured his own property. The phrase was not used to defend his many plagiarisms, but to condemn the plagiarism of a friend. To Cyrano de Bergerac he had confidentially communicated the famous scene in "Les Fourberies de Scapin" where GÉRONTE inquires, "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?" Cyrano appropriated the idea in his "Pédant Joué," Act ii., Sc. 4. When Molière produced his own play he was accused of plagiarism from Cyrano, and then made the famous answer we have already quoted. Emerson increases the confusion by attributing the phrase to Marmontel. The whole passage is just pat to the matter in hand, and we will quote it entire: "Wordsworth, as soon as he heard a good thing, caught it up, meditated upon it, and very soon reproduced it in his conversation and writings. If De Quincey said, 'That is what I told you,' he replied, 'No: that is mine,—mine, and not yours.' On the whole, we like the valor of it. 'Tis on Marmontel's principle, 'I pounce on what is mine wherever I find it,' and on Bacon's broader rule, 'I take all knowledge to be my province.' It betrays the consciousness that truth is the property of no individual, but is the treasure of all men. And inasmuch as any writer has ascended to a just view of man's condition, he has adopted this tone." (*Letters and Social Aims: Quotations and Originality.*)

Perry's Saints, a name familiarly given to the Forty-Eighth New York Volunteers, also known as the Fighting Parson's Regiment.

The regiment was stationed along the Carolina coast for the first three years of the war, and saw but little active service; but in 1864 it was transferred to the Army of the Potomac in time to take part in the battle of Cold Harbor and the engagements around Petersburg. It was subsequently moved back to North Carolina, and participated in the assault and capture of Fort Fisher. Its history is not greatly different from that of other regiments, except in the character of its first colonel, the Rev. James H. Perry. He was a graduate of West Point, who offered his services to the Texan government just after his graduation. At the battle of San Jacinto he succeeded in killing a Mexican officer whom he thought to be Santa Anna. On finding out his mistake he was overwhelmed with remorse, left the Texan service immediately, and entered the ministry. The news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter caused him to take up his sword again, and to remain in the service until he died of fever, contracted in the Southern swamps. His was not the only case of this kind, but it affords another illustration of the moral forces which lay behind the great uprising of the North in 1861. —*New York Nation.*

Persuasion. There is no word that is so badly abused by the ordinary run of writers as this. In the first place, its meaning is always misapprehended,—not the ordinary and familiar meaning as a noun formed from the verb to persuade, but the secondary meaning it has acquired as the creed or belief of any sect or branch of some greater faith. It is right, for example, to speak of the Presbyterian or even of the Protestant persuasion. It is not right to speak of the Christian or the Buddhist persuasion. But, not content with misapplying it in matters religious, the illiterate vulgar, or their far more dangerous and unpleasant neighbors the semi-educated vulgar, make your teeth stand on edge by speaking of the Spiritualist persuasion, the clerical persuasion, etc. The other day a journalist characterized himself as being of the reportorial persuasion. Great heavens! If an ass could speak, would he say that he was of the asinine persuasion? Let us trust that he would show a nicer sense of the functions of words. We pass from bad to worse when we get among the funny men. To say that a woman is of the female persuasion was originally meant for a joke. As such it might pass—once. You might, indeed, refuse to smile; still you wouldn't feel like invoking the law. But the constant and persistent use of this unfunny bit of fun has grown to be something of a public calamity. It is matter for congratulation, how-

ever, that such linguistic lese-majesty is far more common in England than in America. "One of the female persuasion, if she be a cook in a good family, is an awfully good friend of the unmarried policeman." "Every householder should discharge his revolver whenever he shall find any unauthorized person of the male persuasion on his premises during the hours of darkness." These are quotations from leading English journals. Their free circulation should arouse infinitely more feeling against the British Lion than all the garbled or falsified extracts which the politicians are so fond of exploiting.

Peter. Robbing Peter to pay Paul, with its variant, "Borrowing of Peter to pay Paul," has become part of common speech. It is currently supposed to have found its origin in the incident related in Winkle's "Cathedrals." "In 1540 the abbey church of St. Peter, Westminster, was advanced to the dignity of a cathedral by letters patent; but ten years later it was again joined to the diocese of London, and many of its estates appropriated to defray the expenses of repairs to the cathedral of St. Paul's." The following, printed in 1569, may be a reference to the incident: "It is not desirable to rob St. Peter's altar in order to build one to St. Paul." (VIGLIUS: *Com. Dec. Denarii*, i. 9.) Much earlier than these events, however, in a manuscript of the twelfth century we read, "Tanquam siquis crucifigeret Paulum ut redimeret Petrum."

Phantom- or Ghost-words, a felicitous term invented by W. W. Skeat to characterize those words which have no real existence in language or literature, but have been admitted into dictionaries through some blunder slavishly adhered to by successive lexicographers. A good example is afforded by the word *Abacot* (see this heading), and a still better by the word *phantomnation*. The latter appears in Webster's Unabridged, in Worcester, the Imperial, and other authorities. Webster defined it thus: "Phantomnation, *n.*, appearance as of a phantom; illusion (*obs. and rare*). *Pope*." Worcester and the Imperial say simply, "Illusion. *Pope*." Now, the source of this word is a book entitled "Philology on the English Language," published in 1820, by Richard Paul Jodrell, as a sort of supplement to Johnson's Dictionary.

Jodrell had a curious way of writing phrases as single words, without even a hyphen to indicate their composite character. Thus, under his wonder-working pen, city solicitor became *citysolicitor*, and so on. He remarks in his preface that it "was necessary to enact laws for myself," and he appears to have done it with great vigor. He followed his own law even in transcribing,—*e.g.* :

These solemn vows and holy offerings paid
To all the phantomnations of the dead.

POPE: *Odyssey*, x. 627.

Pope, of course, had written phantom nations. But some early lexicographer (probably Noah Webster himself) in foraging around for new words struck this odd combination of Jodrell's, and, overlooking the latter's explanation, assumed it to be Pope's. Printers do not follow copy, sheep do not follow their leader, more closely than one lexicographer used to follow another, and thus it came about that our great lexicons were all enriched with a new term. The mistake was, however, discovered by the editors of the "Century Dictionary," and all philologists are now aware of it.

Another example is the word "*slug-horn*," which has found its way into the dictionaries through a mistake of Chatterton and its endorsement by Brown-ing. The latter says in "Childe Roland,"—

I put the *slug-horn* to my lips and blew.

Chatterton had misapprehended the meaning of the Celtic *sloggorne*, or

slogan, imagining that instead of a battle-cry it was some sort of musical instrument, presumably a horn. So he wrote,—

Some caught a slug-horn and an onset wound,—

and the new-coined word by Browning's aid has now passed into literature. Pity it has no authentic parentage! "Slug-horn" has so fine a flavor of the Dark Ages, it suggests a connection with slug and slaughter, it *ought* to mean a battle-horn. But our modern lexicographers are more wide-awake and alert than their predecessors: they will suffer no more make-believe.

Phenomenon, specifically, is a term borrowed from Greek philosophy, meaning things as they are, in opposition to *noumenon*, = things as they appear to the material senses. The term is now used as a general designation for anything wonderful or extraordinary. Grant Allen, in an article on "Superfine English" (*Cornhill Magazine*, vol. lvii.), defends this use of the word against the purist and the pedagogue. He acknowledges that in its restricted and technical sense a phenomenon is an appearance, an object presented to the senses, a thing visible, the opposite of a noumenon, and so forth and so forth. "And when we are writing about Greek philosophy, or about the theory of perception, we ought, of course, so to employ it. But even this is a slight deviation from the original meaning of the word phenomenon. The word from which it is derived applies, strictly speaking, to the sense of sight only, whereas the philosophic phenomenon is the object, as such, by whatever sense cognized, even in the crucial instance of a blind man. In modern colloquial English, however, the word phenomenon has had its meaning further altered to imply a strange, remarkable, or unusual phenomenon; of course, because at first those adjectives were habitually prefixed to it in newspaper paragraphs about the big gooseberry, the meteoric stone, the great sea-serpent, or the calf with five legs, until at last to the popular intelligence the strangeness and the phenomenon became indissolubly linked together by association in a single idea. Very well, then, nowadays, whether we approve of it or whether we don't, the word phenomenon means in plain English a remarkable event or appearance,—in short, a regular phenomenon,—and the adjective phenomenal, derived from it in this sense, means passing strange or out of the ordinary course of nature. The Infant Phenomenon has made its mark on the literature of the country. If you don't like the word you have always the usual alternative of lumping it; but that, as a matter of fact, is the sense that phenomenon actually bears in our modern language."

Philippine, or **Philopena**, a game of forfeits, which originated in rural Germany. Two people share a nut containing two kernels: at their next meeting whichever says first "Good-morning, Philippine," is entitled to a forfeit from the other. It is sometimes said that the salutation was originally "Guten Morgen, Vielliebchen" (sweetheart, darling), and that this gradually drifted into "Guten Morgen, Philippchen," when the French took it over and made it "Bon-jour, Philippine." A support for this theory is found in the fact that to French ears "Vielliebchen" and "Philippine" are almost identical. At least M. Rozan, in his "Petites Ignorances de la Conversation," asserts that "Philippine" rhymes exactly with the German word." Nevertheless, the etymology is not generally accepted, and it is asserted that, even in Germany, "Philip" and "Philippine" are the names assumed for the nonce by the male and female partners in the game, having arisen from the fact that St. Philip's two daughters were traditionally said to have been buried at Hierapolis in one sepulchre.

Pl, or **Plø**, a printers' term used to designate a mass of confused or over-

thrown types, is plausibly derived from the Pica, or Pie, the Romish Ordinal, or Service-Book, which gave its name to the type known as Pica, and of which the preface to the English Book of Common Prayer complains that "the number and hardness of the rules called the *pie* was the cause that to turn the book only was so hard and intricate a matter that many times there was more business to find out what should be read than to read it when it was found out." French printers have the same expression, *pâté*, pie. "Faire du *pâté*" means to distribute such mixed-up type. Germans say *Zwiebfische*,—literally, "fish with onions."

Picnic. The word picnic is said to date from about the year 1802. Then, as now, when such an entertainment was being arranged for, it was customary that those who intended to be present should supply the eatables and drinkables. A list of what was considered necessary would be drawn up and passed around, each person picking out such article of food or drink as he or she was willing to furnish. The name of the article was then nicked off the list. Hence this form of *fête champêtre* became known as a "pick-and-nick," which, by a natural transition, degenerated into picnic. But though the word is comparatively recent, the thing that it designates is at least two centuries older. There is extant an account of a celebration of this sort which took place in the early part of the seventeenth century, upon the birthday of Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I. of England. Mainwaring, in a letter to the Earl of Arundel, bearing date November 22, 1618, says, "The prince his birthday has been solemnized here by the few marquises and lords which found themselves here; and (to supply the want of lords) knights and squires were admitted to a consultation, wherein it was resolved that such a number should meet at Gamiges, and bring every man his dish of meat. It was left to their own choice what to bring; some chose to be substantial, some curious, some extravagant. Sir George Young's invention bore away the bell; and that was four huge, brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harressed with ropes of sarsiges, all tied to a monstrous bag-pudding."

Pidgin, or Pigeon, English,—*i.e.*, business English,—a curious macaronic corruption of English and Portuguese tortured into Chinese idioms suited to the exigencies of the average Chinese, to whom good grammatical English is a phonetic and linguistic impossibility. A vast number of English words are unpronounceable by the Celestial, for he has no parallel sounds in his own language. Neither has he conjugations, declensions, tenses, or other accidents of grammar. To denote even the plural some words of plurality must be subjoined. And only from the context can it be decided whether a word is to be understood as a noun-substantive or noun-adjective, a verb, adverb, preposition, or conjunction. Some idea of the jargon which results from the Celestial attempt to grapple with the lingo of the Western barbarians may be gained from a little volume entitled "A Vocabulary of Words in Common Use among the Red-haired People," one of many similar manuals emanating from the native genius. Its outer cover is ornamented with a full-length portrait of one of the red-haired race, appropriately dressed in the costume of the early Georgian period,—in breeches and stockings, and armed with sword and stick.

The author begins with the English numerals, and gets over "one" and "two" very creditably, but "te-le" is his nearest approach to "three,"—the letter *r* is an insuperable difficulty to a Chinaman,—"sik-sze" to "six," and "sam" to "seven." "Ten" he pronounces, as though he had been tutored in the Emerald Isle, "tin;" "lin" stands for "eleven," "tui-tip" for "twelve," "toon-tee" for "twenty," "one huntoon" for "a hundred," "one taou-shan" for "a thousand." In Chinese there is always inserted between the numeral

and the substantive to which it applies a word which it is customary to call a classifier, since it points to the kind of object represented by the substantive. For example, instead of saying "two knives," a Chinaman would say "two-to-be-held-in-the-hand knives;" or, instead of "a table," he would say "one length table." These various classifiers the authors of pidgin English have melted down into one word, "piece." The writer, therefore, translates the Chinese equivalent of our indefinite article as "one pe-sze," and a knife he would render by "one pe-sze nai-fo." The use in Chinese of the verb "to have," which is to be pronounced "hap," has given rise to strange confusions. "No hap" is the orthodox expression for "not at home," and a death is announced by "hap tai" (has died). In the same way "fashionable" becomes "hap fa-sze" (fashion); "to be busy," "hap pidgin;" and "to be at leisure," "hap tim."

Here are a few more words, selected almost at random: aulo, "old;" au-sai, "outside;" che-sze, "chest;" fi-sze, "fish;" foo-lin, "friend" (flin); ga-lan-ti, "grand;" great;" hing-ki-chi, "handkerchief;" ha-sze-man, "husband;" ka-lin, "to call;" kam-pat-to, "comprador" or "steward;" lin, "rain" (lain); lüt, "red" (led); nip-te, "liberty;" shi-lip, "sleep;" sze-pik-ki, "speak;" ting-ki, "thank you;" yeung-ki, "uncle;" yang-shi-lutta, "youngest brother;" Ying-land, "England."

The word pidgin, or business, is used with such a large and even-handed liberality—expressing, indeed, almost every conceivable act and emotion of humanity—that it has come to be the generic name for the dialect. Usually a prefix is added to limit or qualify the particular meaning. Thus, the passion of love is called "love-pidgin," a phrase intensified into "love-love-pidgin" when it is of a very passionate and earthly stamp. Perhaps no better exemplification of the absurdities of this dialect can be given than the following translation of Longfellow's "Excelsior":

That nightee tim begin chop-chop,
One young man walkee, no can stop—
Makee colo! makee icee!
He cally that flag wid chop so nicee,
"Topside Galah!"

He too muchee solly, one piece eye
Look see sharpo—so—allo same my,
He talkee largee, talkee stlong,
Too muchee cullo—allo same gong—
"Topside Galah!"

Inside that housee he can see light,
And early loom got fire all lite;
Ousside, that icee largee high,
Inside he mouf, he plenty cly,
"Topside Galah!"

Olo man talkee. No can walkee!
Bimeby lain come—welly darkee,
Hab got water, too muchee wide!
Maskee! mus wantchee go topside—
"Topside Galah!"

"Man-man," one girlee talkee he,
"What for you go topside look see?"
And one tim more he plenty cly,
But allo tim walkee plenty high,
"Topside Galah!"

"Take care that spilem-tee, young man!
Take care that icee, he no man-man!"
That coolie chin-chin he good night.
He talkee, "My can go all lite!"
"Topside Galah!"

Joss Pidgin man he soon begin
 That morning tim that Joss chin-chin ;
 He no man see—he plenty fear,
 Cause some man speakee—he can hear—
 “Topside Galah !”

That young man die—one largee dog see,
 Too muchee bobbely findee he ;
 His hand b'long colo allo same icee,
 Have got that flag wid chop so nicee,
 “Topside Galah !”

MORAL.

You too muchee laugho ! what for sing ?
 I tink you no savey what ting ?
 S'pose you no b'long cleber inside,
 More better you go walkee topside.
 “Topside Galah !”

Pigs, An't please the, a current English vulgarism. It is usually explained as a corruption of “an't please the pyx,” understanding thereby the consecrated wafer deposited in the pyx, and so making it equivalent to “*Deo volente*” in the minds of transubstantiationists. Others, however, see in pyx not the box in which the host was kept, but the box used in English coinage for certain coins kept as a test of the weight and fineness of the metal before it is sent from the mint. Either explanation is plausible, neither is convincing. The derivation which looks upon pigs as being a corruption of *pixies*—*i.e.*, fairies—has about equal, though no greater, claims to serious etymological consideration. It is said that in Devonshire to this day “an't please the pixies” is a common phrase.

Pillar to post. This familiar English expression is said to be derived from a custom practised in the *manège*, or riding-school. The pillar was placed in the centre of the riding-ground, and the columns or posts were arranged two and two round the circumference of the ring, at equal distances. Hence “from pillar to post” signified going from one thing to another without any definite purpose. This, on the whole, seems more likely than the alternative derivation from the German “Von Pilatus zu Pontius” or “Von Pontius zu Pilatus” (in itself a corruption of “Von Pontius Pilatus zu Herodes”), which means to send a man who is in want of advice from one quarter to another, without enabling him to attain the desired information or advice.

Pink, the conventional sporting name for scarlet, the color of the hunting-coat used especially in fox-hunting. Exactly when this coat came into fashion, and why, are still moot questions. There is a story that it originated in the mishap of a military officer who, once upon a time, having lost his baggage, was compelled to hunt in his regimentals. His host began by excusing the breach of etiquette, and ended by perceiving the beauty and fitness of the change. But this story wears a decidedly mythical air. The old hunting-song records the fact that John Peel, of Cumberland renown, wore gray, and in times long gone by the thirty huntsmen of the Lords Berkeley, whose kennels were at the village of Charing (now Charing Cross), arrayed themselves in tawny coats. But this may have been merely the result of a temporary Jacobite prejudice against scarlet, because the “illustrious House of Hanover” was credited with introducing it as the color of the royal livery. The tradition of “Oliver's red-coats,” who constrained the king's guards for a while to clothe themselves in “Oxford blue,” may also have had something to do with it. The “pink” coats of the hunting-field are at least old enough to have gone through a considerable variety of fashions. The earliest have been likened

for length and fulness to scarlet dressing-gowns. Fashion then went to the opposite extreme of tight swallow-tails; the latter were succeeded by the morning-coat pattern, now generally giving way to the single-breasted frock.

The "Pink 'un" is a *sobriquet* for the English *Sporting Times*, which, like its American namesake and imitator, is printed on pink paper.

Pipe — Eye. During the celebrated Westminster election of 1784 the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire enthusiastically espoused the cause of Charles James Fox, going so far as to purchase the vote of a butcher with a kiss. It was on another of these canvassing visits that an Irish dustman paid her the famous compliment, "Let me light my pipe at your ladyship's eyes." The duchess was delighted, and often said, "Oh, after the dustman's compliment, all others are insipid." It is not at all likely that the Irishman was familiar with Ben Jonson, yet the same daring figure may be found in "Cynthia's Revels," Act v., Sc. 2 :

Mer. Your cheeks are Cupid's baths, wherein he uses to steep himself in milk and nectar : he does light all his torches at your eyes, and instructs you how to shoot and wound with their beams.

Still less likely is it that he had ever run across the following lines in Tibullus, iv. 2 :

Sulpicia est tibi culta tuis. Mars magnæ Calendis
Spectatum e coelo, si sapis, ipse veni,
Hoc Venus ignoscit : at tu violente caveto
Ne tibi miranti turpiter arma cadant.
Illius ex oculis, cum vult exurere divos
Accendit geminas lampadas acer Amor.

Pipe of peace, Smoking the,—i.e., to sit in friendly council. A phrase derived from the custom of American Indians, who in making treaties or other friendly negotiations would pass a lighted pipe (called a calumet) from mouth to mouth, to signify the peaceful nature of the meeting. The familiar locution "Put that in your pipe and smoke it" may have some reference to the phrase.

Pipe-laying, in American slang, procuring fraudulent votes. It is said to have arisen in 1835, when the leaders of the Whig party in New York were accused of a gigantic scheme to bring on voters from Philadelphia. The work of laying down pipes for the Croton water was then in active operation. A certain agent of the Whigs turned traitor and placed in the hands of the Democrats a mass of correspondence, mainly letters written by himself to various parties in New York, apparently describing the progress and success of his operations. In these letters the form of a mere business correspondence was adopted,—the number of men hired to visit New York and vote being spoken of as so many yards of pipe. The Whig leaders were actually indicted and the letters read in court, but the jury believed neither in them nor in the writer of them, and the accused were acquitted.

Plagiarism and Plagiarists. Is plagiarism a crime? For ourselves we confess that we hold it only a venial offence—unless, of course, it is found out. If a man thrills us with the joy and gladness of a great thought, what matter where he got it? We might have passed our lives in ignorance thereof. The discoverer is as great a benefactor as the originator. And then, to be Irish, the originator may not have originated it. We have often wondered why it was that the stupid ogres and other monsters of the fairy-tales, who wished to give an impossible task to the prince they had got into their clutches, never set him to tracing an idea to its source. Not all the ingenuity of Prince Charming, aided by all the magic arts of all the Grateful

Beasts and Enchanted Princesses and other adventitious allies, could have saved that tender young prince from gracing the ogre's larder.

"Of all forms of theft," says Voltaire, "plagiarism is the least dangerous to society." Not only that, it is often beneficial. In mechanics all inventions are plagiarisms. If inventors had not borrowed ideas from their predecessors, progress would come to a stand-still. Shall I refuse to own a time-piece because my watchmaker is not original? Shall I eschew the benefits of the modern railroad because I find the germ of the idea in the steam-engine of the pre-Christian Hero? "A ship," says Emerson, "is a quotation from a forest." But inasmuch as it is not enclosed in quotation-marks a ship is rank plagiarism. Shakespeare stole plots, incidents, and ideas from his forerunners. Molière derived not only his plots, but the dialogues of whole scenes, from Italian comedies. Thank God that these great men had no literary conscience! Molière openly acknowledged he had none. "I conquer my own wherever I find it," he says, with magnificent candor. And we get a new regard for Pope when we find him openly acknowledging, "I freely confess that I have served myself all I could by reading."

Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson has laid down the maxim that originality can be expected from nobody save a lunatic, a hermit, or a sensational novelist. But Andrew Lang calls this a hasty generalization. "People," he says, "will inevitably turn to these members of society (if we can speak thus of hermits and lunatics), and ask them for originality, and fail to get it, and express disappointment. For all lunatics are like other lunatics, and no more than sane men can they do anything original. As for hermits, one hermit is the very image of his brother solitary. There remain sensational novelists to bear the brunt of the world's demand for the absolutely unheard-of, and, naturally, they cannot supply the article. So mankind falls on them, and calls them plagiarists. It is enough to make some novelists turn lunatics and others hermits."

Let us take the case of Disraeli's famous funeral oration over Wellington. It proved to have been stolen bodily from a review article by Thiers on Marshal Saint-Cyr. A rather neat epigram on the affair appeared in the *Examiner*:

In sounding great Wellington's praise,
Dizzy's grief and his truth both appear;
For a flood of great Thiers he lets fall,
Which were certainly meant for Saint-Cyr.

But now mark what far-reaching benefits accrued from Disraeli's plagiarism. In the first place, he gave a great deal of pleasure to his hearers which he could not have given otherwise. The review article was better than anything he could have offered himself, otherwise he would not have filched it. Now, the pleasure was an actual pleasure; when the moment had fled, it could not be retracted or embittered by any subsequent development. Then he gave his critics the pleasure of detecting him,—a great delight accorded to a worthy and deserving and very hard-worked class. The whole of England was aroused, amused, and interested. In fact, Disraeli proved himself an all-round benefactor. Nobody was injured, not even Thiers. For although we are pleased to say, in our metaphorical language, that a plagiarist shines in stolen plumes, not a plume is really lost by the fowl who originally grew them.

Disraeli, indeed, was a perpetual plagiarist. There is hardly a clever *mot*, a quotable saying, in all his books, which can be called original. Who bears him any grudge for that? He may not have mined the gold, but he purified it, stamped it with his own sign-manual, and sent it into circulation. The famous passage in his speeches comparing the members of the opposition to

extinct volcanoes was inspired by a passage in Hope's "Anastasius," a book which also suggested some of the best portions of "Tancred." The peroration of his speech on the Corn Law Bill (May 15, 1846) was taken from Urquhart's "Diplomatic Transactions in Central Asia." In the first edition of "Venetia," a passage was "conveyed" from Macaulay's essay on Byron. The famous phrase in "Lothair," "You know who the critics are, the men who have failed in literature and art," is the expression, almost in the same words, of a thought that had already occurred to Landor, to Balzac, to Dumas, to Pope, to Shenstone, to Dryden. (See CRITICS.)

A correspondent of the *Athenaeum* in 1873 produced some very curious evidence that Mr. Disraeli, when in his novel "Venetia" he sketched Lord Caducis,—who is, of course, intended for Lord Byron,—had before him at least one unpublished letter purporting to have been written by Byron. The letter in question was in the writer's possession, and is dated Pisa, April 12, 1822 (about three months before Shelley's death, when Byron was certainly in Pisa). It contains some sentences which are repeated word for word by Lord Caducis in the fourth chapter of the sixth book of "Venetia": "When I once take you in hand, it will be difficult for me not 'to make sport of the Philistines.' Now we look upon ourselves as something, O fellows with some pith; how we could lay it on! I think I see them wincing under the thong, the pompous poltroons." And again: "I made out a list, the other day, of all the things and persons I have been compared to. It begins well with Alcibiades, but ends with the Swiss giantess, or the Polish dwarf, I forget which."

The Hon. Mr. John J. Ingalls once performed a feat very like Disraeli's Wellington oration. In May, 1890, he delivered an eloquent eulogy on a recently-deceased gentleman named J. N. Barnes. It was highly praised as a splendid bit of rhetoric. For a few days Mr. Ingalls was the hero of the hour. Then some newspaper fiend discovered that the eulogy had been calmly appropriated from a sermon by Massillon. He published his discovery in those fatal parallel columns which often have proved so deadly a weapon of offence in the hands of the malicious. We will take the concluding paragraph to show the method of the great orator:

To sum up all: If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to laws but an insensate servitude; rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up: justice is an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men,—an imposition, a usurpation; the law of marriage a vain scruple; modesty a prejudice; honor and probity, such stuff as dreams are made of; and incests, murders, parricides, the most heartless cruelties and the blackest crimes, are but the legitimate sports of man's irrepressible nature; while the harsh epithets attached to them are merely such as the policy of legislators has invented and imposed on the credulity of the people. Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers must inevitably lead. Here is that social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation from error, of which they eternally prate, as the fruit of their doctrines. Accept their maxims, and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos.

This is the conclusion which the philosophy of negation must accept at last. If these teachings are right, then obedience to law is an indefensible servitude; rulers and magistrates are despots, tolerated only by popular imbecility; justice is a denial of liberty; honor and truth are trivial rhapsodies; murder and perjury are derisive jests, and their harsh definitions are frivolous phrases invented by tyrants to impose upon the timidity of cowards and the credulity of slaves.

This is the conclusion which the philosophy of negation must accept at last. Such is the felicity of those degrading precepts which make the epitaph the end. If these teachers are right, then we are atoms in a moral chaos.

Charles Reade was quite as skilful an adapter as Disraeli or Ingalls. How many of his best things came out of his scrap-books we shall never know. But we do know that in "The Wandering Heir" he appropriated bodily a not

inconsiderable fraction of Swift's "Polite Conversation." He was denounced by two anonymous writers, who afterwards proved to be an unsuccessful novelist and his wife. Whereupon he came out in a vigorous defence, and, having called his critics "anonymuncia, pseudonymuncula, and skunkala" ambushed behind masked batteries, he proceeded to show that the transplanting of a few lines out of Swift, and the welding them with other topics in a homogeneous work, was not plagiarism, but one of every true inventor's processes, and that only an inventor could do it well,—an advanced theory, of course, but we pardon it for the delightful insouciance of its conceit. Reade was always full of charming excuses. When he was attacked for taking a French play by Alphonse Maquet and turning it, without acknowledgment, into the English "White Lies," he simply claimed that he had bought the idea from the original author, and was entitled to use it as he chose. Though this reply did not pacify his critics, we are not sure that it was not excellent good sense. If plagiarism is stealing, surely the thing alters its character when you purchase the property from the original owner.

The compiler of an adequate "Curiosities of Plagiarism" would have to devote a special chapter to the Protean adventures of a novelette by Mme. Charles Reybaud. Let us relate them as curtly as possible. In 1883, Charles Reade published a story called "The Picture in my Uncle's Dining-Room." Then the fun began. One lynx-eyed detective found in a forgotten magazine a story called "The Old M'sieu's Secret," which was almost identical in plot and characters with Reade's story. Then another critic found another story in another forgotten magazine, entitled "Where Shall he Find Her?" (the title is curiously apt), which was also identical in essentials with Reade's story. Things became mixed. Both the forgotten stories were anonymous. Both were so like each other, and so like Reade's, that it was impossible they should have been written independently. At last the mystery was explained. All three, it was found, were adaptations or paraphrases from Mme. Reybaud's "Mlle. de Malepierre." Reade, indeed, had remodelled the story and deepened the dramatic interest, but the paternity was indisputable. Hardly had the smoke of the controversy died away in England when the war was carried into Germany, where one A. von Bosse published in *Ueber Land und Meer* a story entitled "Das Lebende Bild," which proved to be "Mlle. de Malepierre" again, in Teutonic dress.

It was De Quincey who first pointed out that Coleridge's Hymn is a glorious paraphrase of a little-known poem by the German authoress Frederica Brunn, entitled "Chamouni at Sunrise." Here is the poem as translated by Charles T. Brooks in his "Songs and Ballads from the German Lyric Poets," Boston, 1842 :

From the deep shadow of the silent fir-grove
I lift my eyes, and trembling look on thee,
Brow of eternity, thou dazzling peak,
From whose calm height my dreaming spirit mounts
And soars away into the infinite !

Who sank the pillar in the lap of earth,
Down deep, the pillar of eternal rock,
On which thy mass stands firm, and firm hath stood
While centuries on centuries rushed along ?
Who reared, up-towering through the vaulted blue,
Mighty and bold, thy radiant countenance ?

Who poured you from on high with thunder-sound,
Down from old Winter's everlasting realm,
O jagged streams, o'er rock and through ravine ?
And whose almighty voice commanded loud,
" Here shall the stiffening billows rest awhile !"

Whose finger points yon morning star his course?
 Who fringed with blossom-wreaths the eternal frost?
 Whose name, O wild Arveiron, does thy din
 Of waves sound out in dreadful harmonies?

"Jehovah!" crashes in the bursting ice;
 Down through the gorge the rolling avalanche
 Carries the word in thunder to the vales.
 "Jehovah!" murmurs in the morning breeze,
 Along the trembling tree-tops; down below
 It whispers in the purling, silvery brooks.

While De Quincey urges that the mere framework of the poem is exactly the same, he has the good sense to own that by a judicious amplification of some topics, and by its far deeper tone of lyrical enthusiasm, "the dry bones of the German outline have been created by Coleridge into the fulness of life." Excuse and justification enough. If the people who are inclined to throw stones at Coleridge for this and similar appropriations would only turn their gigantic mental strength to plagiarisms of this sort, they would be a blessing to the community in lieu of a curse.

Gray's "Elegy" has been called a cento by over-nice critics, whose conscience is alarmed by the wicked unscrupulousness of their betters. The very first line they trace back to Dante:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

GRAY: *Elegy*.

And pilgrim, newly on his road, with love
 Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
 That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

Purgatory, Canto viii., l. 5, Cary's trans.

The gem of purest rare serene, the flower born to blush unseen, the mute inglorious Milton, have been traced back to heaven knows how many parallels in Greek, Latin, Italian, and English poetry. (See GEM — FLOWER, MUTE INGLORIOUS MILTON.) But beyond these obvious imitations, does it not owe many of its most felicitous expressions and touches to a trick of inlaying which familiarity with elder poets assisted? To such disparaging queries it might suffice to retort Walter Savage Landor's language applied to critics: "Fleas know not whether they are upon the body of a giant or upon one of an ordinary size, and bite both indiscriminately."

"Owen Meredith" (Lord Lytton) was one of the most consistent, indefatigable, and audacious plagiarists that ever lived. It is quite possible he never wrote an original line in his life. At all events, every apt or striking line, every pretty sentiment, and every unusual incident in every one of his books has been traced to some original either in English or foreign literature. It was the latter to which he was chiefly indebted. Doubtless he held himself safer there, for when he first came upon the scene Englishmen had small acquaintance with the literature of other countries.

Yet English authors were not quite safe at his hands. Years ago an article in the *North British Review* called attention to the close resemblance of certain passages in his "Gyges and Candaules" to some of the finest lines in Keats's "St. Agnes." Verses from other English poets were cited, too, which had been adapted to his own use with very little change. The author of the article, with an urbanity rare in Scotch reviewers of British bards, alluded to this tendency as "the unconscious sympathy of the mocking-bird." Indeed, the entire British public has treated the noble pilferer with a leniency that is extraordinary when contrasted with its severity to other offenders. When it was first made known, for example, that "Lucile" was a barefaced bit of plagiarism, the English press, for some reason or other, was inclined to hush up the matter; and to-day there is a large circle of Owen Meredith's admirers

who have never had their faith disturbed, never known that "Lucile" was George Sand's and not Lord Lytton's. Yet so it is. The first part of that novel in verse is merely the prose story of "Lavinia" faithfully done into galloping English anapests.

But George Sand is not the only foreign author whom milord laid under contribution. Here and there jewels were filched from Musset, from Heine, from some other of the great masters of lyric verse, and embedded in this literary crazy-quilt. Who, on first reading "Lucile," has not held his breath when he came to these splendid lines?—

Though divine Aphrodite should open her arms
To our longing, and lull us to sleep on her charms,
Though the world its full sense of enjoyment insure us,
Though Horace, Lucretius, and old Epicurus
Sit beside us and swear we are happy, what then?
Whence the answer within us that cries to these men,
"Let it be! You say well; but the world is too old
To rekindle within it the ages of gold;
A vast hope has traversed the earth, and our eyes
In despite of ourselves we must lift to the skies!"

The lines are merely a free translation of Musset, in his "Espoir en Dieu:"

Que la blonde Astarté, qu'idolâtrait la Grèce,
De ses îles d'azur sort en m'ouvrant les bras ;

* * * * *
Quand Horace, Lucrèce, et le vieil Epicure,
Assis à mes côtés, m'appelleraient heureux ;

* * * * *
Je leur dirais à tous, "Quoi que nous puissions faire,
Je souffre, il est trop tard : le monde s'est fait vieux.
Une immense espérance a traversé la terre ;
Malgré nous vers le ciel il faut lever les yeux."

Mere plagiarism, however, is not the only literary offence of which Owen Meredith has been guilty. A very complicated bit of imposition has been brought home to him. He once held a diplomatic position in one of the Danubian principalities. On his return to England he published a volume entitled "Serbski Pesme." It consisted of a series of poems, ostensibly paraphrases from ancient Servian originals. Here it was not his originality which Mr. Lytton called on the world to admire, but his learning, his indefatigable research, his sympathy with the unrecognized masterpieces of the world's literature. He was an explorer in a new field who had made valuable discoveries. At first the English public took him at his word. But it was soon whispered that the very title of his book betrayed an extraordinary ignorance of the Servian language,—that it had been constructed on the principle that the philosopher in *Pickwick* found so useful when he conceived his essay on Chinese metaphysics: the poet had evidently hunted up in a dictionary the word for Servian and the word for poems, and joined them together without any regard for the grammatical laws of number and case. If the very title betrayed so much ignorance, what trust could be put in the body of the work? And, indeed, it was eventually proved that the poems were not Servian at all, nor translations from the Servian, nor even original. They had been holdly taken without acknowledgment from an impudent literary mystification which a Gallic author had foisted on the French public.

There is a little poem of Heine's, entitled "Ein Weib," which begins as follows:

Sie hatten sich Beide so herzlich lieb,
Spitzbübin war sie, er war ein Dieb.

It is well worth while to compare this with the opening lines of Meredith's "See-Saw:—"

She was a harlot and I was a thief;
But we loved each other beyond belief.

His lordship did not always go unpunished. In a volume published anonymously a dozen years ago, entitled "The Heptalogia; or, The Seven against Sense," there is a parody of Owen Meredith which is also a fierce and bitter attack on his personal character as well as on his literary methods. The authorship of the book has never been acknowledged to this day; yet it has never been doubted. *Aut Swinburne, aut diabolus*,—that was the universal verdict. The poem, which is called "Last Words of a Seventh-rate Poet," is too long to quote entire, but a few lines will give some idea of the wit and wickedness of the onslaught. The seventh-rate poet, stretched on his death-bed, is speaking to a faithful attendant, whom he calls Bill:

There's a deity shapes us our ends, sir, rough-hew them, my boy, how we will,—
As I stated myself in a poem I published last year, you know, Bill,—
Where I mentioned that that was the question,—to be, or, by Jove, not to be.
Ah, it's something—you'll think so hereafter—to wait on a poet like me.
Had I written no more than those verses on that Countess I used to call Pussy,—
Yes, Minette or Manon,—and—you'll hardly believe it—she said they were all out of Musset.

Now I don't say they weren't,—but what then? and I don't say they were,—I'll bet pounds
against pennies on
The subject,—I wish I may never die Laureate, if some of them weren't out of Tennyson.
And I think—I don't like to be certain, with death, so to speak, by me frowning—
But I think there were some—say a dozen, perhaps, or a score—out of Browning.
As for poets who go on a contrary track to what I go and you go,—
You remember my lyrics translated—like sweet Bully Bottom—from Hugo?

Though I will say it's curious that simply on just that account there should be
Men so bold as to say that not one of my poems was written by me.
It would stir the political bile or the physical spleen of a drab or a Tory
To hear critics assign to his hand the Confessional, Bill, and the Laboratory;
Yes, it's singular,—nay, I can't think of a parallel (ain't it a high lark?
As that Countess would say),—there are few men believe it was I wrote the Ode to a Skylark

And it often has given myself and Lord Albert no end of diversion
To hear fellows maintain to my face it was Wordsworth who wrote The Excursion,
When they know that whole reams of the verses recur in my authorized works
Here and there, up and down! Why, such readers are infidels, heretics, Turks!
And the pitiful critics who think in their paltry presumption to pay me a
Pretty compliment, pairing me off, sir, with Keats,—as if he could write Lamia!

While I never produced a more characteristic and exquisite book,
One that gave me more real satisfaction, than did, on the whole, Lalla Rookh.

* * * * *
Nay, that epic of mine, which begins from foundations the Bible is built on,
"Of man's first disobedience"—I've heard it attributed, dammy, to Milton.
Well, it's lucky for them that it's not worth my while, as I may say, to break spears
With the hirelings, forsooth, of the press who assert that Othello was Shakespeare's,

When he that can run, sir, may read—if he borrows the book or goes on tick—
In my poems the bit that describes how the Hellespont joins the Propontic.
There are men, I believe, who will tell you that Gray wrote the whole of The Bard,
Or that I didn't write half the Elegy, Bill, in a Country Church-Yard,
When you know that my poem, The Poet, begins, "Ruin seize thee!" and ends
With recapitulations of horrors the poet invokes on his friends.

And I'll swear, if you look at the dirge on my relatives under the turf, you
Will perceive it winds up with some lines on myself—and begins with the Curfew.
Now you'll grant it's more probable, Bill,—as a man of the world, if you please,—
That all these should have priggled from myself than that I should have priggled from all
these.

A little farther are the following lines:

As it's sometimes my whim to be vulgar, it's sometimes my whim to be brief;
As when once I observed, after Heine, that "She was a harlot and I (which is true) was a
thief."

On the whole, Lord Lytton went too far. That would be the verdict even
of the most lenient minds. Plagiarism is not always a virtue. For example,
one can have no words of praise for the French gentleman who published a

little volume called "Le Caniche Noir." Mr. F Anstey happened across it in a Parisian book-store, and, opening it, found it to be his own "Black Poodle" wagging a friendly tail. The scene was changed from England to France; the poodle's master was now an Italian, not a Frenchman. There were other variations on the theme, but the poodle was Mr. Anstey's old poodle; his adventure was the same. Mr. Anstey then wrote a letter in French to the French author, signing not with his "pen-name," but with his patronymic. He congratulated M. X. on his "originalité vraiment extraordinaire." He asked permission to render "Le Caniche Noir" into English, assuring him that he felt capable of making the translation in a sympathetic manner. The French author answered, in English, and with modesty, that he did not think his book deserved the praises liberally heaped on it by Mr. Anstey. "About your demand for adaptation, I am sorry to tell you that I am my own translator, and that the 'Caniche Noir' exists in English already."

In fact, it may be laid down as an axiom that plagiarism is always a crime unless the author either betters what he takes or restores to the world a gem that had been forgotten. He must not do as the gypsies are said to do,—

Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.

CHURCHILL: *The Apology*, l. 232.

His offence can only be palliated if he does as Sheridan did with this very couplet:

Steal! to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children,—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.—*The Critic*, Act I., Sc. 1.

It becomes graver if he amplifies without improving, as Leigh Hunt did with the same:

Milton borrowed other poets' thoughts, but he did not borrow as gypsies borrow children, spoiling their features that they may not be recognized. No, he returned them improved. Had he "borrowed" your coat, he would have restored it with a new nap upon it.—*Indicator*.

Yet even for the most unpardonable offence one would not act as they do in Afghanistan. According to recent reports from that country, a certain Mirza Ahmed was brought before the Emir, charged with misappropriation of public funds. In the course of the trial it was discovered that the defendant had been guilty of writing poetry which did not possess the virtue of originality. That fact enraged the Emir. "The accusation of purloining public money," declared his Majesty, in the decision, "has not been proved. For that I cannot punish you. But I cannot excuse the theft of the ideas of Saadi and Hafiz, the old poets. As a penalty I order your tongue pierced by long, thick needles." The poor writer was subjected to the torture, and the Emir has little fear that Mirza will again attempt to force his hexameters upon an "indulgent" monarch.

Is this very story a plagiarism or a coincidence? Certainly it bears a suspicious analogy to the anecdote of Bacon and Sir John Hayward. The latter had been imprisoned by Queen Elizabeth on the charge of treasonable utterances contained in his "Life and Reign of Henry IV." But Bacon, being applied to for his opinion, reported that "for treason he found none, but for felony he found many," which he explained by saying that the author had stolen many sentences from Tacitus and translated them into English.

To give a detailed account of all the flagrant plagiarisms that have been traced and exposed would in itself fill a volume. There is Sterne stealing all the best passages in his "Tristram Shandy" from older authors, and then denouncing plagiarism in words stolen from Burton; Benjamin Franklin laying claim to the translation of "De Senectute," done by Logan, copying his

counsels against intemperance out of the works of Jeremy Taylor, and translating at second hand his fable against persecution from the Hackacet in the "Bostân ;" Molière producing his "Précieuses Ridicules" two years after it had been acted in substance by the Italian comedians ; M. Langlès, the Orientalist, stealing his "Voyage d'Abdoul Rizzac" from Galland's "Arabian Nights ;" Lefèvre de Villebrune, in his translation of Athenæus, copying six thousand two hundred notes from Casaubon's critical works ; De Saint-Ange, in his translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," borrowing about fifteen hundred verses from Thomas Corneille, and a still greater number from Malfillâtre ; Jacques Delille, in his translation of Virgil, his poem of "L'Imagination," and other works, appropriating a great number of lines from other poets ; Malte-Brun, in his famous work on geography, literally adopting the remarks of Gosselin, Lacroix, Walckenaer, Pinkerton, Puissant, etc. ; Aignan, in his translation of the "Iliad," borrowing twelve hundred verses from a previous translation by Rochefort ; Castil Blaze transferring to his "Dictionary of Modern Music" three hundred and forty notices from Rousseau's work on the same subject, and all the while abusing the latter for his ignorance of the principles of the art ; Henri Beyle, under the assumed name of Bombet, publishing his well-known letters on Haydn and Italian music, and leaving the public unacquainted with the fact that he had merely translated them from the Italian of Joseph Carpani ; and the Count de Courchamps palming on the world as the "Mémoires Inédits de Cagliostro" a series of tales which turned out, after all, to be but a literal transcript of a romance published some twenty years before by John Potocki, a Polish count. Pierre Breslay published in 1574 "L'Anthologie, ou Recueil de plusieurs discours notables ;" next year ("C'était un peu prompt," naïvely adds one of M. Quérard's supplementers) Jean des Caures followed him word for word in his "Œuvres Morales," levying like contributions on Grevin, Coras, and other authors of the day. Zschokke's "Warlike Adventures of a Peaceful Man," translated into French in three volumes in 1813, appeared without acknowledgment of source in the *Revue de Paris* in 1847. Paul Ferry had not long printed "Isabelle" in his first poetical works before De la Croix transferred it to his "Climène." On the misdoings of Moore, Pope, Mason, Gray, and several others, entire books or lengthy papers have been written. Of a sometime Lord William Pitt Lennox, *Punch* sagaciously divined that his favorite authors were Steele and Borrow. Rogers's "Human Life" is more than based on Gay's "Birth of the Squire," a piece confessedly in imitation of the "Pollio" of Virgil. Longfellow has so accurately translated the Anglo-Saxon metrical fragment "The Grave" that his version agrees almost verbally with the Rev. J. J. Conybeare's. More recently Mr. Thomas Hardy appropriated an entire chapter from "Georgia Scenes," by an almost forgotten American humorist, and with the few necessary verbal changes inlaid it in his "Trumpet-Major." All these examples, a handful picked out at random, go far to justify Horace Smith's definition of originality as "undiscovered or unconscious imitation." "Ah, how often," this is how in "Philobiblon" the books address the clergy, "do you pretend that we, who are old, are but just born, and attempt to call us sons who are fathers, and to call that which brought you into clerical existence the fabric of your own studies? In truth, we who now pretend to be Romans are evidently sprung from the Athenians : for Carmentis was ever a pillager of Cadmus ; and we who are just born in England shall be born again to-morrow in Paris, and, being thence carried on to Bononia, shall be allotted an Italian origin unsupported by any consanguinity."

On the whole, as between the plagiarist and his accuser, we prefer the plagiarist. We have more sympathy for the man in the pillory than for the rabble that pelt him. And especially we have naught but loathing for those literary detectives who are continually hunting on the track of every popular

writer and crying "Stop thief!" at every accidental coincidence. We rejoice in the bitter words which Tennyson used in his letter to Mr. Dawson, author of "A Study on The Princess." "There is, I fear," said the Laureate, "a prosaic set growing up among us, editors of booklets, bookworms, index-hunters, or men of great memories and no imagination, who impute themselves to the poet, and so believe that he, too, has no imagination, but is forever poking his nose between the pages of some old volumes in order to see what he can appropriate." This is the class of critics who accuse Tennyson of plagiarism because in his lyric "Home they brought her Warrior dead" the newly-made widow, sitting in stony and unmoved silence before her husband's corpse, bursts at last into refreshing tears at the sight of her child, an incident which occurs also in "Marmion." Coincidence need not be conscious borrowing.

Yet we fear the literary detective will not die. For some inscrutable reason he seems to be one of Nature's favorites. In the struggle for existence, which we are taught is constantly eliminating the weakest and leaving ampler room for the strongest and the fittest, the literary detective emerges buoyant, smiling, self-satisfied,—immortal in his folly and his impudence. He may live to be the famous Last Man, he may cry "Chestnuts," or its equivalent, when the angel Gabriel sounds the last trump, he may detect "coincidences" in the judgment that consigns him among the accursed.

Plain living and high thinking are no more, a line in Sonnet XIII. of "Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty," written by Wordsworth, in September, 1802, as a protest against the "terrible luxury" of the London rich. Something similar to the ideal thus negatively presented is found in the Greek line

Παχέα γαστήρ λεπτόν οὐ τίττει νόον
 ("A heavy paunch bears not a subtle mind"),

which St. Chrysostom vaguely attributes to a heathen writer. Horace, in his "Satires" (II., ii., 76), has

Vides ut pallidus omnis
 Cœna desurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum
 Hesternis vitis animum quoque prægravat una,

and Cicero, in his "Tusculan Disputations," v. 100, "Quid, quod ne mente quidem recte uti possumus, multo cibo et potione completi?"

Dean (afterwards Bishop) Graves, who was resident clergyman at Windermere from 1835 to 1864, and often met Wordsworth, in his "Recollections of Wordsworth and the Lake Country" (*Dublin Lectures on Literature and Art*, 1869, p. 295), after describing the cottage which the poet in his early days rented for eight pounds a year, goes on to say, "In that cottage he spent what I think may be called the heroic period of his life. There he realized his noble motto of 'plain living and high thinking'; even a guest beneath his roof saw no beverage on his dinner-table but pure water; and Walter Scott confesses that when sojourning with him he made daily a surreptitious walk to 'the public,' a mile off, to get a draught of beer. There . . . he worked on silently and magnanimously; and while receiving no pecuniary reward for his labor, he silently endured a persecution of critical obloquy equally unrelenting and unjust."

Platform, in American politics, a declaration of party principles. The phrase has been imported into England. But though it comes as an importation it is really a revival of a use of the word that was common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries both as a verb and as a noun. Thus, Milton, in his "Reason of Church Government," says that some "do not think it for the ease of their inconsequent opinions to grant that church discipline is

platformed in the Bible, but that it is left to the discretion of men." In Lyly's "Alexander and Campaspe," Act v., Sc. 4, Apelles is asked, "What piece of work have you now in hand?" to which he replies, "None in hand, if it like your Majestie, but I am devising a platforme in my head." And in the "Discovery of the New World," quoted by Nares, "To procure himself a pardon went and discovered the whole platforme of the conspiracie." A very early example occurs in the following title of a tract in the library of Queen's College, Cambridge: "A Survey of the pretended Holy Discipline, faithfully gathered by way of Historical Narration out of the Works and Writings of the principal Favourers of that Platforme, 4to, London, 1593."

The subdivisions of a platform are called its planks, and the metaphor is sometimes even run to death by giving the name of splinters to the subdivisions of "planks."

Plato's man. "Plato having defined man to be 'a two-legged animal without feathers,' Diogenes plucked a cock and brought it into the Academy, and said, 'This is Plato's man.' On which account this addition was made to the definition: 'with broad, flat nails.'" But even with the addendum the definition cannot be considered a happy one. Franklin called man a "tool-making animal."

And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered, two-legged thing, a son.

DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel*, l. 169.

Play. American slang has developed many new uses of this phrase, all of which may doubtless be traced back to "Hamlet:" "Why, look you, now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my mystery. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?" (Act iii., Sc. 2.) "You can't play that upon me,"—i.e., "I am not to be fooled or tricked in that way," is evidently a direct descendant of Hamlet's phrase. Then comes the affirmative, to indicate that a man is weak or foolish enough to be played upon:

It was April the first,
And quite soft was the skies,
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise,
But he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

BRET HARTE: *Plain Language from Truthful James*.

I ain't over-particular, but this I *do* say, that interducin' a feller to yer sister, and availin' himself of the opportunity while you're a-kissin' her to stack the cards, is a-playin' it mighty low down.—*Texas Siftings*.

Pleasures, Life would be tolerable were it not for its, a phrase attributed to Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and intelligible enough in a member of that race of which Froissart long ago remarked, "They take their pleasures sadly, after their fashion." Talleyrand said something not altogether unlike this, but the application was to turn into ridicule the sombreness of the Genevans. "Is not Geneva dull?" asked a friend. "Especially when they amuse themselves," was Talleyrand's reply. George Eliot also says in "Felix Holt," "One way of getting an idea of our fellow-countrymen's miseries is to go and look at their pleasures."

Plon-Plon, a name given to the son of Jerome Bonaparte by his second wife, the Princess Frederica Catherine of Würtemberg, the Prince Napoleon Joseph Charles Bonaparte. It is said to be a euphonism for "Craint-plomb" ("Fear-bullet"), a name which he got for his poltroonery in the Crimean war.

Pluck. This word affords an instance of the way in which slang words in the course of time become adopted into current English. We now meet with "pluck" and "plucky" as the recognized equivalents of "courage" and "courageous." An entry in Sir Walter Scott's "Journal" shows that in 1827 the word had not yet lost its low character. He says (vol. ii. p. 30), "want of that article blackguardly called pluck." Its origin is obvious. From early times the heart has been popularly regarded as the seat of courage. Now, when a butcher lays open a carcass he divides the great vessels of the heart, cuts through the windpipe, and then plucks out together the united heart and lungs,—lights he calls them,—and he terms the united mass "the pluck."

Pluck, To, in English university slang, to reject a candidate for graduation. The phrase arose at Oxford. It might seem that the passive form "to be plucked" had some reference to a bird despoiled of its feathers. This etymology has, indeed, been urged. But Cuthbert Bede explains that "when the degrees are conferred the name of each person is read out before he is presented to the vice-chancellor. The proctor then walks once up and down the room, so that any person who objects to the degree being granted may signify the same by pulling or *plucking* the proctor's robes."

Plug-Uglies, the name self-assumed by a gang of thugs or rowdies in Baltimore, who terrorized the streets for a period. Its peculiar felicity caused the name to survive when the similar associations of Ashlanders, Dead Rabbits, Blood-Tubs, etc., vanished into obscurity, and the term is now a generic one for a tough.

Blood-Tubs and Plug-Uglies, and others galore,
Are sick for a thrashing in sweet Baltimore;
Be jabbers! that same I'd be proud to inform
Of the terrible force of an Irishman's arm.

Song of the Irish Legion.

Plum, an English colloquialism for one hundred thousand pounds, or more generally for any large sum. Is it only a curious coincidence that in Spanish *pluma* and in Italian *penna*, both meaning properly feather, have the slang signification of money? The London *Standard* thinks not, but holds that the English expression comes direct from the Spanish, "the idea being that a man who had accumulated this sum had feathered his nest."

Who in this life gets the smiles, and the acts of friendship, and the pleasing legacies? The rich. And I do, for my part, heartily wish that some one would leave me a trifle,—say twenty thousand pounds,—being perfectly confident that some one else would leave me more, and I should sink into my grave worth a plum at least.—THACKERAY: *A Shabby-Genteel Story*.

Plumed Knight, a *sobriquet* of James G. Blaine, first applied to him by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll in the speech nominating Mr. Blaine as the candidate for President at the Republican convention of 1876: "Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every defamer of this country and malinger of its honor." But the phrase was not original. Nor was Ingersoll the first to apply it to a Presidential candidate. In the Works of William H. Seward, vol. iv. p. 682, there is a quotation from John A. Andrew's speech at the Chicago convention in 1860, in nominating Lincoln, in which he said of Seward that "in the thickest and the hottest of every battle there would be the white plume of the gallant leader of New York."

Poeta nascitur, non fit (L., "A poet is born, not made"). The proverb as it stands cannot be traced to any author, but similar expressions may be found in Pindar, Cicero, Quintilian, and other classic writers. Its first appear-

ance as a proverb is probably in Cælius Rhodiginus (A.D. 1450-1525), "*Lectiones Antiquæ*," vii. The heading of chapter iv. is, "*An poeta nascitur, orator fiat*," etc., and in the course of this chapter occurs, "*Vulgo certe jactatur, nasci poetam, oratorem fieri.*" Jonson, however, in his lines "*To the Memory of Shakespear*," says,—

For a good poet's made as well as born.

A well-known poet and scholar to whom we referred this question answers, "I doubt if any one can discover who first uttered this maxim in its now established form. It seems to have 'grewed,' like Topsy, but possibly has its origin in certain verses of that somewhat phantasmal Latin writer, Florus. At all events, Sir Philip Sidney, in his '*Apologie for Poetrie*,' has these words: 'And therefore is an old proverb, *Orator fit, poeta nascitur*.' Grocott's book of quotations, I do not know on what authority, refers to Sidney as saying that this proverb was 'supposed to be from Florus.' Thomas Fuller, in his '*History of the Worthies of England*,' mentions Shakspeare as an eminent instance of the truth of the saying, *Poeta non fit, sed nascitur*. As to Florus, I had supposed the reference was either to the orator and writer, Julius Florus, the friend of Horace, or to Julius Florus the Second, whom Quintilian praised. But Dr. Sachs, of this city, than whom there are few more learned classical and Oriental scholars, gives me the following information: 'I have looked industriously for *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, among the classical Latin writers, but fail to find the maxim in that shape, as in fact I surmised when we spoke of it. The quotation from Florus (Lucius Annus) does not contain these words exactly. His couplet reads as follows (*Anthologia Latina*, ed. Riese, No. 252):

Consules fiunt quotannis et novi proconsules:
Solus aut rex aut poeta non quotannis nascitur.

On the question whether this Florus is identical with the historian who made the epitome of Livy's History, the critics are about equally divided."—*New York Critic*.

Poetic prose. It is a failing with some critics who do not clearly understand the line of demarcation between prose and verse to fall into unseemly raptures when they find that certain passages in their favorite authors can be written and scanned as verse. Now, prose is one thing and verse is another. There is such a thing as poetic prose, there is also such a thing as prosaic verse. But the former should have a rhythm and music of its own entirely different from the rhythm and music of verse. The latter, which can never have any excuse for being, may yet be found to answer to all the technical requirements of the prosodist, may scan responsive to his rule of thumb, yet through some poverty of word or thought may fail entirely to reach the level of poetry. Our two mightiest masters of harmony both in prose and verse, Shakspeare and Milton, knew this secret and taught it by example. There is no more magnificent poetry in English literature than the prose portions of "*Hamlet*," or various passages in the "*Areopagitica*" and the "*Tractate of Education*." Yet no artificial rearrangement, no breaking up into measured lines, could possibly convert this poetry into verse. Therein lies its very perfection. On the other hand, inferior rhetoricians like Dickens, who are never less eloquent than when they seek to be very eloquent, and generally all that class of writers who indulge in what is known as "word-painting," fall into a sort of sing-song that imitates the metrical structure of verse and loses the spirit of poetry. We have cited Dickens. A flagrant example is afforded in his chapter on the death of Little Nell in "*The Old Curiosity Shop*." Horne in his "*New Spirit of the Age*" was the first to point this out, and he does it in a laudatory manner.

"A curious circumstance," he says, "is observable in a great portion of the scenes of tragic power, pathos, and tenderness contained in various parts of Mr. Dickens's works, which it is possible may have been the result of harmonious accident, and the author not even subsequently conscious of it. It is that they are written in blank verse, of irregular metre and rhythms, which Southey, and Shelley, and some other poets, have occasionally adopted." And he thus rearranges the passage in "*The Old Curiosity Shop*:"

And now the bell—the bell
 She had so often heard by night and day
 And listened to with solid pleasure,
 E'en as a living voice—
 Rung its remorseless toll for her,
 So young, so beautiful, so good.

Decrepit age, and vigorous life,
 And blooming youth, and helpless infancy,
 Poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength
 And health, in the full blush
 Of promise—the mere dawn of life—
 To gather round her tomb. Old men were there

Whose eyes were dim
 And senses failing—
 Granddames, who might have died ten years ago,
 And still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame,

 The palsied,
 The living dead in many shapes and forms,
 To see the closing of this early grave !
 What was the death it would shut in,
 To that which still would crawl and creep above it !

Along the crowded path they bore her now ;
 Pale as the new-fallen snow
 That covered it ; whose day on earth
 Had been so fleeting.
 Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven
 In mercy brought her to that peaceful spot,
 She passed again, and the old church
 Received her in its quiet shade.

"Throughout the whole of the above," continues Mr. Horne, enthusiastically, "only two unimportant words have been omitted,—*in* and *its* ; 'granddames' has been substituted for 'grandmothers,' and 'e'en' for 'almost.' All that remains is exactly as in the original, not a single word transposed, and the punctuation the same to a comma. The brief homily that concludes the funeral is profoundly beautiful :

Oh ! it is hard to take
 The lesson that such deaths will teach,
 But let no man reject it,
 For it is one that all must learn
 And is a mighty universal Truth.
 When Death strikes down the innocent and young,
 For every fragile form from which he lets
 The parting spirit free,
 A hundred virtues rise,
 In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,
 To walk the world and bless it.
 Of every tear
 That sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves,
 Some good is born, some gentler nature comes.

"Not a word of the original is changed in the above quotation, which is worthy of the best passages in Wordsworth, and thus, meeting on the common ground of a deeply truthful sentiment, the two most unlike men in the literature of the country are brought into close proximation."

He also gives a similar passage from the concluding paragraph of "Nicholas Nickleby :"

The grass was green above the dead boy's grave,
 Trodden by feet so small and light,
 That not a daisy drooped its head
 Beneath their pressure.
 Through all the spring and summer time
 Garlands of fresh flowers, wreathed by infant hands,
 Restored upon the stone.

But Thackeray was a far truer critic than Horne. Speaking of the "Christ-

mae Carol," he says, "I am not sure that the allegory is a very complete one, and protest, with the classics, against the use of blank verse in prose; but here all objections stop. Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this?"

Another authority has found out that the description of Niagara Falls in "American Notes" may be thrown into "true iambic lines" as follows:

I think in every quiet season now,
Still do those waters roll, and leap, and roar,
And tumble all day long;
Still are the rainbows spanning them
A hundred feet below.
Still when the sun is on them, do they shine
And glow like molten gold.
Still when the day is gloomy do they fall
Like snow, or seem to crumble away,
Like the front of a great chalk cliff,
Or roll adown the rock like dense white smoke.

But always does this mighty stream appear
To die as it comes down.
And always from the unfathomable grave
Arises that tremendous ghost of spray
And mist which is never laid:
Which has haunted this place
With the same dread solemnity,
Since darkness brooded on the deep
And that first flood before the Deluge—Light—
Came rushing on Creation at the word of God.

"American Notes," it will be remembered, was the book which Macaulay refused to review because he could see no good in it. "I cannot praise it, and I will not cut it up. It is written like the worst parts of 'Humphrey's Clock.' What is meant to be easy and sprightly is vulgar and flippant, as in the first two pages. What is meant to be fine is a great deal too fine, as the description of the Fall of Niagara." But Macaulay had not seen that description thrown into iambic lines.

There are worse sinners, however, than Dickens. He never did anything so outrageous as this from Disraeli's "Wondrous Tale of Alroy:"

Why am I here? are you not here? and need I urge a stronger plea? Oh, brother dear, I pray you come and mingle in our festival! Our walls are hung with flowers you love; I culled them by the fountain's side; the holy lamps are trimmed and set, and you must raise their earliest flame. Without the gate my maidens wait to offer you a robe of state. Then, brother dear, I pray you come and mingle in our festival.

Of course, it sometimes happens, even in the masters, that a line may here and there be detached from the context and be made to scan. At the same time, when read as prose, it may not offend against the rhythmic integrity of the passage. But this is mere accident. In a discussion of this very subject Dr. Johnson pointed out that the accident might happen in ordinary conversation:

Such verse we make when we are writing prose:
We make such verse in common conversation.

When this accident goes unnoted, when to the ear the line retains the metre of prose and melts into the common music of the whole, it has no discordant effect. But the moment it is pointed out it distinctly jars on the ear. Coleridge therefore made a mistake in dwelling on the hexametrical rhythm of these passages in Isaiah:

Hear, O heavens, and give ear, | O earth: for the Lord hath spoken.
I have nourished and brought up children, | and they have rebelled against me.
The ox knoweth his owner, | and the ass his master's crib:
But Israel doth not know, | my people doth not consider.

And an equal evil has been done by other curio-hunters who have gone to

the pains of scanning the following passages, the first three being from the Psalms, the three latter from the New Testament :

Gōd cāme | ūp wīth ā | shōut : ōur | Lōrd wīth thē | sōund ōf ā | trūmpēt.
 Thēre is ā | rīver thē | flōwīng whēre- | ōf shāl | glādden thē | citī.
 Hāllē | lūjāh thē | citī ōf | Gōd ! Jē- | hōvāh hāth | blēst hēr.
 Ārt thōu hē | thāt shōuld | cōme, ōr | dō wē | loōk fōr ā- | nōthēr ?
 Hūsband, | lōve yōur | wīves, ānd | bē nōt | bittēr ā- | gāīnst thēm.
 Blēss'd āre thē | pōor īn | spīrīt, fōr | thēīrs īs thē | kīngdōm ōf | hēāvēn.

The effect is far more discordant when the lines are made to jingle into rhymes. Thus, most people will find that a noble passage in Lincoln's second inaugural has been utterly ruined for them by its resolution into this hideous bit of doggerel :

Fervently do we hope,
 Fervently do we pray,
 That this mighty scourge of war
 May speedily pass away :
 Yet if it be God's will
 That it continue until—

Luckily, here the address lapses again into the solemn sincerity of prose.

Even Addison's nice ear was sometimes at fault. A line like this is unpardonable :

What I am going to mention, will perhaps deserve your attention.

In inferior writers we do not mind these lapses, and even find a curious interest in noting such a quatrain as the following, which Dr. Whewell in his work on "Mechanics" had written as prose :

There is no force, however great,
 Can stretch a cord, however fine,
 Into a horizontal line
 Which is accurately straight.

The Rev. Chauncey Giles, in a lecture called "The Nature of Spirit," speaking of the sparrow in the egg, says, "These organs foretell another world of ineffable perfections compared with the one in which it then dwelt," and then follow in prose order the lines which we thus break up into verse :

They prophesy of air and light,
 Of joyous song and social flight,
 Of worm and seed for all its needs
 And every prophecy—

it should be "succeeds," but the rhyme and the rhythm are ruined by the concluding words, "is fulfilled to the letter."

As a trick of humor, hidden verses have often been introduced into mock-heroic or satirical prose. In Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker" the following bit of blank verse appears as prose :

The gallant warrior starts from soft repose,
 From golden visions and voluptuous ease ;
 Where in the dulcet " piping times of peace "
 He sought sweet solace after all his toils.
 No more in beauty's siren lap reclined,
 He weaves fair garlands for his lady's brows :
 No more entwines with flowers his shining sword,
 Nor through the livelong summer's day chants forth
 His love-sick soul in madrigals.
 To manhood roused, he spurns the amorous flute,
 Doffs from his brawny back the robes of peace,
 And clothes his pampered limbs in panoply of steel.
 O'er his dark brow where late the myrtle waved,
 Where wanton roses breathed enervate love,
 He rears the beaming casque and nodding plume,
 Grasps the bright shield and ponderous lance, or mounts
 With eager pride his fiery steed, and burns
 For deeds of glorious chivalry.

Some critics have seen in the above only a specimen of unconscious verse. A still more astonishing want of perception is shown by a hunter of literary bric-à-brac, who calls the Song of the Kettle in the "Cricket on the Hearth" "an unintentional outburst on the part of the author," marvelling to find that "the lines not only preserve their symmetry, but also rhyme with each other."

It's a dark night, sang the kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way ;
And above, all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay ;
And there is only one relief in all the sad and murky air,
And I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare
Of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together
Set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather ;
And the widest open country is a long, dull streak of black ;
And there's hoarfrost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track ;
And the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free,
And you couldn't say that anything was what it ought to be ;
But he's coming, coming, coming !—

Luckily, no one can make the same mistake about the hidden verses which abound amid much other playful fooling in Macaulay's Letters,—for Macaulay himself has furnished the key in one of them :

MY DARLING,—Why am I such a fool as to write to a gypsy at Liverpool, who fancies that none is so good as she if she sends one letter for my three? A lazy chit, whose fingers tire in penning a page in reply to a quire ! There, miss, you read all the first sentence of my epistle, and never knew that you were reading verse.

When Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House" was first published, the *Athenæum* furnished the following unique criticism :

The gentle reader we apprise, That this new Angel in the House Contains a tale not very wise, About a person and a spouse. The author, gentle as a lamb, Has managed his rhymes to fit, And haply fancies he has writ Another "In Memoriam." How his intended gathered flowers, And took her tea and after sung, Is told in style somewhat like ours, For delectation of the young. But, reader, lest you say we quiz The poet's record of his she, Some little pictures you shall see, Not in our language but in his :

While thus I grieved and kissed her glove,
My man brought in her note to say
Papa had bid her send his love,
And hoped I'd dine with them next day ;
They had learned and practised Purcell's glee
To sing it by to-morrow night :
The postscript was—her sisters and she
Enclosed some violets blue and white.

* * * * *
Restless and sick of long exile,
From those sweet friends I rode to see
The church repairs, and after a while
Waylaying the Dean, was asked to tea.
They introduced the Cousin Fred
I'd heard of, Honor's favorite,—grave,
Dark, handsome, bluff, but gently bred,
And with an air of the salt wave.

Fear not this saline Cousin Fred ; He gives no tragic mischief birth ; There are no tears for you to shed, Unless they may be tears of mirth. From ball to bed, from field to farm, The tale flows nicely purling on ; With much conceit there is no harm, In the love-legend here begun. The rest will come another day, If public sympathy allows ; And this is all we have to say About the "Angel in the House."

The following is even better. It appeared originally in *Fraser's Magazine* (it may also be found in Maclise and Maginn's "Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters") as the introductory portion of a notice of young Mr. Disraeli :

O Reader dear ! do pray look here, and you will spy the curly hair, and forehead fair, and nose so high, and gleaming eye, of Benjamin Dis-ra-e-li, the wondrous boy who wrote

"Alroy" in rhyme and prose, only to show how long ago victorious Judah's lion-banner rose. In an earlier day he wrote "Vivian Grey"—a smart enough story, we must say, until he took his hero abroad, and trundled him over the German road, and taught him there not to drink beer, and swallow schnapps, and pull mädchens' caps, and smoke the cigar and the meersham true, in alehouse and lusthaus all Fatherland through, until all was blue, but talk second-hand that which, at the first, was never many degrees from the worst,—namely, German cant and High Dutch sentimentality, maudlin metaphysics and rubbishing reality. But those who would find how Vivian winned with the Marchioness of Puddledock, and other great grandees of the kind, and how he talked æsthetic, and waxed eloquent and pathetic, and kissed his Italian puppies of the greyhound breed, they have only to read—if the work be still alive—"Vivian Grey," in volumes five.

As for his tentative upon the *Representative*, which he and John Murray got up in a very great hurry, we shall say nothing at all, either great or small; and all the wars that thence ensued, and the Moravian's deadly feud; nor much of that fine book, which is called the "Young Duke," with his slippers of velvet blue, with clasps of snowy-white hue, made out of the pearl's mother, or some equally fine thing or other; and "Fleming" (Contarini), which will cost ye but a guinea; and "Gallomania" (get through it, can you?) in which he made war on (assisted by a whiskered baron—his name was Von Haber, whose Germanical jabber, Master Ben, with ready pen, put into English smart and jinglish), King Philippe and his court; and many other great works of the same sort,—why, we leave them to the reader to peruse; that is to say, if he should choose.

He lately stood for Wycombe, but there Colonel Grey did lick him, he being parcel Tory and parcel Radical,—which is what in general mad we call; and the latest affair of his we chanced to see, is "What is he?" a question which, by this time, we have somewhat answered in this our pedestrian rhyme. As for the rest,—but writing rhyme is, after all, a pest; and therefore—

Poetical justice. Literary men are in one thing superior to the gods. Divine justice often lags; at its best it is somewhat lame and impotent. But the justice of the dramatist, the poet, and the novelist is all-satisfying. Indeed, we have given the name poetical justice to an ideal distribution of rewards and punishments, based on individual deserts and representing the concurring judgment of the moral law and of human sympathy. Rare enough with Providence, it has been the creed or the practice of poets of all ages in that imaginary realm which contrasts so startlingly with this "best of all possible worlds."

It is true that in the earlier Greek tragedy an unappeasable fate pursues the innocent and visits the sins of an ancestor upon his race from generation to generation. It is true also that in some more modern masterpieces, as in "Hamlet" and other Elizabethan dramas, the principle of retribution, which is one of the sternest demands of poetical justice, involves guilty and innocent in one common ruin. It is even true that here and there in literature the guilty are exalted at the expense of the innocent. But these are only the proverbial exceptions which leave the rule intact. The sensitive conscience of the reading public cannot often be trifled with. Its exactions were recognized in the concluding formula of the good old fairy-stories, "and they were married and lived happily ever afterwards,"—or, as the Arabian Nights phrases it with Oriental exuberance, "and so they remained feasting and enjoying all imaginable pleasures till they were visited by the Terminator of Delights, the Separator of Companionships." The *they* in both instances refers, of course, to the virtuous hero and heroine. Ogre and evil genius might triumph for a while, they gnashed their teeth or bit the dust in the end. The modern novelist, no matter how he may harrow his reader's feelings in the intermediate chapters, knows that his reader, after all, has rights, and sends him away in good humor at the last. Hero and heroine are married with a sufficient income; the faithful confidante carries away a lesser prize in the shape of a curate or some worthy old bachelor friend of the husband; domestic bliss on the one hand, jail or death on the other, are apportioned with the nicest sense of individual deserts. Richardson's complacent enumeration of the petitions he received to spare Clarissa and bring the engaging Lovelace to Christian repentance, Charlotte Brontë's lively description of the letters inquiring after

the fate of Paul Emanuel,—these are all evidences of the strength of the popular feeling.

Few writers have been as courageous as Richardson and Miss Brontë, few have dared to fly in the face of their admirers.

Scott makes humorous recognition of the remonstrances which forced him to mar the last chapters of "Ivanhoe" by recalling Athelstane to life. Schiller forsook history to give the Maid of Orleans a glorious death on the field of battle, instead of the horrors of the trial and the stake at Rouen. George Sand, in her translation of "As You Like It," rectified Shakespeare's single omission by providing a husband for Celia in the person of Jaques. Dion Boucicault, knowing that the gods inhabited box and orchestra as well as gallery, sacrificed to their divine instincts by rescuing the "Colleen Bawn" from the watery grave to which the author of "The Collegians" had consigned her. And Thackeray, though in his burlesque of "Rebecca and Rowena" he had set himself to right the wrong which Scott, with all his amiability, had done to Rebecca, and so married the high-souled Jewess to Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe,—Thackeray, who had resisted the popular desire to see virtue crowned in the person of Colonel Newcome, was fain to add a tentative conclusion to "The Newcomes," wherein the reader is allowed to build up an earthly paradise of wedlock for Clive and Ethel.

Like Thackeray, George Eliot was usually content with the humbler level of divine justice. She deals with her characters much as God deals with the world. The good are never quite triumphant, the bad are never cast into the outer darkness. Occasionally a novelist with a love of paradox seeks to startle his readers by making vice triumph over virtue to the very end; but his example is only sparingly emulated.

Poets and poetry. Coleridge's definition of poetry is well known. "I wish," he said, "our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry: that is, prose,—words in their best order; poetry,—the best words in their best order." This sounds well, but in truth is mere nonsense. Prose as well as poetry should aim to give the best words in their best order. But this is to destroy the antithesis and to refute the attempted definition. Matthew Arnold is more successful: "Poetry is a criticism of life under the conditions of poetic truth and poetic beauty." Arnold also quotes with approval and voluminously glosses Milton's dictum (*Tractate of Education*) that poetry should be "more simple, sensuous, and passionate" than "ornate rhetoric."

Philip James Bailey in "Festus" tells us that

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths
And tell them, and the truth of truths is love.

Scene, a country town:

—a thought which Carlyle agrees with in his Essay on Burns: "A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility."

Yet, according to another great authority, poets may be poets even if they do not tell the great truths they feel:

Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best;
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compressed
The god within them, and rejoined the stars
Unlaureled upon earth.

BYRON: *The Prophecy of Dante*, Canto iv.

Holmes drops a tear over these voiceless poets whom Byron apotheosizes:

A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them :
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them !

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story ;
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory !
The Voiceless.

"One meets now and then with polished men," says Emerson, "who know everything, have tried everything, can do everything, and are quite superior to letters and science. What could they not if only they would?" Dr. Johnson lamented that "those who are most capable of improving mankind very frequently neglect to communicate their knowledge ; either because it is more pleasing to gather ideas than to impart them, or because to minds naturally great few things appear of so much importance as to deserve the notice of the public." "Great constitutions," says Sir Thomas Browne, "and such as are constellated unto knowledge, do nothing till they outdo all ; they come short of themselves if they go not beyond others, and must not sit down under the degree of worthies. God expects no lustre from the minor stars ; but if the sun should not illuminate all, it were a sin in nature."

If we are to believe Shelley, it is suffering that drives men to poetry :

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong :
They learn in suffering what they teach in song,
Julian and Maddalo :

—thus stating seriously the argument which Butler jests at :

And poets by their sufferings grow,—
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent.

Fragments.

See also Mrs. Browning's lines *s. v.* PAIN, CAPACITY FOR. Wordsworth, however, holds that gladness is the beginning and sorrow the end of poets :

We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof cometh in the end despondency and madness.
Resolution and Independence.

This brings up the question of genius and insanity, already exploited under that head. In conclusion, let us add the well-known lines of Shakespeare :

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear !

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v., Sc. 2.

Point, Pointer, in American slang, the same as its English equivalent, a tip, a straight tip, which has now grown so common in America itself as to oust the native slang from its pre-eminence. A pointer, the more usual form, may be a sporting metaphor, derived from the dog that points out the whereabouts of game. On the stock exchange it means secret information concerning some particular stock, and by extension it has come to mean any item of reliable and important information.

Poltroon. A curious piece of history is wrapped up in the word "poltroon," supposing it to be indeed derived, as many excellent etymologists have considered, from the Latin *pollice truncus*, one that is deprived, or who has deprived himself, of his thumb. "We know that in old times a self-mutilation of this description was not unfrequent on the part of some cowardly, shirking fellow, who wished to escape his share in the defence of his country; he would cut off his right thumb, and at once become incapable of drawing the bow, and thus useless for the wars. It was not to be wondered at that Englishmen should have looked with extremest disdain on one who had so basely exempted himself from service, nor that the *pollice truncus*, the poltroon, first applied to a coward of this sort, should afterwards become a name of scorn affixed to every base and cowardly evader of the duties and dangers of life." (*Trench on Words*.)

Pond of Kings, a body of water in the ancient town of Zaba, or Java, the capital of the "mighty empire of Zabedj." This empire is said to have extended from Cape Comorin to the southern frontier of China. Founded before the Christian era, it flourished in ever-increasing splendor until the seventh century, when it waned and fell, vanishing so completely as to leave hardly a record of its existence behind. The story of the Pond of Kings is told in some of the early narratives of Arabian travel and adventure. It was customary for the treasurer of the Maharajah, or Emperor of Zabedj, every morning to go out to this pond, which lay in front of the imperial palace, and cast into it an ingot of gold. On the death of each sovereign the ingots were fished up again and divided among the household.

Pons Asinorum (L., "The Bridge of Asses"), the Fifth Proposition, Book I., of Euclid, also called the Pythagorean Theorem,—viz., that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the two sides. It is the first difficult proposition in Euclid, a stumbling-block and a difficult bridge for the stupid to cross, whence its name.

Populus vult decipi, et decipiatur! (L., "The people wish to be deceived, then let them be deceived!") a phrase attributed, on no very good authority, to Cardinal Carlo Caraffa, legate of his uncle, Pope Paul IV. Its German equivalent, "Die Welt will betrogen sein," was a popular proverb long before Caraffa's time. Bossuet says, "No man is more easily deceived than he who hopes, for he aids in his own deceit," and Goethe, "Man is never deceived, he deceives himself." Shakespeare expresses the idea more pithily:

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

Henry IV., Part II., Act iv., Sc. 5.

Porcelain. This word is derived from *pour cent années*, "for one hundred years," it being formerly believed that the materials of porcelain were matured underground one hundred years. It is not known who first discovered the art of making it, but the manufacture has been carried on in China, at King-te-Ching, ever since the year 442. We first hear of it in Europe in 1581, and soon after this time it was known in England. The finest porcelain-ware, known as Dresden china, was discovered by an apothecary's boy, named Boettcher, in 1700. Services of this ware have often cost tens of thousands of dollars.

Porcelain Regiment. A regiment in the Prussian army, from which the present First Dragoons and the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Regiments of Cuirassiers claim to have sprung. King Frederick William, it appears, possessed a number of very beautiful and precious specimens of porcelain, and an attempt was made by King August II. of Poland, who was also Elector of Saxony,

to purchase some of these through an agent in Berlin. King Frederick William declined to sell any of his porcelain; but King August, knowing his royal brother's passion for soldiers, offered him six hundred dragoons, without horses, arms, equipment, or officers, in exchange for certain pieces. The negotiations were carried on by Privy Councillor von Marschall on behalf of Prussia and Lieutenant-General von Schmettau for King August, and ended in the transfer of the six hundred dragoons to the King of Prussia, and of a number of the vases in the first place to Dresden, where some were added to the royal collection of china, and others were placed in the Johann Museum, where they are still distinguished as the "dragoon vases." The men were valued at twenty thalers each, and the whole regiment, consequently, at twelve thousand thalers; while the porcelain given in exchange for them was considered to be worth considerably more, though it had been purchased by the deceased king Frederick I. for a smaller sum.

Porter-house steak. In New York City, fifty or more years ago, there were established a number of so-called "porter-houses,"—places where porter and ale were sold. The tradition is that a beefsteak was called for at a butcher's shop, and, none being on hand, a cut from a roasting-piece, about to be sent to a porter-house, was given the customer. It proved so much superior to the ordinary steak that when he called next he asked for porter-house steak, so the cut became choice and the name popular. Nor was it many years before the American invention had crossed the seas and become known under the same name in England.

Portmanteau words. In "Through the Looking-Glass," when Alice is perplexed by the poem of "The Jabberwocky" (see under NONSENSE) and asks the meaning of "slithy," Humpty Dumpty explains that it means "lithe" and "slimy;" "You see, it's like a portmanteau; there are two meanings packed up in one word." And in the preface to "The Hunting of the Snark" Mr. Carroll still further enlarges on the subject of portmanteau words: "For instance, take the two words 'fuming' and 'furious.' Make up your mind that you will say both words, but leave it unsettled which you will say first. Now open your mouth and speak. If your thoughts incline ever so little towards 'fuming,' you will say 'fuming-furious;' if they turn by even a hair's breadth towards 'furious,' you will say 'furious-fuming;' but if you have that rarest of gifts, a perfectly-balanced mind, you will say 'frumious.'" And he gives a Shakespearian illustration: "Supposing that when Pistol uttered the well-known words,

Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die!

Justice Shallow had felt certain that it was either William or Richard, but had not been able to settle which, so that he could not possibly say either name before the other, can it be doubted that, rather than die, he would have gasped 'Richiam?'" After all, Mr. Carroll has only given a name to the method, and is entitled to all the credit thereof. But the inventor of the method was Bishop Samuel Wilberforce. Wishing to describe one of his clergy (a certain Rev. W. H. Hoare, of Suasey) who combined the habits of a country gentleman with the office of the priesthood, Wilberforce, instead of saying that he was a squire and parson combined, joined the two words into one and defined him as a "squarson." Later, when he had himself succeeded to a landed estate, a friend asked, "Why, Wilberforce, have you become a squarson?" "No," was the reply, "a squirshop." Edmund Lear was also an early pioneer of the practice. "Scroobius" and "borascible" are to be found in his first book of rhymes. In the third—but this may have been when the influence of Lewis Carroll had begun to react upon him—we have

an allusion to the "terrible zone," which is one of the most beautiful of port-mantologisms. Of course, in real life, words of this kind are frequently coined by nervous or absent-minded people, but they receive no place in literature. A writer in the *Spectator* tells us of a country rector in Ireland who was liable to contort and tangle his words in strange fashion. "Thus, we have heard him speak of the 'imperfurities' of man, when it was quite obvious that he could not make up his mind between 'imperfection' and 'im-purities,' and ended by amalgamating the two words into one."

Possession. It is a truism that there is more joy in pursuit than in possession. We find the sentiment even so far back as in Pliny the Younger :

An object in possession seldom retains the same charm that it had in pursuit.—*Letters*, Book ii., Letter xv., 1.

Shakespeare says,—

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugged and embracèd by the strumpet wind !
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weathered ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind !
Merchant of Venice, Act ii., Sc. 6 ;

and Goldsmith,—

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition,—*Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. x. ;

and James Montgomery,—

Bliss in possession will not last ;
Remembered joys are never past ;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were, they are, they yet shall be,—
The Little Cloud ;

and Burns,—

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever.
Tam o' Shanter.

Nor should T. B. Aldrich be forgotten :

When I behold what pleasure is Pursuit,
What life, what glorious eagerness it is,
Then mark how full Possession falls from this,
How fairer seems the blossom than the fruit,—
I am perplexed, and often stricken mute,
Wondering which attained the higher bliss,
The winged insect, or the chrysalis
It thrust aside with reluctant foot.

Pursuit and Possession.

Shakespeare also puts into words the familiar thought that to lose a thing is to make it gain a new and greater value in our eyes,—a value akin to that it had in pursuit :

For it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we rack the value ; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.
Much Ado About Nothing, Act iv., Sc. 1.

But Young has put this thought into its final and definite form :

How blessings brighten as they take their flight !
Night Thoughts, ii., l. 60s.

Possum, To play, an American colloquialism, meaning to feign, to dissemble, to sham dead, a quasi-equivalent to the old English slang "to sham Abraham." Possum is the vernacular abbreviation of opossum, and the latter has a well-known trick of throwing itself on its back and feigning death on the approach of an enemy.

Posterity. The appeal to posterity has been a favorite one with prophets who imagined themselves unhonored in their own day and generation. Posterity will be wiser, better informed, less prejudiced, than the present, therefore they fondly imagine posterity must be on their side. But, as Disraeli said in answer to Sir Robert Peel, who had made this familiar appeal, "Very few people reach posterity. Who among us may arrive at that destination, I presume not to vaticinate. Posterity is a most limited assembly. Those gentlemen who reach posterity are not much more numerous than the planets." Two fine French *mots* have been discredited by the same sort of historians. One is the cry of Desaix when mortally wounded at the very moment he had turned defeat into victory at Marengo: "Tell the First Consul that I regret dying before I have done enough to make my name known to posterity." But the report of eye-witnesses is that he was killed instantly. The other is the analogous speech of André Chénier, said to have been made in the fatal cart that carried him to the guillotine: "I have done nothing for posterity; nevertheless [striking his forehead] there was something there." The saying has been traced to a poem by Loizerolles on the death of his father, who shared Chénier's prison. It was happily said by Byron, in a letter to Moore, that a foreign nation is a sort of contemporaneous posterity. The phrase, however, is imitated from Franklin, who, speaking of the English, said, "We are a kind of posterity in respect to them." (*Letter to William Strahan.*) And again, in a letter to Washington written from Paris, March 5, 1780, "Here you would know and enjoy what posterity will say of Washington. For a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect with a thousand years." But Charles Lamb would away with all regard for posterity. "Hang posterity!" he cried. "I will write for antiquity." In a similar spirit Sir Boyle Roche asked the Irish Parliament, "Why should we legislate for posterity? What has posterity ever done for us?" a phrase which John Trumbull echoed in his "McFingal," Canto ii.:

As though there were a tie
And obligation to posterity.
We get them, bear them, breed, and nurse:
What has posterity done for us,
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Must thrust our necks to gripe of noose?

In a speech made June 3, 1862, Disraeli accused Palmerston of "seeming to think that posterity is a pack-horse always loaded."

Potwalloper. Before the Reform Act of 1832 the members of Parliament for certain boroughs in England were elected by household franchisers, the only qualification required of the electors being the fact of their having been settled in the parish for six months, the settlement being considered sufficiently proved if the claimant had boiled his own pot within its boundaries for the required period,—*wall* meaning to "boil:" out of these elements, *pot, wall, up*, or "pot boil up," was constructed the melodious name Potwalloper, whereby those voters became known who appeared in the borough just before an election, and immediately afterwards disappeared as mysteriously as they had come.

Pour encourager les autres (Fr., "To encourage the others"), a satirical phrase, first applied by Voltaire in "Candide" to the execution by the English of Admiral Byng (1757) for having failed to raise the siege of Minorca.

Candide, in chap. xxiii., accidentally witnesses the execution, and asks of the by-standers who was the man that had been killed so ceremoniously. "'It's an admiral,' they told him. 'And why kill this admiral?' 'Because,' said they, 'he didn't cause enough people to be killed; he engaged in battle with a French admiral, and it was found that he was not near enough to him.' 'But,' said Candide, 'the French admiral was as far from the English as the latter was from the other.' 'That is incontestable,' was the reply, 'but in this country it is well to kill an admiral from time to time, to encourage the others.'" The phrase has passed into literature, generally as a sarcastic comment on any excessive punishment.

Pour le Roi de Prusse. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the now so powerful German Empire was nothing more than the little kingdom of Prussia, having just dropped its title of Duchy of Brandenburg. The country was very poor, and the military discipline very hard. Frederick William I. was very harsh, cross, and stingy, and did not even know, perhaps, what it was to be a present. And his reputation was so well grounded and so widely spread that it became a by-word to say that a man had worked for the King of Prussia when he had done some unprofitable job.

Power (or Office) proves the man, a proverb of classic antiquity. Aristotle, in his "Ethics," Book v., ch. i., attributes it to Bias. Plutarch also refers to it in his comparison of Demosthenes and Cicero, glossing it thus: "It is an observation no less just than common, that nothing makes so thorough a trial of a man's disposition as power and authority, for they awaken every passion and discover every latent vice." In his life of Epaminondas he also notices the converse of the proposition in the case of Epaminondas, who accepted the office of police magistrate that had been offered him by the Thebans out of contumely, and dignified it through the force of his personality. Compare also the characterization of Galba by Tacitus: "He seemed greater than a private person while he lived in privacy, and by the consent of everybody would have been held capable of ruling had he never ruled" ("Major privato visus dum privatus fuit, et omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset."—Lib. i., cap. xlix.). The Germans have two optimistic proverbs, "The office teaches the man," and "To whom God gives an office he gives understanding also," which are approvingly echoed by Selden. "A great place strangely qualifies," says the latter. "John Read was groom of the chamber to my lord of Kent. Attorney-General Roy being dead, some were saying, how would the king do for a fit man? 'Why, any man,' says John Read, 'may execute the place.' 'I warrant,' says my lord, 'thou thinkest thou understandest enough to perform it.' 'Yes,' quoth John, 'let the king make me attorney, and I would fain see the man that durst tell me there's anything I understand not.'"

Practice and Precept. That practice and precept rarely agree is a commonplace of experience. That they ought to agree is a commonplace of ethics. Yet the preacher himself has often acknowledged his inability to live up to his doctrine. "Do as I say, not as I do," was, according to Boccaccio, Book iii., Story vii., a common phrase among the Italian monks of his day, who thought "they had answered well and were absolved from all crime" when they repeated it. There may be a reference here to the words of Jesus: "The scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat: all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works: for they say, and do not." The maxim is also illustrated in the familiar story in the "Gesta Romanorum" of the priest who was twitted on his immorality. He led his critic to the head of a stream, where it was found that the waters gushed out of the skeleton mouth of a dead dog. Yet the waters were pure

and sweet. Even so the gospel remained incorruptible, though it came through the lips of corruption. Something of the same doctrine is taught by Ovid :

Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.
Metamorphoses, vii. 20.

("I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."
Tate and Stonestreet's translation.)

Petrarch has much the same sentiment :

I know and love the good, yet, ah ! the wrong pursue,
Sonnet CCXXV. :

and Shakespeare :

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Probably all of these are more or less direct descendants from the New Testament :

For the good that I would I do not ; but the evil which I would not, that I do.—*Romans* vii. 19.

On the other hand, we have Goldsmith saying of Burke,—

His conduct still right, with his argument wrong.
Retaliation, l. 46.

"Who now reads Cowley?" asks Pope. Evidently Pope did. Cowley, in his poem "On the Death of Crashaw," had said,—

His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong ; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right.

Pope, in his "Essay on Man," borrows the thought without acknowledgment :

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
Ep. iii., l. 305.

After all, the words of Emerson embody the true ethics of the case :

Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.
Ode, Concord, July 4.

Milton had already said, very finely, "He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem."—*Apology for Smectymnuus*.

Young, Goldsmith, Shakespeare, and Chaucer enforce the same moral, Young making all due allowances for human weakness :

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed :
Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.
Night Thoughts.

And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
The Deserted Village, l. 167.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

Hamlet.

This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,—
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.

* * * * *
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught ; but first he folwed it himselfe.

Canterbury Tales : Prologue.

John Armstrong (1709-1779) has been saved from oblivion by the last line in this extract :

Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refined as ever Athens heard ;
And (strange to tell !) he practised what he preached.
The Art of Preserving Health, Book iv., l. 301.

Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed, a common misquotation from Thomas Morton's drama "A Cure for the Heartache," Act ii., Sc. 1, where it is less tersely put as "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed." Morton probably had in mind the Latin phrase "Laudari a viro laudato" ("To be praised by a man who is himself praised").

Prayer. In "The Passing of Arthur" Tennyson makes the departing king say to Sir Bedivere,—

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

This seems like a reminiscence of the phrase in Burton,—

And this is that Homer's golden chain which reacheth down from heaven to earth, by which every creature is annexed and depends on his Creator.—*Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III., Sec. i., Memb. i., Subs. i. ;

which was also utilized by Pope :

Vast chain of being, which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach ; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing. On superior powers,
Were we to press, inferior might on ours,
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed :
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
Essay on Man, Ep. i., l. 237.

Or was Pope borrowing from Waller ?—

The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of our world depends,
One link dissolved, the whole creation ends.
Of the Danger His Majesty Escaped.

Still more interesting is an analogous passage in one of Tennyson's greatest contemporaries :

The Maker has linked together the whole race of man with this chain of love. I like to think that there is no man but has had kindly feelings for some other, and he for his neighbor, until we bind together the whole family of Adam. Nor does it end here. It joins heaven and earth together. For my friend or my child of past days is still my friend or my child to me here, or in the home prepared for us by the Father of all. If identity survives the grave, as our faith tells us, is it not a consolation to think that there may be one or two souls among the purified and just, whose affection watches us invisible, and follows the poor sinner on earth?—THACKERAY: *Cornhill to Cairo*.

St. John Chrysostom was learned in Greek literature, and it would be curious if we could trace to a classic model the exquisite prayer composed by him : "Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them." This is not a scriptural idea, but there is something not unlike it in a prayer by an unknown poet, which is highly commended by Plato : "Father Jove, grant us good, whether we pray for it or not ; and

avert from us evil, even though we pray for it." And one of the fragments of Menander runs, *Μή μοι γένοιθ' ἂ βούλομ' ἀλλ' ἂ συμφέρει* ("Let not that happen which I wish, but that which is right"). Compare the lines

Unasked, what good thou knowest, grant;
What ill, though asked, deny,

in Pope's "Universal Prayer;" also the Collect beginning "Almighty God, the fountain of all wisdom, who knowest our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking."

James Merrick (1720-1769) says,—

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let thy grace supply!

Hymn.

Précieuses, Les, the name by which the members of the Society of the Hôtel Rambouillet were called. It was an association of pseudo-savants of both sexes in France in the first half of the seventeenth century, who indulged in a mixture of ridiculous philosophy and gush.

The usages of the coteries into which they were subdivided were most grotesque; the women affected toward each other the most exaggerated show of romantic sentiment; they called one another by no other names than *ma chère*, *ma précieuse*, which soon became the general designation of its members. When the hour approached for her levee, the female "precious" jumped into bed, where she languished as the habitués of her circle trooped in and ranged themselves about the alcove. To obtain an *entrée* into the charmed circle the young aspirants were obliged to prove to the satisfaction of the "grands introducteurs de ruelles" that they had risen to a comprehension of the "end of all things, the great end or end of ends," which done, they were duly presented. Each "précieuse" had a cavalier, called the "alcoviste," who was peculiarly devoted to her service and helped do the honors and direct the conversation at these peculiar entertainments. The subjects were grave dissertations upon frivolous questions, trivial researches to understand the meaning of an enigma, speculations upon the metaphysics of love and the sublimations of sentiment, all discussed with an exaggerated delicacy of manner and puerile refinement of expression.

They finally succumbed to the laughter of Molière in his "Précieuses Ridicules."

Pretenders, The, the son and the grandson of King James II. The first, James Francis Edward Stuart, is known as the Old Pretender, and his son, Charles Edward Stuart, as the Young Pretender. The Acts of Settlement passed in the reign of William III. (1701-1708) secured the succession of the House of Hanover. The Old Pretender made some vain attempts to recover the kingdom, but in 1743 surrendered his claims to his son, who in the following year invaded Great Britain, by way of Scotland, and fought gallantly but was signally defeated at Culloden in 1746.

The extempore addressed by John Byrom to an officer of the army presents a phase of the perplexities of the politics of the time:

God bless the King—I mean the faith's defender;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
But who Pretender is, or who is King,—
God bless us all,—is quite another thing.

Prevention is better than cure, or, more at length, An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, a common English proverb which finds analogues more or less close in most languages. Ovid's "Principiis obsta" (*q. v.*) embodies a similar idea, and so does Persius's "Venienti occurrere morbo" (*Satires*, iii. 64). A closer parallel is quoted in the "Adagia" of

Erasmus: "Satius est initiis mederi, quam fini" ("It is better to doctor at the beginning than at the end"). The Chinese say, "To correct an evil when already existing is not so good as being aware of it when not existing."

Pride that apes humility. Coleridge in the unfinished poem of "The Devil's Thoughts," which he and Southey were to write together, contributed the following among other verses:

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

Southey rather spoiled the stanza by attempting to improve it:

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,—
A cottage of gentility;
And he owned, with a grin,
That his favorite sin
Is pride that apes humility.

When Diogenes trampled upon a couch at dinner in Plato's house, crying, "I trample upon Plato's pride," the latter quietly retorted, "But with greater pride, Diogenes." The Abbé Maury ridiculed in a similar way the liberal members of the *noblesse* in the National Assembly who proposed the abolition of titles: "You tread upon ostentation but with greater ostentation." So Socrates said to the cynic Antisthenes, who inveighed against the pride and luxury of the conventional classes, "I can see thy pride through the holes in thy robe."

Pride's Purge, the purgation of the "Long Parliament," really an unprecedented and violent invasion of parliamentary privilege, in 1649. Two regiments of soldiers entered the House of Parliament, seized in the passage and arrested the forty-one members of the Presbyterian party, excluded one hundred and sixty others, and would admit none but the most violent and vociferous of the Independents. These proceedings were called "Pride's Purge," from the fact that the soldiery were under the command of Colonel Pride.

What was left of the purged Parliament became known as "the Rump." The purgation was completed by Oliver Cromwell on April 20, 1653, when he entered the chamber, and, after some preliminary remarks, concluded,—

"Corrupt, unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of the Gospel; how can you be a Parliament for God's people? Depart, I say, and let us have done with you! In the name of God—go!"

The House is, of course, all on its feet—uncertain, almost, whether not on its head: such a scene as was never seen before in any House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred mace itself, said, "What shall we do with this bawble? Take it away!"—and gave it to a musketeer. And now, "Fetch him down!" says he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than anything else, declares he will not come till forced. "Sir," said Harrison, "I will lend you a hand;" on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all vanished; flooding gloomily, clamorously out to their respective ulterior business and respective places of abode. The "Long Parliament" is dissolved! the unspeakable catastrophe has come,—and remains.—CARLYLE: *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*.

Princes and lords. A famous sentiment in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" runs as follows:

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made.
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

The thought is one of the most common in literature. But even the verbal vesture in which it is clothed has been traced to various sources, though Gold-

smith has touched it with the magic of his own genius: "nihil tetigit quod non ornavit."

Thus, Pope had said,—

Who pants for glory finds but short repose :
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Epistle I., Book ii.

Still closer came De Caux, who, comparing the world to his looking-glass, had said,—

C'est un verre qui luit,
Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a produit.

("It is a shining glass, which a breath may destroy, and which a breath has produced.")

As Goldsmith borrowed, so he was borrowed from in return. Burns, in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," has,—

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"

the last line being, of course, a quotation from Pope. Burns varies the thought in another of his poems :

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might :
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that.

Burns's words were anticipated by Wycherley in his "Plain Dealer," Act i., Sc. 1: "I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better." From Wycherley Sterne probably stole it; for when stealing is in question, the presumption is always against Sterne. "Honors, like impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of base metal; but gold and silver will pass all the world over without any other recommendation than their own weight," he says in "Tristram Shandy."

Now, all these sayings, so different in form but so alike in substance, are but illustrations of the idea to which Pope has given these words :

Honor and shame from no condition rise :
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

The Germans express it in the proverb,—

Edel seyn ist gar viel mehr
Als adlig seyn von den Eltern her,
("The noble in himself is worth much more
Than the mere heir of such as lived of yore,")

a good democratic maxim, in substance embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and as old as human nature. We find it in one form or other in the oldest books,—the Talmud, for instance, where it is thus expressed: "Not the place honors the man, but the man the place."

Principiis obsta (L., "Meet the beginnings"), an oft-quoted phrase from Ovid's "Remedium Amoris," line 91. "Medicine," the poet adds, in explanation, "comes too late when the evil has gained strength by long delay." The French have an analogous expression: "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte" ("It is only the first step that costs"). Madame du Deffand, in a letter to Horace Walpole, June 6, 1767, relates how Cardinal Polignac, a man of vast credulity, told her the old story of the martyrdom of St. Denis, who, after decapitation, walked two leagues with his head in his hand to the spot where his church was afterwards erected. The cardinal laid special stress on the distance traversed. "The distance is nothing," quoth Madame; "'tis only the first step that costs" ("La distance n'y fait rien; il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte").

We shut our eyes to the beginnings of evil because they are small, and in this weakness lies the germ of our misfortune. *Principiis obsta* : this maxim closely followed would preserve us from almost all our misfortunes.—AMIEL : *Journal Intime*, ii. 76.

We must be watchful, especially in the beginning of temptation, because then the enemy is easier overcome, if he is not suffered to come in at all at the door of the soul, but is kept out and resisted at his first knock. Whence a certain man said, “*Withstand the beginning* : afterwards remedies come too late.”—*Imitation of Christ*, ch. xiii., sec. 4.

Prison. When Guildenstern objects to Hamlet’s remark that Denmark is a prison, the prince explains, “There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so : to me it is a prison.” (Act ii., Sc. 2.) In Howel’s “Letters” we find him writing from his prison to a friend in France, “There is a wise saying in the country where you sojourn now, ‘Ce n’est pas la place mais la pensée qui fait la prison,’” which is exactly Hamlet’s idea. A famous amplification of the thought occurs in the fourth stanza of Richard Lovelace’s poem “To Althea from Prison :

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage ;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

Now, there is a curious parallelism, not only in the lines, but also in the circumstances of their composition, with the following by the contemporary French poet Pellisson :

Doubles grilles à gros cloux,
Triples portes, forts verroux,
Aux âmes vraiment méchantes
Vous représentez l’enfer ;
Mais aux âmes innocentes
Vous n’êtes que du bois, du fer.

A comparison of dates, however, proves that Lovelace was first in the field. He was imprisoned by the Long Parliament in 1648, and died in 1658. Pellisson was not sent to the Bastille until 1661, and wrote his lines on the walls of his cell. But Lovelace may have remembered his Shakespeare, not only the passage quoted from “Hamlet,” but the following from the Sonnets :

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive of the strength of spirit.

Procrastination is the thief of time. This is line 393 of the first Night of Young’s “Night Thoughts.” The context runs as follows :

Beware, Lorenzo ! a slow, sudden death.
Be wise to-day, ’tis madness to defer ;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time ;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

There is a reminiscence here of Congreve’s lines,—

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise :
To-morrow’s sun to thee may never rise.
Letter to Cobham.

Proverbial and written literature are full of similar lessons : “Delays are dangerous,” “Strike while the iron is hot,” “Take time by the forelock,”—these proverbs are cosmopolitan. “Make hay while the sun shines” is peculiarly

English, and especially appropriate to the variable climate of England. Here are a few more proverbs of similar application :

God keep you from 'It is too late.'—*Spanish*.
 When the fool has made up his mind the market has gone by.—*Ibid*.
 Stay but a while, you lose a mile.—*Dutch*.
 A little too late, much too late.—*Ibid*.
 Some refuse roast meat and afterwards long for the smoke of it.—*Italian*.
 When the horse has been stolen the fool shuts the stable.—*French*.

The latter may also be found in Heywood's "Proverbs" in the following form,—

When the steed is stolne, shut the stable durre,—

and is even more neatly expressed in another French proverb, "After death the doctor," parallel to the ancient Greek *Μετά πόλεμον ή συμμαχία*, or the Latin "Post bellum, auxilium" ("After the war come the allies"). Quintilian quotes the latter, and he further asks, "Quid quod medicina mortuorum sera est? Quid quod nemo aquam infundit in cineres?" ("What medicine is good for the dead? Why does no one pour water on ashes?")—*i.e.*, after the house has been burnt.)

The last lines credited to Swift, written in a lucid moment just before his death, were suggested by a magazine for arms and powder erected in Phoenix Park, Dublin :

Behold a proof of Irish sense!
 Here Irish wit is seen:
 When nothing's left for our defence,
 We build a magazine.

Dryden says,—

All delays are dangerous in war,
Tyrannic Love, Act i., Sc. 1;

and Shakespeare,—

Delays have dangerous ends,
Henry VI., Part I., Act iii., Sc. 2;

—a maxim which he further enforces in "Macbeth :"

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly.
 Act i., Sc. 7.

This maxim is also enforced in the famous Italian proverb, "Cosa fatta capo ha," explained by Torriano in the seventeenth century as meaning "A deed done has an end," by Giusti in the nineteenth as "A deed done has a beginning;" *i.e.*, if you would accomplish anything don't stop to think over it, but begin at once. It will be remembered that this proverb is the "bad word" to which Dante attributes the origin of the Guelf and Ghibelline feuds. When Buondelmonte broke his plighted troth to a maiden of the Amadei family, her kinsmen assembled to discuss revenge. Plan after plan was suggested. At last Mosca Lamberti cried out, "Those who talk much do nothing. *Cosa fatta capo ha!*" The hint was enough. Buondelmonte was murdered, and Tuscany was plunged into a civil war.

Prohibitionist. A political party of one idea,—the prohibition by law of the sale and manufacture of intoxicating drinks. Neal Dow, of Maine, is prominent as the organizer of its earliest campaigns. Its first important success was the enactment of the Maine Law (*q.v.*). Since 1872 the Prohibitionists have entered the field of national politics. Their total poll in the whole country in that year was 5608 votes. In 1888 they polled 246,406.

Property is theft (Fr., "La propriété, c'est le vol"), the maxim announced by Proudhon in "Qu'est-ce que c'est que la Propriété?" published

in 1840. St. Ambrose had taught a not dissimilar doctrine: "Superfluum quod tenes tu furaris" ("The superfluous property which you hold you have stolen"). And only half a century before Proudhon, Brissot, in his "Philosophical Researches on the Right of Property," had written, "Exclusive property is a robbery in nature." The phrase itself died with him, when Proudhon resuscitated it by endowing it with the soul of wit in the catching phrase, "La propriété, c'est le vol." Emerson agrees with Proudhon: "In the last analysis all property is theft."

Public be damned, a famous phrase attributed to William K. Vanderbilt in a newspaper interview when the question of the rights of the public who patronized the New York Central Railroad came up for discussion. It went the length and breadth of the land, and greatly increased his unpopularity with the masses. A very similar expression became equally notorious a century and a half earlier. In 1730 an ostensibly charitable organization was established in London to lend money to the poor on pledges. The managers were mainly members of the House of Commons. The scheme proved to be so ruinous to its patrons that an inquiry was instituted by Parliament which led to its suppression. Three of the managers, Bond, Sutton, and Grant, were expelled from the House of Commons. By a report of the commission appointed to examine into the matter, it appeared that when objection had once been made to an intended removal of the office, on the score that the poor, for whose use it had been erected, would be hurt, Bond had replied, "Damn the poor." Pope makes a reference to this phrase in his "Moral Essays," Epistle iii., l. 100:

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart.
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them Providence's care.

Public office is a public trust. This saying, which was a sort of rallying-cry of the civil service reformers and Mugwumps, who supported Grover Cleveland in the Presidential campaign of 1884, has frequently been attributed to Cleveland himself. But though the sentiment is his, the words are not. Indeed, so far back as May 31, 1872, Charles Sumner said, "The phrase 'public office is a public trust' has of late become common property." Possibly the real origin may be traced to John C. Calhoun, in a speech made July 13, 1835: "The very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts, bestowed for the good of the country, and not for the benefit of an individual or a party."

Pull down your vest, an American colloquialism, meaning, originally, "Attend to your own business," but now used as a mere senseless exclamation of wittlings. It comes to us from the time when trousers and waistcoats were alike shorter than they are at present, and when a wide gap of linen shirt induced careful mothers or wives, or discriminating friends, to use the adjuration to the negligent. The phrase soon became general, and for a time was used *ad nauseam*.

Pun. He who will make a pun will pick a pocket. This is usually quoted as a saying of Dr. Johnson's, but there is no evidence that the latter even adopted it. John Dennis, the critic, seems to have been the real author, according to a story told by Benjamin Victor, treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre, in an epistle to Sir Richard Steele, London, 1722, when Johnson

was a boy of thirteen. Dennis met Congreve and Daniel Purcell, famous as a punster, in a tavern. Purcell wished to rid himself of Dennis's company, and knew nothing would be more effective than a bad pun. He pulled the bell and called without an answer. Then, putting his hand under the table, he said to Dennis, "This table is like the tavern." "How so?" asked the critic. "Why, because there's ne'er a drawer in it." "Sir," cried Dennis, starting up, "the man that will make such an execrable pun in my company will pick my pocket!" and so left the room. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* gives the Dr. Johnson story with much particularity of detail: "I remember, many years ago, reading an anecdote of Johnson's dislike to punning, and his witty rejoinder to an observation of Boswell's thereupon; but as *Notes and Queries* had then no existence, I did not 'make a note on't,' and the source of the anecdote has passed away from my memory. The story was told in the following way: 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'I hate a pun. A man who would perpetrate a pun would have little hesitation in picking a pocket.' Upon this, Boswell hinted that his illustrious friend's dislike to this species of small wit might arise from his inability to play upon words. 'Sir,' roared Johnson, 'if I were punish-ed for every pun I shed, there would not be left a puny shed of my punnish head.'"

Punctuation. Our very nursery songs impress upon us the value of correct punctuation. Halliwell in his "Nursery Rhymes" gives the following riddle:

Every lady in this land
Has twenty nails upon each hand
Five and twenty on hands and feet.
All this is true without deceit.

To unriddle the above you have merely to put a semicolon after "nails" in the second line, and a comma after "five" in the third. Here are two variations on the same theme which have also come down to us from Mother Goose or some one of her near relatives:

I saw a peacock with a fiery tail
I saw a blazing comet pour down hail
I saw a cloud all wrapt with ivy round
I saw a lofty oak creep on the ground
I saw a beetle swallow up a whale
I saw a foaming sea brimful of ale
I saw a pewter cup sixteen feet deep
I saw a well full of men's tears that weep
I saw wet eyes in flames of living fire
I saw a house as high as the moon and higher
I saw the glorious sun at deep midnight
I saw the man who saw this wondrous sight.

I saw a pack of cards gnawing a bone
I saw a dog seated on Britain's throne
I saw King George shut up within a box
I saw an orange driving a fat ox
I saw a butcher not a twelvemonth old
I saw a great-coat all of solid gold
I saw two buttons telling of their dreams
I saw my friends who wished I'd quit these themes.

If a semicolon be placed after the noun in each line except the last, these absurd jingles will be resolved into sobriety.

There is an old French proverb which runs, "Faute d'un point Martin perdit son âne" ("Through want of a stop Martin lost his ass"). This saying has a story behind it, which was probably invented in the Middle Ages by some whimsical scribe who desired to impress upon his pupils the importance of punctuation. A priest named Martin having been appointed abbot of a

religious house called Asello ("the Ass") caused this inscription to be placed over the gates :

Porta patens esto,
Nulli claudatur honesto.

("Let the gate stand open, to no honest man be shut.")

The ignorant brother who put up the inscription placed the comma after *nulli*, and so completely altered the sense, making the verse read, "Gate be thou open to none, be shut against every honest man." The pope, learning of this uncharitable inscription, took up the matter seriously and deposed the unlucky abbot. His successor was careful to correct the punctuation of the verse, to which the following line was added : "Pro solo puncto caruit Martinus Asello" ("For a single stop Martin lost Asello"). The abbey disappeared, the proverb remained, and, the word *Asello* being misunderstood, we have the French saying referred to.

Again, there is the more or less apocryphal story of the man who, wishing to learn if it would be safe for him to go to battle, received this answer from the oracle : "Ibis redibis non morieris in bello." If you put a comma after *redibis* the translation is, "You will go, you will return, you will not die in battle ;" but if you put the comma after *non*, you get, "You will go, you will return not, you will die in battle." But, as the ancients had only a very rudimentary system of punctuation, the decision depended rather upon vocal stress than upon written symbols. Shakespeare knew the value of correct punctuation, and in his "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act v., Sc. 1, he causes the actor to make sad "pi" of the prologue which he had been appointed to deliver, by persistent misplacing of stops. Even yet the commentators have not decided upon the punctuation, and therefore upon the meaning, of the famous phrase "the beginning of the end" (see under END, THE BEGINNING OF THE), which occurs in this very prologue. Other famous disputed passages depend for their interpretation upon the correct placing of a comma or a period. Take the two lines addressed by Cleopatra to the messenger who had brought her news of Antony's marriage to Octavia. The folio gives them thus :

O that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii., Sc. 5.

Some commentators profess to see no difficulty here. "Nothing," says one, "can be clearer than that she is separating the man from the office. The sense is obtained by these two simple equations, 'thee, that art not' = the innocent messenger, 'what thou'rt sure of' = the offending message. The sense is, 'thou that art not to be confounded with thy foul message, yet seemest to be tarred with the same brush.'" But Steevens, Keightley, and others would change the punctuation of the second line thus :

That art not! What? thou'rt sure of 't? Get thee hence.

Undoubtedly the sense is much simplified by this alternate reading.

Another instance is afforded in the passage in "Macbeth," Act v., Sc. 5, which Forrest, contrary to all precedent, used to read thus :

Hang out our banners. On the outer walls
The cry is still, They come.

Perhaps the most astonishing bit of emended punctuation that ever was suggested is by Fredericka Beardsley Gilchrist in her "True Story of Hamlet and Ophelia." She truly says,—

"It seems to me the theory I advance destroys all other theories. For nearly three hundred years it has been possible to misunderstand, not special passages only, but the fundamental intention of the play ; during that time no satisfac-

tory explanation of *all* its obscurities has been advanced. I believe this theory explains them." And what is the theory? It all lies in the following lines:

O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O fie!

It seems that the punctuation is wrong. The last line should read,—

And shall I couple? Hell! O fie!

"We know," says the author, "that no fault was more common than the interchange or omission of ? and !; and this I believe is what Shakespeare wrote."

How simple and beautiful! The bearing of this remarkable emendation may be best judged by recalling the circumstances under which Hamlet utters the words. The ghost has just left him, after revealing the full extent of his mother's frailty. "Heavens and earth!" cries Hamlet, quite in the manner of the modern tough. "And after this shall I also marry? Hell! No!"

He at once gives up his love for Ophelia, and thus, his young life being devastated, the rest of his history is as clear as moonshine. The entire text is gone over, scene by scene, and it is clear to the author that there are no difficulties which do not disappear before the formula of "shall I couple," etc.

The importance of a comma has often been tested in law.

One of the most expensive blunders ever made in the legislation of the United States was also one of the most apparently insignificant.

The misplacement of a comma cost the government just about two millions of dollars.

The blunder occurred in a tariff bill more than twenty years ago. There was a section enumerating what articles should be admitted free of duty. Among the many articles specified were "all foreign fruit-plants," etc., meaning plants for transplanting, propagation, or experiment. The enrolling clerk, in copying the bill, accidentally changed the hyphen in the compound word "fruit-plants" to a comma, making it read, "All foreign fruit, plants," etc. The consequence was that for a year, until Congress could remedy the blunder, all oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty.

Another instructive case occurred in France. This turned on the question whether a small spot of ink was or was not a comma, or, rather, an apostrophe. On the solution of this apparently trivial question depended the disposal of some forty thousand dollars. And here are the particulars. But first we must ask the reader to rub up his French a little, and to recall to his memory the meaning of certain short words in that language.

A French gentleman made a will in which, among other bequests, he left handsome sums of money to his two nephews, Charles and Henri. The sums were equal in amount. When the testator died and the will came to be proved, the nephews expected to receive two hundred thousand francs each as their specific bequests. But the executors disputed this, and said that *each* legacy was for *one* hundred thousand francs.

The legatees pointed to the word *deux*.

"No," said the executors, "there is a comma or apostrophe between the *d* and the *e*, making it *d'eux*."

"Not so," rejoined Charles and Henri; "that is only a little blot of ink, having nothing to do with the actual writing."

Let us put the two interpretations in juxtaposition:

A chacun deux cent milles francs.

A chacun d'eux cent milles francs.

The first form means, "To each two hundred thousand francs," whereas the other has the very different meaning, "To each of them a hundred thousand francs." This little mark (?) made all the difference.

The paper had been folded before the ink was dry. A few spots of ink had been transposed from one side of the fold to the other, and the question was whether the apparent or supposed apostrophe was one such spot.

The legatees had very strong reasons—two hundred thousand strong—for wishing that the little spot of ink should be proved merely a blot; but their opponents had equally strong reasons for wishing that the blot should be accepted as an apostrophe, an intended and component element in the writing.

The decision was in favor of the legatees, but was only reached after long and expensive litigation.

There is a legend of a Dublin criminal trial wherein the prisoner's fate hung upon a question of punctuation. He was accused of robbery. The principal evidence against him was a confession alleged to have been made by him and taken down in writing by a police-officer. And this was the incriminating passage :

Mangan said he never robbed but twice said it was Crawford.

The officer explained that the meaning he attached to it was, "Mangan said he never robbed but twice. Said it was Crawford." "Nay," cried Mr. O'Gorman, the prisoner's counsel, after a careful examination of the document, "this is the fair and obvious reading : 'Mangan said he never robbed ; but twice said it was Crawford.'" This explanation had its effect on the jury, and the man was acquitted.

Recently the London *Journal of Education* told an amusing story in point. A Prussian school inspector appeared at the office of the burgomaster of a little town, asking him to join in a tour of inspection through the schools. The burgomaster, rather out of sorts, was heard to mutter to himself, "What is this donkey here again for?"

The inspector said nothing, but bided his time, and with the unwilling burgomaster set out on his tour. At the first school he announced his wish to see how well punctuation was taught.

"Oh, never mind that," said the burgomaster. "We care naught for commas and such trifles."

But the inspector sent a boy to the blackboard, and ordered him to write, "The burgomaster of R—— says, the inspector is a donkey."

Then he ordered him to transpose the comma, placing it after R——, and to insert another one after inspector, and the boy wrote, "The burgomaster of R——, says the inspector, is a donkey."

It was a cruel lesson, but it is reasonable to suppose that commas and such trifles rose in the estimation of the refractory official.

A curious and rather painful blunder occurred in 1891. The Bishop of Adelaide, South Australia, found what he thought was the carcass of a sea-serpent at Avoid Point, near Coffin Bay. Straightway the story was flashed over to England as part of a general news cablegram. And this is how it read : "Influenza extensively prevalent Wales Victoria numerous deaths Bishop Adelaide found dead Sea-serpent sixty feet Coffin Bay." It will be admitted that the Angel of Death seems to hover about this sentence from one end to the other. Yet that hardly excuses the error of the news agents, who, as they afterwards confessed, "read the last six words as a separate sentence, and, judging that it was not suitable to the *Times*, omitted it." Consequently, the religious world was pained to hear of the death of an excellent ecclesiastic. Not for some days was the truth discovered. The *Saturday Review*, commenting in its usual caustic vein on the mistake, said very pertinently that, even taking the news agents' own account of the matter, one would have expected them to be rather surprised by the words "found dead."

"Bishops are not generally 'found dead,' but die—when they cannot help it—in a decorous manner, and in the presence of witnesses. And what on earth did they understand by the 'last six words' taken separately? Did they suppose that a sea-serpent had come within sixty feet of Coffin Bay, or had devastated sixty feet of the shore, or that a sea-serpent with sixty feet had invaded that cheerfully-named locality? 'Sea-serpent sixty feet Coffin Bay' seems, on the face of it, about as unintelligible a 'separate sentence' as one could well imagine. And yet one cannot help admiring the discretion of those who 'judged' that any mention of a sixty-footed sea-serpent, or a sea-serpent indefinitely connected with twenty yards and with Coffin Bay, was 'not suitable for' the austere dignity of the *Times*." And then the *Saturday* goes on to imagine cases in which this method of reading telegrams, if generally adopted, might be productive of interesting results. "Suppose, for instance, that a South African correspondent telegraphed, 'Weather sultry Rhodes gone hunting Randolph Churchill hung hat on nose of living lion.' Read the last six words as a separate sentence, and you have matter for a hundred special editions. Or, if you received from Chester, 'Serious carriage accident Osborne Morgan kicked Gladstone received deputation local branch Liberation Society,' what would your feelings be when you had omitted the last six words? While a telegram from the southern part of the principality might be conceived in this wise: 'County meeting Select Candidate Carmarthen twenty thousand electors unanimously voted Lewis Morris no poet yet appointed compose congratulatory ode Eisteddfodd.'"

That punctuation is a perilous matter to trifle with is further instanced by Dean Alford. In his "Queen's English" he indulges in a strain of self-gratulation. "I have some satisfaction," he says, "in reflecting, that in the course of editing the Greek text, I believe I have destroyed more than a thousand commas, which prevented the text from being properly understood." It is amusing enough to notice that in a passage where the writer was denouncing the redundant use of commas, at the very word commas he inserted a redundant comma, "which," to quote the phrase immediately following it, "prevented the text from being properly understood." Of course, the dean's meaning is clear enough. In the Greek text there were more than a thousand commas which prevented the text from being properly understood, and he had destroyed them. But his own redundant point after the word commas plainly makes him say that he prevented the text from being understood by destroying more than one thousand commas. There is another redundant comma in the passage, after the word reflecting, which is only worthy of note, however, as occurring in a lecture addressed to careless people against the too free use of commas.

Punic Faith, treachery, a term of reproach by which the Romans characterized the alleged breaking of treaties by their Punic or Carthaginian adversaries. In truth, however, it would be difficult to find in all history a more crying instance of the pot calling the kettle black.

Puns and Punning. Is a pun admirable, is it justifiable only in extreme cases, or is it always, and under all circumstances, execrable and unfit for decent society? 'Twere a brave man or a foolish who would undertake to decide. Great authorities have ranged themselves on all sides of this disputed question. Yet if the weight of authority is to decide, then, indeed, the pun is invulnerable. It was old and respected in the time of the Pythoness. It is found in Homer and in the Bible, the Old Testament as well as the New. It was known to Pericles and to Cicero under the more dignified title of paronomasia. The spacious halls of Queen Elizabeth resounded with it. Shakespeare never loses a chance at a verbal quibble. Milton in "Paradise

Lost" makes Lucifer and Belial discharge a volley of bad puns—truly infernal engines—against the angels of the Lord. Petrarch punned incessantly on the name of Laura. Aristophanes, Rabelais, Erasmus, Swift, Lamb, Hood, Moore, all punned away pyrotechnically. Nor is this all. The gravest of moralists, the most solemn of divines, the austere of philosophers, loved a pun,—Plato and Aristotle, Sophocles and Euripides, Julian the Apostate, St. Gregory, Sir Thomas More, Cotton Mather, Jeremy Bentham: the list could be extended almost indefinitely. These names, however, will suffice to show that the pun has an august genealogy; that it has kept good company; that it should be treated with consideration.

And who are the rash ones that have raised their voices against the pun? Few of them, to say truth, can be numbered among the great ones of the earth. Yet many are eminent enough. They are not opponents to be despised. They number such names as Dryden, Addison, Dr. Johnson, Sydney Smith, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Let us see what they have to say for themselves.

Dryden merely indulges in a sneer, without attempting argument:

The head and heart were never lost of those
Who dealt in doggerel or who punned in prose.

"Who can refute a sneer?" We pass by Glorious John and go on to Addison. He lays down the rule that nothing is true wit which cannot be translated into another language. Puns cannot be translated, therefore they are not true wit. The syllogism is not a happy one, and the premises might readily be denied. But for the sake of argument let us accept Addison's rule. There is Killigrew's jest, for example. He proposes to make a pun on any subject. "Make one on me," quoth King Charles. "Ah, the king is no subject." Try that in French, "*Le roi n'est pas un sujet*," try it, in fact, in most modern languages, and, like a bishop, it loses nothing by translation. Sydney Smith, himself an enemy of the pun, approvingly reproduces from Voltaire a remark that "the adjective is the greatest enemy of the substantive, though it agrees with it in gender, number, and case." The point of the antithesis is as plain a pun as ever skipped on two legs. A gentleman who squinted asked Talleyrand at a certain critical juncture how things were going: "*Mais, comme vous voyez, monsieur*" ("Why, as you see, sir"). Good English again. And not only that, but precisely the same joke is written in excellent Greek by Hierocles. A one-eyed doctor greeted a patient with "How are you?" "As you see," replied the latter. "Then," said the physician, "if you are as I see, you are half dead."

Another pun attributed to Talleyrand is not only translatable, but is even better in English than in French. During the days when the arrogant soldiery affected to despise all civilians, he asked of Marshal Augereau the meaning of *péquin*, a newly-coined slang word for scoundrel. "*Nous appelons péquin*," was the answer, "*tout ce qui n'est pas militaire*" ("We call every one who is not a soldier a *péquin*"). "Exactly," was Talleyrand's retort, "as we call every one a soldier who is not civil" ("*Eh oui! comme nous autres nous appelons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas civil*").

A beautiful girl was attending the lectures of a Greek philosopher. A grain of dust flew into her eye. She begged the professor's aid for its removal, and as he stooped to the gallant task some one cried, "Do not spoil the pupil" (*Μη τὴν κόρη διαφείμης*). A man ploughed up the field where his father was buried. "This is truly," said Cicero, "to cultivate a father's memory" ("*Hoc est vere colere monumentum patris*"). In each of these cases the pun is as good in one language as in another.

Dr. Johnson was not indeed guilty of the alliterative antithesis between the punster and the pickpocket that has so frequently been charged against

him (see page 923). Nevertheless, he did not like a pun. He looked grimly askance on it, as an elephant may be supposed to look on the grimaces and vivacity of a monkey. He would not even take any pains to hunt up the etymology of that little word; he recklessly imagined that it meant to pound or to pummel, having in mind, very probably, the energetic practice of Punch with respect to his consort. A little knowledge of French would have served the doctor, and taught him that *pun* is only the English mode of transferring the Gallic *point* into the vernacular. Our words *point* and *pun* are, in fact, the same, only the latter received its present shape by reason of coming in through the nose at a later period. Still, the doctor did not disdain to pun. A very good one is credited to him. At the library of St. Andrews he inquired whether they possessed a certain book. "No, sir," was the reply; "it is a very expensive work, and beyond the means at our command." "Oh," said the doctor, "you'll get it by degrees;" alluding to the custom which then prevailed of selling degrees. And both Sydney Smith and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes have weakened the value of their testimony against the pun by producing excellent specimens themselves. In the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" the latter lays down the peremptory law that "Homicide and verbicide—that is, violent treatment of a word with fatal results to its legitimate meaning, which is its life—are alike forbidden;" and then he goes on to make three pages of clever puns just to show what an extremely reprehensible practice it is.

When Henry Erskine was told that punning is the lowest form of wit, he made the admirable retort, "It is, and therefore the foundation of all wit." Elia, whose favorite diversion was "Lamb-punning," to repeat his own jest, defends the practice on higher grounds: "A pun is a noble thing *per se*; it is entire, and fills the mind; it is as perfect as a sonnet."

If ever a pun is indefensible it is when made upon a patronymic. The poor man born with a punnable name suffers untold agony against which he is absolutely defenceless. When Mr. Garrison has been told for the hundredth time to hold the fort, when Mr. Younghusband for the thousandth time has been twitted on the fact that he is an old bachelor, when Mr. Archer has been repeatedly warned not to draw the long bow, when Mr. Mingle has had quoted to him with wearisome iteration the lines of Shakespeare,—

Mingle, mingle, mingle,
He that mingle may,—

it would be justifiable homicide in any of these gentlemen to slay their oppressors.

"When the Rev. Mr. Ingersol, a Unitarian minister of Burlington, Vermont," so says the poet Saxe in *Harper's Magazine*, "remarked to Mr. Haswell, one of his parishioners, that his name would be as well without the H, the latter was delighted with the pun; but imagine the gentleman's weariness and disgust when (the joke having got abroad) everybody in town repeated the pun in his ear, either as original or borrowed, until the unlucky victim wished the whole tribe of punsters in perdition."

Nevertheless, the oldest extant pun is probably the execrable one in Homer's "Odyssey," where Ulysses, being questioned by his Cyclopean captor as to his name, answers, "Outis" ("No One"). When Ulysses, during the night, sears the eye of the Cyclops, he succeeds in making good his escape because the Cyclops informs his brethren, who eagerly inquire what has happened, that No One has hurt him. Another poet, Shakespeare, who was a humorist also, has spoiled the excellent scene where Falstaff examines his pressed men, by the paltry trick of giving them names which the fat knight could twist into puns. Thus, Mouldy is told that it is time he was used; Shadow, that he would make a cold soldier, but would serve for summer;

Wart, that he is a ragged wart; and Bullcalf extorts the exclamation, "Prick me Bullcalf till he roar again." Nor is there any considerable humor in the way in which Falstaff plays upon the name of his swaggering agent: "No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol."

Even some of the great dramatist's serious scenes are spoiled by the intrusion of unworthy quibbling on names. Thus, Northumberland receives the news of his son's death at Shrewsbury in this wise:

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, Coldspur?

The dying old soldier John o' Gaunt might well excite the wonderment of his nephew when he gasped,—

Old Gaunt, indeed; and Gaunt in being old;
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watched;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones.

But what better can be expected at a time when even royalty punned upon the throne?—when Queen Elizabeth, who was a woman of brains, thought it witty to make such a play upon words as "Ye be burly, my Lord of Burghley, but ye shall make less stir in my realm than my Lord of Leicester," and when James I. disgraced his title of the British Solomon by saying to Sir Walter Raleigh, "By my saul, maun, I have heard but rawly of thee"? Good King Robert I. of France, who married the irritable and jealous Constantia after his divorce from Bertha, may indeed be excused for a harmless jest upon Constantia's name. He loved to sing hymns to his lyre, and his wife frequently importuned him to write a hymn in her honor. At last, in mild exasperation, he wrote his hymn "O Constantia Martyrum" ("O Constancy of Martyrs"), which she mistook for an ode in her honor because the name Constantia was repeated at the commencement of each strophe.

Let us be just, however. Some of the very best puns in the language are upon names. Their goodness must be their excuse for their discourtesy.

Foote made rather a neat hit at the Boniface who had overcharged him. "What is your name?" asked the comedian. "Partridge, sir," said the host. "Partridge! it should have been Woodcock, by the length of your bill." There was something melancholy about the jest of poor Dr. Thomas Browne, who, having unsuccessfully courted a lady, and being challenged to drink her health as had been his wont, replied, "I have toasted her many years, but I cannot make her Browne, so I'll toast her no longer." When Dr. Barton Warren was informed that Dr. Vowel was dead, he exclaimed, "What! Vowel dead? Well, thank heaven it was neither you nor I." Moore was not above punning upon his own name. Thus, he would deduce his genealogy from Noah in the following manner: "Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and one more." Which reminds us that when Manners, Earl of Rutland, said to Sir Thomas More, "Honores mutant mores," the Chancellor retorted, "It stands better in English: Honors change manners." The same names were cleverly played upon in the following lines, which commemorate the fact that Dr. Manners Sutton had succeeded Archbishop More:

What say you? The archbishop's dead?
A loss indeed. Oh, on his head
May heaven its blessings pour;

But if with such a heart and mind
In Manners we his equal find,
Why should we wish for More?

Sydney Smith paid a double compliment to Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuffe when he exclaimed, "Ah, there you are, the Cuffe that every one would wear, the Tighe that no one would loose." When Luttrell, in talking of the Eumelian Club of which Ashe was the founder, was told that a son of that Ashe was at present chairman, he quoted, "Still in its ashes live their wonted fires,"—which was not a very merry jest, yet quite as good as one that Dr. Swift declared he would have given fifty pounds to have made himself. Swift's friend Dr. Ash, soon after the passing of an act for the protection of growing timber, had asked a waiter at an inn to help him off with his coat. The man refused, saying that it was felony to strip an ash. Rather better was Sydney Smith's suggestion to the lady who asked him for a motto for her dog Spot. He immediately proposed, "Out, damned Spot!" And his jest at the expense of Mrs. Grote had at least the salt of malice in it. She was famed for the ill taste of her costumes, and as one day she swept by in an extraordinary head-dress, Smith pointed her out to a friend, with the words, "That is the origin of the word grotesque." Mrs. Grote had her revenge, however. Smith's daughter married a Dr. Holland. When the latter was knighted, somebody mentioned his wife as Lady Holland. "Do you mean Lord Holland's wife?" asked a listener. "No," put in Mrs. Grote; "this is New Holland, whose capital is Sydney."

Walter Savage Landor, of whom it was said that his name ought to have been "Savage Walter Landor," was proud of a joke he once made to Kenyon. "I understand," he said, "that a Mr. Quillinan has been attacking me. His writings are, I hear, quill-inanities." At least as good was Jerrold's remark when Albert Smith wrote an article in *Blackwood* to which he appended only his initials. "What a pity," said Jerrold, "that Smith cannot be brought to tell more than two-thirds of the truth!" The same humorist one day met a Scotch gentleman whose name was Leitch, and who deemed it necessary to explain that he was not the caricaturist John Leech. "I know," said Jerrold: "you are the Scotchman with the itch in your name."

Charles Lamb Kenney, the popular journalist, dining at the house of a friend, chanced to swallow a small piece of cork with his wine, the result being a severe fit of coughing. "Take care, my friend," said his next neighbor, with a rather feeble attempt at humor, "that's not the way for Cork!" "No," gasped the sufferer, "it's the way to kill Kenney!"

The poet Campbell, in his student days in Glasgow, observed that Drum, a liquor-dealer, and Fife, an apothecary, were next-door neighbors, the latter announcing also on a sign displayed over his window, "Ears pierced by A. Fife." With the assistance of a couple of school-fellows the poet one night placed a long fir board from the window of one shop to that of the other, bearing in flaming capitals the Shakespearian line,—

The spirit-stirring Drum, the ear-piercing Fife.

When the barrister Campbell married Miss Scarlett, Brougham explained his absence from court by telling Judge Abbott that the missing barrister was suffering from an attack of Scarlett fever. When Mrs. Little brought forth triplets, and was rewarded by the queen's guineas, a friend remarked, "Every little helps."

Puns have more than once played an important part in history.

The Roman bishop's famous compliment to the handsome Anglo-Saxon captives, "Not Angles, but angels," had greater results than its actual brilliancy might seem to merit; and St. Leo doubtless had no idea when he prayed to heaven to aid Rome against the invading Huns, "and hurl back these Tar-

tars into the fires of Tartarus," that this punning prayer was to fix upon the unlucky "Tartars" (as they were then called) a nickname that would never die. France expiated by the devastation of an entire province a coarse and clumsy play upon "corpse" and "corpulence" made by the French king in derision of his terrible neighbor, William the Conqueror. Charles the Fifth's jesting assertion that he could put Paris in his glove (*gant*), though meant only to indicate the superior size of Ghent to the Paris of that day, stung Francis the First into the renewal of a languishing war. One of Louis the Fifteenth's upstart favorites was driven from the court by the biting pun that turned his new title of Marquis de Vandière into "Marquis d'Avant-hier" (the day before yesterday). Equally historical was the bitter pun that changed the name of the sluggish Admiral Torrington to "Admiral Tarry-in-town."

Napoleon (who was no man for light jesting) is credited with only a single pun, and that a rather poor one. During his great Italian campaign of 1796-97, he replied to a lady who wondered to find such a famous man so young, "I am young to-day, but to-morrow I shall have Milan" (*i.e.*, "mille ans," a thousand years).

A better joke was that made on the great conqueror himself by Talleyrand. Fontaine, the architect, had placed upon the triumphal arch in the Carrousel an empty car drawn by the famous bronze Venetian horses. Talleyrand asked him, "Qui avez-vous l'intention de mettre dans le char?" The answer was, "L'Empereur Napoléon, comme de raison." Upon which Talleyrand said, "Le char l'attend" (*le charlatan*).

The golden era of English punning dates undoubtedly from the beginning to the middle of the present century, the era of those protagonists in the art, Canning, Whately, Lamb, Jerrold, Hook, and Hood. Lamb's efforts are almost too familiar to quote. Everybody has read how he accounted for the coolness of the Duke of Cumberland, his reflection that the party who dined on the top of Salisbury steeple must have been very sharp set, and his reply to the query of the omnibus cad, "All full inside?" that he didn't know how it stood with the rest of the company, but "that last bit of oyster-pie did the business for me." Less known, but as admirable as any, was the pun made when comfortably housed with a few friends on a stormy evening. Disturbed by a dog howling without, some one benevolently proposed to let him in. "Why," stuttered Lamb, "grudge him *his whine and water*?" A most palpable pun; but is the wit wholly in words? Does the whole force of the jest lie in the double meaning between two words or two phrases? Is it not rather a complete web of humor, strand crossing strand, thread twisted with thread? The provoking seriousness of rebuke; the queer reconciling of opposites; the sudden surprise; the jingling together of extreme ideas; the transcendently hospitable inhospitality,—these and more go to make it irresistible. The dog were no gentleman, if he was not, after that, quite content with his position.

Hood was an absolute punning-machine. He ground out puns, good, bad, and indifferent, with alarming facility. Among the former was his description of the meeting of the man and the lion, "when the man ran off with all his might and the lion with all his mane," and the ghastly joke on the solicitous undertaker who was seeking "to urn a lively Hood." Some of his poems—as "Faithless Sally Brown"—are unequalled *tours de force* in the way of punning literature.

The memory of Theodore Hook is very appropriately associated with the most audacious jest on record,—viz., his announcement, when recalled from his post as Governor of Mauritius on a charge of embezzling twelve thousand pounds of the public money, that he had come home "on account of a disorder in his chest." But the most brilliant of his comic feats was achieved in

concert with his rival Hood. The two were strolling one summer evening on the outskirts of London with their friend Charles Mathews, the actor, when Hood said to Hook, "They call us 'the inseparables;' but, after all, it's only natural that Hook-and-eye should always be together—eh, Theo?" "Bravo, Tom!" cried Hook; "that's the best I've heard for a long time! I say, suppose we have a match which of us two can make the best joke on the spur of the moment? Charlie Mathews here shall be umpire, and the loser shall stand treat for a supper for three." "Done!" said Hood. Scarcely was the word uttered when they espied a sign-board, the owner of which, wishing to advertise that he sold beer, had unluckily worded the announcement, "Bear sold here." "Oho," said Hook, "I suppose that bear is his own Bruin!" "Well done!" cried Charles Mathews. "You'll have hard work to beat that, friend Thomas." "I dare say he'll do it, though," said Theodore; "he carries more than two faces under one Hood: don't you, Tom?" At that moment they turned a sharp corner, and came in sight of a small tumble-down house standing in the midst of a wretched little plot of worn and trampled grass, just in front of which was displayed a huge board with the inscription, "Beware the dog." Hood looked warily round him in all directions, and, finding no dog anywhere visible, picked up a broken piece of brick and scribbled underneath the warning, "Ware be the dog?" "Well, I'll tell you what it is, my boys," said Charles Mathews, "I can't decide between two such jokes as those, and, what's more, I'm not going to try: so we had better all go and sup together, and each pay his own share."

Hook, however, always held that his best pun was made on seeing a defaced wall-placard bearing the inscription "Warren's B——." "What ought to follow," said Hook, "is lacking,"—certainly an admirable pun of its kind, though no better than that of the Philadelphian who read "Brown St." as "Brown Stout," and when remonstrated with replied, "I thought the rest was out."

Poole, the author of "Paul Pry," was, according to Hayward, one of the best punsters of his day. An actor named Priest was playing at a London theatre. Some one at the Garrick Club remarked that there were a great many men in the pit. "Probably clerks who have taken Priest's orders," said Poole. Jekyll's reputation has passed into history. Once when Garrow, the famous lawyer, was examining a prevaricating old woman by whom he sought to prove that a tender of money had been made, Jekyll threw him a scrap of paper on which he had written,—

Garrow, forbear: that tough old jade
Will never prove a tender made.

When Lord Londonderry told Canning of a Dutch picture wherein all the animals were issuing out of the ark, the elephant last—"Of course," interrupted the wit: "he had stopped to pack his trunk." A bit of nonsense quite as grotesque was Whately's explanation that if the devil were to lose his tail he could get another where bad spirits are retailed. Jerrold's definition of dogmatism as puppyism come to maturity is a classic; so also is his phrase of "unremitting kindness" applied to an actor who had left his family to starve. Jerrold declared he could make a pun on any subject. "Can you pun on the signs of the zodiac?" "By Gemini, I can, sir!"

But these are the masterpieces of punsters by profession. Excellent jests of the same sort have sometimes been struck out in the heat of inspiration by men who were not known as mere wags. Burke, when pressed by a tradesman for payment of a bill, or for the interest at least, if not for the principal, produced a masterpiece. "Sir," he said, "it is not my principle to pay the interest, nor my interest to pay the principal." Byron has some biting examples, as in his epitaph on Pitt,—

With death doomed to grapple,
 Beneath this cold slab, he
 Who lied in the Chapel
 Now lies in the Abbey ;

or in the concluding couplet of his epitaph on the drunken carrier, John Adams :

The liquor he drank, being too much for one,
 He could not carry off, so he's now carrion.

Fox, when asked the meaning of the Psalmist's phrase, "He clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment," replied, "I think it is clear enough : the man had a habit of swearing." Horne Tooke's answer to George III. was full of caustic satire. The monarch asked him whether he played cards. "No, your majesty ; I cannot tell a king from a knave."

Nay, there are puns extant by unknown authors which any one might have felt a pride in fathering. A Cambridge fellow, walking with a visitor, met by chance the Master of St. John's on horseback. "Who is that?" inquired the visitor. "That is St. John's head on a charger." A would-be masher of middle age, who was looking at a house, asked the pretty servant-girl whether she was to let with the establishment. "No, sir," was the answer ; "please, sir, I am to be let alone." Here is a pun which hits with both its barrels ; each of its two meanings speaks a volume. The one informs the querist that his admiration must not be expressed too warmly ; the other, that an eligible offer is not likely to be ill received. Was ever greater weight of meaning compressed into two words? If so, it is only in *Punch's* answer to Mallock's query, "Is life worth living?"—"That depends upon the liver,"—which has been cited as an instance showing "how much wit, science, and moral may be crowded into a pun."

Sydney Smith quotes with approval the story of the anonymous wag who rebuked a careless student for reading the word patriarchs as partridges : "You are making game of the patriarchs." An excellent motto for a tea-caddy, "Tu doces" ("Thou teachest"), is mentioned in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1791, and is there somewhat dubiously attributed to one J. Coulson, F.R.S., who flourished half a century before.

It has been held that the worse a pun the better it is. Charles Lamb rather agrees with the dictum : "This species of wit is the better for not being perfect in all its parts. What it gains in completeness it loses in naturalness. The more exactly it satisfies the critical, the less hold it has upon some other faculties. The puns which are most entertaining are those which will least bear an analysis." And as an example he gives the following, "recorded with a sort of stigma in Swift's 'Miscellanies :'" An Oxford scholar, meeting a porter who was carrying a hare through the streets, accosts him with this extraordinary question : "Prithee, friend, is that your own hair or a wig?" Lamb goes into ecstasies over this jest : "There is no excusing this, and no resisting it. A man might blur ten sides of paper in attempting a defence of it against a critic who should be laughter-proof." It is only on this principle that a ghastly pun of Lamb himself can be excused. Writing to Hood to condole with him on the loss of one of his children, he goes on, "I have won sexpence of Moxon by the sex of the dear gone one." In such a riddle as the following, "If a Frenchman fell into a tub of grease, what English word might he utter?" the answer being "In-de-fat-I-gabble," it is not so much the pun which titillates the fancy as an involuntary image of the luckless victim, and the absurd inappropriateness of his remark. We might put into the same category Burnand's reported explanation of a poet-friend's choice of mince pie to lunch off, "he evidently was getting him inspiration," but when we find the *Spectator* pronouncing this to be "excruciatingly good" we

withdraw our admiration for its excruciating badness, and realize sadly that Americans and English can never be friends if inability to laugh at the same jokes be indeed the severest test of friendship. But then there is Lewis Carroll, and on that common ground both nations can meet. What can be better (or worse) than some of the puns scattered through Alice's various adventures? There is a naïveté and a pathetic simplicity about them which seem somehow to reach the common fount of laughter and of tears.

Put me in my little bed, a once common American colloquialism, meaning that the one addressed is beaten or distanced, or has no more to say. It is derived from the refrain of a popular song :

Come, sister, come,
Kiss me good-night,
For I my evening prayers have said ;
I want to lay me down to rest ;
So put me in my little bed.

Putrefaction shines in the dark. Lord Chesterfield, in his "Letters to his Son," has this image : "These poor, mistaken people think they shine ; and so they do, indeed ; but it is as putrefaction shines,—in the dark." Chesterfield's Letters were published at his death in 1773. In Cowper's "Conversation" (1781) the same image reappears :

'Tis such a light as putrefaction breeds
In fly-blown flesh, whereon the maggot feeds,—
Shines in the dark, but, ushered into day,
The stench remains, the lustre dies away.

Pyrenees, There are no more. According to Voltaire, in his "Age of Louis XIV.," when the grandson of that monarch, the Duke of Anjou, was departing for Spain to take, under the name of Philip V., the throne left vacant by the death of Charles II., Louis, in his farewell instructions, said, "Be a good Spaniard ; it is your duty ; but remember that you are French, and that you maintain the union of the two countries." Then, embracing the youth, he added, "Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées." "Why," asks Fournier, pertinently, "should Voltaire have written thus, when he might have found that the king never said it? It is a Spanish rather than a French *mot*, related by Dangeau, a courtier who followed Philip to his new kingdom, as the remark of the ambassador of Spain, who said that the journey between the two countries would be easy, as the Pyrenees were now melted" ("les Pyrénées étaient fondues"). But according to the *Mercurie Volant*, November, 1700, p. 237, the Spanish ambassador used the exact words which Voltaire puts in the mouth of Louis XIV. to that monarch himself : "What joy ! There are no more Pyrenees ; they are uprooted, and henceforth we are but one." An earlier origin for the sentiment has been found in a poem by Malherbe, celebrating the marriage of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria :

Puis quand ces deux grands hyménées
Dont le fatal embrassement
Doit aplanir les Pyrénées,

Cowper expresses a similar thought in another way :

Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else,
Like kindred drops, been melted into one.

The Task, Book ii., 1.

Q.

Q, the seventeenth letter and thirteenth consonant in the English, as in the Latin, alphabet. In the Phœnician it was the nineteenth character, and had the value of a deeper and more guttural *k*. The original Greek alphabet had the letter, but abandoned it as useless, because there was no such distinction between the *k* sounds. The Latins unphilosophically retained it, but only in the form *qu*, which is identical with *ku*, and through the Latin want of phonetic subtlety this entirely superfluous letter has been admitted into all modern alphabets based on the Phœnician, because in that parent alphabet it had a real office to perform.

Quaker City. Philadelphia is popularly so called, having been founded by William Penn and settled and colonized by members of the Society of Friends, who still form an important element in its population.

Queen City, sometimes also Queen of the West, a name given to Cincinnati at a time when she was by far the most important commercial centre of that part of the United States. The city has retained the name, and is very often called by the *sobriquet* at this day.

And this song of the Vine,
This greeting of mine,
The winds and the birds shall deliver
To the Queen of the West,
In her garlands dressed,
On the banks of the beautiful river.

LONGFELLOW.

Queen's Bus, an alternative name among English thieves for the Black Maria, or prison-van. The story runs that a crazy inmate of Clerkenwell was about to be sent away. He was told that the queen had despatched one of her own carriages for him. "One of them with We R on the side?" "Yes." "Wot's We R stand for?" "Victoria Regina, of course." "No, it don't: it stands for Wagabones Removed," said the prisoner. The same letters are facetiously interpreted to mean Virtue Rewarded.

Queen's Pipe, the name popularly given to a huge oven at the Victoria Dock in London—where from ninety-five to ninety-eight per cent. of the entire imports of tobacco are received—which forms the crematory of the worthless portions of cargoes and the refuse and sweepings of the bonding houses. A great deal of misunderstanding exists about the office of this pipe, and it is sometimes held to be a ravenous maw that is eternally smoking the primest of smuggled cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco. But, in fact, contraband tobacco is overhauled after seizure, and the good portions separated from the worthless and supplied to convict prisons, for the consolation of criminal lunatics. Only refuse tobacco finds its way into the Queen's Pipe. When reduced to ashes, the proportion of lime contained in the dust renders it useful for manure. It is disposed of to agriculturists for mixture with other materials in tilling the land.

Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat (L., "Whom God would destroy he first makes mad"), an anonymous translation of a fragmentary line of Greek attributed to Euripides:

Ὁ θεὸς θέλει ἀπολέσαι πρῶτ' ἀποφρένει.

Sophocles, however, refers to it (*Antigonæ*, 622) as a remarkable saying of some one unknown. It appears as Maxim 911 in Publius Syrus in this form:

"Whom *Fortune* wishes to destroy she first makes mad." Butler puts the idea into English verse thus :

Like men condemned to thunder-bolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dots ;

and Dryden, in "The Hind and the Panther,"—

For those whom God to ruin has designed
He fits for fate and first destroys the mind.

Part III., l. 2387.

Quick as thought, a familiar locution common to most modern languages.

Most readers have no doubt frequently made use of the expression "quick as thought," but have any of them ever stopped to consider how quick thought is? A writer has made some interesting calculations regarding the comparative length of time it takes to call to mind various every-day facts. It takes about two-fifths of a second to call to mind the country in which a well-known town is situated, or the language in which a familiar author wrote. We can think of the name of next month in half the time we need to think of the name of the last month. It takes on an average one-third of a second to add numbers consisting of one digit, and half a second to multiply them. Such experiments give us considerable insight into the mind. Those used to reckoning can add two or three in less time than others; those familiar with literature can remember more quickly than others that Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*. It takes longer to mention a month when a season has been given than to say to what month a season belongs. The time taken up in choosing a motion, the "will time," can be measured as well as the time taken up in perceiving. If I do not know which of two colored lights is to be presented, and must lift my right hand if it be red and my left if it be blue, I need about one-thirteenth of a second to initiate the correct motion. I have also been able to register the sound-waves made in the air by speaking, and thus have determined that in order to call up the name belonging to a printed word I need about one-ninth of a second, to a letter one-sixth of a second, and to a color one-third of a second. A letter can be seen more quickly than a word, but we are so used to reading aloud that the process has become quite automatic, and a word can be read with greater ease and in less time than a letter can be named. The same experiments made on other persons give times differing but little from my own. Mental processes, however, take place more slowly in children, in the aged, and in the uneducated. —*Nineteenth Century*.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.

COWPER: *Lines supposed to have been written*
by Alexander Selkirk.

Quodlibet, a compound Latin word, meaning "as you please," was the term used by the schoolmen of the Middle Ages to designate the subtle questions in casuistry on which they delighted to exercise their dialectical skill. To us they often seem extravagantly absurd, yet they were greeted with the highest respect and admiration, and won for their propounders the guerdon of such fantastic titles as the Seraphic, Illuminated, Subtle, or Invincible Doctor. And indeed the extraordinary subtlety of intelligence which they indicate is not to be set aside with a sneer. It was a phase of evolution through which the human mind had to pass in order to realize its own limitations and fall back upon the every-day light of common sense as a safer illuminator than mystic moonshine.

But, while we withhold the sneer, the grotesque naïveté of these hair-splitting controversies cannot fail to awaken a responsive thrill in the most rudimentary sense of humor. Burlesque has done its best, but has produced nothing more delightful. There is the famous question of the pretended Shakespearian Society, "Whether the deceased husband of Juliet's nurse was really a merry man, or whether he only appeared so in the deceptive haze thrown posthumously around his character by the affectionate partiality of his widow?" There is that no less celebrated problem derisively propounded by Giordano Bruno, himself a schoolman: "Num chimæra bombinans in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones" ("Whether a chimera ruminating in a vacuum devoureth

second intentions"). These are funny enough. Reid, the Scotch metaphysician, even questioned whether the wit of man could produce a more ridiculous proposition than the second. Perhaps not more ridiculous. But either his memory or his sense of humor was at fault if he failed to recognize that many of the true quodlibets were quite as facetious.

Here is an authentic question which was a favorite topic of discussion, and thousands of the acutest logicians through more than one century never resolved it: "When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about its neck, which is held at the other end by a man, whether is the hog carried to market by the *rope* or by the *man*?"

Among these learned leviathans probably none is more widely remembered than Thomas Aquinas,—St. Thomas in his present state of perfect beatitude, "The Angelic Doctor," as he was called on earth. His works, in seventeen folio volumes, testify not only to his industry but also to his genius. His greatest work, the "Summa totius Theologiæ," a summary of "theology,"—that is to say, of all knowledge as it was then conceived,—fills a volume in elephant folio containing nearly fifteen hundred pages of very small print in double columns. It may be worth noticing that to this work are appended nineteen folio pages, in double column, of errata, and about two hundred pages of index.

The whole is thrown into Aristotelian form; the difficulties or questions are proposed first, and the answers are then appended. There are one hundred and sixty-eight articles on Love, three hundred and fifty-eight on Angels, two hundred on the Soul, eighty-five on Demons, one hundred and fifty-one on the Intellect, one hundred and thirty-four on Law, two hundred and thirty-seven on Sins, seventeen on Virginity, and others on various topics.

One is inclined to suspect that the title of Angelic Doctor was earned not so much by any seraphic temper with which the good Thomas was blessed, for he was a most vehement and uncompromising polemic, as by his very minute examination into the nature of the angels. In his three hundred and fifty-eight articles on the topic, he treats of angels, their substance, orders, offices, habits, etc., as if he himself had been an angel of experience. Here are a few heads culled from his treatise:

Angels were not before the world.

Angels might have been before the world.

Angels are incorporeal compared to us, but corporeal compared to God.

An angel is composed of action and potentiality; the more superior he is, he has the less potentiality.

Angels have not naturally a body united to them. They may assume bodies, but they do not want to assume bodies for themselves, but for us.

The bodies assumed by angels are of thick air.

The bodies they assume have not the natural virtues which they show, nor the operations of life, but those which are common to inanimate things.

An angel may be the same with a body.

In the same body there are the soul formally giving being and operating natural operations, and the angel operating supernatural operations.

Angels administer and govern every corporeal creature.

God, an angel, and the soul, are not contained in space, but contain it.

Many angels cannot be in the same space.

The motion of an angel in space is nothing else than different contacts of different successive places.

The motion of an angel is a succession of his different operations.

His motion may be continuous and discontinuous as he will.

The continuous motion of an angel is necessary through every medium, but may be discontinuous without a medium.

The velocity of the motion of an angel is not according to the quantity of his strength, but according to his will.

The motion of the illumination of an angel is threefold, or circular, straight, and oblique.

All the questions are answered with a subtlety and nicety of distinction

more difficult to comprehend and remember than many problems in Euclid; and perhaps a few of the best might still be selected for youth as curious exercises of the understanding. Others, however, would seem to the modern mind trifling, grotesque, and even irreverent. Aquinas gravely asks, Whether Christ was not an hermaphrodite? Whether there are excrements in Paradise? Whether the pious at the resurrection will rise with their bowels? His contemporaries kept up the pace. They debated, Whether the angel Gabriel appeared to the Virgin Mary in the shape of a serpent, of a dove, of a man, or of a woman? Did he seem to be young, or old? In what dress was he? Was his garment white, or of two colors? Was his linen clean, or foul? Did he appear in the morning, noon, or evening? What was the color of the Virgin Mary's hair? Was she acquainted with the mechanic and liberal arts? Had she a thorough knowledge of the Book of Sentences and all it contains?—that is, Peter Lombard's compilation from the works of the Fathers, written twelve hundred years after her death. But these are only trifling matters; they also agitated, Whether when during her gestation the Virgin was seated Christ too was seated, and whether when she lay down Christ also lay down?

While all this profound subtlety nowadays induces a smile, we should not deceive ourselves as to the quality of the minds that produced it. They were the keenest wits and the brightest intellects of their time, and fully equal in capacity to the best of any age. These monstrous products of their labors are but the expression of a peculiarly intimate and persistent occupation with the supernatural, in their attempts to rationalize upon the supposititious phenomena of which men in all times and of all races have floundered into grotesqueness. Does not the more modern Milton stumble when he describes angels and spirits? It reminds one almost of the Angelic Doctor himself to hear him describe the vulgar multitude of the inhabitants of Pandemonium, who, being "incorporeal spirits," are "at large, though without number," in a limited space. In the battle, when they are overwhelmed by mountains being hurled upon them by the good angels, their armor hurts them, as it is "crushed in upon their substance." If it be objected that this is explained by their having "grown gross by sinning," how, then, could they continue to be "incorporeal spirits," and, being incorporeal, how could they be bounded by space? To be at large, implies that the subject of which it is predicated might be confined; and how are we to rise to the conception of confining things without substance? But the uncorrupted angels are no less paradoxically described. In the course of the battle they too are sometimes crushed and overthrown, "the sooner for their arms, for, unarmed, they might easily, as spirits, have evaded by contraction and remove." Considered as spirits they are hardly to be regarded as spiritual, for "contraction" and "remove" are images of matter; but if they could have escaped without their armor, why they should not have "contracted and removed" and escaped from it, and left only the empty shell to be battered, is incomprehensible.

The reader desirous of being *merry* with Aquinas's angels may find them in Martinus Scriblerus, whose imaginary history is related in the satirical "Memoirs of his Extraordinary Life, Works, and Discoveries," usually published in Pope's works, but chiefly, if not wholly, written by Arbuthnot. In chapter vii. he inquires if angels pass from one extreme to another without going through the *middle*? And if angels know things more clearly in a morning? And how many angels can dance on the point of a very fine needle without jostling one another?

Amusing travesties of quodlibetic questions, reminding one of those propounded in Martinus Scriblerus, are those with which Charles Lamb, after his rupture with Coleridge (in 1798, on the departure of the latter for Ger-

many), spiced his biting farewell letter, of masked good will but full of subtle and penetrating irony. It has bearing clearly on the part which Coleridge was thought to have played in casting ridicule on the "ewe lambs" of his friend (in the "burlesque sonnets" printed in 1797). Among Lamb's mock-theses are these: "Whether pure intelligence can love?" "Whether the higher order of Seraphim illuminati ever sneer?" The sonnets had been signed "Nehemiah Higginbotham." Is it possible that Coleridge, when charged with their authorship, seemed to equivocate? Here are two other theses: "Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man?" "Whether the archangel Uriel could affirm an untruth, and if he could, whether he would?"

In puerile amplifications and quibbling interpretations of Holy Writ the Talmudic doctors are not far behind their Christian brethren. Here is one example which for absurdity is a match for any of those of the schoolmen. The subject under discussion is the verse, "The Lord said, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great." It is explained that the Hebrew word for "great" means "girl," and the girl was one who hid a slice of bread in her pitcher to give it to a poor man, which being discovered, her body was smeared with honey, and she was exposed on a wall to be stung to death by the bees. This incident, it is evident, must be subjected to the Talmudic secret interpretation, and the bread spoken of may be the "bread of life,"—the doctrine not to be dispensed to the uninitiated. The secret sense, however, may hardly be applied to the case of Eleazar, the servant of Sarah. Interfering when a stranger had been defrauded, one of the people struck Eleazar on the forehead with a stone. He brought blood, whereon the man seized Eleazar and demanded his fee as a leech. "I have freed thee of this impure blood: pay me quickly; such is our law." Eleazar refused to pay for his wound and the blood he had lost, and was brought into court. The judge decreed that Eleazar must pay the fee. "The man has let thy blood: pay him; such is our law." Eleazar must have brought the blood-stained stone as evidence of the assault, inasmuch as on hearing the decision he hurled the stone at the judge, and it again brought forth blood. "There," cried Eleazar, "follow thy law, and pay my fee to this man," and he left the courthouse.

From among the great number of ridiculous legends of the Talmudists concerning Adam and Eve one only is selected here, on account of its similarity to the intentionally absurd idea of Aristophanes in Plato's "Symposium."

According to a large number of rabbis, Adam was created possessing both sexes. They say that the body of Adam was created double, male on the one side and female on the other, the two bodies being joined at the shoulders, and that God, in order to create Eve, had no more to do than to separate the two bodies. This is proved by much ingenious quotation of texts.

In the "Symposium" or "Banquet" of Plato, that most dramatic of his dialogues, a party of Athenians are assembled at supper in the house of Agathon, the young tragic poet. The subject under discussion is love. Each of those present, among whom are orators, physicians, and poets, and, of course, Socrates, gives his idea of the nature and origin of love from his own peculiar stand-point. As might have been expected of that master of comedy, the discourse of Aristophanes is full of grotesque elements. After a poetic prelude he continues,—

You ought first to know the nature of man, and the adventures he has gone through; for his nature was anciently far different from that which it is at present. First, then, human beings were formerly not divided into two sexes, male and female. . . . At the period to which I refer, the form of every human being was round, the back and sides being circularly joined; and each had four arms, and as many legs, two faces, fixed upon a round neck, exactly like each other, one head between the two faces, four ears, and everything else as from

such proportion it is easy to conjecture. Man walked upright as now, in whatever direction he pleased; but when he wished to go fast he made use of all his eight limbs, and proceeded in a rapid motion by rolling circularly round, like tumblers, who, with their legs in the air, tumble round and round. They were strong, also, and had aspiring thoughts. They it was who levied war against the gods. Jupiter and the other gods debated what was to be done in this emergency. . . . Jupiter, with some difficulty having obtained silence in Olympus, at length spoke. "I think," said he, "I have contrived a method by which we may, by rendering the human race more feeble, quell their insolence without proceeding to their utter destruction. I will cut each of them in half, and so they will at once be weaker and more useful on account of their numbers. They shall walk upright on two legs. If they show any more insolence, and will not keep quiet, I will cut them up in half again, so they shall go about hopping on one leg." So saying, he cut them in half, as people cut medlars before they pickle them, or as I have seen eggs cut with hairs.

From this period mutual love has naturally existed between human beings,—that reconciler and bond of their original union, which seeks to make two one, and to heal the divided nature of man. Every one of us is thus the half of what may be properly termed a man, and, like a psetta cut in two, is the imperfect portion of an entire whole, perpetually necessitated to seek the half belonging to him.

Such fancies, however, as remarked above, are not confined to any time or race or conditions of men. While it is true that the sacred books have been peculiarly subjected to this sort of interpretation, good old Homer has not escaped. Aulus Gellius, in "Noctes Atticæ," tells how he was presented with a book of commentaries on the Iliad which, for puerility, would compare with anything ever attempted either by scholastic or by rabbi; indeed, the commentator and glossator of all times, and particularly of our own age of annotations, is a true quodlibetarian. But in the direct line the scholastics have left worthy descendants in our own time.

The following bit of logic would do credit to the fourteenth century, yet it is from a modern treatise:

Grog consists of a mixture of water and whiskey. I expect, therefore, to find three sets of qualities in grog: one set due to the water, another to the whiskey, and another to the mixture of the two. Owing to the presence of whiskey, I should expect to find the color darker and the flavor stronger than water; owing to the water, I should expect to find the color lighter and the flavor weaker than whiskey; and owing to the whiskey and water being mixed, I should expect to be able to drink a certain quantity of it,—more than I could of pure whiskey, but less than I could of pure water.—DR. VENN: *Empirical Logic*.

And for oddity some rococo notions of our own day hold their own against the scholasticism at which we now smile. It was gravely proposed a few years ago to submit to a pair of scales the question whether or not man has a soul. The idea was to place in a delicate balance a man about to expire, and watch for any possible change in his weight at the moment of death. It was urged that if there be such a thing as a human soul, capable of existing apart from the body, that soul must weigh something, however little, and that if no change in weight were perceptible the fact would furnish a strong argument in favor of some theory which need not be discussed here. The suggestion did not lead up to any practical result, still less to a solution of the riddle as stated.

A gentleman connected with the South Boston Institution for the Blind is reported to have had another idea. He took it for granted that the human body is animated by a soul, and proposed to test it for innate religious sentiment. He wished to discover whether, unaided by any extraneous suggestion, a child that is blind, deaf, and dumb will manifest an instinctive impulse towards religion or develop an innate idea of a Supreme Being. He aimed to avoid anything that should in any way bias the convictions of the child, so that she might be allowed to reach gradually the beliefs that her own conscience and growing knowledge would naturally attain. He had no wish to suppress knowledge that led to religious ideas, nor to prevent the child's inquiries from going in that direction. But she must not be indoctrinated. She was to be left free to develop in her own way.

Many of us, too, will remember the proposition made not so long ago by

Prof. Huxley,—sardonically, as we imagine,—to test the efficacy of prayer by setting a time for universal and simultaneous praying. Another modern instance is the calculation sometimes ascribed to one Captain J. B. Sharkley, of Boston, sometimes to other claimants, which went the rounds of the daily press several years ago. It has reference to the text “In my Father’s house are many mansions,” and is based upon the description of the New Jerusalem in Revelation xxi. 16: “And he measured the city [the New Jerusalem] with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.”

The result is thus figured out: Twelve thousand furlongs = 7,920,000 feet, which, being cubed, is 943,088,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet, and half of which we will reserve for the throne of God and the court of heaven, half of the balance streets, and the remainder divided by 4096, the number of cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square and sixteen feet high, will give 30,843,750,000,000 rooms.

We will now suppose that the world always did and always will contain 900,000,000 of inhabitants, and that a generation will last thirty-three and one-third years—2,700,000,000,000 persons.

Then suppose there were one hundred worlds, equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years according to the received chronology: there would be one hundred and twelve rooms sixteen feet long, sixteen feet wide, and sixteen feet high for each person, and rooms to spare.

These deductions are of course majestic in their volume, but are liable to create a ridiculously wrong impression as to the comparative magnitude of the space described, in proportion to spaces within common knowledge.

To begin with, the diameter of the suggested heaven is but fifteen hundred miles, which, cubed, is three thousand three hundred and seventy-five millions of miles. Now, our little, insignificant, paltry earth has a diameter of, roundly, eight thousand miles, or sixty-four thousand furlongs; but, being a globe, its capacity is, of course, less than that of a cube of the like diameter, and allowing, roughly, one-third as the difference between the globe and the cube form, we have the earth’s dimensions as considerably over three hundred and forty thousand millions of cubic miles, or one hundred times the dimensions of the suggested heaven.

If we carry the calculation a little farther, we find that Jupiter, with his ninety thousand miles of diameter, is more than sixteen thousand times larger than the supposed heaven; whilst the sun, though one of the least in size of the great stars, seeing that his bulk is about a million times that of the earth, would have space within his borders for more than one hundred millions of the heavens here described.

Such is the calculation. It has many discrepancies, mathematical and logical. Such as it is, we give it in all its simple and beautiful integrity. The figures are Captain Sharkley’s, not ours.

Quot linguæ tot homines (L., “So many languages so many times a man”). The idea that a man multiplies himself whenever he acquires a new language is a very ancient one. Ennius, in the third century B.C., was wont to claim that he had three souls, because he was skilled in three languages: “Tria corda habere sese quod loqui Græce et Osce et Latine sciret” (AULUS GELLIUS, xvii. 17). Vambéry in his “Travels in Central Asia,” p. 259, after recording the princely treatment he received from the Emir of Bokhara, owing to his command of the German tongue, continues, “I had every reason to appreciate the truth of the Latin proverb, ‘Quot linguas calles, tot homines vales.’” The phrase is obviously formed on the basis of the line in Terence, “Quot homines tot sententiæ” (“As many men, so many opinions”) (*Phormio*, II., iv. 14).

Quotation and Misquotation. Pope has a fling at the gentlemen "with just enough of learning to misquote." These gentlemen are, unfortunately, very common. It would indeed be advisable, if it were possible, to prevent the corruption of our popular quotations. Shakespeare is well enough as he stands: don't let us go on talking of "the sere and yellow leaf," or of "the bourne from which no traveller returns," but remember that what Macbeth really said was,

My May of life is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,

and that Hamlet speaks of

The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns.

The Declaration of Independence does not hold it to be self-evident that all men are born free and equal, but that all men are created equal. Berkeley does not speak of the star of empire, but of the course of empire, taking its westward way:

Westward the course of empire takes its way.

"When Greeks joined Greeks," says Nat Lee, "then was the tug of war," which means the exact opposite of our current corruption, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." It was only Nat Lee's early-English way of saying that united they stood, divided they fell. Prior's line

Fine by degrees and beautifully less

is never quoted right. If you are a betting man it is not at all unlikely that you may win money by laying odds that

Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink,

is incorrect, as indeed it is. The second line should be

Nor any drop to drink.

You might even make money by giving your friend the following passage to read: "And Samson said, With the jawbone of an ass, heaps upon heaps, with the jaw of an ass have I slain a thousand men" (Judges xv. 16). Nine men out of ten inadvertently repeat the word jawbone in the second clause of the sentence, not noticing that jaw simply has been substituted.

The Bible, indeed, is a fertile field for misquotation. People, and among these people even clergymen themselves, persist in alluding to the time when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, though in truth it is the tiger which is to perform that feat. Perhaps the apt alliteration of lion and lamb has something to do with this common error.

Another favorite misquotation is the following: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." This may be an improvement on Paul's words, but as a matter of fact there is no such verse in the Bible. The Authorized Version says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man," etc. Yet the verse, though introduced into half the sermons that are preached, is rarely by any chance rendered by the preacher as it actually stands.

Congreve wrote,—

Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

The Mourning Bride, Act i., Sc. 1.

This is often misquoted with "the savage beast" substituted for "a savage breast," and some refer it to Act v., Sc. 1, of the "Merchant of Venice." For the change there is no textual authority. Savage breast is an inclusive

phrase, and man as well as beast comes rightly within its scope. In the very speech of Lorenzo referred to there are several lines which just as pointedly prove that the breast is the sphere of music's charms. "It is curious, however," says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (seventh series, iv. 175), "how wide-spread the belief in the unorthodox reading seems to be. I remember hearing how, when once upon a time the line was misquoted at a civic banquet, a well-known poet and critic who was present was heard to interpolate,—

'Tis therefore welcome at a Lord Mayor's feast.

But whether this was in resentment at the misquotation, or for other reasons, I cannot say."

Gray's line in the famous *Elegy*,

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way,

is constantly misquoted

They kept the even tenor of their way.

Pope said,—

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

He is usually made to say,—

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien, etc.

Scott's lines,

Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive,
Marmion, Canto vi., Stanza 4,

are usually misread with the substitution of "venture" for "practise." Shakespeare, by the way, says,—

I will not practise to deceive.
King John, Act i., Sc. 1.

Pope again said,—

Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Imitations of Horace, Bk. II., Ep. i., l. 267.

Gray evidently had Pope in mind when, after eulogizing Milton, he went on,—

Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed and long resounding pace.
Progress of Poetry.

It is very common to confound these two passages and to give a combined reading as a quotation from Pope,—as in Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature," p. 127,—

The long resounding march and energy divine.

Another common error is the miscrediting of quotations. The champion instance is "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Out of a hundred people ninety will say that this line is from the Book of Proverbs, nine will credit it to some portion of the New Testament, only one, perhaps, will know that it is not in the Bible at all, but in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." On the other hand, how many people know that such colloquialisms as "escaped with the skin of my teeth," "at their wits' end," "fat as grease," are from the Bible (Job xix. 20; Ps. cvii. 27; Ps. cxix. 70), and that "picking and stealing" is in the catechism of the Book of Common Prayer?

To take the other side of the case, the phrase "he who runs may read" is usually referred to Habakkuk ii. 2: "And the Lord answered me, and

kkk

said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it."

It is rarely used in any other sense than this,—that the writing is so legible that a man can read it as he runs. But it has been objected that the Hebrew prophet from whom the quotation is taken neither said nor thought of saying anything of the kind. Habakkuk is foretelling the devastation which the Lord would permit the Chaldeans to inflict upon the land because of the ungodliness of the Jewish people, and he is directed to explain the vision so clearly that any one who reads what is written upon the tables may understand it, and run away, and escape from the coming vengeance. It is not that he may run and read, but that he may read and run. This is well and good; but, after all, there is no reason to look upon the usual reading as a misquotation from Habakkuk. The very words occur in Cowper's "Tirocinium":

Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.

It is possible, of course, that Cowper may have misquoted Habakkuk. But the phrase he uses is an excellent one, and one that often comes in very handy. Habakkuk was a worthy gentleman, no doubt, as well as a minor prophet. But because he (or his translators) once spoke of a man running because he read,—a phrase which might conceivably come in on a "Trespassers-will-be-prosecuted" notice, but otherwise not of general application,—are we and the rest of the non-prophetic world to be debarred from mentioning things writ so large that he who runs may read?

A very popular jest tells how two august members of Congress laid a wager on an abstruse point. One bet the other that he could not repeat the Lord's Prayer. The challenged party straightway commenced,—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep——"

"The money's yours," interrupted the challenger; "but I really didn't think you knew it." An equally good story is told of an English M.P., a gentleman of sporting proclivities, who knew more about race-horses than about the Bible. Out of pure mischief he was asked by one of his constituents if he would vote for the abolition of the Decalogue. Not knowing what that was, but anxious to preserve his own consistency, he replied, "I won't pledge myself, but I'll give it my consideration."

An especially cruel form of misquotation is that which credits (or discredits) a man with some perversion of a sentiment that makes him odious or ridiculous to his fellow-men. Sir Robert Walpole, for example, is persistently said to have expressed the cynical opinion that "All men have their price." What he really said is thus explained by Coxe in the *Memoirs of Walpole*: "Flowery oratory he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, 'All those men have their price.'"

It was Byron who borrowed the phrase and made it universal in its application. But Byron thought he was copying from Walpole:

But all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.
Don Juan, Canto v., Stanza 27.

Chief-Justice Taney did not say, "The negro has no rights which a white man is bound to respect," but that people formerly thought so: he expressed horror of the sentiment, instead of endorsing it. The error is so wide-spread and has heaped so much unwarranted odium on the memory of a good man that it is worth while to quote entire the paragraph in which the words occur.

Here it is: "It is difficult at this day to realize the state of public opinion in regard to that unfortunate race which prevailed in the civilized and enlightened portions of the world at the time of the Declaration of Independence, and when the Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted; but the public history of every European nation displays it in a manner too plain to be mistaken. They had for more than a century before been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations, and so far unfit that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect."

"Racine passera comme le café" ("Racine will pass away like coffee") is an absurdity laid to the door of Madame de Sévigné, by the process of dovetailing parts of two letters. Yet Voltaire seriously repeats the phrase in his preface to "Irene."

R.

R, the eighteenth letter and fourteenth consonant in the English alphabet, representing a character having a like position and value in the Latin, Greek, and Phœnician alphabets. The Greeks wrote the letter P. The tag below the curve, by which the Latins and their successors differentiate the R from the P sign, was originally made by the Greeks, but abandoned when they had invented a new sign, Π , for their ρ . Owing to what is known as the "rolling of the r's,"—i.e., a trilling and vibration of the tip of the tongue in the pronunciation of the letter, more common among the Keltic and Latin than among the distinctly Teutonic races,—the letter is sometimes known as the "littera canina," "dog's letter."

The famous toast to "the three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic"—is usually accredited to Sir William Curtis, Bart., Lord Mayor of London in 1795, and for many years one of the wardens of the Tower. He proposed it at a dinner given by the Board of Education in the days when Dr. Bell and the Quaker Lancaster were pleading for increased educational advantages for the poor. It was received with great applause and drunk amid much merriment. But, though recognized as a jest at the time, it was afterwards taken up in earnest by Sir William's detractors, who have handed his name down to posterity as a blundering ignoramus. A writer in *Notes and Queries* says that an aged member of the corporation, now deceased, assured him that Sir William Curtis, although a man of limited education, was very shrewd, and not so ignorant as to suppose his presumed orthography was correct. He chose the phrase simply as a joke.

Radicals, the *sobriquet* of the members of the extreme democratic wing of the Liberal party in Great Britain, first applied as a party name in 1818 to Major Cartwright, Henry Hunt, and others forming a coterie whose platform was a radical reform of the system of parliamentary representation and of the electoral franchise. Also a Southern *sobriquet* for Republicans much used during the carpet-bag *régime*, and still in vogue, though possibly with less asperity.

Rag-Baby, in American political slang, a humorous personification of the greenback currency. It was used with great effect by speakers and caricaturists in the Presidential campaign of 1876. The use of the word rags in the sense of paper money dates back to the second quarter of the century:

Oh, times are very hard, folks say,
And very well too we know it;
And therefore the best way
Is while you're young to go it.

The hanks are all clean broke,
 Their rags are good for naught,
 The specie's all bespoke,
 So certainly we ought
 To go it while we're young.

Song of 1840.

Ragman Roll. When Edward I. of England overran Scotland in 1296, he endeavored to carry off or destroy all records, monuments, etc., that referred to the separate existence of the nation. On his southward progress he summoned all the nobility and leading men, lay and clerical, to meet him at Berwick. He held a court there, August 28, 1296, and caused the Scots to subscribe oaths of homage and allegiance to him. The list there made up consists of thirty-five skins of parchment, and is known as the "Ragman Roll." It is kept in the British archives, and was printed *in extenso* by the Bannatyne Club in 1834. After the overthrow of the English rule in Scotland, a treaty was entered into at Northampton, May 4, 1328, between Robert Bruce and Edward III. A marriage was arranged between Edward's sister Joanna and young David Bruce. The independence of Scotland was guaranteed, and much of the first Edward's plunder was to be restored,—among other things, the famous Stone of Scone and the Ragman Roll. The child-marriage was celebrated at Berwick, and the Roll was returned, though the Stone of Destiny was retained. The Ragman Roll is still valuable, as containing the earliest statistical facts concerning Scotland. The etymology of the word "Ragman" seems to be very obscure. Jamieson gives several possible derivations, but does not seem sure of any of them. In "Piers Plowman's Vision" (*circa* 1390) the word "Rageman" is applied to the devil. As Edward's Roll was, in the eyes of the Scots, a very work of the devil, several writers accept this as the true origin of the term prefixed to the Roll. The word "Ragman" is found in many of the old authors, and with varied spelling. It seems to be an ancient legal designation for a deed or agreement, and so was applied to the indenture which bound the Scottish nobles, burghesses, etc., to the service of Edward I. In the novel of "The Antiquary," Scott makes Sir Arthur Wardour assert the educational standing of his family by stating that the name of his ancestor Sir Gamelyn "is written fairly with his own hand in the earliest copy of the Ragman Roll," to which Mr. Oldbuck retorted that it only served to show "he was one of the earliest who set the mean example of submitting to Edward I."

Rail-Splitter. Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States, was frequently referred to by this name. The allusion is to an experience in his younger days, when he is said to have supported himself over one winter by splitting rails for a farmer.

Raise, To, or Make a raise,—probably an abbreviation of the older colloquialism "to raise the wind,"—an Americanism, meaning to procure money by pawning, borrowing, or otherwise.

The verb to raise is also used as an American equivalent for the English rear. But it is not a pure Americanism, it is rather a survival, and the word may be found in the American sense in the memoirs of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

Monsignor Capel was the subject of a talk the other evening, the spokeswoman of the party being the daughter of our ex-minister to a foreign court, and a Catholic. "I don't like the man," she said; "he is ill-mannered. It was this way. I was talking to him, and in some way referred to my youth, and said I had been raised in Kentucky. 'But, madam,' he said, with provoking irrelevancy, and in a tone of supercilious criticism, 'you should not say *raised*. *Bred* is better: we say so in England.' 'Do you?' I answered, with considerable warmth; 'well, I don't. In Kentucky we breed cattle and horses and mules, and raise children.' Then I turned my back on him quite as politely as he had begun the dispute, and I felt better."—*Washington Post*.

Ranch, a word derived from the Spanish *ranch*o, a mess, a set of persons who eat and drink together, or a mess-room. The Spanish term also meant a cattle-station or a hunting-lodge far away from the haunts of men. Among the Mexicans the word *ranch*o came to signify the rude hut of posts, covered with branches or thatch, in which the ranchmen or farm-laborers lived or only lodged at nights, and later embraced the small farm or peasant village. The term *hacienda* is used for the large and extensive plantations. In our language the word *ranch* is used to signify both large and small plantations, and also the buildings upon them. The proper name for buildings upon a *ranch*o is *rancheria*, but the latter word has not been adopted, and so the shorter is used for both building and plantation.

Rap, Not worth a, a term derived probably from the letters forming the heading of Indian money columns in account-books, R. A. P., meaning rupees, annas, and pice. In Indian accounts these letters are used in precisely the same manner as the English £ s. d.

Rat—Rats. The first appearance of this word in an opprobrious sense was in the early part of the eighteenth century, when it was political slang for a turncoat, a traitor, a renegade. Evidently the term is borrowed from the proverb "Rats leave a sinking ship."

It is in view of this sense of a traitor, of one who goes over to the enemy's camp, that printers apply the term *rat* to a compositor or pressman who does not belong to the Typographical Union, and who plays into the hands of capital by consenting to work at a rate lower than that fixed by the Union.

From the French proverb "Avoir des rats dans la tête" (see BEE IN THE BONNET) we probably got our American slang "he has rats," or "he has rats in his garret," sometimes intensified "and he has got them bad," meaning that he is crazy, demented, or has delirium tremens. In the latter case the phrase is cognate with "he has the rams," or "he sees snakes," and may have grown up independently from the imaginary animals seen by men in that state. "Rats!" is in America an expression of contemptuous sarcasm or indifference.

Rawhead-and-bloody-bones, a former spectre of the nursery, inspiring as much awe among the nurses as among their charges.

Servants awe children, and keep them in subjection, by telling them of Rawhead-and-bloody-bones.—LOCKE.

In short, he became the bugbear of every house, and was as effective in frightening little children into obedience and hysterics as the redoubtable Rawhead-and-bloody-bones himself.—W. IRVING: *Spectre Bridegroom*.

Real people in fiction. When the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table was asked why he did not write a novel, he answered that, in the first place, he should tell all his secrets (and he maintained that verse is the proper medium for such revelations), and, in the second place, he was terribly afraid he should show up all his friends. "I should like to know if all story-tellers do not do this. Now, I am afraid all my friends would not bear showing up well, if they have an average share of the common weaknesses of humanity, which I am pretty certain would come out. Of all that have told stories among us, there is hardly one I can recall who has not drawn too faithfully some living portrait, which might better have been spared."

One of the torments of authorship is that so many people are possessed with the idea that the hero or heroine of a story or poem is the author's own self, or that such and such an unpleasant character is copied from his neighbor. In Dr. Holland's "Bitter-Sweet" one of the characters is a man of good birth and education who fell so far from grace that his wife one day

beheld him about to make a balloon-ascension with a woman a great deal worse than she should have been. He was subsequently reclaimed, but the author often wished he had allowed him to die, for some readers, who did not know Dr. Holland, imagined the author was the original of this sorry character. Thackeray was continually identified with Pendennis, who, if he resembles him at all, resembles him in his less pleasant traits. Other authors have been identified by turns with their own romantic heroes and their desperate villains. Amélie Rives, it has been persistently asserted, drew her own portrait in the morbid, hysterical heroine of "The Quick or the Dead?" In the preface to that novel she insisted that the critics had done her a great though unconscious honor in assuming that she intended Barbara for herself, as in doing so they had attributed to her an absolute honesty and an absence of vanity such as few mortals have been credited with. Barbara is beautiful in face and form, but all her idiosyncrasies are such as no woman would care to accuse herself of.

Such experiences are unpleasant enough, but they are no more unpleasant than to be accused of having unconsciously caricatured your friends and relatives. In his article on "The Critic on the Hearth," James Payn probably draws upon his own experience when he makes a country cousin write as follows: "Helen, who has just been here, is immensely delighted with your satirical sketch of her husband; he, however, as you may imagine, is wild, and says you had better withdraw your name from the candidates' book at his club. I do not know how many black balls exclude, but he has a good many friends here."

After the publication of "The House of the Seven Gables," Hawthorne was worried by people who insisted that they, or their families in the present or past generations, had been deeply wronged by his book. One man wrote complaining that his grandfather had been made infamous in the character of Judge Pyncheon. Now, his grandfather, Judge Pyncheon by name, was a Tory and refugee resident in Salem at the period of the Revolution, whom the correspondent described as the most exemplary old gentleman in the world. He therefore considered himself infinitely wronged and aggrieved, and thought it monstrous that the virtuous dead could not be suffered to rest quietly in their graves. "The joke of the matter is," says Hawthorne, in a letter to Fields, "that I never heard of his grandfather, nor knew that any Pyncheons had ever lived in Salem, but took the name because it suited the tone of my book and was as much my property for fictitious purposes as that of Smith. I have pacified him by a very polite and gentlemanly letter; and if ever you publish any more of 'The Seven Gables' I should like to write a brief preface expressive of my anguish for this unintentional wrong, and making the best reparation possible, else these wretched old Pyncheons will have no peace in the other world nor in this." A few weeks later he wrote again, "I have just received a letter from still another claimant of the Pyncheon estate. I wonder if ever, and how soon, I shall get a just estimate of how many jackasses there are in this ridiculous world. My correspondent, by the way, estimates the number of these Pyncheon jackasses at about twenty. I am doubtless to be remonstrated with by each individual. After exchanging shots with each one of them, I shall get you to publish the whole correspondence in a style to match that of my other works, and I anticipate a great run for the volume."

Thackeray drew down upon himself the indignation of the whole Irish public by taking as the heroine of his story of "Catherine" a famous murderess named Catherine Hayes, which happened to be exactly the same name as that of a famous Irish songstress. Professor Maurice was in early life the author of a novel called "Eustace Conway, or the Brother and Sister." He

sold the manuscript to Bentley about the year 1830, but, the excitement caused by the Reform Bill being unfavorable to light literature, it was not issued until 1834. The villain of the novel was called Captain Marryat, and Professor Maurice had soon the pleasure of receiving a challenge from the celebrated Captain Marryat. Great was the latter's astonishment on learning that the anonymous author of "Eustace Conway" had never heard of the biographer of "Peter Simple," and, being in holy orders, was obliged to decline to indulge in a duel.

Mr. F. W. H. Myers tells the story of how one day George Eliot and her husband were making good-humored fun over the mistaken effusiveness of a too sympathizing friend who insisted on assuming that Mr. Casaubon was a portrait of Mr. Lewes, and on condoling with the sad experiences which had taught the gifted authoress of "Middlemarch" to depict that gloomy man. "And there was indeed something ludicrous," says Mr. Myers, "in the contrast between the dreary pedant of the novel and the good-natured self-content of the living savant who stood acting his vivid anecdotes before our eyes." "But from whom, then," said a friend, turning to Mrs. Lewes, "did you draw Casaubon?" With a humorous solemnity, which was quite in earnest, however, she pointed to her own heart.

Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," it will be remembered, was dedicated to William M. Thackeray, who had only recently published his "Vanity Fair." A critic surmised with infinite ingenuity that Currer Bell, whom he assumed to be a woman, might be the original of Thackeray's Becky Sharp, who in revenge had turned around and portrayed her caricaturist as Rochester. (See *REVIEWS, CURIOSITIES OF.*) This, of course, was simply laughable. But Charlotte Brontë got into more serious difficulties with regard to her too life-like local portraits in "Shirley." Mrs. Gaskell says of her Yorkshire sketches in this book, "People recognized themselves or were recognized by others in her graphic descriptions of their personal appearance and modes of action and turns of thought, though they were placed in new positions and figured away in scenes far different to those in which their actual life had been passed." The three curates were real living men haunting Haworth and the neighboring districts, so obtuse in perception "that, after the first burst of anger at having their ways and habits chronicled was over, they rather enjoyed the joke of calling one another by the names she had given them." Yet Charlotte Brontë had never supposed they would be recognized. In a letter to a friend she expressly says, "You are not to suppose any of the characters in 'Shirley' are intended as literal portraits. It would not suit the rules of art, nor of my own feelings, to write in that style. We only suffer reality to *suggest*, never to *dictate*."

Dickens's "Bleak House" almost lost him the friendship of Walter Savage Landor, who recognized himself as Boythorn, and of Leigh Hunt, who was deeply wounded by the only too evident portraiture of himself as Harold Skimpole. Dickens, indeed, printed a very lame apology for the caricature, in which he disclaimed any intention of pillorying his friend. As a rule, he was successful in avoiding too marked a resemblance to the lay figure which had unconsciously posed to him. His method was to take some strikingly singular trait of character, some phenomenon in human nature, and surround it with qualities totally different from those found in the original. Thus he preserved the reality without exposing his model.

We are not told whether the elder Dickens descried himself in Micawber, but it is certain that very few people did until after the publication of Forster's biography. And was it of his own mother that Dickens says, in the preface to "Nicholas Nickleby," "Mrs. Nickleby, sitting bodily before me, once asked whether I really believed there ever was such a woman"? For-

ter, who is grave over the complications which grew out of Harold Skimpole, was unconsciously the model of Kenny Meadows's portrait of Master Froth.

All writers have not been so anxious to spare the feelings of their victims; indeed, many of them have purposely used the novel or the drama as a medium for satirizing their enemies. Perhaps the earliest instance in the history of literature is that of Aristophanes, who brought Alcibiades, Socrates, and Euripides upon the stage in their own proper persons in order to heap sarcasm and ridicule upon them. Dante, it is well known, put his enemies into hell. He was imitated by Michael Angelo in his fresco of "The Last Judgment." It is said that a cardinal, who had found his portrait among Michael Angelo's damned, hastened to complain to the Pope. "Are you sure that he has put you in hell?" said the latter. "Yes," cried the cardinal. "Then there is no hope for you. If he had put you in purgatory I might have obtained your release; but out of hell there is no redemption."

The Elizabethan dramatists, as a rule, adopted the transparent veil of a fictitious name when they brought an adversary upon the stage; and this custom has been generally followed up to the present time, the only recent exception being that of "Cape Cod Folks," a novel which had more or less kindly caricatures of living people under their actual names. It will be remembered that this novel brought on a law-suit, which advertised the book very extensively and which was eventually compromised.

Dryden's satires, which were avowedly directed against the statesmen and literary men of whom he disapproved, always veiled their names under some transparent disguise; but this was done to add piquancy to his wit and verisimilitude to the allegorical form which he adopted, rather than from any desire to spare the feelings of his victims. Pope occasionally, but not always, followed Dryden's example. "The Rape of the Lock" and the "Imitations of Horace" need a key; but not so "The Dunciad," which brings all the Grub Street authors upon the stage under their own names. In the original poem the criticaster Theobald had been pilloried as the monarch of the dunces, but in the mean while Pope had fallen out with Colley Cibber, and the vengeful little poet gratified his spite at the expense of justice by substituting the name of that very clever man for Theobald's in his second edition.

Byron, who was always an admirer of Pope, and began his poetical life as an imitator of him, was equally free with the names of the supposed critical foes whom he attacked in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It is interesting to note that most of them (even Jeffrey, with whom he fought a duel) became subsequently his warm personal friends.

Bulwer's passage at arms with Tennyson is one of the curiosities of literature, and as such has been chronicled under the head of NEW TIMON.

Bulwer had always shown a predilection for hitting back. When the *Athenæum* attacked his "Devereux" he retorted in his next novel, "Paul Clifford," by satirizing it under the name of the *Asineum* and its editor under the name of Peter McGrawler. In a rather good-natured review of "Paul Clifford" the *Athenæum* said, "The character of the editor, McGrawler, is skilfully and delicately drawn. This luckless gentleman, failing to live by the *Asineum*, turns pickpocket, then highwayman, then king's evidence against his kindest friend, then hangman, and lastly a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Our limits do not allow us to dwell longer on this painful subject, so we must leave the public to applaud the refinement and judiciousness of this attack, and take leave of our assailant with a confession of the overwhelming confusion we feel."

This novel of "Paul Clifford" is Bulwer's most serious offence in the way of exciting vulgar curiosity by burlesques of living notables. Thus, Gentleman George, the keeper of a low boozing-den, is intended for the reigning

monarch, George IV., Bachelor Bill for the Duke of Devonshire, etc. This sort of personalities had been borrowed from the French, and was cultivated successfully by Mrs. Gore, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Trollope, and other lady novelists, and more especially by Disraeli, all of whose novels required a "key" to unlock their mysteries and depended largely on this fact for their success.

Very different was the practice of a true artist like Walter Scott. In his prefaces he has given us full information as to the sources from which he drew his materials, and describes the original of almost every prominent character in his works. But if we turn from Helen Walker to Jeanie Deans, from Andrew Gemmells to Edie Ochiltree, we find that we have really learned nothing of the process by which these originals were transformed into characters more vivid, more real to us, than one-half of the flesh-and-blood people whom we know. Helen Walker is the original of Jeanie Deans in the same way that a block of marble is the original of the *Venus de' Medici*.

Thackeray, in his younger days, made savage fun of Bulwer, under the name of Bulwig, in a full-length portrait in "The Yellowplush Papers." And in his later days he was not averse to this method of punishing an enemy. "It was a pleasant peculiarity of Mr. Thackeray's," says Edmund Yates, "to make some veiled but unmistakable allusion in his books to persons at the time obnoxious to him." During the awkward episode at the Garrick which lost to Yates the friendship of Thackeray, the seventh number of "The Virginians" came out with what Mr. Yates calls "a wholly irrelevant and ridiculously lugged-in-by-the-shoulders allusion to me as Young Grub Street in its pages." But Thackeray's portraits were not always meant to be ill-natured. Foker, for example, was drawn from Andrew Arcedeckne, who was reproduced, says Yates, "in the most ludicrously life-like manner, and, to Arcedeckne's intense annoyance, an exact wood-cut portrait of himself accompanied the text."

Though Thackeray meant no ill nature here, Arcedeckne never quite forgave him. On the night just after Thackeray had delivered his first lecture on "The English Humorists," Arcedeckne met him at the Cider-Cellar's Club, surrounded by a coterie who were offering their congratulations.

"How are you, Thack?" cried Arcedeckne. "I was at your show to-day at Willis's. What a lot of swells you had there,—yes! But I thought it was dull,—devilish dull! I'll tell you what it is, Thack, you want a piano."

That Thackeray meant no unkindness was evidenced by the facts that in the same book some of the sketches of Arthur Pendennis drawn by the author artist are recognizable portraits of Thackeray, and that the side-face of Dr. Portman in the wood-cut which represents the meeting of the doctor and his curate, Smirke, was said to resemble strongly that of Dr. Cornish, who was evidently the original from whom the good Portman was drawn. In the main, there is no doubt that what Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie says is true: "My father scarcely ever put real people into his books, though he of course found suggestions among the people with whom he was thrown." Perhaps a good idea of his method may be gained from his own letter to Mrs. Brookfield, in which he tells her, "You know you are only a piece of Amelia, my mother is another half, my poor little wife *est pour beaucoup*," or from the "Roundabout Papers," in which he said that he had invented Costigan, "as I suppose authors invent their personages, out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters."

Robert Browning attacked Wordsworth for what he considered his defection from the party of progress in "The Lost Leader," just as Whittier attacked Daniel Webster in "Ichabod." Browning also endeavored to expose the inner workings of Cardinal Wiseman's mind under the guise of

Bishop Blougram, and of Napoleon the Third's under that of Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau. He made a more direct attack upon the spiritualist John Home in "Sludge the Medium." Home recognized the portrait, and in revenge used to tell the following story. Some months before the poem was written, Home met Mr. and Mrs. Browning at Ealing, where a spiritualist séance relieved the tedium of a morning party. Among other manifestations, a wreath of clematis was lifted from the table by an invisible power and conveyed through the air in the direction of Mrs. Browning. Mr. Browning hastily left his seat on the opposite side of the table and moved to a spot behind his wife's chair, in the hope that even at the last moment the spirits might place on his brow the coronal, which he held to be his due; but the spirits knew what they were about, declined to gratify his vanity, and settled the crown on Mrs. Browning's head. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*: hence "Sludge the Medium."

Goethe says that all his writings are a confession. And this is probably true of all great authors. They have dipped into their own hearts to write. Consciously or unconsciously, they have unclothed their own minds. It is comparatively easy to trace their likeness in their works. They all have some character which obviously represents themselves or some part of themselves. Thus, Shakespeare is Hamlet, and he had strong mental affiliations with the melancholy Jaques. Milton is his own Satan, or at least in Satan he has drawn the proud, arrogant, self-assertive side of his own nature. Molière has sketched himself in Alceste, the hero of his "Misanthrope," a man whose originally generous, impulsive, and sensitive nature had been soured by contact with the coldness and insincerity of conventional society and incrustated itself behind an external appearance of cynicism. Alceste is the Hamlet of the artificial eighteenth century,—Hamlet drawn by an observer who keeps a keen eye upon the humorous possibilities of the character. As the character represents a type, it is not extraordinary that other originals were suggested, especially the Duc de Montausier, who in his native kindness and acquired moroseness resembled both Molière and his hero. It is said that the duke, being informed that his portrait had been taken in the "Misanthrope," went to see the play, and only said, "I have no ill will against Molière for the original of Alceste, who, whoever he may be, must be a fine character, since the copy is so."

Goldsmith has shown an equally keen insight into his own foibles in the character of Honeywood, the hero of "The Good-Natured Man," whose aim in life it is to be generally beloved, who can neither refuse nor contradict, who gives away with lavish liberality to worthy and unworthy alike, who allows his servants to plunder him, who tries to fall in with the humor of every one and to agree with every one. How admirably suited to his own creator is Honeywood's confession when he determines on the reformation which Goldsmith, alas, could never make! "Though inclined to the right, I had not courage to condemn the wrong. My charity was but injustice, my benevolence but weakness, and my friendship but credulity." Fielding has undoubtedly painted himself in Tom Jones, with all his foibles and his weaknesses, and also with a fine manly want of bashfulness in the display of his own perfections. Farquhar in Sir Harry Wildair originated the character which Richardson afterwards perfected and made immortal in Lovelace,—the gay, splendid, generous, easy, fine young gentleman, who throws the witchery of high birth and courteous manners and reckless dash over the qualities of the fop, the libertine, and the spendthrift. In Sir Harry Wildair Captain Farquhar drew his own portrait.

What is known as the Byronic hero, the Grand, Gloomy, and Peculiar soul, who shrouds himself in his own singularity, was first brought into literature

by Jean Jacques Rousseau, who in his "Nouvelle Héloïse" obviously painted himself in the dreary sentimentalist who poses as hero. But Childe Harold and Lara are great-grandchildren of Saint-Preux. They trace their lineage directly through Werther and René. Werther, although the incidents closely resemble the sorrowful life and story of a young man named Jerusalem, really represented the "Sturm und Drang" period of Goethe's own youth. "Werther," says Carlyle, "is but the cry of that deep-rooted pain under which all thoughtful men of a certain age were languishing. It paints the misery, it passionately utters the complaint, and heart and voice all over Europe loudly and at once responded to it." Among those who responded and who echoed the cry in a succeeding generation and in another country was Chateaubriand. René is as grand, as gloomy, and as peculiar as any of Byron's characters, and it is not at all surprising that Chateaubriand, forgetting his own indebtedness to Goethe, should have accused Byron of plagiarizing from himself; but as truly as René is the ideal which François René de Chateaubriand had formed of himself, Childe Harold is the ideal which Byron had formed of himself. And this ideal Byron is continually repeating in his succeeding poems, for his was essentially the lyrical and not the dramatic mind. As Macaulay says, Byron could exhibit only one man, "a man proud, moody, cynical, with defiance on his brow and misery in his heart, a scorner of his kind, implacable in revenge, yet capable of deep and strong affection. Harold, Lara, Manfred, and a crowd of other characters were universally considered merely as loose copies of Byron, and there is every reason to believe that he meant them to be so considered. Whether there ever existed or can ever exist a person answering to the description which he gave of himself may be doubted, but that he was not such a person is beyond all doubt." Nevertheless, most of the young men of the period strove to imitate him, and sought to describe themselves in prose or in poetry as beings of dark imaginings, whose souls had been seared, and the freshness of whose hearts had been dried at its source. For years the Minerva Press sent forth no novel without a mysterious, unhappy, Lara-like peer.

Something of this affectation survived in Disraeli, and in Bulwer (known sometimes as Byron with a small b), who in one of his last works, written long after the Byronic fever had spent itself,—in "Kenelm Chillingly," in short,—seeks to draw his own portrait as a great and mysterious soul in uncomfortable and uncongenial surroundings. But Byron's gloom is far more sincere than that of the young Disraeli or the superannuated Bulwer. Senancour is, however, the sincerest of all the contributors to the Literature of Despair, and in "Obermann" he has done what Byron and others have failed in,—he has presented a true nineteenth-century Hamlet, he has given voice to the *mal du siècle*. Musset came very near doing the same thing in his "Confessions of a Child of the Age," but he is a little too lachrymose. He lacks the masculinity of Senancour.

Juliana von Krüdener has sometimes been called the female Werther, because in her novel "Valérie" she veiled in the garb of fiction an episode in her own life,—the story of the love which her husband's secretary conceived for her, and which he was too noble to confess until he had resigned his position and fled from her side. But in truth she had been preceded by another famous lady novelist, who preceded not only her but Werther himself. This was the Countess de la Fayette, whose "Princess of Cleves" was published in 1677. It relates the story of the love of a married lady (the princess) for the Duc de Nemours, a gentleman of the court of Henry the Second of France. She acknowledges her love only to her husband, and flies from temptation into the country. When, as the result of a series of misapprehensions, her husband dies of a broken heart, she refuses to marry the duke.

The principal personages here are all drawn from the authoress's own experience, herself being the heroine, her husband the Prince of Cleves, and Rochefoucauld the Duc de Nemours.

Madame de Staël followed in the wake of these ladies. Both in "*Déaphine*" and in "*Corinne*" she painted herself as she desired to appear,—the passionate, generous, self-sacrificing, and somewhat hysterical personage whose love was her life. In "*Déaphine*," by the way, she ridiculed the Machiavelian subtlety of Talleyrand in her sketch of Madame de Vernon; and Talleyrand's *mot* has often been recorded. "I understand," he said to the authoress, "that we both appear in your new book disguised as women."

One of the most extraordinary episodes in literary history is the love-affair between Alfred de Musset and George Sand, and the three novels which resulted from it. The bare facts seem to be as follows. In 1832 Musset met George Sand and fell desperately in love with her. Next year the pair went to Italy together. Musset returned alone, broken in health and spirits. Rumor was of course busy with inventing reasons why they quarrelled, but for a time neither spoke. "*The Confessions of a Child of the Age*" came out in 1836, and in them Musset painted George Sand in glowing colors under the name of Brigitte Pierson, attributing to the hero, obviously drawn from himself, all the blame for the rupture in their relations. Thirteen years later, when he was dead, George Sand published her celebrated romance of "*Elle et Lui*," and this was followed almost immediately by Paul de Musset's "*Lui et Elle*." "*She and He*" was meant by George Sand as her vindication. It tells how two artists are thrown for a brief period into ill-assorted union. The man is all selfishness, the woman all self-sacrifice. At last his egotism, capriciousness, and brutality revolt even her tender love and patience, and she finds comfort elsewhere. Substantially the same outline of story is told by Paul de Musset, only the man is all that is amiable, devoted, and self-sacrificing, while the woman acts throughout as a heartless and abandoned, though diabolically fascinating, creature. In conclusion the author states that the victim of this woman's wiles in his dying hour called his brother to his bedside and enjoined him, if ever she should calumniate him in his grave, to vindicate his memory against her slanders. "The brother made the promise," says the narrator, coolly, "and I have since heard that he has kept his word."

The overstrained sentimentalism which the first portion of this century inherited from the eighteenth naturally brought about its own reaction. The sense of humor reasserted itself; the ridiculous side of the grand, the gloomy, and the peculiar became painfully conspicuous. The persiflage of Heine, the satire of Thackeray, were the natural results. In his deepest anguish Heine never forgets to ward off the ridicule of the uninterested on-looker. Thackeray denies his highest self and paints his lower qualities in *Pendennis*. In his hatred of posing he will not draw himself up to his full height. Hawthorne, who also hated cant, has depicted himself in Miles Coverdale, a faint, colorless reflection of one of the strongest and manliest figures in our romantic literature. Such *nuances*, however, were unknown to the robust self-complacency of Charles Reade, who in his "*Terrible Temptation*" has painted himself as the author Rolfe, with his very best foot foremost. The portrait, it will be remembered, called forth a storm of ridicule, but Reade boldly acknowledged that he was the original of the sketch, and insisted that he had a perfect right to describe his own virtues. Charlotte Brontë, it is very evident, was her own Jane Eyre, and to a certain extent her own Lucy Snow. And George Eliot has drawn largely from herself in *Maggie Tulliver*, *Romola*, *Dorothea*, and all that group of characters whom Leslie Stephen classes together as women in need of a confessor.

Reason. Not against but above reason, a favorite phrase of the

old schoolmen in regard to supernatural matters. Locke adopts the distinction in his "Essay on the Understanding," Book iv., ch. viii., where he says, in substance, that propositions are either above, according to, or contrary to reason. Thus, the resurrection of the dead is above reason, the existence of one God according to reason, and the existence of several gods contrary to reason. Victor Cousin considers this distinction "more specious than profound."

Recording Angel. A famous passage in Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" runs as follows :

"A-well-a-day! do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die." "*He shall not die, by — !*" cried my Uncle Toby. The accusing spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.

The recording angel has been a familiar figure in popular quotation ever since, and has been freely plagiarized. Thus, Campbell :

But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

Pleasures of Hope, Part II., l. 357.

Thackeray, in "Pendennis," has a passage less obviously patterned after Sterne. Old Major Pendennis has just heard that his nephew is dangerously sick, and Lord Steyne hustles him into a carriage :

"You've twenty minutes to catch the mail-train. Jump in, Pendennis; and drive like h—, sir! do you hear?"

The carriage drove off swiftly with Pendennis and his companions, and let us trust that the oath will be pardoned to the Marquis of Steyne.

Recover. The position of the "recover" is described by Captain O'Rourke in his "Manual of Sword Exercise" as follows : "Raise the right hand until it comes a little below and about six inches in front of the chin, edge of the sword to the left, point inclining to the front, thumb extended along the back of the grip, and the nails towards the face." This, it will be seen, is a position in which it would be both easy and natural to raise the sword-hilt to the lips; and the term "recover" is traced back by military archæologists to the days of the Crusades. It has nothing whatever to do with the French verb *recouvrir*, or with that form of saluting, therefore, which consists in the tender of homage by baring the head. It is derived from the French verb *recouvrer*, and embalms the memory of the ages of faith in which the sword-hilt, made in the form of a cross, was raised to the lips of the knights who swore upon it to "recover" from the Paynim the "sainte terre d'Oultremer," as old Villehardouin calls it.

Red-haired girls and white horses. The popular jest about the necessary contiguity of red-haired girls and white horses is by no means modern, though in its recent revival it has swept over the country as a novelty. Some of us remember that our grandfathers used jocularly to assert it to the wondering ears of youth as a well-attested fact. In all likelihood, the saying took its origin in the old English game called sometimes the "game of the road," but more often "ups and downs," which is still a favorite among children and travelling salesmen in Great Britain. One party takes the "up" side of the street or road, the other the "down," counting one for every ordinary object and five for a white horse (a piebald counting as white), until a certain number agreed upon carries off the victory; but a red-headed woman or a donkey wins the game at once.

Another explanation refers the phrase to a North-of-Ireland superstition that the sight of a red-headed girl brings ill luck to the beholder unless he retrace his steps to the starting-point; but if he meet a white horse at any

stage of his backward progress the spell is *ipso facto* averted. In the midland counties of England, on the other hand, it is ill luck to meet a white horse without spitting at it. In Wexford an odd cure for the whooping-cough is suggested by current superstition. The patient trudges along the road until he meets a piebald horse, and shouts out to the rider, "Halloo, man on the piebald horse! what is good for the whooping-cough?" and no matter how absurd the remedy suggested, he will certainly be cured. In Scotland, to dream of a white horse foretells the coming of a letter.

The prejudice against red hair is as wide-spread and deep-rooted as it is unaccountable. Tradition assigns reddish hair to both Absalom and Judas. Thus, Rosalind, complaining of her lover's tardiness, pettishly exclaims, "His own hair is of the dissembling color!" and is answered by Celia, "Somewhat browner than Judas's." Marston, also, in his "Insatiate Countess," says, "I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a Judas: here am I bought and sold."

But Leonardo da Vinci, it may be noted in passing, paints Judas with black hair in his fresco "The Last Judgment."

All over Europe red hair is associated with treachery and deceitfulness. In a collection of German proverbs made by Henry Bebel as early as 1512, the following occurs: "The short in stature are naturally proud, and the red-haired untrustworthy." In England, Thomas Hughes says, "I myself know persons who on that account alone never admit into their service any whose hair is thus objectionable." An old French proverb warns you, "Salute no red-haired man nor bearded woman nearer than thirty feet off, with three stones in the fist to defend thee in thy need." In Sweden the prejudice against red hair is explained on the ground that the traitor jarl Asbjörn, who betrayed King Canute to his death, was red-headed. But even the ancient Egyptians had the same prejudice. For one thing, of course, a red-haired man was likely to be a foreigner. But, in addition, red was symbolical of Typho, a spirit of evil. Any one with ruddy complexion or red hair was suspected of being connected with the evil one. Red donkeys, especially, were looked upon as naturally evil beasts, and red oxen were offered in the sacrifices.

Though red hair is almost universally held in light esteem, the prejudice against red itself does not extend much beyond Egypt. In Congo, red is a sacred color; in China and Japan it is used at death-beds to scare off evil spirits. In many parts of Europe, also, it is considered obnoxious to evil spirits. In old Teutonic folk-lore it was held to be symbolic of victory, possibly in reminiscence of Thor's red beard. And as it was regarded, also, as representing heat, it was therefore, in a manner, heat, just as white, representing cold, was cold itself. Sick people were wrapped in red blankets, a superstition only recently revived in the red flannel underwear supposed to be useful in cases of rheumatism. Red flowers were used for disorders of the blood, as yellow for those of the liver.

Another example of the close connection between red and white is the corpse-candle, which if it burned red signified that a man was the doomed person; if white, a woman.

Red-Letter Day. This expression, meaning a fortunate or auspicious day, arises from the ancient custom of marking holidays on calendars in red ink. In the Church calendars the saints' days still continue red-letter days, the name being always printed in ink of that color. In the Prayer-Book of the Episcopal Church the designations of these days are in red, as is also the rubric, which is so called from the color.

Red Tape, in colloquial English, official formality or obstruction, a phrase which owes its origin to the red tape which at least for two centuries has

been used by lawyers and public officials for tying up documents, etc. As far back as December 6, 1658, an advertisement in the *Public Intelligencer* offers a reward for the restoration of "a little bundle of papers tied with a red tape which were lost on Friday last was a sevennight between Worcester House and Lincoln's Inn." The earliest known use of the term in its figurative sense is more than a century later, in a letter written by Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Lord Minto, dated August 31, 1775: "Howe gets the command. The ships are in great forwardness. I can't say so much for the army. Your old friend (Lord Barrington) sticks to rules, tape, and packthread."

A luxuriant example of red tape was exhibited by Captain Vivian to the admiring House of Commons some years ago in the Committee on Army Estimates. The initial fact was the need of a pair of bellows in the Curragh camp. After a preliminary whetting of the appetite of the red-tape dragon by a lengthy correspondence, the operation of getting this pair of bellows proceeded as follows: February 12.—War Department gives authority to the local commissariat officer to indent [that is, give an order] on the Royal Engineer Department for a pair of bellows. Same date.—Local commissariat officer applies to district engineer officer for a pair of bellows. February 16.—District engineer officer applies to military store officer at Dublin. February 19.—Military store officer informs royal engineer officer at Dublin that he can supply the bellows on requisition. February 20.—Royal engineer officer at Dublin forwards this information to local engineer officer at the Curragh. February 21.—Local engineer officer at the Curragh informs royal engineer officer at Dublin that he has no form of requisition. February 22.—Local engineer officer at the Curragh asks the local commissariat officer if the proposed bellows would do. February 23.—Local commissariat officer replies "Yes." February 24.—Local engineer officer informs local commissariat officer that he must apply to the royal engineer officer, Dublin; and application is made accordingly. February 26.—Military stores officer at Dublin answers that he will supply the bellows on an order from the War Office. February 28.—Local commissariat officer produces authority from the War Office and reads it to local engineer officer. March 1.—District engineer officer declines to have anything to do with a service not brought to his notice through the proper authority; and local commissariat officer refers matter to commissariat officer in Dublin. March 2.—Commissariat officer in Dublin relegates the question to the Deputy Quartermaster-General, Dublin. March 3.—Deputy Quartermaster-General passes on the requisition to Quartermaster-General, Horse Guards. March 5.—Horse Guards refer to War Office, and War Office refers to Commissariat-General-in-Chief, London. March 10.—Commissariat-General-in-Chief asks Director of Stores to give authority. Director of Stores states that the commissariat officer should include the bellows in his annual estimate; and Commissariat-General-in-Chief writes to the Horse Guards and to the commissariat officer, Dublin. March 20.—Commissariat officer at the Curragh writes to know why he does not get his bellows. Whether he ever did get them we do not know.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Reductio ad absurdum (L., "Reduction to an absurdity"), a familiar bit of logical fence by which the argument or proposition of another is carried out to an absurd conclusion. A good illustration of the method is afforded by Buckingham's jest at the expense of Dryden. During the first performance of one of the latter's tragedies, the leading lady slowly and impressively repeated,—

My wound is great because it is so small.

With a terrible look of distress, she paused. Buckingham, rising immediately from his seat, added, in a loud, mimicking voice,—

Then 'twould be greater were it none at all.

The effect, we are told, was electrical. The actress was hissed off the stage, and the play was never performed again. Dryden had his revenge. He pilloried Buckingham for all time in his "Absalom and Achitophel," under the name of Zimri.

Very neat, too, was Johnson's answer to one who quoted from Brooke's "Gustavus Vasa" the sentiment,—

Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free.

Johnson replied,—

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.

Ennius, the Roman poet, showed excellent common sense, as well as fine logical power, in his sarcasm on the pretensions of fortune-tellers:

Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam ;
 Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt :
 De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cetera.

("They who know not the way for themselves, point it out to others. Of the persons to whom they promise riches, they seek for a drachma. Let them deduct the drachma from those riches, and hand over the balance.")

A recent example is afforded by Mr. Spurgeon's rebuke to certain of his followers who refused to interfere in politics on the ground that they were "not of this world." This, he argued, was mere metaphor. "You might as well," said he, "being sheep of the Lord, decline to eat mutton-chop on the plea that it would be cannibalism."

John Wilkes was once asked by a Catholic priest, "Where was the Protestant Church before Luther?" "Did you wash your face this morning?" asked Wilkes. "I did, sir." "Then where was your face before it was washed?" retorted Wilkes. A story has been invented about Cuvier to show that he could reduce even the enemy of mankind to an absurdity by zoological rule. As he was walking one day near Avernus, the devil met him and demanded his worship. "No, I will not worship you," said the naturalist. "Then I will eat you," rejoined the demon. Cuvier eyed him deliberately, and exclaimed, in a tone of mingled contempt and triumph, "Horns and cloven feet,—*graminivorous*. You eat me? Nonsense!" "Is it not right," said a conservative, advocating the justice and propriety of an hereditary nobility, "that, in order to hand down to posterity the virtues of those who have been eminent for their services to their country, their posterity should enjoy the honors conferred on them as a reward for such services?" "By the same rule," replied a lady, "if a man is hanged for his misdeeds, all his posterity should be hanged too."

Republic of Letters, a cant literary phrase indicating that there is a democracy of the pen. In literature it seems to have been first used by Fielding in "Tom Jones," Book xiv. ch. i. But it is probably a reminiscence of Goldsmith's objection when Boswell talked of Johnson's unquestioned superiority: "You are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic."

Hood suggests that the phrase is used to insinuate that, taking the whole tribe of authors together, they have not a sovereign among them.

Reputation. Cassio, when dismissed from his rank for drunkenness, cries out, "Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial." (*Othello*, Act ii., Sc. 3.) A little later, in the same play, Iago amplifies the idea:

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
 Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
 But he that filches from me my good name
 Robs me of that which not enriches him
 And makes me poor indeed.

Act iii., Sc. 3.

The sentiment finds a very striking parallel in one of the prefatory stanzas to the fifty-first canto of Berni's "Orlando Innamorato,"—the more curious as Berni, it is believed, was not turned into English before Rose's partial translation in 1823 :

Who steals a bugle-horn, a ring, a steed,
 Or such like worthless thing, has some discretion ;
 'Tis petty larceny : not such his deed
 Who robs us of our fame, our best possession ;
 And he who takes our labor's worthiest meed
 May well be deemed a felon by profession,

Who so much more our hate and scourge deserves,
As from the rule of right he wider swerves.

Of course the germ of the idea may be found in the almost universal proverb, "A good name is better than riches" (PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim* 108), equivalent to Solomon's "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches" (*Prov.* xxii. 1).

Resolution and thought. In his famous soliloquy (Act iii., Sc. 1) Hamlet complains,—

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

In "Measure for Measure," Act i., Sc. 4, Shakespeare had already put the same thought in other words :

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

Hotspur, in the "First Part of King Henry IV" (Act ii., Sc. 3), has the right answer to all such balanced doubts and cowardly conscientiousness when he says, commenting on a letter he holds in his hand, "'The purpose you undertake is dangerous :—why, that's certain : 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.'" Or, as the Marquis of Montrose says,—

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

My Dear and Only Love.

The last two lines are probably better known in Lord Napier's misquotation :

That puts it not unto the touch
To win or lose it all.

Montrose and the Covenanters, ii. 566.

Schiller's phrase is not dissimilar :

Wer gar zu viel bedenkt wird wenig leisten,
("He who considers too much will accomplish little,")
William Tell, Act iii., Sc. i.,

which is the basis of much of Carlyle's philosophy, especially in his essays on "Characteristics" and "Signs of the Times."

Lastly, Cardinal Newman has some fine lines which may appropriately be quoted :

Time was, I shrank from what was right
For fear of what was wrong :
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.
But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside :
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at heaven was pride.

Resurgam (L., "I shall rise again"). This inscription is placed over the south door of St. Paul's Cathedral. According to tradition, when Christopher Wren had marked out the dimensions of the dome and fixed upon the centre, a laborer was ordered to bring a flat stone from the heaps of rubbish, to be laid for a direction for the workmen. It happened to be a piece of a grave-stone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but the single word *Resurgam*. Sir Christopher accepted the augury and commemorated the incident. We

also know from Fuller (*Church History*, Book x.) that Bishop John King, who died in 1621, desired in his will that "nothing should be written on his plain gravestone save only Resurgam." From Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's Cathedral" it appears that this was done, but that in addition a long moral inscription contained the words "Marmor loquax spirat Resurgam." Now, it is quite possible that the stone found by Wren's workman was one of the two inscribed to Bishop King, and this conjecture is made more probable as this word occurs in no other epitaph in Dugdale.

Resurrection Bone, The. Throughout the Middle Ages it was believed that there exists in man a bone imponderable, incorruptible, incombustible, the necessary nucleus of the resurrection body. Belief in a resurrection of the physical body, despite St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, had been incorporated into the formula made many centuries after his time and called the Apostles' Creed, and was held throughout Christendom, "always, everywhere, and by all." This hypothetical bone was therefore held in great veneration, and many anatomists sought to discover it; but Vesalius, revealing so much else, did not find it, and was therefore suspected of a want of proper faith. He contented himself with saying that he left the question regarding the existence of such a bone to the theologians. He could not lie, he did not wish to fight the Inquisition, and thus he fell under suspicion. The strength of this theological point may be judged from the fact that no less eminent a surgeon than Riolan consulted the executioner to find out whether, when he burned a criminal, all the parts were consumed; and only then was the answer received which fatally undermined this superstition. In 1689 we find it still lingering in France, creating an energetic opposition in the Church to dissection. Even as late as the eighteenth century, Bernoulli having shown that the living human body constantly undergoes a series of changes, so that all its particles are renewed in a given number of years, so much ill feeling was drawn upon him, especially from the theologians, who saw in this statement danger to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, that for the sake of peace he struck out his argument on this subject from his works.

Reviews, Curiosities of. The mistakes of the organs of the professed critics, the monthly and quarterly reviews, have long been favorite subjects for the scorned author to point the finger of scorn at.

"Who *are* the critics?" asks Lord Aldegonde in Disraeli's novel, and he is answered, "Those who have failed in literature and art."

Their failure, however, in those branches does not always guarantee them success in criticism. Indeed, no more soothing reading could be recommended to the author smarting from unmerited castigation, or, what is just as provoking, castigation which he deems unmerited, than the back numbers of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* Reviews, especially the latter.

There he will learn what other authors have suffered, as he has, and will be proud to find into how glorious a brotherhood he has been enrolled. In the *Edinburgh* will be Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, Goethe, and Ruskin; in the *Quarterly*, Shelley, Keats, Lamb, Hunt, Hazlitt, Bentham, Disraeli, Tennyson, Macaulay, Hallam, and Charlotte Brontë,—all swelling the noble list of damned authors. Of these two periodicals the *Quarterly* is undoubtedly the worst, both in wilful blindness to merit and in foul-mouthed abuse. It would be impossible to point to any review, published in any country, more persistent and malignant in its attacks upon men who are now recognized to have been the intellectual princes of their time. This is almost wholly due to the influence of its founder and first editor, William Gifford, and his worthy successor, John Wilson Croker:

Mr. Gifford, as Hazlitt tells us, was originally bred to some handicraft; he afterwards contrived to learn Latin, and was for some time an usher in a school till he became a tutor in a nobleman's family. "The low-bred, self-taught man, the pedant and the dependant on the great, contribute to form the editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He is admirably qualified for his position by a happy combination of defects, natural and acquired." Of Croker, Macaulay has given us the following character, which Miss Martineau says he had earned for himself,—purchased by hard facts: "Mr. Croker is a man who would go a hundred miles through sleet and snow, on the top of a coach, in a December night, to search a parish register for the sake of showing that a man is illegitimate, or a woman older than she says she is."

These were the men who thought Hazlitt a dull blockhead and Leigh Hunt an imbecile; whose acme of cleverness was reached when they dubbed the gentle Elia the King of the Cockneys; who characterized the "Prometheus Unbound" as "drivelling prose run mad," the "Revolt of Islam" as "insupportably dull," and the "Endymion" as "gratuitous nonsense;" who brutally advised John Keats, the author of the latter, to go back to his gallipots; who could not find room in seventy closely-printed pages for "any but the more prominent defects and errors" of Lord Macaulay as developed in the first two volumes of his "History of England;" and who sneered with clumsy irony at the "peculiar brilliancy" of "the gems that irradiate the poetical crown" of that "singular genius," Mr. Alfred Tennyson.

But the charge of defective taste is not the only one that can be brought against them. A far more serious count in the indictment is the cowardly blackguardism with which they pursued the objects of their dislike. They knew nothing of chivalry, generosity, forbearance, kindness, courtesy. The qualities of heart and of imagination which noble natures carry into literary and political strife were wanting in these men. Their contests were the contests of the streets. Not that English literary controversies have ever been wanting in a certain coarse vitality and vigor. Prelatist and Puritan, Jacobite and Hanoverian, had each known how to call names. Milton had not always been golden-mouthed, and Butler had called a spade a spade. Swift was not nice; Churchill was sometimes vulgar. But in the worst days of controversy, party rancor had generally spared the weak, left modest merit in the shade, respected household sanctities, and turned its shafts aside from unoffending women. In the palmy days of the *Quarterly Review* no man's honor, no woman's good name, was safe. Neither rank nor obscurity sheltered the victim from their malice. No life was too blameless for reproach; no career was too noble for scandal. The men of this school invented foul anecdotes, and their delight was to blight generous characters. Poetic justice never contented their revenge, and an enemy seldom escaped from under their hands until he had been made to violate every precept in the Decalogue.

It is to be regretted that among the members of this bad school must be reckoned John Wilson, the jovial professor of moral philosophy and cock-fighting, who has elsewhere shown himself to be possessed of such tender sensibility and such kindly, large-hearted geniality.

Still, we may find some excuse for him.

It is true that he did at times indulge in abusive personalities with a reckless disregard as to their applicability. But, before judging him harshly, the impulsive, erratic temperament of the man should be taken into consideration, and it should be remembered that he was one to whom moderation in anything was absolutely unknown,—whose praise and whose blame partook alike of the wildest extravagance, and the horse-play of whose raillery was due mainly to an unrestrained exuberance of animal spirits joined to an in-

ability to estimate properly the strength of the blows he was dealing or the amount of pain he was inflicting.

It was a different thing from the venomous malignity which was the actuating motive in the case of Croker, of Gifford, of Lockhart, and of Theodore Hook. Still, after all allowances are made, it is impossible at this day to read some of the abusive passages in the "Noctes" without a flush of indignation. It is not pleasant, for instance, to find Hazlitt characterized as a "loathsome dunce," or Leigh Hunt described as "holding his stinking breath;" to see the Rev. C. C. Colton, author of "Lacon," portrayed as "a clergyman and bankrupt wine-merchant, an E. O. player, dicer, etc.;" Lord Brougham compared with a Billingsgate fish-wife; the philanthropist Martin referred to as "that Irish jackass;" the then venerable Jeremy Bentham talked of as "Covey Sherry the old shrew;" Northcote, the painter, described as "a wasp," William Cobbett as "the old ruffian," Henry Coleridge as "a conceited manikin," and the political economist McCulloch as "an obscure and insolent lout" and "an infuriated blackguard." Neither is it agreeable to learn of a certain writer in the *Times* that he was not only "a liar," but also "a mean eunuch."

It was overstepping the amenities of criticism to call Mr. T. B. Macaulay "an insolent puppy," and it was ludicrously inappropriate to add that he was "one of the most obscure men of the age," at a time when his brilliant contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* were attracting such attention as had never before been accorded to periodical literature. The facts that Macaulay was a Whig and Southey a Tory were not sufficient reason for calling his review of the latter's "Colloquies on Society" "a contemptible critique," written "in an insolent spirit." Nor is the following a fair criticism of the Byron article: "It reads very like a paper in one of the early numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*,—much the same sort of excellencies,—the smart, rapid, pop-gun impertinence, the brisk, airy, new-set truisms, mingled with cold, shallow, heartless sophistries, the conceited phlegm, the affected abruptness, the unconscious audacity of impudence; the whole lively and amusing, and much commended among the dowagers, especially the smut." A writer's personal appearance is hardly fair game for animadversion, especially when the animadversion takes the form of describing him as "an ugly, cross-made, splay-footed, shapeless little dumpling of a fellow, with a mouth from ear to ear."

All this is bad enough, but it is mildness itself when compared to the torrent of filthy Billingsgate which disgraced the earlier numbers of "Maga," before John Wilson had assumed full control of the editorial reins, and when Lockhart was in reality the presiding genius, though Blackwood himself was the nominal editor. Indeed, it should be remembered to Wilson's credit that the withdrawal of Lockhart to the congenial field afforded by the *London Quarterly*, with the consequent increase of the Wilson influence, was the signal for an almost immediate alteration in the tone of the magazine, which, however far from perfection, was a distinct and marked improvement. During the Lockhart period, *Blackwood* was the vehicle for such revoltingly coarse personalities as never before and never since found a place in a magazine of any authority or standing. The writers of "The Cockney School," by which facetious epithet these critics designated such men as Lamb, Keats, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, were the objects of their special fury, and against them they directed all the resources of their foul vocabulary.

"Our hatred and contempt of Mr. Leigh Hunt," they explained in one place, "is not so much owing to his shameless irreverence to his aged and afflicted king; to his profligate attacks on the character of the king's sons; to his low-born insolence to that aristocracy with whom he would in vain claim the alliance of one illustrious friendship; to his paid panderism to the vilest

passions of that mob of which he is himself a firebrand ; to the leprous crust of self-conceit with which his whole moral being is indurated ; to that loathsome vulgarity which constantly clings round him like a vermined garment from St. Giles's ; to that irritable temper which keeps the unhappy man, in spite even of his vanity, in a perpetual fret with himself and all the world besides, and that shows itself equally in his deadly enmities and capricious friendships ;—our hatred and contempt of Leigh Hunt, we say, is not so much owing to these and other causes as to the odious and unnatural harlotry of his polluted muse. We were the first to brand with a burning iron the false face of this kept-mistress of a demoralizing incendiary. We tore off her gaudy veil and transparent drapery, and exhibited the painted cheeks and writhing limbs of the prostitute."

Imagine the *Atlantic Monthly* talking of Mr. Stedman in this strain, or Mr. Gilder using the pages of the *Century* to pour out scurrility of this sort upon some rival author who differed with him in politics !

Elsewhere we are told that Mr. Hunt "is the meanest, the filthiest, and the most vulgar of Cockney poetasters." He is apostrophized as "You exquisite idiot !" "Sensualist that you are !" He is informed that "Even in those scenes of wickedness where alope, unhappy man, your verses find willing readers, there occur many moments of languor and remorse wherein the daughters of degradation themselves toss from their hands, with angry loathing, the obscene and traitorous pages of your 'Rimini.' In those who have sinned from weakness or levity, the spark of original conscience is not always totally extinguished. To your breast alone, and to those of others like you, the deliberate, pensive, and sentimental apostles of profligacy, there comes no visiting of purity, no drop of repentance."

Mr. Hazlitt, on the same authority, is "a mere ulcer ; a sore from head to foot ; a poor devil so completely flayed that there is not a square half-inch of healthy flesh on his carcass ; an overgrown pimple, sore to the touch." "He feels that he is exiled from decent society," and "has never risen higher than the lowest circle of the press-gang ; reporters fight shy, and the editors of Sunday newspapers turn up their noses at the smell of his approach." His works are "a vocabulary of vapid pollution," and his "dirty imagination is always plunging into some dirty scrape."

Now let us turn to the *Quarterly Review*, and we shall find that, although its blackguardism is not perhaps quite up to the early *Blackwood* standard, it has nevertheless managed to reach a goodly elevation of its own, and that, on the other hand, the number of great names which the *Quarterly* has attempted to damn into oblivion is larger than can be found on the records of any other periodical of similar standing.

All of Hazlitt's critical works were attacked with the utmost virulence as fast as they came out. Because the author differed in politics from the reviewers, they strove, and not unsuccessfully, to obscure his literary reputation in the eyes of his readers. Hazlitt himself tells us that the sale of his "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," which had reached nearly a thousand copies in a few weeks, was instantly stopped by the appearance of a "slashing" critique in the *Quarterly*. "Not even the Whigs," he complains, "could stomach it." And yet one would have thought that the dullest public might have discerned the rancorous spite which had alone dictated the article. Here is the concluding sentence : "We should not have condescended to notice the senseless and wicked sophistry of this writer, or to point it out to the contempt of the reader, had we not considered him as one of the representatives of a class of men by whom literature is more than at any former period disgraced, and therefore convinced that it might not be unprofitable to show how very small a portion of talent and literature were necessary for carrying on

the trade of sedition. The few specimens which we have selected of his ethics and his criticisms are more than sufficient to prove that Mr. Hazlitt's knowledge of Shakespeare and the English language is exactly on a par with the purity of his morals and the depth of his understanding."

The collection of essays entitled "The Round Table" is, according to the same authority, "loathsome trash," "full of vulgar descriptions, silly paradoxes, flat truisms, musty sophistry, broken English, ill humor, and rancorous abuse," the author being a sour Jacobin, who was personally beneath notice; "but if the creature in his endeavor to crawl into the light must take his way over the tombs of illustrious men, disfiguring the records of their greatness with the slime and filth which mark his track, it is right to point him out, that he may be flung back to the situation on which Nature designed that he should grow."

Leigh Hunt is dealt with in a very similar manner.

"Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries" the *Quarterly* considered "the miserable book of a miserable man: the little airy fopperies of its manner are like the fantastic trip and convulsive simpers of some poor worn-out wanton, struggling between famine and remorse, leering through her tears. . . The most ludicrous conceit, grafted on the most deplorable incapacity, has filled the paltry mind of the gentleman-of-the-press now before us with a chaos of crude, pert dogmas, which defy all analysis, and which it is just possible to pity more than despise." The reviewer thinks it much too bad that "the glorious though melancholy memory" of Byron

"Must also bear the vile attacks
Of ragged curs and vulgar hacks"

whom he fed; that his bones must be scraped up from their bed of repose "to be at once grinned and howled over by creatures who, even in the least hyena-like of their moods, can touch nothing that mankind could wish to respect, without polluting it."

Reviewing Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," the *Quarterly* critic remarks that, with minds of a certain class, notoriety, infamy, anything, is better than obscurity; baffled in a thousand attempts after fame, they will still make one more, at whatever risk, and they end commonly like an awkward chemist who perseveres in tampering with his ingredients till, in an unlucky moment, they take fire and he is blown up by the explosion. "The poem has some beautiful stanzas, but they are of rare occurrence; as a whole, it is insupportably dull and laboriously obscure; the story is almost wholly devoid of interest and very meagre; nor can we admire Mr. Shelley's mode of making up for this defect; as he has but one incident where he should have ten, he tells that one so intricately that it takes the time of ten to comprehend it."

A little farther on in the same article the reviewer goes somewhat out of his way to bestow a passing slap upon his favorite game, Leigh Hunt. Of Shelley he remarks, "Much may be said with truth which we not long since said of his friend and leader, Mr. Hunt; he has not, indeed, all that is odious and contemptible in the character of that person; so far as we have seen, he has never exhibited the bustling vulgarity, the ludicrous affectation, the factious flippancy, or the selfish heartlessness, which it is hard for our feelings to treat with the mere contempt they merit. Like him, however, Mr. Shelley is a very vain man; and, like most very vain men, he is but half instructed in knowledge and less than half disciplined in reasoning powers; his vanity, wanting the control of the faith that he derides, has been his ruin; it has made him too impatient of applause and distinction to earn them in the fair course of labor; like a speculator in trade, he would be rich without capital and without delay; and, as might have been anticipated, his speculations have ended only in disappointments."

In Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" we learn how terribly that proud, sensitive spirit was wounded by the coarse innuendoes indulged in by one of the *Quarterly* critics in noticing "Jane Eyre" on its first appearance,—of course before the secret of its authorship was divulged. We quote what happens to be about the most offensive paragraph, not merely because it illustrates the liberties which only a generation ago were considered as within the limits of gentlemanly criticism in the intellectual capital of Europe, but also because it embodies some curious bits of the current gossip of the town, when speculation was rife as to the identity of this mysterious Currer Bell who had burst with such sudden brilliance into the literary world :

"There seem to have arisen in the novel-reading world some doubts as to who really wrote this book, and various rumors, more or less romantic, have been current in May Fair, the metropolis of Gossip, as to the authorship. For instance, 'Jane Eyre' is sentimentally assumed to have proceeded from the pen of Mr. Thackeray's governess, whom he had himself chosen as his model for Becky, and who, in mingled love and revenge, personified him in return as Mr. Rochester. In this case it is evident that the author of 'Vanity Fair,' whose own pencil makes him gray-haired, has had the best of it, though his children may have had the worst, having at all events succeeded in hitting that vulnerable point in the Becky bosom which it is our firm belief no man born of woman, from her Soho to her Ostend days, had so much as grazed. To this ingenious rumor the coincidence of the second edition of 'Jane Eyre' being dedicated to Mr. Thackeray has probably given rise. For our part, we see no great interest in the question at all. The first edition of 'Jane Eyre' purports to be edited by Currer Bell, one of a trio of brothers, or sisters, or cousins, by name Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell, already known as the joint authors of a volume of poems; the second edition, the same,—dedicated, however, by the author, to Mr. Thackeray,—and the dedication (itself an indubitable *chip* of 'Jane Eyre') signed Currer Bell. Author and editor, therefore, are one, and we are as much satisfied to accept this double individual under the name of Currer Bell as under any other more or less euphonious. Whoever it be, it is a person who with great mental powers combines a total ignorance of the habits of society, a great coarseness of taste, and a heathenish doctrine of religion. . . . Without entering into the question whether the power of the writing be above her or the vulgarity below her, there are, we believe, minutæ of circumstantial evidence which at once acquit the feminine hand. No woman—a lady friend, whom we are always happy to consult, assures us—makes mistakes in her own *métier* : no woman *trusses game* and garnishes dessert-dishes with the same hands, or talks of so doing in the same breath. Above all, no woman attires another in such fancy dresses as Jane's ladies assume,—Miss Ingram coming down, irresistible, 'in a morning-robe of sky-blue crape, a gauze azure scarf twisted in her hair.' No lady, we understand, when suddenly roused in the night, would think of hurrying on a frock. They have garments more convenient for such occasions, and more becoming, too. This evidence seems incontrovertible. Even granting that these incongruities were purposely assumed for the purpose of disguising the female pen, there is little gained; for if we ascribe it to a woman at all, there is no alternative but to ascribe it to one who, for some sufficient reason, has forfeited the society of her sex."

For gratuitous wickedness, the insult conveyed in the last sentence of the above quotation cannot be excelled, even in the pages of the *Quarterly* itself.

In 1833 the *Quarterly Review* again distinguished itself in its first mention of Tennyson.

The reviewer in an ironic strain talks about introducing "to the admiration of our more sequestered readers a new prodigy of genius,—another and

a brighter star of that galaxy or *milky way* of poetry of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger." Then he proceeds through fifteen pages to ridicule every idea and every expression which by ingenuity and malice prepense can be tortured into material for his banter. Thus, quoting this verse,—

Sweet as the noise, in parched plains,
Of bubbling wells that fret the stones
(If any sense in me remains),
Thy words will be, thy cheerful tones
As welcome to my crumbling bones,—

he sees a very obvious possibility for jest in the words "If any sense in me remains." "This doubt," he says, "is inconsistent with the opening stanza of the piece, and, in fact, too modest: we take upon ourselves to reassure Mr. Tennyson that, even after he shall be dead and buried, as much *sense* will still remain as he has now the good fortune to possess." "The accumulation of tender images in the following lines appears not less wonderful:

Remember you that pleasant day
When, after roving in the woods
('Twas April then), I came and lay
Beneath those gummy chestnut-buds ?

A water-rat from off the bank
Plunged in the stream. With idle care,
Down-looking through the sedges rank,
I saw your troubled image there.

If you remember, you had set
Upon the narrow casement-edge
A long green box of mignonette,
And you were leaning on the ledge.

The poet's truth to nature in his gummy chestnut-buds, and to art in the 'long green box' of mignonette, and that masterly touch of likening the first intrusion of love into the virgin bosom of the miller's daughter to the plunging of the water-rat into the mill-dam,—these are beauties which, we do not fear to say, equal anything even in Keats." The strain of mockery is kept up throughout the remarks on "The Hesperides," "The Palace of Art," and "A Dream of Fair Women."

Nor did the reviewer do any better with Dickens.

In a notice of the "Pickwick Papers" on their first appearance, in which blame and praise are pretty equally mixed, he assumed a prophetic strain.

"We are inclined to predict," he says, "of works of this style, both in England and France (where the manufacture is flourishing on a very extensive and somewhat profligate scale), that an ephemeral popularity will be followed by early oblivion." And again: "Indications are not wanting that the particular vein of humor which has hitherto yielded so much attractive metal is worked out. The fact is, Mr. Dickens writes too often and too fast.

If he persists much longer in this course, it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell his fate: he has risen like a rocket, and he will come down like the stick."

The critic in this case was Lockhart, and Dickens is said to have met him at a dinner-party not long after the appearance of the article, when the person who introduced the pair had the bad taste to make an allusion to the prophecy. The author cordially grasped the critic by the hand, and exclaimed, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "I will watch for that stick, Mr. Lockhart, and when it does come down I will break it across your back."

We have left ourselves small room to speak of the *Edinburgh Review*. But there is really far less that is *outré* in the career of that periodical. It was often narrow-minded and unjust. It thought Wordsworth's "Excursion" would never do. It called the same poet's "White Doe of Rylstone" the

worst poem ever bound in covers. It fell foul of Byron's maiden effort, and provoked the famous rejoinder "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It failed to see any merit in Goethe. But at all events Jeffrey, who conducted it, was a gentleman,—a little narrow, a little conservative, sometimes even a little bigoted, as gentlemen are not unapt to be, but always courteous and dignified. Now, the gentleman is never so picturesque an object as the savage. And it is the picturesque savagery of the *Quarterly* which led us beyond our limits.

Rhopalic verse, or Wedge verse, a line in which each succeeding word has more syllables than the preceding,—*e.g.* :

Hope ever solaces miserable individuals.

The term is derived from the Greek *ρόπαλον*, "a club," which gets larger from handle to tip.

Rhymes, Eccentricities of. From time to time it has been boldly asserted by the unwary that there is no rhyme for some particular English word. In 1865-66 the whole subject was resolved into a sort of symposium in the *Athenæum* and afterwards in the *Notes and Queries*. Word after word was suggested as a strictly baccalaureate one, obstinately refusing to be led to the altar, but the symposiacs eventually succeeded in fitting all with a mate, though frequently a halt and ungainly one. In the words of Mr. W W Skeat, who proved himself the greatest of these verbal match-makers, "It is easy for any one to assert that there exists no rhyme to such and such a word. Whoever makes such an assertion should remember that he only means that he does not know of one *himself*; but it is unfair to assume that *therefore* one cannot be found."

Some of the hardest nuts to crack were the following : *porringer, polka, orange, silver, chimney, whiskey, Lisbon, window, widow*.

An anonymous poet, it was found, had already produced the following beautiful verses which wrestle with the difficulties of the first word :

The second James a daughter had,
Too fine to lick a porringer ;
He sought her out a noble lad,
And gave the Prince of Orange her.

Mr. Skeat suggested another, though he acknowledged that it did not reach the masterly perfection of the first :

When nations doubt our power to fight,
We smile at every foreign jeer,
And with untroubled appetite
Still empty plate and porringer.

Mr. Skeat also proposed two rhymes for *polka*,—*doll-car*, which he, however, dismisses as cockney and unmusical, and the following, which he deems entirely permissible :

Our Christmas-tree produced a doll, ca-
parisoned to dance the polka.

The same authority perpetrated this harmonious quintet :

I gave my darling child a lemon,
That lately grew its fragrant stem on ;
And next, to give her pleasure *more* range,
I offered her a juicy orange.
And nuts, she cracked them in the door-hinge.

An Indian correspondent of the *Athenæum* gave this, which sought to dispose of two refractory rhymes in one quatrain :

From the Indus to the Blorenge
Came the rajah in a month,
Eating now and then an orange,
Conning all the day his Grunth.

The Bloreng, it appears, is a hill near Abergavenny. The Grunth is the sacred book of the Sikhs. Unfortunately, the latter, correctly pronounced, does not quite rhyme with month. But Mr. Skeat comes again to the rescue, and suggests,—

Search through the works of Thackeray, you'll find a rhyme for month :
He tells us of Phil Fogarty of the fighting Onety-oneth.

And then it was found that Dr. Whewell, or, as others asserted, one Dr. Donaldson, of Cambridge, had already responded to a similar challenge with an anticipatory variation of the idea :

Youths who would senior wranglers be
Must drink the juice distilled from tea,
Must burn the midnight oil from month to month,
Raising binomials to the $n + 1$ th (n plus oneth).

Another gentleman, signing himself "Lemuel Lithper," sent the following solution and explanatory notes through an amanuensis :

TO A WITWALLITHT.

When I wath at churth latht month,
I thaw thikthty-theven nunth,
And they entered all by oneth,
Blething all the little thonth :
Worthe than Vandalth, Gothth, and Hunth
Would be he who'd hunt the Nunth.

NOTES.—A *witwallitht*, a ritualist ; *nunth*, nuns ; *all by oneth*, all by ones ; *thonth*, sons ; *Gothth*, Goths.

Here are two other efforts which only vary the theme. In one of them a lisping little girl is made to say,—

I can get a rhyme for a month ;
I can thay it now, I thed it wunth.

The second explains itself :

" You can't," says Tom to lisping Bill,
" Find any rhyme for month."
" A great mithtake," was Bill's reply ;
" I'll find a rhyme at wunth."

Christina Rossetti has done better in the admirable book of nursery rhymes which she has published under the title of "Sing-Song :

How many weeks in a month ?
Four, as the swift moon runn'th.

For a rhyme to *chimney* reference was made to the "Rejected Addresses," where *slim knee* is adopted, and to the following, which had already been published in the *Welcome Guest* (November 9, 1861) :

Sir, I hope it's no crime
To send you the rhyme,
Though you say there is none, for chimney :
To prove it's not true,
As stated by you,
Know this, sir, I found it in Rhymney.

This refers to some mines bearing the name. *Lisbon* was disposed of by quoting an impromptu by the Earl of Rochester when Charles II. challenged him to this very feat of rhyming :

Here's a health to Kate,
Our master's mate,
Of the royal house of Lisbon ;
But the devil take Hyde,
And the bishop beside,
That would make her bone his bone.

Whiskey simply required a knowledge of Burns :

Let half-starved slaves, in warmer skies,
See future wines, rich-clustering, rise ;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blithe and frisky,
She eyes her free-born, martial boys
Tak' aff their whiskey ;

and again :

This while she's been in crankous mood,
Her lost militia fired her bluid ;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Played her that pliskie !)
And now she's like to rin red-wud
About her whiskey ;

while a correspondent suggested,—

I see you, sir, at a dead-lock
About a rhyme for whiskey ;
To help you out I've searched my stock,
Do, pray, accept of this key.

The following rhyme to *window*, from the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*,

A cruel man a beetle caught,
And to the wall him pinned, oh !
Then said the beetle to the crowd,
" Though I'm stuck up I am not proud,"
And his soul went out of the window,

was supplemented by Mr. Skeat's suggestions of such compound words as *sinned O! skinned O! Scinde O!* etc., and by this quatrain from the same facile pen :

Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
Shot down fat buck and *thin* doe,
Rough storms withstood in thick greenwood,
Nor cared for door or window.

Widow was disposed of by this couplet, supposed to be uttered by Mr. Pickwick after his release from jail :

Since of this suit I now am rid, oh !
Ne'er again I'll lodge with a widow.

Some years later, W. S. Gilbert, F. C. Burnand, H. J. Byron, and others, held another symposium of a similar kind in the columns of the *London Graphic*. The word that stumped everybody was *silver*. Finally Mr. Gilbert brought the debate to a close. He declared that no rhyme existed save the nursery "Little Dicky Dilver." Therefore he was now engaged upon and had nearly perfected a machine for extracting moonshine from cucumbers, and when patented he should call it a "chilver."

Liquid is another dissyllabic poser. Two American poets have "rastled" with it. C. A. Bristed attempted to meet it as follows :

After imbibing liquid,
A man in the South
Duly proceeds to stick quid
(Very likely a thick quid)
Into his mouth ;

and "Mickey Rooney" contributed this :

Shure Quicquid is a thick wit,
If he cannot rhyme to liquid,
A thing that any Mick wid
The greatest aise can do :
Just take the herb called chickweed,
Which they often cure the sick wid,
That's a dacent rhyme for liquid,
And from a Mickey, too.

In 1829, Tennyson, an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge, gained the Chancellor's medal for a prize poem on the assigned subject of "Timbuctoo." Cambridge tradition asserts that when the subject was given out it was said to be impossible to find a rhyme for Timbuctoo. Several university wits tried their hands at a sort of burlesque competition for the prize. The best was voted to be the following :

If I were a cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary,
Prayer-book, Bible, and hymn-book too.

This brings us to the carefully cultivated and fertile field of complicated and extravagant rhyming. If rhyme add beauty and force to serious verse, in satirical it is, to quote James Russell Lowell,—

irresistible,
Like a man with eight trumps in his hand at a whist-table ;
I bethought me at first that the rhyme was untwistable,
Though I might have lugged in an allusion to Christabel.

Byron thought so, and said,—

Prose poets like blank verse ; I write in rhyme ;
Good workmen never quarrel with their tools.

We all remember his delicious couplet in "Don Juan,"—

But, oh, ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?—

and the equally epigrammatic

Christians have burned each other, quite persuaded
That all the apostles would have done as they did.

A third example is a still greater triumph over difficulties :

There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

When Browning, among other feats of a similar kind, discovered a rhyme to *ranunculus* ("Tommy, make room for your uncle us"), one of his admirers addressed him in Horner's words : "Now that he hath fashioned this, never another may he fashion." The wit of queer rhymes, indeed, often verges on the mechanical, and that is why the "Ingoldsby Legends" and Hood's quainter poems are seldom studied by the mature.

Yet anything that appeals so vividly to youth, and especially to academic youth, is not to be despised. Doubtless all of us can remember the delight we felt when we first came across such lines as these from "Look at the Clock :"

Having once gained the summit, and managed to cross it, he
Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity ;

or these from "The Ghost :"

And, being of a temper somewhat warm,
Would now and then seize upon small occasion
A stick or stool, or anything that round did lie,
And baste her lord and master most confoundedly ;

or these from "The Tragedy :"

The poor little Page, too, himself got no quarter, but
Was served the same way,
And was found the next day
With his heels in the air and his head in the water-butt.

Some of Samuel Butler's rhymes have been highly admired for two centuries. But the admiration is somewhat perfunctory in these days, when they have been so utterly excelled :

As the ancients
Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance.
There was an ancient sage philosopher
Who had read Alexander Ross over.
And pulpit drum ecclesiastick
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

These examples, which were thought excruciatingly funny by our ancestors, would excite no comment to-day if they appeared in *Puck* or in *Punch*. The latter, moreover, is not original, but borrowed from a scarce poem by Thomas Stanley, "The Debauchee," which was issued in 1651, or twelve years before "Hudibras" appeared :

By thy language cabalistic,
By thy cymbal drum and his stick.

Poe declared it a mistake to suppose that rhyme must be mechanically tagged on to the ends of lines. Unexpectedness, he thought, added to the force of a rhyme, as in the "Raven :"

And the silken, sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;

and in "For Annie :"

My tantalizing spirit
Here blandly reposes,—
Forgetting or never
Regretting its roses.

Mr. Frederick Locker uses the same effect in "The Serenade :"

Arise, then, and hazy
Distrust from thee fling
For sorrows that crazy
To-morrows may bring.

But this often degenerates into a mere trick, and C. S. Calverley has rightly satirized its extreme manifestations :

In the gloaming to be roaming where the crested waves are foaming,
And the shy mermaidens combing locks that ripple to their feet,—
Where the gloaming is I never made the ghost of an endeavor
To discover,—but whatever were the hour, it would be sweet.

Tom Hood, who was nothing if not original, produced the following as a new method of rhyming, the rhyme-words being placed at the beginning instead of the end of the line :

Rat tat it went upon the lion's chin ;
"That hat I know it," cried the joyful girl ;
"Summers it is, I know him by his knock,
Comers like him are welcome as the day," etc.

He also offered the following as a compromise between blank verse and rhyme :

If I were used to writing verse,
And had a muse not so perverse,
But prompt at Fancy's call to spring
And carol like a bird in spring,
Or like a bee in summer-time
That hums about a bed of thyme, etc.

But his greatest effort was the following, which he called "A Nocturnal Sketch :"

Even is come ; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun,—one gun !
And six is sounding from the chime,—prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,

Denying to his frantic clutch much touch ;
 Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
 Four horses as no other man can span ;
 Or in the small Olympic pit sit split,
 Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things
 Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung :
 The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
 And paralytic watchmen howl, growl,
 About the streets, and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
 Who, hastening to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
 Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
 But, frightened by Policeman B 3, flee,
 And while they're going, whisper low, " No go !"
 Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
 And sleepers, waking, grumble, " Drat that cat "
 Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
 Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill will.

Now bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
 In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
 Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly ;
 But nurse-maid, in a nightmare rest, chest-pressed,
 Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
 And that she hears—what faith is man's !—Ann's banns
 And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice ;
 White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
 That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes.

There is some originality in the following anonymous effort :

BOWLED.

When I, sir, play at cricket, sick it makes me feel ;
 For I the wicket kick it backward with my heel.
 Then, oh ! such rollers bowlers always give to me,
 And the rounders, grounders, too, rise and strike my knee ;
 Then I in anguish languish, try to force a smile,
 While laughing critics round me sound me on my style.

Among other ingenious samples of eccentric rhymes offered by the London *Punch* as a relief from the monotony of modern poetry is one that spells out the final word of a couplet, the last letter or last two letters making so many syllables that rhyme with the ending word of the preceding line. Thus :

" Me drunk !" the cobbler cried, " the devil trouble you,
 You want to kick up a blest r-o-u-w.
 I've just returned from a teetotal party,
 Twelve on us jammed in a spring c-a-r-t ;
 The man as lectured, now, was drunk ! why, bless ye,
 He's sent home in a c-h-a-i-s-e."

Ridicule is the test of truth. " We have oftener than once," says Carlyle in his Essay on Voltaire, " endeavored to attach some meaning to that aphorism, vulgarly imputed to Shaftesbury, which, however, we can find nowhere in his works, that 'ridicule is the test of truth.'" Carlyle was singularly remiss in his examination of Shaftesbury's works, as the idea at least and almost the very words appear there no less than three times :

How comes it to pass, then, that we appear such cowards in reasoning, and are so afraid to stand the test of ridicule ?—*Characteristics : A Letter concerning Enthusiasm*, Sec. 2.

Truth, 'tis supposed, may bear all lights ; and one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed in order to a thorough recognition is ridicule itself.—*Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humor*, Sec. 1.

'Twas the saying of an ancient sage (Gorgias Leontinus, *apud* Aristotle's Rhetoric, lib. iii. cap. 18), that humor was the only test of gravity, and gravity of humor. For a subject which would not bear raillery was suspicious ; and a jest which would not bear a serious examination was certainly false wit.—*Ibid.*, Sec. 5.

Shaftesbury sufficiently explains his own meaning. But of course it only contains half a truth. Ridicule is most effective in opposing shams, but it has often helped to make the worse appear the better reason. This is substantially Carlyle's contention. Chamfort said, "There is nothing that kills like ridicule;" and he was familiar with the guillotine. Like the guillotine, however, ridicule overwhelms bad and good alike. Madame de Staël called ridicule "the sword of Damocles," and she explained her meaning to be that the fear of it tends to prune away the little social *gaucheries* of men,—to prevent those violations of good taste which are so common among sensible but ill-bred or thoughtless men, and to check those insults which arise from coarseness of mind, ignorance, and lack of *savoir-faire*, rather than from malignity of disposition.

Right. I would rather be right than be President, a famous remark of Henry Clay's, made to Mr. Preston of Kentucky, who had warned him that his advocacy of the Compromise measures of 1850 would alienate the Northern or Anti-Slavery Whigs and so ruin his chances for the Presidency.

Right is right. That "right is right" is a cosmopolitan proverb of indefinite age. Poets in all times have loved to assert it :

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. FABER : *The Right must win.*

But 'twas a maxim he had often tried,
That right was right, and there he would abide.

CRABBE : *The Squire and the Priest.*

And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

TENNYSON : *Ænone.*

I trust in Nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility. Spring shall plant,
And autumn garner, to the end of time.
I trust in God,—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong while he endures.
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward,—Nature's good
And God's.

BROWNING : *A Soul's Tragedy*, Act i.

There is another old phrase which has frequently been enforced even in the actions of those who feign to abhor it,—**"Might makes right."** Wordsworth has poetically glossed it thus :

The good old rule
Sufficeth them,—the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

Rob Roy's Grave.

Bismarck is unjustly accused of having declared that **"Might is above right"** (**"Macht geht vor Recht"**). It was Count von Schwerin who fastened the reproach upon him. On March 13, 1863, replying in the Lower House of the Prussian Diet to a speech of Bismarck's, Von Schwerin said, "Therefore I declare here that the principle in which the speech of the Minister-President culminates, 'Might is above right,' is not one on which, in my opinion, the Prussian dynasty can permanently rely: it should rather be reversed,—**Right is above might.**" Bismarck denied that he had ever used the expression, whereupon Von Schwerin replied that he had not charged him with using those very words, but that his speech culminated in such a principle. In this connection Abraham Lincoln's words are worth quoting :

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—*Address at New York City, February 21, 1859.*

When all has been said, however, there is no doubt that the right of might is the gospel of the evolutionist, who believes in the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest.

Right man in the right place. McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" (ii. 586) seems to credit this saying to Thomas Jefferson: "Jefferson's reply was a discussion of the tenure of office, and soon forgotten. But one sentence will undoubtedly be remembered till our republic ceases to exist. No duty the Executive had to perform was so trying, he observed, as to put the right man in the right place." Mr. McMaster is using a dubious trick he learned from Macaulay,—that of substituting a paraphrase or an epigrammatic *résumé* for a quotation. What Jefferson really said was as follows: "Of the various executive abilities, no one excited more anxious concern than that of placing the interests of our fellow-citizens in the hands of honest men, with understanding sufficient for their station." (*Letter to Elias Shipman, July 12, 1801.*) Here is the idea, of course. The meet and quotable wording is attributed to Talleyrand, who observed that "the art of putting the right man in the right place is perhaps the first in the science of government, but the art of finding a satisfactory position for the discontented is the most difficult." In English the phrase seems to have been first used by Sir Austen Henry Layard, in a speech in the House of Commons, January 15, 1855: "I have always believed that success would be the inevitable result if the two services, the army and the navy, had fair play, and if we sent the right man to fill the right place."

Sydney Smith's famous illustration is well worth quoting: "If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes upon a table of different shapes,—some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong,—and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other."

Cowper seems to hold that the matter is comfortably arranged by the Almighty:

Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.

The Task, Book iv., l. 788.

Ringling Island, an old nickname for England. Fuller in his "Worthies of England" (1662) has the following explanation: "Thus it is commonly called by Foreigners, as having greater, more, and more tuneable Bells than any one Country in Christendom, Italy itself not excepted, though Nola be there, and Bells so called thence because first founded therein. Yea, it seems our Land is much affected with the love of them, and loth to have them carryed hence into foreign parts, whereof take this eminent instance. When Arthur Bulkeley, the covetous Bishop of Bangor, in the reign of King Henry the Eighth had sacrilegiously sold the five fair bells of his Cathedral, to be transported beyond the seas, and went down himself to see them shipp'd, they suddenly sunk down with the vessell in the Haven, and the Bishop fell instantly blind, and so continued to the day of his death."

Rip, Let her. This Americanism, meaning "All right," or "Let matters take their course," now frequently varied by the newer mintage "Let her go,

Gallagher," is sometimes derived from steamboat insurance. When an owner said, "Let her rip, I'm insured!" he meant, "I don't care whether she bursts or not." But a more plausible etymology assumes it to be a humorous appropriation into common slang of the tombstone initials R. I. P. ("Requiescat in pace," "May he or she rest in peace"). This conjecture is strengthened by the fact that the Dutch have a phrase "Hij is rip" ("He is rip," or "gone"), which is usually derived from the same source.

Robinson. Before you can say Jack Robinson, a colloquial expression indicating great quickness and expedition. The Jack Robinson here alluded to is said to have been Sir Thomas Robinson, otherwise known as "Long Sir Thomas," and "Jack Robinson," secretary to George II. Pitt and Fox gave him the last name on account of his servility towards the king. In an anecdote left in manuscript by Lord Eldon the following occurs:

"During the debates on the India Bill, Sheridan, on one evening when Fox's majorities were decreasing, said, 'Mr. Speaker, this is not at all to be wondered at, when a member is employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes.' Upon this there was a great outcry made by almost everybody in the House. 'Who is it? Name him! Name him!' 'Sir,' said Sheridan to the Speaker, 'I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and invidious thing to do so, and therefore I shall not name him. But don't suppose, sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming him: I could do that, sir, as soon as you could say Jack Robinson.'"

But was this the origin of the proverb, or a punning allusion to it? Grose says the expression originated from a very volatile gentleman named Jack Robinson, who would call on his neighbors and be gone before his name could be announced. But he gives neither date nor authority. The following lines "from an old play" are given by Halliwell as the original phrase:

A warke it ys as easie to be doone
As tys to saye, Jacke! robys on.

But what was the old play? After all, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, it may be assumed that as Jack is the most common of proper names, and Robinson one of the famous quartette of Brown, Jones, Smith, and Robinson, the combination is merely hit upon as an instance of something especially familiar and therefore easy.

Rodomontade,—*i.e.*, resounding, boastful talk. The word is derived from Rodomont, a hero in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," as well as in Boiardo's "Orlando Innamorato." He is represented as an untamed, fierce, and brave warrior-king of Algiers. The name of this prodigy might be paraphrased to mean a roller of mountains, a veritable earth-shaker. His name is used ironically in this extract:

He vaped; but, being pretty sharply admonished, he quickly became mild and calm,—a posture ill becoming such a Rodomont.—SIR T. HERBERT.

Roe and Doe. Richard Roe and John Doe, in the terminology of the law, are the names of fictitious parties, used originally in actions in ejectment in England, and then in this country. An action in ejectment is one to obtain possession of land; originally a plaintiff who claimed title had to proceed in a real action, a complicated and costly proceeding, while ejectment was available only for a lessee. Chief-Justice Rolle, in the time of Edward III., devised the "fiction" by which a person claiming title could proceed under an action in ejectment. The plaintiff set up a lease to John Doe, and an ejectment of John Doe by Richard Roe, under whom the defendant held. The defendant was allowed to defend his title only on condition that he admitted the existence of the fictitious lease and ouster: so the action came in as one

in ejectment. That explains the existence, but not the names ; they probably just came to the chief justice as handy and suitable. Sometimes John Doe was called "Goodtitle" and Richard Roe "Troublesome." The Romans had fictitious parties, too, whom they called Titius and Seius.

Rogues. When rogues fall out, honest men get their own. In a case before Sir Matthew Hale, the two litigants unwittingly let out that at a former period they had in conjunction leased a ferry, to the injury of the proprietor, on which Sir Matthew made the above remark.

Roland for an Oliver. Roland and Oliver were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers, and their exploits are so similar that it is very difficult to choose between them. What Roland did Oliver did, and what Oliver did Roland did. At length the two met in single combat, and fought for five consecutive days on an island in the Rhine, but neither gained the least advantage (see in "*La Légende des Siècles*," by Victor Hugo, the poem entitled "*Le Mariage de Roland*"), and to cap the climax, in the end at the battle of Roncesvalles, that they might continue similar even in death, Roland was accidentally but fatally wounded by his friend Oliver, who had himself received a death-blow, and was blinded by his own blood. (PULCI.) Altogether, their doings "are recorded so ridiculously and extravagantly by the old romancers that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors of giving one 'a Roland for an Oliver,' to signify the matching of one incredible lie with another." (WAR-BURTON.)

The etymologies connecting the proverb with Charles II., General Monk, and Oliver Cromwell are wholly unworthy of credit, for even Shakespeare alludes to it: "England all Olivers and Rolands bred" (*Henry IV., Part I., Act i., Sc. 2*), and Edward Hall, the historian, a century before Shakespeare, writes,—

But to have a Roland to resist an Oliver, he sent solempne ambassadors to the kyng of Englande [Henry VI], offeryng hym hys doughter in mariage.

Rolling stone gathers no moss. This proverb appears common to so many Aryan peoples that we are led to the supposition that it had its origin in remote antiquity, ere the race was split up into so many distinct nationalities. Kelly quotes it in his "*Proverbs of All Nations*" as an exact rendering of the Greek *Λίθος κυλινδομένος τὸ φῦκος οὐ ποιεῖ*. In Latin it appears in two forms. One of these, "*Saxum volutum non obducitur musco*," is included in the "*Sententiæ*" of Publius Syrus (No. 524), published by Erasmus, and therefore is at least nineteen centuries old. The other form is rhymed,—

Non fit hirsutus hinc atque inde volutus,—

and would indicate a later, probably a mediæval, origin. Some have fancifully associated the stone with the stone of Sisyphus. John G. Saxe, in one of his humorous effusions, has,—

Like Sisyphus, condemned to toss
The 'Rolling Stone' that gathers no moss.

The suggestion is in this case, however, merely a bit of gentle waggyery.

The Germans have the proverb under the form "*Walzender Stein wird nicht moosig*."

The Dutch have it, "*Een rollende steen neemt geen mos mede*."

The Danes, "*Den steen der ofte flyttes bliver ikke mossgroet*."

The French, "*Pierre qui roule n'amasse point de mousse*."

The Italians, "*Pietra mossa non fa muschio*."

The Spaniards, "Piedra movediza nunca moho la cubija."

The Portuguese, "Pedra movediça nao cria bolor."

The Arabians, "The cat that is always mewing catches no mice," which is very similar to the American "The still hog gets the swill."

In England we find record of it from the first dawn of her literature. In "Piers Plowman's Vision" (1326) it occurs under the form "Selden moseth the marble-stone that men often treden." We find it also in Heywood's "Proverbs" (1546), in an article on "Proverbs in Court and Country" (1618), in Camden's "Remains," in Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," in Gosson's "Ephemerides of Phialo," in Marston's "The Fawn," and so on down to our own day.

Quintilian is quoted as the father of the kindred Latin proverb, "Planta quæ sæpius transfertur non coalescit" ("A plant often removed cannot thrive"). From this the Italians have "Albero spesso trapiantato mai di frutti è caricato" ("A tree often transplanted is never loaded with fruit").

The symbolical appropriateness of the proverb, not less than its often-illustrated essential truth, has made it one of the dozen most widely spread saws in the world.

Roman hand. When a writer's identity is betrayed by his style, it is sometimes said that one can recognize the fine Roman hand. The original reference, however, was not to style, but to penmanship. Thus, in "Twelfth Night," Act iii., Sc. 4, "It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand." In Shakespeare's time the Roman or Italian hand was superseding the old English way of writing.

"A lady of title, who died at an advanced age nearly twenty years ago, wrote this delicate Italian hand. Each letter was well rounded in its 'pot-hooks,' with no angularities, and was so clearly formed that Lord Palmerston himself could not have found fault with it. The letters were all kept to the same height and in perfectly straight lines, and advancing years betrayed no falling off in the copperplate beauty of the penmanship. I showed a letter of this lady's to a friend who was skilled in calligraphy, and he said that this style was known as 'the Italian engrossing hand.'" (CUTHBERT BEDE, in *Notes and Queries*, fifth series, xi. 438, May 31, 1879.)

Rome. When in Rome, do as the Romans do. This proverb arose in the following manner. St. Augustine was in the habit of dining on Saturday as on Sunday; but, being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing (for they had begun to fast at Rome on Saturday), he consulted St. Ambrose on the subject. Now, at Milan they did not fast on Saturday; and the answer of the Milan saint was, "When I am here I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome I do fast on Saturday" ("Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato; quando Romæ sum, jejuno Sabbato"). (ST. AUGUSTINE, *Ep. XXXVI, To Casulanus*.)

In Jeremy Taylor's "Ductor Dubitantium," 3d ed., p. 25, we find the following paragraph on a case of conscience: "He that fasted on Saturday in *Ionia* or *Smyrna* was a schismatick; and so was he that did *not* fast at *Milan* or *Rome* upon the same day, both upon the same reason:

Cum fueris Romæ, Romano vivito more,
Cum fueris alibi, vivito sicut ibi:

because he was to conform to the custom of *Smyrna* as well as that of *Milan*, in the respective dioceses."

Rome, All roads lead to, an Italian proverb, meaning that there are many ways of accomplishing an end. It was, however, in ancient days not so much a proverb as a literal truth. As the city of Rome gradually ex-

tended her conquests over the Italian peninsula, each new city added to her growing empire was connected with the capital by a magnificent military road, and Rome ultimately became the centre of the finest road system the world has ever seen. Many of these roads have endured and are in excellent condition to this day.

Rome, We need no Romulus to account for,—i.e., we need no hypothetical person to account for a plain fact. The etymologies of the word Rome form a case in point. All of them which derive it from Rhea Sylvia, otherwise *Roma*, the mother of Romulus and Remus, or from *Romulus*, himself its mythical founder, or from *ruma* (a "dug"), in allusion to the fable of the wolf suckling the outcast children, are wholly worthless. Niebuhr derives it from the Greek word *rhoma* ("strength"), a suggestion confirmed by its older mysterious name *Valentia*, from the Latin *valens* ("strong"). (See NAMELESS CITY.)

Roorbach. In American slang, a canard, a falsehood disseminated through the newspapers. The word originated in 1844, during the Presidential campaign which resulted in Polk's election. In September of that year the Ithaca (New York) *Chronicle*, a Whig newspaper, received and published what purported to be an extract from Baron Roorbach's "Tour through the Western and Southern States in 1836," containing a description of a camp of slave-drivers on Duck River in Tennessee, and a statement that forty-three of the unfortunate slaves "had been purchased of the Hon. J. K. Polk, the present Speaker of the House of Representatives, the mark of the branding-iron, with the initials of his name, on their shoulders, distinguishing them from the rest." The pretended extract was copied by the Whig press throughout the country, and occasioned great excitement. Uncontradicted, it might have defeated Polk. Within a few days, however, the Democrats discovered that the description of the camp had been taken from G. W. Featherstonhaugh's "Tour" (1834), that the statement respecting Polk had been interpolated, and that no such traveller as Baron Roorbach ever existed.

The author of the hoax is said to have been a newspaper writer named William Linn.

Rooster, a very unwelcome American addition to the English language as a substitute for "cock," the male of the domestic hen. It may be a reminiscence of the provincial English "roost-cock :"

Gallus, that greatest roost-cock in the rout.

The Mouse-Trap (1606).

Richard Grant White very justly objects, "A rooster is any animal that roosts. Almost all birds are roosters, the hens, of course, as well as the cocks. What sense or delicacy, then, is there in calling the cock of the domestic fowl a rooster, as many people do? The cock is no more a rooster than the hen; and domestic fowls are no more roosters than canary-birds or peacocks. Out of this nonsense, however, people must be laughed rather than reasoned."

In American politics, the "campaign rooster" is the well-known animal which, through wood-cut illustration in a newspaper, announces the success of its party at the polls. It is said to have originated in the campaign of 1841. One of the Democratic managers wrote a letter to stir up the politicians to renewed activity. Among other things, he advised, "Tell Chapman to crow." Chapman was an Indiana editor known to be enthusiastic in his anticipations of victory. The letter fell into the hands of the Whigs, who printed it, and derisively used the phrase "Tell Chapman to crow" during the entire campaign. Next year, however, the Democrats made some signal gains in

Massachusetts, and Charles G. Greene, of the *Boston Post*, turned the laugh upon the Whigs by getting out a cartoon of an immense rooster crowing with delight over the Democratic victories.

Rose. When did the rose become the emblem of England? Probably with the consummation of the Wars of the Roses. They were fought in the fifteenth century between the houses of York and Lancaster. The former house wore as its badge the white rose (rose argent), the latter the red rose (rose gules). In battle every soldier had his emblem in his cap. It is not quite certain when these badges were adopted, whether in the early days of the war or previously, but there is a gracious tradition that when the war at last ceased through the union of the two houses by the marriage of Henry VII. of Lancaster to Elizabeth of York, a rose-bush in a certain monastery in Wiltshire, which during the troubles of the land had, to the amazement of all beholders, borne at once roses red and roses white, now bloomed forth with petals of mingled red and white. People came from far and wide to see the wonder, and heralded it as a joyful omen of peace and prosperity. To this day the parti-colored flower produced by artificial cross-breeding is called the York and Lancaster rose.

The rose came to the English freighted with a wealth of legendary glory. It has long been looked upon as the king of flowers. It was the Syrian emblem of immortality, and perhaps some cognate idea makes the Chinese plant it over graves, as the Greeks and Romans carved it on their tombs. In ancient Egypt it was the token of silence, and it preserved this significance in classic mythology, where Eros was represented offering a rose to the god of Silence. Love delights in secrecy; stratagem, too, loves secrecy. So we naturally find the rose appearing on Roman shields. In connection with the cross it was the device of Luther and the symbol of the Rosicrucians (*Rosea Cruz*).

The Greeks held that the rose derived its color from the blood of Venus when she trod on a thorn of the white rose while going to the assistance of the dying Adonis. The Turks say that it is colored with the blood of Mohammed, and they will never suffer it to lie on the ground. Christian legend ascribes its origin to a holy maiden of Bethlehem, who, being unjustly condemned to death by fire, prayed to our Lord, whereupon the fire was suddenly quenched and "the burning brands became red roseres, and the brands that were not kindled became white roseres and full of roses, and these were the first roseres and roses both white and red that ever any man sought." Henceforth the rose became the flower of martyrs. It was a basketful of roses that the martyr St. Dorothea sent to the notary Theophilus from the Garden of Paradise, and roses, says the romance, sprang up all over the field of Roncesvalles, where Roland and his peers had stained the soil with their blood.

Rose. I am not the rose, but I have lived near her (Fr., "Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu près d'elle"), a French proverb, indicating that the supposed speaker borrows glory or distinction from his association with some greater person, or that such association, in the words of Steele, "is a liberal education." The following extract gives the origin of the phrase and indicates its use: "Saadi, the Persian poet, shows in a charming apologue the happy influence of the society of men of worth. 'I was taking a walk,' he says; 'I saw at my feet a half-dead leaf which exhaled a grateful fragrance. I picked it up and smelled it delightedly. "You that exhale so sweet an odor," said I, "are you the rose?" "No," was the reply, "I am not the rose, but I have lived some time with her, hence comes the sweetness I possess."'" (C. H. SCHNEIDER: *Ecrits Littéraires*.)

Rose, Under the. An unavailing effort has been made to trace the expression "sub rosa," or "under the rose," to classical times. It is said that Pausanias bargained to betray his country to Xerxes in a temple of Minerva, called the Brazen House, the roof of which was a garden forming a bower of roses. But the story is apocryphal. There is also a legend that Cupid bribed Harpocrates with a rose to conceal the amours of his mother Venus. Harpocrates was the god of Silence, represented with his finger on his lips. Hence it was the custom to sculpture roses on the ceiling of banquet-rooms, in proof whereof the following lines are adduced. They are said to have been carved on marble :

Est Rosa flos Veneris, quem quo sua furta laterent
Harpocrati, Matris dona, dicavit Amor ;
Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis
Convivæ ut sub ea dicta tacenda sciant.

("The rose is the flower of Venus. In order that her stolen pleasures might be concealed, Cupid dedicated to Harpocrates this gift of his mother ; hence the host hangs a rose over his friendly table, that the guests may know that what is said under it must be kept silent.")

But, unfortunately, the legend, the sculptured roses, and the verses themselves are all comparatively modern inventions. The real origin of the phrase is probably Teutonic, and dates back to an unknown antiquity. The rose was the flower of Freya, the Northern Venus. It was sculptured on the ceilings. When wine had loosed the lips and light speech followed, the symbol would remind the revellers that their words were spoken "under the rose," under Freya's protection, and must be held sacred. An ancient German proverb ran, "Was wir kosen, bleibt unter den Rosen." The expression and the custom spread rapidly over Europe. As early as 1546, in a letter from Dymocke to Vaughan, are these words : "And the sayde questyons were asked with lysence, and that yt shoulde remayn under the rosse, that is to say, to remain under the bourde and ne more to be rehersyd." The fact that Dymocke had to explain his allusion seems to intimate that it was not in general use at the time. In 1587, however, we find, from Newton's "Herball to the Bible," that it was a common country custom to hang roses over festive boards as a reminder to secrecy. In the Latin countries roses were often hung over confessionals in the early part of the sixteenth century. By the seventeenth century it had become a common custom in England and Holland, as it had already been in Germany, to paint or sculpture roses on the ceilings of banqueting-halls.

Rose-buds. Gather ye rose-buds while ye may, a well-known line of Herrick's :

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.
To the Virgins to make much of Time.

But the doctrine that advises man or maid to live for the present and not for the future, the metaphor which makes the rose the emblem of the fast-fleeting spring of life, as it is the sign and symbol of the soon-fading youth of the solar year, were familiar to remotest antiquity. The author of the "Wisdom of Solomon," ii. 8, gives as an example of the reasoning of the ungodly, "Come on, let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered." Ausonius, in one of his Idyls, following Mimnermus,—and who can say how many more?—bids the virgin gather roses whilst the flower is new and her age new also, mindful that life, like the flower, quickly passes away. Spenser, following an Italian leader, introduces in his description of Acrasia's "Bower of Bliss" this portion of song :

Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,
 For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre ;
 Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
 Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.

The Faerie Queene, Book ii., Canto xii., Stanza 75.

Ronsard's "Lines to his Mistress" embody the same thought. Here is the last stanza, in Thackeray's translation :

Ah ! dreary thoughts and dreams are those,
 But wherefore yield me to despair,
 While yet the poet's bosom glows,
 While yet the dame is peerless fair ?
 Sweet lady mine ! while yet 'tis time,
 Requite my passion and my truth,
 And gather in their blushing prime
 The roses of your youth !

Roses, Scent of the. The following is one of Moore's best-known couplets :

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

The idea was probably taken from Horace, who appears to be speaking of the odor of wine which is retained by an earthen vessel into which that liquid has been poured, when he says,—

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
 Testa diu.

("The vase will long the scent retain
 It chanced, when newly made, to gain.")

St. Jerome (*Epistola ad Latam*) uses almost the same words to illustrate the importance of the kind of instruction given to a young girl.

Rosy-bosomed Hours. This epithet was first used in English verse by Milton :

Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
 The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours
 Thither all their bounties bring.

Comus, v. 984.

Gray has borrowed the epithet :

Lo, where the rosy-bosomed Hours,
 Fair Venus' train, appear !

Ode to Spring.

And in the above two lines he has had in mind another Miltonic passage :

While universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
 Led on the eternal Spring.

Paradise Lost, Book iv., l. 267.

Thomson, too, has copied from the same source :

Sudden to heaven
 Thence weary vision turns, where, leading soft
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray
 Plainly sweet Venus shines.

Summer, v. 169a.

Row. Hard (or Long) row to hoe, a familiar Americanism, a metaphor drawn from the cultivation of corn and potatoes, and signifying anything that is difficult of attainment or execution.

We give the critters back, John,
 Cos Abram thought 'twas right.
 It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
 Provokin' us to fight.

Old Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
We've a hard row," sez he,
"To hoe jest now; but thet, somehow,
May happen to J. B.
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

LOWELL: *Jonathan to John.*

I know that burglars claim they are pretty poorly paid, because their work keeps them up nights so much, but newspaper men have to work nights also, and unless they can rob a prosperous burglar once in a while they have a hard row to hoe.—BILL NYK.

Royalist. "I am a royalist by trade," a famous *mot* attributed to Joseph II., Emperor of Germany. He was visiting his brother-in-law Louis XVI. in Paris, travelling, as was his wont, under the incognito of Count Falkenstein. At an evening party Jefferson, the American minister, was playing chess with the old duchess. "How happens it, M. le Comte," asked the latter, "that while we all feel so great an interest in the cause of the Americans, you say nothing for them?" "C'est mon métier d'être royaliste," was the reply,— "most unexpected from a philosophe," is Carlyle's comment. Joseph, it is well known, had advised against any French assistance to the colonies. But a very similar sentiment had some years previously been uttered by Frederick the Great to Dr. Franklin, when the latter sought his aid in establishing freedom in America. "Born a prince, and become a king, I shall not employ my power to ruin my own trade," was Frederick's reply. Did Victor Emmanuel remember these famous sayings when, on being asked how he could attend to affairs of state after the death of his mother and his brother in the same year (1855), he replied, "I am a king; that is my trade"? Heine's audacious and yet strangely reverent *mot* on his death-bed springs to mind at once: "Dieu me pardonnera. C'est son métier" ("God will pardon me. It is his trade").

Rubicon, To pass the, to enter upon a course from which retreat is impossible, synonymous with "The die is cast," and these words in fact were used by Cæsar when the first of his men were crossing the Rubicon, a little stream which divided Cisalpine Gaul from Italy proper. By an old law, no general of Rome was permitted to cross this stream with his men under arms. Accordingly, when Cæsar returned out of Gaul with his legions upon hearing that the Senate had resolved to appoint another general to supersede him in the command before his term had expired, he made a halt at its bank-side. If he crossed he would be coming into Italy as an invader, a public enemy. "If we cross that little bridge," said he, "there will be nothing left for it but to fight it out with the Senate." While he was thus hesitating, a person remarkable for his noble mien and graceful aspect appeared close at hand, playing upon a pipe. When not only the shepherds, but a number of soldiers also, some trumpeters among them, flocked from their posts to listen to him, he suddenly seized a trumpet from one of them, ran to the river with it, and, sounding the advance with a piercing blast, crossed to the other side. "Let us go whither the omens of the gods and the iniquity of our enemies call us," exclaimed Cæsar. "Jacta alea est" ("The die is cast"). (SUGTONIUS: *Life*.)

Rump and dozen, a favorite form of wager in the early part of the nineteenth century. It is usually held to mean a rump of beef cooked as steaks and a dozen bottles of wine, providing entertainment for the bettor, the bettee, and, say, two friends. But some hold that the dozen is a dozen of oysters in sauce, citing in corroboration from "Tom and Jerry," chapter iii., "Jerry was weighed in order to decide a bet between him and Logic for a rump-steak and a dozen of oysters." In 1811 the English Court of Common Pleas decided that an action might be maintained upon such a wager (*Hussey vs.*

Crickett, 3 Campbell's Reports, p. 168) ; but Mansfield, C. J., said, "I do not judicially know the meaning of a rump and dozen," and complained of the uncertainty on this subject. His associate, Heath, J., on the contrary, asserted, "We know very well privately that a 'rump and dozen' is what the witnesses stated,—viz., a good dinner and wine, in which I can discover no illegality."

Russia is a despotism tempered by assassination, an anonymous *mot* made apropos of the murder of the Emperor Paul in 1801, evidently based upon the epigram made during the *ancien régime*, "France is an absolute monarchy tempered by songs." In some versions "epigrams" takes the place of "songs." (See BALLADS.) Napoleon was the author of two famous sayings about Russia: "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," and "In the present state of things all Europe must in ten years become either Cossack or republican." The latter phrase is reported by Las Cases as occurring in a conversation between him and Napoleon at St. Helena under date of April 8, 1816. It is commonly misquoted "In fifty years."

S.

S, the nineteenth letter and fifteenth consonant of the English alphabet, and the twenty-first letter (or last but one) of the Phœnician alphabet, from which the English is ultimately derived. Its name in Phœnician and Hebrew signified "tooth," and the original hieroglyphic symbol represented three teeth. The Phœnician character borrowed therefrom looks much like our w. This character was set up on end by the Greeks, and ultimately developed into the Σ. There is an old saying that Xenophon needed a pot-hook in the retreat of the ten thousand, and made it from the letter sigma. This may be merely a bit of rudimentary humor, or may be a tribute to the military and literary character of the great general, fertile in expedients, and making letters subservient to war.

Sailor King, a popular *sobriquet* of William IV., King of Great Britain, who entered the royal navy in 1779, when fourteen years of age. He rose gradually by regular promotion from the rank of midshipman to that of captain. In 1801 he was made an admiral, and on retiring from active service in 1827 was made lord high admiral of England.

Salt, Spilling. Salt, the incorruptible and the preserver from corruption, the holy substance that was used in sacrifice, was from the earliest times sacred to the Penates, or household gods. To spill it carelessly was to invite their indignation, and to throw it over the left shoulder—the shoulder of evil omen, that is—of the person spilling it, was to call away from the guest towards whom the salt was spilled and turn upon the spiller the wrath of these deities. The spilling of the salt by Judas in Leonardo's picture of the Last Supper has quite another significance, in all probability, and was intended by that great artist simply to symbolize the treason of Judas, plotted and perfected under the cover of social intimacy and affection. But, indeed, it is stated on very good authority that in the fresco itself there is no salt-cellar overturned, nor is there any trace of its having been blurred or obliterated. It was Raphael Morghen who in his engraving made an unwarranted interpolation.

"To eat a person's salt" means to partake of his hospitality.

In 1809 he was sent to Hastings, that he might there busy himself in the discipline, the instruction, and all the minute details of a brigade of infantry. He discharged all the duties incident to his position with the most scrupulous exactitude. One of his friends,

astonished at so much self-denial, asked how he, who had commanded armies of two hundred thousand men in the field and repeatedly received the thanks of Parliament, could put up with the command of a brigade. "The real fact is," replied Sir Arthur, "that I am *nim-muk-wallah*, as we say in the East,—that I have eaten the king's salt. On that account I believe it to be my duty to serve without hesitation, zealously and actively, wherever the king and his government may find it convenient to employ me."—GLEIG: *Life of Wellington*, p. 702.

Salt River, geographically, is a tributary of the Ohio, and its course is in Kentucky. The slang political phrase "rowed up Salt River," to express the condition of a defeated candidate for office, is thus explained by Bayard Taylor: "Formerly there were extensive salt-works on the river, a short distance from its mouth. The laborers employed in them were a set of athletic, belligerent fellows, who soon became noted far and wide for their achievements in the pugilistic line. Hence it became a common thing for the boatmen on the Ohio, when one of their number became refractory, to say to him, 'We'll row you up Salt River,' when, of course, the burly saltmen would have the handling of him. By a natural figure of speech the expression was applied to political candidates; first, I believe, in the Presidential campaign of 1840." But a better explanation seems to be that in the early days the river, being crooked and difficult of navigation, was a favorite stronghold for river pirates, who preyed on the commerce of the Ohio and rowed their plunder up Salt River. Hence it came to be said of anything that was irrevocably lost, "It's rowed up Salt River." A third derivation makes the phrase originate in 1832, when Henry Clay, as candidate for the Presidency, had an engagement to speak in Louisville, Kentucky, and employed a boatman to row him up the Ohio. The boatman, who was a Jackson Democrat, pretended to miss his way, and rowed Clay up Salt River instead, so that he did not reach his destination until the day after the election, just in time to hear of his defeat.

Salute of one hundred and one guns. Opinions differ as to the origin of firing this number of guns on great occasions. Some hold that it can be deduced from the German custom of adding one on almost every occasion, which has descended into trade and the ordinary affairs of life. Others hold to the following historical origin. On the triumphant return of Maximilian to Germany after a successful campaign, a brilliant reception was offered to the monarch by the town of Augsburg, and a hundred rounds of cannon were ordered to be discharged on the occasion. The officer in service, fearing lest he had neglected the exact number, caused an extra round to be added. The town of Nuremberg, which Maximilian next visited, desirous to prove itself equally loyal, also ordered a like salute; whence, it is held, proceeds the custom that has descended to our day.

Same, Another and the. This phrase occurs originally in one of Horace's odes:

Alme sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis et celas, aliusque et idem
Nasceris.

Bishop Hall, probably with Horace in mind, entitled his romance "Mundus alter et idem." Then came Darwin with this passage in his "Botanic Garden:—"

Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form;
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same.

Lastly, Wordsworth in "The Excursion" made the phrase a household word:

By happy chance we saw
A twofold image: on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same.

Sancta simplicitas ("Holy simplicity"), a phrase first applied by Rufinus (one of the earlier Latin writers, who translated and continued the "Ecclesiastical History" of Eusebius) to the victory of a simple confessor of the faith over the great and hitherto invincible philosopher Eusebius, who had allied himself with the Arians.

The expression was an implied contrast of the wonderful power of simple and honest conviction to the mighty, but specious, reasoning of a learned metaphysician. Arius had besought Eusebius to help adjust the difficulty that had arisen between him and his bishop, Alexander. Eusebius responded to the appeal by writing two letters, in which he affirmed that Arius had been misrepresented; and in this manner he became concerned in the great controversy, although "he was not, doctrinally, an Arian."

Rufinus's exclamation, "*Sancta simplicitas*," was afterwards used by the dying reformer, Huss, as he watched a little child bringing up a log of wood in ignorant imitation of the servants of the Council, who were heaping fagots about the stake to which he was bound. Robertson gives a slightly different version of the incident: "It is said that, as he saw an old woman carry a fagot to the pile which was to burn him, he smiled, and said, 'Oh, holy simplicity!' meaning that her intention was good, although the poor old creature was ignorant and misled."

The application in this instance is not precisely that made by Rufinus, for in his allusion both the deed and the intent were commended. With Huss, the act was condemned, only the animating principle approved.

This is the usual acceptance of the meaning as used by modern writers. Thus, Matthew Browne, speaking of Currer Bell's notion of the Duke of Wellington, says, "*Sancta simplicitas! we cry.*" Mrs. Gaskell had quoted Charlotte as having represented the duke in the War Office, "putting on his hat at five minutes to four, telling the clerks they might go, and scattering 'largess' among them with a liberal hand, as he takes his leave for the day."

Sanctity, Odor of. To die in the odor of sanctity means to die in good repute. When the odor of sanctity is said to pervade a thing, it is meant to smell of—*i.e.*, appertain to—the Church. A sanctimonious living person of the type of Pecksniff carries the odor of sanctity about with him. To die in the odor of sanctity was originally used in a literal sense. The bodies of saintly dead were believed to be free in some manner from the corruption of sinful flesh, and to have a savory smell.

Shirley had this superstition in mind when he wrote,—

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,
Contention of Ajax and Ulysses:

and he also remembered Tate and Brady's metrical version of Psalm cxxii.:

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

Sand, a slang term for courage, backbone, or audacity. It is said to have been first used by Harvard students. Hence an origin implying some historical information is by no means unlikely. There is the story of Junot at the siege of Toulon. Napoleon, while constructing a battery, wanted some one to write a letter for him. Young Junot stepped forward to offer his services. Hardly had the letter been finished, when a cannon-ball, striking near the volunteer secretary, covered him with mud and dust.

"Good!" said Junot: "we shall not want sand this time."

Napoleon was so much pleased with this answer that he asked Junot what he could do for him.

"Give me promotion," was the answer: "I will deserve it."
And he was promoted, and soon showed that he deserved it.

Sands of time. Longfellow's lines in the "Psalm of Life,"

And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time,

may be a reminiscence of Napoleon's phrase in a letter on the Poor-Laws to the Minister of the Interior, in which he trusts "that we may leave some impress of our lives on the sands of time." Napoleon also said, "Better never to have been born than to live without glory," and "It would be better for a man never to have lived than not to leave behind him traces of his existence."

Sandwich, a slice of meat or other article of food between two pieces of bread. They are said to have been invented by the fourth Earl of Sandwich (hence their name), who was so much addicted to gambling that he would rarely quit play for dinner. It was after this nobleman that the Sandwich Islands were in 1778 named by Captain James Cook.

Sans-Culottes ("without breeches"), a name of contempt bestowed by the party of the aristocracy in the beginning of the French Revolution on the "rabble."

Sardonic smile, a bitter mocking smile or laugh. The expression is as old as Homer, by whom the epithet *σαρδόνιον* is applied to a bitter laugh (*Odyssey*, xx. 302). Its derivation is unsettled. An agreeable little story is told that the ancient Sardinians, like many other barbarous tribes, used to get rid of their relations in extreme old age by throwing them alive into deep pits, a delicate attention which the venerable ladies or gentlemen were expected to greet with expressions of delight. Hence a Sardinian laugh came to mean laughing on the wrong side of one's mouth. It might seem that our proverb "grin and bear it" could be referred to the same origin. But other learned authorities hold that *σαρδόνιον*, or sardon, was a plant of Sardinia, which being eaten by man contracted the muscles and excited laughter even to death. Unfortunately for both these theories, Homer's word is *σαρδόνιον*, not *σαρδόνιον*, and there is no evidence that Sardinia was known in the Homeric age. We are therefore compelled to fall back upon the less thrilling explanation that the term is connected with the verb *σαίρω*, to show the teeth, to grin like a dog.

Sarrite Queen, Dido, Queen of Tyre. Sarra is an ancient name of the city of Tyre. Compare Milton, "Paradise Lost," xi. 243:

Over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flowed,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce.

Satanic School, a name invented by Southey, and first used in the vituperative preface which accompanied the publication of his "Vision of Judgment:"

Immoral writers, men of diseased hearts and depraved imaginations, who, forming a system of opinions to suit their own unhappy course of conduct, have rebelled against the holiest ordinances of human society, and hating that revealed religion which, with all their efforts and bravadoes, they are unable to entirely disbelieve, labor to make others as miserable as themselves by infecting them with a moral virus which eats into the soul. The school which they have set up may be properly called the Satanic School; for though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in their loathsome images of atrocities and horrors, which they delight to represent, they are more

particularly characterized by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety which still betrays the wretched feelings of hopelessness wherewith it is allied.

Primarily Byron was levelled at, but British cant has included among the number of its members Rousseau, Shelley, and Moore, and such heterogeneous elements as Bulwer, Victor Hugo, George Sand, and (the company is much honor to him) Paul de Kock.

"Werther" and "Götz von Berlichingen" . . . have produced incalculable effects, which now indeed, however some departing echo of them may linger in the wrecks of our own Mosstroopers and Satanic Schools, do at length all happily lie behind us.—CARLYLE: *Essays: Goethe's Works*.

School-master is abroad, *The*, a phrase that originated with Lord Brougham. He used it first at the initial meeting of the London Mechanics' Institution in 1825. Dr. Burbeck was in the chair, and John Reynolds, a prosperous and highly-esteemed school-master of Chadwell Street, Clerkenwell, acted as secretary. In the course of some complimentary remarks, Mr. Brougham, who was not then a lord, said, "Look out, gentlemen, the school-master is abroad." He repeated the saying a year or two later when Parliament was opened by commission on January 29, 1828. Wellington had just succeeded Canning in the premiership. The opposition had denounced the choice as that of a mere "military chieftain." Brougham, the leader of the opposition, said, "Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington may take the army, he may take the navy, he may take the great seal, he may take the mitre. I make him a present of them all. Let him come on with his whole force, sword in hand, against the constitution, and the English people will not only beat him back, but laugh at his assaults. In other times the country may have heard with dismay that 'the soldier was abroad.' It is not so now. Let the soldier be abroad if he will: he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage abroad,—a personage less imposing; in the eyes of some, perhaps, insignificant. The school-master is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array." The phrase, which had fallen almost unnoticed before, was now caught up and repeated all over the land. Allusions to it will be found scattered thick through all contemporary literature. Hood was especially fond of turning it to humorous account. One of his best tales is entitled "The School-Mistress Abroad."

Brougham is thoroughly corroborated by an authority from the other side of the house. "It is well said," remarked Moltke in the German Reichstag, February 16, 1874, "that it is the school-master that wins our battles. The Prussian school-master won the battle of Sadowa." He referred probably to an article published in *Ausland*, No. 29, July 17, 1866, by Peschel, who wrote, shortly after the events, on the "Lesson of the Last Campaign," seeking to prove that "the victory of the Prussians over the Austrians was a victory of the Prussian over the Austrian school-master." A like remark was that of Lehnert, Under-Secretary of State in the Prussian Landtag, January 25, 1868: "It was admitted on all sides after Sadowa that not merely the needle-gun but the schools had won the battle."

Schooner. The first vessel of this rig is said to have been built in Gloucester, Massachusetts, about the year 1713. When she went off the stocks into the water a by-stander cried out, "Oh, how she scoons!" The builder instantly replied, "A schooner let her be;" and from that time vessels thus rigged have gone by that name. The word *scoon* is popularly used in some parts of New England to denote the act of making stones skip along the surface of the water. The Scottish *scon* means the same thing. The word appears to have been originally written sooner.

Scot-free. *Scot*, or *shot*, means the reckoning or bill; therefore scot-free

means free of all charge: compare the expression "to pay one's shot." The word comes from Anglo-Saxon *scotlan*, to throw down in payment; Old French *escot*, payment of one's own share of a common expense; Italian *scotto*, the reckoning at an inn; Icelandic *skot*, a contribution; Low German *schieten*, to cash, *schott*, contribution; compare Gaelic *sgot*, part or share.

The expression "to pay scot and lot" also throws some light on the word, meaning to pay shares in proportion.

Scotch wit. "It requires," said Sydney Smith, "a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or rather that inferior variety of the electric talent which prevails occasionally in the North, and which, under the name of *wit*, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically. I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim in a sudden pause of the music, 'What you say, my lord, is very true of love in the *abstract*, but——' Here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost."

This famous phrase has always been a thorn in the Scotchman's side. After thinking over it for a quarter of a century, some representative of the race evolved the retort that it was an English joke which necessitated the operation, and the northern part of the island of Great Britain has not yet recovered from the convulsions into which it was immediately thrown. Before Sydney Smith, however, Horace Walpole had said, referring to the same race, "The whole race has hitherto been void of wit and humor, and even incapable of relishing it." (*Letter to Sir Horace Mann*, 1778.) Another estimate of the Scotch which has a history of its own is the following from Chapman, Jonson, and Marston's "Eastward Ho:":

Only a few industrious Scots, perhaps, who indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England when they are out on't, in the world, than they are. And for my own part I would a hundred thousand of them were there [Virginia]: for we are all one countrymen now, ye know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here.—Act iii., Sc. 2.

This is the passage that gave offence to James I. and caused the imprisonment of the authors. The leaves containing it were cancelled and reprinted, and it occurs in only a few of the original copies.

Scrape an acquaintance. An anecdote is told of the Emperor Hadrian, from which this phrase may be derived. As the emperor was entering a bath, he saw an old soldier scraping himself with a tile. Recognizing a former comrade, and pitying his condition that he had nothing better than a tile for a flesh-brush, he sent him a sum of money and some bathing-garments. Next day, as Hadrian entered the bath, he found it crowded with old soldiers scraping themselves with tiles. He understood the intent, and wittily evaded it, saying, "Scrape yourselves, gentlemen, but you will not scrape an acquaintance with me." Some authorities refer it to the custom of scraping the foot behind in bowing, which was always done in the formal days of Louis XIV.

Scrape, Getting into a. This phrase probably comes down to us from the days when England was still full of forests, and the deer running wild in the woods cut sharp gullies between the trees, called "deer-scrapes," which it was easier to fall into than to climb out of. Another suggested derivation takes the phrase from the driving of a ball at the game of golf into a rabbit-burrow or "scrape." The Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, M.A., in *Notes and Queries*, February 14, 1880, says that in 1803 a woman was killed by a stag in Powderham Park, Devon. "It was said that, when walking across the park, she

attempted to cross the stag's *scrape*," which he says is "a ring which stags make in the rutting season, and woe be to any who get within it." He confirms his story by a copy of the parish register, which records that "Frances Tucker (killed by a stag) was buried December 14, 1803."

Scratching, Scratcher. These more vigorous than euphonious names have been given in the American vernacular to a political act and its perpetrator, respectively. In many of the States all public officials are voted on a single ballot, in others they are grouped, judicial officers being voted on one ballot, State officers on another, and city and county officers on still another. If it happens, as it frequently does, that one or more of the candidates on the list is particularly distasteful to a voter individually or to large numbers of voters, he or they scratch—*i. e.*, erase—the obnoxious candidate's name from their ballot before voting it, and thus become scratchers. They may even resort to the use of the paster (see PASTERS), thereby doubling the effectiveness of the act by both deducting one vote from the candidate scratched and at the same time adding one to his opponent. Ballots which have been amended by scratching, pasting, or otherwise are called "split tickets," in contradistinction to the "straight" or "regular" ticket containing the names of the candidates as nominated by the party.

Scylla and Charybdis. The familiar phrase "To shun Charybdis and strike upon Scylla" is usually referred to the ancients, if not to Homer himself. But, though the allusion is to the Homeric fable of Scylla and Charybdis,—the one a rock, the other a whirlpool, in the Straits of Messina, Sicily, each with an eponymous monster who sought to lure sailors to their destruction,—the phrase itself occurs for the first time in literature in the "Alexandriad" of Philip Gaultier, a mediæval Latin poet. He is apostrophizing Darius when flying before Alexander :

Nescis, heu ! perditæ, nescis
Quem fugias : hostes incurris dum fugis hostem ;
Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.

("Thou knowest not, O lost one, whereto thou fliest ! Thou wilt run into an enemy while fleeing from an enemy. Thou wilt fall upon Scylla in seeking to shun Charybdis.")

Many other proverbs embody this idea of escaping from one danger to fall into another as great or greater : "Out of the frying-pan into the fire," "As good eat the devil as the broth he is boiled in" (both English), "To come out of the rain under the spout" (German), "Flying from the bull, I fell into the river," "To break the constable's head and take refuge with the sheriff" (both Spanish), etc. In the form "Between Scylla and Charybdis" the saw is identical in meaning with "Between the devil and the deep sea" (see DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA, BETWEEN THE).

Thus, when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother.—*Merchant of Venice*, Act iii., Sc. 5.

Se non è vero, è ben trovato ("If it is not true, it is a happy invention"), an Italian proverb of unknown origin, but evidently a common saying in the sixteenth century. It occurs in the Italian translation of "Don Quixote," but before that it is quoted in Pasquier's "Recherches" (1600).—"Si cela n'est vray, il est bien trouvé,"—with an acknowledgment of its Italian source.

See and be seen. Ovid, in his "Art of Love," i. 99, has the phrase "Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ" ("They come to see; they come that they themselves may be seen"). Chaucer Englishes Ovid thus :

And for to see and eke for to be seie.

The Wife of Bath's Prologue.

Both Ben Jonson in his "Epithalamion" and Goldsmith in his "Citizen of the World" have the modern phrase "To see and to be seen," which is now a commonplace.

Self-appreciation. "I am not," says Mr. Lowell, in his excellent essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners,"—"I am not, I think, specially thin-skinned as to other people's opinions of myself, having, as I conceive, later and fuller intelligence on that point than anybody else can give me. Life is continually weighing us in very sensitive scales, and telling every one of us precisely what his real weight is, to the last grain of dust. Whoever at fifty does not rate himself quite as low as most of his acquaintances would be likely to put him, must be either a fool or a great man; and I humbly disclaim being either."

But it was long before he was fifty that Lowell wrote this skit upon himself in the "Fable for Critics":

There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme.
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders.
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching.
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
At the head of a march to the last New Jerusalem.

This is as neat a bit of criticism on Lowell as could be expected in a *brochure* the aim of which was professedly humorous.

Another famous American author who has shown rare powers of self-criticism is Nathaniel Hawthorne. The preface to "Twice-Told Tales" is a wonderful production in this line, but is too well known to be quoted here. A sort of preface affixed to "Rappaccini's Daughter" when that weird story was originally published in the *Democratic Review* has been included in only a few editions of Hawthorne's works, and may therefore be new to many readers. "Rappaccini's Daughter," it was feigned, was a translation from a French writer named Aubépine (the French for "hawthorn"), and the pretended translator thus introduced his author to the American public:

THE WRITINGS OF AUBÉPINE.

We do not remember to have seen any translated specimens of the productions of M. de l'Aubépine,—a fact the less to be wondered at, as his very name is unknown to many of his own countrymen as well as to the student of foreign literature. As a writer he seems to occupy an unfortunate position between the Transcendentalists (who, under one name or another, have their share in all the current literature of the world) and the great body of pen-and-ink men who address the intellect and sympathies of the multitude. If not too refined, at all events too remote, too shadowy and unsubstantial in his modes of development to suit the tastes of the latter class, and yet too popular to satisfy the spiritual or metaphysical requisitions of the former, he must necessarily find himself without an audience, except here and there an individual, or possibly an isolated clique. His writings, to do them justice, are not altogether destitute of fancy and originality: they might have won him greater reputation but for an inveterate love of allegory, which is apt to invest his plots and characters with the aspect of scenery and people in the clouds, and to steal away the human warmth out of his conceptions. His fictions are sometimes historical, sometimes of the present day, and sometimes, so far as can be discovered, have little or no reference either to time or space. In any case he generally contents himself with a very slight embroidery of outward manners,—the faintest possible counterfeit of real life,—and endeavors to create an interest by some less obvious peculiarity of the subject. Occasionally a breath of nature, a rain-drop of pathos and tenderness, or a gleam of humor, will find its way into the midst of his fantastic imagery, and make us feel as if, after all, we were yet within the limits of our native earth. We will only add to this very cursory notice that M. de l'Aubépine's productions, if the reader chance to take them in precisely the proper point of view, may amuse a leisure hour as well as those of a brighter man; if otherwise, they can hardly fail to look excessively like nonsense.

Many years afterwards, in a letter to Mr. Fields, dated from the Liverpool

consulate, April 13, 1854, and concerning a new edition of the "Mosses from an Old Manse," Hawthorne says,—

When I wrote those dreamy sketches, I little thought that I should ever preface an edition for the press amidst the bustling life of a Liverpool consulate. Upon my honor, I am not quite sure that I entirely comprehend my own meaning in some of these blasted allegories; but I remember that I always had a meaning, or at least thought I had. I am a good deal changed since those times, and, to tell you the truth, my past self is not very much to my taste, as I see myself in this book. Yet certainly there is more in it than the public generally gave me credit for at the time it was written. But I don't think myself worthy of very much more credit than I got. It has been a very disagreeable task to read the book.

One curious misjudgment of Hawthorne's was in placing "The House of the Seven Gables" above "The Scarlet Letter." "Being better (which I insist it is) than 'The Scarlet Letter,' I have never expected it to be so popular." (*Letter to Fields*, May 23, 1851.) "The Marble Faun" he called "an audacious attempt to impose a tissue of absurdities upon the public by the mere art of style of narrative;" and in reference to the same book he says, "It is odd enough that my own individual taste is for quite another class of works than those which I myself am able to write. If I were to meet with such books as mine, by another writer, I don't believe I should be able to get through them."

There is a sturdy and splendid truthfulness in all Goethe's self-criticisms: the praise is as genuine and unembarrassed as if he were speaking of something entirely foreign. His "Conversations," as jotted down by Eckermann, are full of the most interesting and instructive criticisms on his own writings. Of "Götz von Berlichingen" he says, "I wrote it as a young man of two-and-twenty, and was astonished, ten years after, at the truth of my delineation. It is obvious that I had not experienced or seen anything of the kind, and therefore I must have acquired the knowledge of various human conditions by way of anticipation." "Werther," he told Eckermann, "is a creation which I, like the pelican, fed with the blood of my own heart. I have only read the book once since its appearance, and have taken good care not to read it again. It is a mass of Congreve rockets. I am uncomfortable when I look at it; and I dread lest I should once more experience the peculiar mental state from which it was evolved." To a young Englishman who had read with great delight both "Tasso" and "Egmont," but found "Faust" somewhat difficult, Goethe laughingly said, "I would not have advised you to undertake 'Faust.' It is mad stuff, and goes quite beyond all ordinary feeling. But since you have done it of your own accord, without asking my advice, you will see how you will get through. Faust is so strange an individual that only few can sympathize with his internal condition. Then the character of Mephistopheles is, on account of his irony, and because he is a living result of an extensive acquaintance with the world, also very difficult. But you will see what lights open upon you. 'Tasso,' on the other hand, lies far nearer the common feelings of mankind, and the elaboration of its form is favorable to an easy comprehension of it."

"Wilhelm Meister" Goethe thought was "one of the most uncalculable productions. I myself can scarcely be said to have the key to it. People seek a central point, and that is hard, and not even right. I should think a rich, manifold life, brought close to our eyes, would be enough in itself, without any express tendency, which, after all, is only for the intellect. But if anything of the sort is insisted upon, it will be found perhaps in the words which Frederic, at the end, addresses to the hero, when he says, 'Thou seemest to me like Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and found a kingdom.' Keep only to this, for in fact the whole work seems to say nothing more than that man, despite all his follies and errors, being led by a higher hand, reaches some happy goal at last."

Many of the poet's contemporaries were wont to speak of Tieck as a rival in intellect. Here is the way in which Goethe disposes of this comparison: "Tieck is a talent of great importance, and no one can be more sensible than myself of his extraordinary merits; but when they raise him above himself and place him on a level with me they are in error. I can speak this out plainly: it matters nothing to me, for I did not make myself. I might just as well compare myself with Shakespeare, who likewise did not make himself, and who is nevertheless a being of a higher order, to whom I must look up with reverence."

Heine was another German who was gracious enough to acknowledge his inferiority to Shakespeare. "But with Byron," he insisted, "I feel like an equal." On the other hand, Wordsworth, it will be remembered, said that he could write like Shakespeare if he had a mind to,—which brought out one of Lamb's most famous retorts: "So, you see, it's the mind that's wanting."

There was a stubborn self-reliance in Wordsworth's nature which led him to face detraction with a calm conviction of its injustice.

In 1807 he wrote thus to Lady Beaumont: "Make yourself, my dear friend, as easy-hearted as myself with respect to these poems. Trouble not yourself with their present reception: of what moment is that, compared with what I trust is their destiny? To console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier, to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and seriously virtuous,—this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves." Again he says, "Be assured that the decision of these persons [*i.e.*, "the London wits and witlings"] has nothing to do with the question; they are altogether incompetent judges. My ears are stone-deaf to this idle buzz, and my flesh as insensible as iron to these petty stings; and after what I have said I am sure yours will be the same. I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence that my writings (and among them these little poems) will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, wherever found, and that they will in their degree be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."

Southey, with far less reason than Wordsworth, had an equally exalted opinion of his own powers, an equally confident expectation that posterity would rank him among the great poets of the world. "I shall be read by posterity," he asserted, "if I am not read now; read with Milton and Virgil and Dante when poets whose works are now selling by thousands are only known through a biographical dictionary." And again, "Die when I may, my monument is made. Senhora, that I shall one day have a monument in St. Paul's is more certain than I should choose to say to every one; but it was a strange feeling which I had when I was last in St. Paul's and thought so. How think you I shall look in marble?" And still again, "One overwhelming principle has formed my destiny and marred all prospects of rank and wealth; but it has made me happy, and it will make me immortal."

Poor Southey! The monument in St. Paul's he has indeed obtained, and he looks well in marble. But his books are fast fading out of the minds even of reading men.

Perhaps Porson was right. When Southey was once speaking of himself in this same strain of self-laudation, Porson said, "I will tell you, sir, what I think of your poetical works: they will be read when Shakespeare's and Milton's are forgotten,"—adding, after a pause, "*but not till then.*"

Landor was content to leave his works to the judgment of posterity, and was sure that that judgment would be favorable. "I shall dine late," he says, "but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select."

Milton, from early youth, was confident that he could produce something which "the world would not willingly let die." In the touching sonnet on the loss of his eyes he rejoices that he

Lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

Shakespeare writes in one of his sonnets,—

Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this lofty rhyme,—

which seems to be a reminiscence of Horace's splendid piece of braggadocio,—

I have built a monument,
A monument more lasting than bronze,
Soaring more high than regal pyramids,
Which neither the roaring rain-drops
Nor the vain rush of Boreas shall destroy.

Many of the classic authors, indeed, had an excellent opinion of themselves. Ovid says,—

And when I am dead and gone,
My corpse laid under a stone,
My fame shall yet survive,
And I shall be alive;
In these my works forever
My glory shall persevere.

Cicero justified his own egregious vanity by saying that "there was never yet a true poet or orator that thought any one better than himself." There is no more famous piece of egotism than his "O fortunatam natam me consule Romam," which expresses metrically what he constantly reiterated in prose. Xenophon, speaking of himself in the third person in his "Anabasis," says that he was "as eminent among the Greeks for eloquence as Alexander was for arms."

Classical scholars seem to have been infected with all the vanity of classical authors. Richard Bentley always wrote and acted as if he considered a great scholar the greatest of men. In his edition of Horace he describes the ideal critic, and evidently sits for the portrait himself. When some self-sufficient young person suggested to Richard Porson that they should write a book together, Porson replied, with magnificent scorn, "Put in it all I know and all you don't know, and it will be a great work." This recalls the anecdote of an earlier scholar, Salmasius, the great opponent of Milton. Conversing one day in the Royal Library with Maussac and Gaulmin, the latter said, "I think we three can match our heads against all there is learned in Europe." Salmasius quickly replied, "Add to all there is learned in Europe yourself and M. de Maussac, and I can match my single head against the whole of you." If in scholarship Samuel Parr was not the equal of the others, his vanity was quite as remarkable. "Shepherd," he once said to one of his friends, "the age of great scholars is past. I am the only one now remaining of that race of men."

And there is exquisite humor of the unconscious sort in Parr's reported saying, "The first Greek scholar is Porson; the third is Dr. Burney; modesty forbids me to mention who is the second."

Buffon did not allow modesty to forbid his mentioning that "of great geniuses of modern times there are but five,—Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and Buffon." Nor did William Cobbett let any false shame stand in the way of his telling the Bishop of Winchester, "I am your superior. I have ten times your talent, and a thousand times your industry and zeal."

Chateaubriand adopted what may be called the comparative method of self-

praise. With the complacent conceit characteristic of his countrymen, he contrived to make himself out superior to both Milton and Byron. "Milton," wrote he, "served Cromwell, I combated Napoleon; he attacked kings, I defended them; he hoped nothing from their pardon, I have not reckoned upon their gratitude. Now that in both our countries monarchy is declining to its end, Milton and I have no political questions to squabble about." Then, after pointing out certain coincidences in his career and that of Byron, he observes that the only difference in their lives was that Byron's had not been mixed up with such important events as his own.

The vanity of Victor Hugo, though always Olympian, perhaps never mounted to a sublimer height than in the reply he sent to M. Catulle Mendès on receiving from him the news of Gautier's death. It contained but half a dozen lines, yet found space to declare, "*Of the men of 1830, I alone am left. It is now my turn.*" The profound egotism of "*il ne reste plus que moi*" could not escape being vigorously lashed by Hugo's old comrades of the quill, dating back with him to 1830, and now so loftily ignored. "See, even in his epistles of condolence," they cried, "the omnipresent *moi* of Hugo must appear, to overshadow everything else!" One indignant writer declared the poet to be a mere walking personal pronoun. Another humorously pitied those still extant contemporaries of 1830 who, after having for forty years dedicated their songs and romances and dramas to Hugo, now learned from the self-same man which had greedily gulped their praises that they themselves did not exist, never did exist. One man of genius slyly wrote, "Some of us veterans will find ourselves embarrassed,—Michelet, G. Sand, Janin, Sandeau, *et un peu moi*. Is it possible that we died a long time ago, one after the other, without knowing it? Was it a delusion on our part to fancy ourselves existing, or was our existence only a bad dream?"

Self-conquest. The thirty-second verse of Proverbs, chapter xvi., runs as follows: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty: and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." The phrase has often been imitated. Thus, Howel in his "Letters:"

Alexander subdued the world, Cæsar his enemies, Hercules monsters, but he that overcomes himself is the true valiant captain.

Moore says,—

Let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame,—he who in virtue's arms,
A young warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of all.

Pope translates from Homer,—

And bear unmoved the wrongs of base mankind,
The last and hardest conquest of the mind.
Odyssey, Book xiii., l. 353.

Homer is usually reckoned to have been a contemporary of Solomon. Confucius, who lived five centuries later, has the following:

To have enough empire over one's self, in order to judge of others by comparison with ourselves, and to act towards them as we would wish that one should act towards us,—that is what we can call the doctrine of humanity. There is nothing beyond it.

This is an anticipation of the golden rule enunciated by Christ another five centuries later in the Sermon on the Mount:

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.—*Matthew* vii. 12.

Self-made man, a phrase of unknown parentage, meaning a person who has sprung from obscurity to eminence through his own efforts and with no

adventitious aid of birth or inherited wealth. "Everybody likes and respects self-made men," says Holmes in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." "It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.

Your self-made man, whittled into shape with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit, if that is all, than the regular engine-turned article, shaped by the most approved pattern and French-polished by society and travel. But as to saying that one is every way the equal of the other, that is another matter."

When John Bright was told that he ought to give Disraeli credit for being a self-made man, he replied, "And he worships his maker" The jest has also been attributed to Horace Greeley. It bears some analogy to Pope :

To observations which ourselves we make
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake.

Moral Essays, Ep. I., l. 11.

Henry Clews bragged in the presence of William H. Travers, a famous New York wit, that he was a self-made man. "Henry," was the retort, "when you were making yourself why didn't you put a little more hair on the top of your head?"

Sell for gold what gold can never buy. An apparent bull occurs in Johnson's

Turn from the glittering bribe your scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold can never buy.

Edgeworth quotes this with great glee in his "Essay on Irish Bulls." He thinks, and many agree with him in thinking, that if it could not be sold it could not be bought. But C. A. Ward, in the *Belgravia Magazine*, comes bravely to the poet-philosopher's rescue :

It is a quibble to insist that what you sell must be buyable *ipso facto*, though this is what is generally maintained. When you sell yourself, as the expression runs, for gold, it is intended to represent that in doing something disgraceful for a bribe you have parted with your honor. The briber did not want your honor, nor bid for it, but for your dirty co-operation. You sold your honor phraseologically, but he did not pay you for it (nothing could); therefore he did not buy it. Gold cannot buy it, and you can never buy it back. Your soul is bartered to smutty Pluto, and when the cash is gone you are without an equivalent; or if you hoard it you are but Midas, whose ears grow long as his wisdom shortens. Edgeworth says he is afraid that Johnson's distich is absurd, though the thought is of extraordinary fineness. This is far nearer to a bull than Johnson's line is, for a line cannot truly be absurd and fine at the same time. The same remark has been made by weak-kneed critics upon that noble inspiration in Ecclesiasticus, inculcating "buy the truth and sell it not." Edgeworth himself advances a witty exception, saying that "a patriot may sell his reputation, and the purchaser get nothing by it." Patriots have before now sold their country, and, in the world's phraseology, threw reputation with it. "Are you not ashamed of yourself in the remorse of having sold your country?" was said to one of these gentry about the time of the Union. "Not I," said he; "I only regret I have no more countries to sell." Patriotism Johnson defined to be "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Such patriotism is. But such a man, though he can sell his country, cannot sell his reputation nor his conscience. He parts with his reputation, but it is not bought; and as he does not possess a conscience, he cannot have sold what he did not possess.

Sensible men all of the same religion. One of Disraeli's cleverest epigrams occurs in the following scrap of conversation in "Endymion:" "As for that," said Waldershare, 'sensible men are all of the same religion.' 'And pray what is that?' inquired the prince. 'Sensible men never tell.' Now, this is not original. It is borrowed from the following anecdote, to be found in Burnet's "History of my Own Times" (vol. i. p. 175, Oxford edition of 1833), in a note by Speaker Onslow on the character of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who afterwards became first Earl of Shaftesbury: "A person came to make him a visit, whilst he was sitting one day with a lady of his family, who retired upon that to another part of the room with her work, and seemed not to attend to the conversation between the earl and the other person, which

turned soon into some dispute upon subjects of religion ; after a good deal of that sort of talk, the earl said, at last, 'People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters, but men of sense are really but of one religion.' Upon which says the lady of a sudden, 'Pray, my lord, what religion is that which men of sense agree in?' 'Madam,' says the earl immediately, 'men of sense never tell it.'

Seven Hills, City of the, Rome, which according to the legend was built upon seven knolls on and near the banks of the Tiber. Archæology has revealed the fact, however, that the oldest community upon this site was confined to a walled town on the Palatine Hill. Later the Capitoline was included, and not until Servius Tullius, who built new and more extended walls, were the five more outlying elevations included. By building and levelling, carried on during three millenniums, most of the original topographical features have been obliterated.

Seven Senses. There is a common locution "frightened out of his seven senses," or "he has taken leave of his seven senses." At one time seven senses were attributed to man, instead of five. According to Ecclesiasticus (xvii. 5), they are seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling, smelling, understanding, and speech : "The Lord created man ; and they received the use of the five operations of the Lord, and in the sixth place he imparted (to) them understanding, and in the seventh speech, an interpreter of the cogitations thereof." The words "seven senses" also occur in the poem of Taliesin called "Y Bid Mawr" ("The Macrocosm"), of which a translation may be found in vol. xxi. p. 30 of the *British Magazine*. The writer of the paper in which it is quoted refers also to the "Mysterium Magnum" of Jacob Behmen, which teaches "how the soul of man, or his 'inward holy body,' was compounded of the seven properties under the influence of the seven planets :

I will adore my Father,
My God, my Supporter,
Who placed throughout my head
The soul of my reason,
And made for my perception
My seven faculties,
Of fire, and earth, and water, and air,
And mist, and flowers,
And the southerly wind,
As it were seven senses of reason
For my Father to impel me :
With the first I shall be animated,
With the second I shall touch,
With the third I shall cry out,
With the fourth I shall taste,
With the fifth I shall see,
With the sixth I shall hear,
With the seventh I shall smell."

Sexes. It was probably Lady Mary Wortley Montagu who first discovered the existence of a third sex. "The world," she said, "is made up of men and women and Herveys." This was rather unkind, as the head of the Herveys, Lord John Hervey, had incurred the hatred of Pope by espousing the cause of her ladyship, upon whom the bitter little poet had turned after a long friendship. Lord Hervey was an invalid, who took ass's milk for his health, rouged to hide his ghastly pallor, dressed elegantly, and wrote pamphlets whose style was marred by persistent antitheses. Pope in his "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" thus attacks him :

Let Sporus tremble.—What ? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk ?
Satire or sense, alas ! can Sporus feel ?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?

Pulteney in his "Proper Reply to a late Scurrilous Libel" calls the same gentleman "a pretty little master-miss," and "such a composition of the two sexes that it is difficult to distinguish which is predominant." The pamphlet occasioned a duel between Pulteney and Lord Hervey.

In America a current saying ran, "There are three sexes,—men, women, and Beechers," which is an obvious plagiarism. "Don't you know," urged Sydney Smith, "as the French say, there are three sexes,—men, women, and clergymen?"—a saying which is confirmed by Talleyrand. A friend complained to the ex-bishop of some very sharp words from Madame de Genlis. "There are two sorts of people," returned Talleyrand, "from whom you can take an insult without being angry,—women and bishops."

The *Saturday Review* enlarges on the idea :

We gather from ladies—what we might perhaps gather from actual experience—that women regard clergymen as standing half-way between themselves and men. They are male undoubtedly, but then they know things that no regular men know. They go to blanket-meetings, they know the names of school-girls, they are acquainted with the diseases and circumstances of poor people. Religious observances also necessitate occasionally a sort of half-public life. There is excitement in this, but it is a safe and protected excitement.

Queen Elizabeth, rather than be accounted of the female gender, claimed it as her prerogative to be of all three. A prime officer with a White Staff coming into her presence, she willed him to bestow a place then vacant upon a person whom she named. "May it please your Highness, madam," said the lord, "the disposal of that place pertaineth to me by virtue of this White Staff." "True," replied the queen; "yet I never gave you your office so absolutely but that I still reserved myself of the Quorum." "Of the *Quorum*, madam," returned the lord, presuming somewhat too far upon her favor. Whereat she snatched the staff in some anger out of his hand, and told him "he should acknowledge her of the Quorum, Quorum, Quorum, before he had it again." Jokes satirizing manners or appearance by a pretended confounding of sex are very common. Thus, Sydney Smith said of Mr. and Mrs. Grote, "I like them, I like them : I like him, he is so lady-like ; and I like her, she's such a perfect gentleman." "In this," remarks Mrs. Kemble, who tells the story, "Sydney Smith had been forestalled by a person who certainly *n'y entendait pas malice*, Mrs. Chorley, the meekest and gentlest of human beings, who one evening, at a party at her son's house, said to him, pointing out Mrs. Grote, who was dressed in white, 'Henry, my dear, who is the gentleman in the white muslin gown?'"

Shade, Fighting in the. When one of the Spartan band at Thermopylæ represented to Leonidas that the armies of Xerxes were so numerous that the flight of their arrows would darken the sun, Leonidas is said to have answered, "Therefore it will be pleasant for us to fight in the shade." Quite a different turn was given to the phrase by Sir W. F. Napier :

Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some gleams of glory ; but the British soldier conquered under the cool shade of aristocracy. No honors awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen ; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed.—*Peninsular War* (1810), vol. ii., Book xi., ch. iii.

Possibly Napier had in mind the lines in Tate and Brady's version of the eighty-eighth Psalm :

For seas of trouble me invade ;
My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade.

Curiously enough, this same expression, "death's cold shade," is used by the old Friesic poet Japix, in his version of the "Song of Zacharias," taken from the twenty-fourth Psalm, which is not likely ever to have met the eye of the English verse-wrights :

Om to forlyeachtyen met siyn schiynn
 Dy siett'ne droaf, ynn tryuest're blin',
 Yn dead's káld schaed.

("For to forlighen with his sheen
 Those sitting sad, in darkest blindness,
 In death's cold shade.")

Shadows. What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. Burke used this phrase in a speech at Bristol on declining the poll after an unsuccessful canvass, September, 1780. Alluding to the death of one of the candidates, Mr. Coombe, he said, "The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." A century and a half before Burke, Sir Harbottle Grimston, in "Strena Christiana," had said, "Quid umbras, fumos, fungos, sequimur." Wordsworth more recently declared, "We all laugh at pursuing a shadow, though the lives of the multitude are devoted to the chase." Shakespeare has many passages analogous to Burke's, especially the speech put into the mouth of Prospero:

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air:
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

The Tempest, Act iv., Sc. 1.

But, indeed, the thought is found in all literature:

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armor against fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings.

SHIRLEY: *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*.

We are no other than a moving row
 Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
 Round with this Sun-illuminated Lantern held
 In Midnight by the Master of the Show.

OMAR KHAYYAM: *Rubáiyát*, lxxviii.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.—*Job* xiv. 2.

Our days on the earth are as a shadow.—*I. Chron.* xxix. 15.

Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away.—*Psalms* cxliv. 4.

Our time is a very shadow that passeth away.—*Wisdom of Solomon*, ii. 5.

Shakes, No great, an expression of disapproval, probably originated from the current belief that character can be estimated by the manner in which people shake hands. The following verse, from Ritson's "Miscellanies," may be quoted in evidence:

For the hand of the heart is the index, declaring
 If well or if ill, how its master will stand.
 I heed not the tongue of its friendship that's swearing;
 I judge of a friend by the shake of his hand.

Another explanation sees in the phrase an allusion to shaking walnut-trees to dislodge the fruit. Where there is a scanty crop of walnuts, there will be "no great shakes."

Shamrock, the national emblem of the Irish, said to have been adopted because St. Patrick selected it in order to explain to the Irish the doctrine of the Trinity or the three in one. To be sure, this story is of modern date, and not to be found in any of the lives of that saint, but no rude hand need disturb it. It is a curious coincidence that the trefoil in Arabic is called shamrack, and was held sacred in Iran as emblematic of the Persian Triads. Pliny's "Natural History" asserts that serpents are never seen upon the trefoil, and that it is a specific for the stings of scorpions. Surely no more suitable emblem could be chosen by St. Patrick, who, it is well known, drove all these reptiles from the Emerald Isle.

What is the true shamrock? The wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*) is usually considered so. That is an edible plant of an acid flavor, and Fynes Moryson (1598) tells us that "the Irish willingly eat the herb Shamrockke, being of a sharp taste, which, as they run and are chased to and fro, they snatch like beasts out of the ditches." But Dr. Prior tells us that the plant which for a long time has been worn by the Irish on St. Patrick's Day is the black none-such (*Medicago*). Others state that the clover was commonly supposed to be the shamrock, and that the Irish themselves of late years had the leaves of one kind (*Trifolium repens*) as their national badge. Nay, some authorities consider that as water-cress was termed shamrock in early writers, it is quite possible that that was the real plant, the trefoil having usurped its place in order to meet the requirements of the St. Patrick tradition. The plant which has figured upon the coins of the realm is a conventional trefoil, and throws little light upon the subject.

Shanty, or, as pedants call it, *chanty*, a song sung by sailors at their work. The music is to a certain extent traditional; the words—which are commonly unfit for ears polite—are traditional likewise. The words and music are divided into two parts,—the "shanty" proper, which is delivered by a single voice, with or without a fiddle *obbligato*, and the refrain and chorus, which are sung with much straining and tugging, and with peculiar breaks and strange and melancholy stresses, by a number of men engaged in the actual performance of some piece of bodily labor. "The manner is this," says the *Saturday Review*. "We will suppose, for instance, that what is wanted is an anchor song. The fogleman takes his stand, fiddle in hand, and strikes up the melody of 'Away Down Rio.' Then, everything being ready, he pipes out a single line of the song, and the working party, with a strong pull at the capstan-bars, answers with a long-drawn 'Away Down Rio.' He sings a second verse, and this is followed by the full strength of the chorus:

For we're bound to Rio Grande,
And away down Rio,
Away down Rio.
Sing fare you well, my pretty young gal,
For we're bound for Rio Grande.

And so on, through stave after stave, till the anchor's weighed, and, the work being done, the need for song is gone by."

Shays's Rebellion, a revolt under the leadership of Daniel Shays, which broke out in Massachusetts in 1787, in opposition to the attempted apportionment among the several States of the debt incurred by the Continental Congress in carrying on the Revolutionary War. The rebellion was suppressed by the militia, and several of its leaders were sentenced to death; none of the sentences were executed, however, and eventually all the condemned were pardoned.

(**Sheeny**, a cant word for a Jew, used chiefly by Gentiles, but sometimes

heard in jest among Jews. Several derivations have been suggested. Bar-rère holds that it is probably from *scheina*—*scheina jaudes lischkol*,—a stupid fellow who does not know enough to ask or inquire. A more plausible guess was made by a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, to the effect that in the Middle Ages the Jews used to curse their enemies with the expression *Misah Meschina!* ("Mayest thou die one of the five judicial deaths!") This curse became very common, and the English, catching the terminal sound from the people who used it, applied it or its corruption *sheeny* to designate that people. The Century Dictionary has the following entry:

SHEENY, *n.* [Origin obscure.] A sharp fellow, hence a Jew: a term of opprobrium, also used attributively. [Slang.]

A storm of criticism broke out in Hebrew quarters when this definition first appeared. Objection was rightly raised to the word *hence*. "A sharp fellow, *hence* a Jew," was held to be a highly uncomplimentary phrase. The *American Hebrew* and the *Jewish Messenger*, both influential denominational papers published in New York, clamored for the suppression of the whole entry. But the editors of the Dictionary held that it was impossible for them to omit any word in good standing, even though in origin or usage it implied a reflection on certain groups of people. No less eminent an author than Thackeray speaks of "Sheeny and Moses."

"Bennie is a smart boy. The lesson was bein' read to him about Joseph bein' sold by his brothers into bondage. When it was concluded the master says,—

"'Vot moral do ve draw from this?"

"Bennie did not need to think for a minute.

"'Steer clear of sheenies,' says he, 'if you don't want to get sold.'"

"By my blessed gesundt, the boy is right."—*Sporting Times*.

Shibboleth, a test-word, a touchstone of opinion, manners, or education. The word is properly a Hebrew one, meaning an ear of corn, or a stream. When the men of Gilead under Jephthah won a victory over the Ephraimites (*Judges* xii. 6), Jephthah stationed guards along the river Jordan to question all who sought to cross it, and gave them "Shibboleth" as a pass-word. The Ephraimites could not pronounce the *sh*, and by saying "sibboleth" betrayed themselves, and were killed at the ford. Hence the modern use of the word. In the great Danish slaughter on St. Bryce's Day, November 13, 1002, a similar test is traditionally held to have been made with the words "Chichester Church," which being pronounced hard or soft decided whether the speaker were Dane or Saxon. Again, at the Sicilian Vespers (March 30, 1282), when the Sicilians rose against their French conquerors and overwhelmed them, a handful of dried peas (*ciceri*) were shown to a suspect. If he pronounced the *c* like *ch*, he was a Sicilian, and escaped; if like *s*, he was a Frenchman, and was cut down at once. A more modern instance occurred in the wars between the English and the Flemish. The words "bread and cheese" were frequently used as a shibboleth, and the pronunciation "brud und kaese" was the signal for instant death.

A curious shibboleth is reported from Philadelphia. Stephen Girard's will prohibited clergymen from ever entering the doors of Girard College. At a visit of the Knights Templar of Boston to the institution, one of the knights, a well-known physician, who wore a white neck-tie, was passing in. The janitor accosted him, saying, "You can't pass in here, sir; the rule forbids it." "The h—I can't!" replied the physician. "All right, sir," rejoined the janitor; "pass right in."

It used to be the practice of police inspectors in England to request a man charged with drunkenness to say the words "truly rural." If he could pronounce them correctly, well and good,—he was not drunk; but if, like the unfortunate Ephraimites, he "could not frame to pronounce them aright," he

was immediately condemned, and no amount of expostulation prevented his being locked up for the night and making a compulsory attendance before the magistrates on the following morning.

It seems, however, as if the old phrase had been superseded. Some time in 1890 an inspector, in giving evidence against a man charged with drunkenness, said defendant had to try twice before he could say "constitutionally," while he could not say "statistically" at all. These, then, are the English police shibboleths of to-day, the test-words by the pronunciation of which a suspected man's condition is judged.

In America we still cling to the "truly rural" test, though a shibboleth which once came near establishing itself against all rivals is embodied in the phrase popular a generation ago, "He can't say *National Intelligencer*,"—"he is very drunk." The story ran that a father in Washington had a dissipated son, and on the latter's return at night he always obliged him to pronounce the name of the thoroughly respectable Washington paper. If he said *Nushal Intellencer* he was obliged to sleep in the hay-loft.

Most of us, like the police and the governors of dissipated sons, have a shibboleth by which we estimate our fellow-men. When "David Copperfield" was first published, quite a little storm raged in some of the literary papers because of the Heapian dialect. It was said that Dickens intended to make a shibboleth of the word "humble," or, to put it in another way, that he wished the sounding of the *h* in this particular case to be a test of culture. Those who sounded it were educated, those who left it unsounded were uneducated. However this may be, the very fact of the assertion having been made shows that there is a wide-spread suspicion of shibbolethism, and certainly not without cause. Dean Alford says, in one of his works, that whenever he heard a man put the accent on the wrong syllable in a certain Greek word, that man sank in his estimation. This should not be so, but it is. We all apply such trifles as tests, and judge accordingly.

What may be called the practical shibboleths are often more unjust still. We have all laughed at the servant-girl who corrected her mistress by exclaiming, "Oh, lor, miss! he hain't a gentleman; he's got a wooden leg!"

The English Earl of Dudley used to say that good butter was an unerring test of the moral qualities of your host. Another distinguished connoisseur contended that the moral qualities of your hostess may in a like manner be tested by the potatoes. He assured a *Quarterly* Reviewer that he was never known to re-enter a house where a badly-dressed potato had been seen. "The importance," continues the Reviewer, "attached by another equally unimpeachable authority to the point is sufficiently shown by what took place a short time since at the meeting of a club-committee specially called for the selection of a cook. The candidates were an Englishman from the Albion Club and a Frenchman recommended by Ude: the eminent divine to whom we allude was deputed to examine them, and the first question he put to each was, 'Can you boil a potato?'"

It has often been said that any man would rather be accused of a crime than of lacking a sense of humor. The accusation, therefore, if ever made should be made advisedly. It is good to have a shibboleth by which the matter can be tested,—a touchstone by which you may determine whether you yourself or your neighbor have a right sense of humor. Tom Moore obligingly supplies one. It lies in this story. A lady having put to Canning the silly question, "Why have they made the spaces in the iron gate at Spring Gardens so narrow?" he replied, "Oh, madam, because such very fat people used to go through them." Now, Tom Moore said of this reply that "the person who does not relish it can have no perception of real wit." And Tom Moore was no beef-fed Englishman, no impenetrable Scot; he was an

Irishman, he belonged to a nation that is proverbially full of wit and humor. *He* knew.

Shilling, To cut off with a. This is often used as a purely figurative expression to indicate disinheritance. The phrase arose from the vulgar error (perpetuated in actual wills) that English law followed the Roman in assuming forgetfulness or unsound mind where a testator made no mention of near relations.

The civilians carry the doctrine so far as to hold every will void in which the heir was not noticed, on the presumption that his father must have forgotten him [JUSTINIAN: *Institutes*, ii., xviii., 1]. From this, as Blackstone reasonably conjectures [Book ii., ch. vii., and Book iii., ch. iii.], has arisen that groundless, vulgar error of the necessity of giving the heir a shilling, or some other nominal sum, to show that he was in the testator's remembrance. The practice is to be deprecated, as it wounds unnecessarily the feelings of a disinherited child. This, you may say, does not always happen. An assembled family, as the legacy to each was read aloud, sobbed and wished that the father had lived to enjoy his own fortune. At last came the bequest to his heir: "I give my eldest son Tom a shilling to buy him a rope to hang himself with." "God grant," says Tom, sobbing like the rest, "that my poor father had lived to enjoy it himself."—SUGDEN: *Handy-Book on Property Law*.

The anecdote is quoted from Goldsmith's "Bee," No. 2. A famous instance of bad feeling from the father towards the son is reported in Hume's "Decisions," p. 881,—Ross *vs.* Ross, decided by the Court of Session, March 2, 1770,—where the testator left his son "one shilling, to be paid him yearly on his birthday, to remind him of his misfortune in coming into the world."

Shinplasters, a name given to the notes of small denominations, ranging from three cents to fifty cents, issued by private individuals during the financial panic which prevailed in the United States in 1837 and 1838. The term was also applied to the scrip which circulated among the people shortly after the outbreak of the civil war. All the smaller coins had disappeared from circulation; and resort was at first had to the use of postage-stamps, and later to private notes, representing five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty cents, issued by small traders and others to facilitate exchange of commodities in small purchases. Finally the government issued small notes in amounts ranging from five to fifty cents. These were called "postal currency," and were exchangeable at post-offices for postage-stamps; but later a regular issue of so-called "fractional currency," redeemable in government notes at the United States Treasury, was authorized by Congress. The derivation of the term shinplaster is not certain. Generally it is supposed to be a reference to the utter valuelessness of the earlier private issues anywhere outside of the locality where the trader issuing the same resided, except perhaps as a plaster for a broken shin. This, however, sounds like an invention to account for a fact. The government of St. Domingo issued paper money for many years, which had so little purchasing power that cinque piastres (five dollars) was of a ridiculously small value reduced to a metallic standard, probably from ten to twenty-five cents. It is possible that shinplaster is a corruption of cinque piastres.

Ship, Don't give up the. Few phrases of an exhortative nature have been so freely used, perhaps, as this which was adopted by Commodore Perry at the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813. The British had gathered a strong squadron on the lake. Perry, though with only a small fleet at his command, determined to attack the enemy. On the evening of the 9th he called his officers around him and announced his intention of going into battle next morning. Then he brought out a square battle-flag which had been privately prepared for him at Erie. It was of blue bunting, and bore in large letters made of white muslin the words "Don't give up the ship." "When

this flag shall be hoisted at the main-yard," said Perry, "it shall be your signal for going into action." It floated from the main-yard of the *Lawrence* until there was scarcely a whole stick or an uninjured man left standing, when the commodore hauled it down, together with his pennant, carried both over to the unhurt ship, the *Niagara*, in a small boat in the midst of a hail of shot, ran them up on the new ship, dashed into the British line, and won the victory.

Perry never claimed to have originated the order; in fact, he always professed his belief in the story which made these the last dying words of Captain *Lawrence*. *Lawrence* was in command of the frigate *Chesapeake* when, on June 13, 1813, she fought the British frigate *Shannon*. The *Chesapeake* was lying in Boston harbor, when the *Shannon* appeared and challenged Captain *Lawrence* to come out and fight "ship to ship." *Lawrence* accepted the gage, and sailed out to meet the enemy. In twelve minutes the *Shannon* had so injured the spars and rigging of the *Chesapeake* that the latter was unmanageable. *Lawrence* ordered the boarders called up, when a musket-ball mortally wounded the young commander. As he left the deck he said, "Tell the men to fire faster, and not to give up the ship; fight her till she sinks." The words were not much thought of at the time, but under Perry's paraphrase they became the battle-cry of the Americans, as they have been an encouraging maxim in all walks of life ever since.

To Commodore Perry also, and this time as an original utterance, is due that well-known expression, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." This also was born at the battle of Lake Erie. As we have seen, the dash of the *Niagara* through the British lines was soon followed by surrender, when Perry, feeling that victory was secure, sat down, and, resting his naval cap on his knee, wrote with a pencil on the back of a letter the famous despatch. It may be added that the Americans lost twenty-seven killed and had ninety-six wounded, while the British loss was about two hundred killed and six hundred prisoners.

Ships, Burning the, a familiar locution, meaning to destroy all means of retreat from a dangerous enterprise or position, leaving no alternative save to force the matter to an issue. Thus, *Marat* in voting for the death of *Louis XVI.* said, "Landed but yesterday on an unknown island, we must now burn the ship which brought us to it." Burning the ships was a frequent military precaution in ancient times to impress upon an army the fact that there was now no alternative but victory or death. *Agathocles*, tyrant of *Syracuse* (310-307 B.C.), on the expedition against *Carthage* which followed his famous saying, "We must now carry the war into *Africa*," burned his ships as soon as he had landed. So did *Julian* the Apostate in his expedition against *King Sapor* of *Persia* (A.D. 363), *Guiscard* in his expedition against the Greek Emperor *Alexius* in 1084, and *Cortez* on landing on the coast of *Mexico* in 1519. "To burn the bridges," literally or metaphorically, may also mean to cut off all retreat, though it more frequently means to impede pursuit when on a retreat.

Shoe pinches, Where the. In his life of *Paulus Æmilius*, *Plutarch*, speaking of his hero's divorce, and avowing ignorance of the reasons therefor, tells the story of a certain Roman who put away his wife. When his friends remonstrated and asked him, Was she not fair? Was she not chaste? Was she not fruitful? he held out his shoe, and said, "Is it not handsome? Is it not new? Yet none knows where it pinches, save he that wears it." Some of *Plutarch's* commentators think it not improbable that *Paulus Æmilius* was himself the author of the saying. The expression has passed into the proverbial literature of all European countries.

Chaucer uses the phrase several times,—e.g., in "The Marchandes Tale:"

But I wot best where wryngeth me my shoe.

It has been suggested that in London the proverb may have been emphasized by the fact that so many poor debtors were confined crowded together and "pinched" in the "shoe," a little room of the old Southgate prison, so called because prisoners let down a shoe from the window to receive alms of the passers-by. The room was very small, the prisoners usually numerous, and each knew only too well where the "shoe" pinched him.

Shoes at a Wedding. The custom of throwing one or more old shoes after the bride or groom either when they go to church to be married or when they start on their wedding-journey is so old the memory of man stretches not back to its beginning. Some think it represents an assault and is a lingering trace of the custom among savage nations of carrying away the bride by violence; others think that it is a relic of the ancient law of exchange or purchase, and that it formerly implied the surrender by the parents of all dominion or authority over their daughter. It has a likeness to a Jewish custom mentioned in the Bible. Thus, in Deuteronomy (xxv. 9) we read that when the brother of a dead man refused to marry his widow she asserted her independence of him by "loosing his shoe." It was also the custom of the Middle Ages to place the husband's shoe on the head of the nuptial couch, in token of his domination.

At a Jewish marriage I was standing beside the bridegroom when the bride entered, and as she crossed the threshold he stooped down and slipped off his shoe and struck her with the heel on the nape of the neck. I at once saw the interpretation of the passage in Scripture respecting the transfer of the shoe to another in case the brother-in-law did not exercise his privilege. The slipper, being taken off in-doors, or, if not, left outside the apartment, is placed at the edge of the small carpet on which you sit, and is at hand to administer correction, and is here used in sign of the obedience of the wife and the supremacy of the husband. The Highland custom is to strike for "good luck," as they say, the bride with an old slipper. Little do they suspect the meaning implied. The regalia of Morocco is enriched with a pair of embroidered slippers, which are, or used to be, carried before the Sultan, as among us the sceptre and sword of state.—URQUHART: *Pillars of Hercules*.

Shoes, Waiting for dead men's, etc. The allusion in this saying is to the custom among the Hebrews, on the transfer of an inheritance, for the successor to receive from the former possessor his shoe. "And the kinsman said, I cannot redeem it for myself, lest I mar mine own inheritance; redeem thou my right to thyself; for I cannot redeem it. Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor; and this was a testimony in Israel. Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz, Buy it for thee. So he drew off his shoe." (*Ruth* iv. 6, 7, 8.) The cognate phrase, "To stand in another man's shoes," however, has an entirely different allusion. According to Brayley, "Graphic Illustrator" (1834), among the ancient Northmen it was the custom when a man adopted a son that the person adopted should put on the shoes of the adopter. To carry or to "unloose a person's shoe" was a menial office betokening great inferiority on the part of the person performing it (*Matthew* iii. 11; *Mark* i. 7; *John* i. 27; *Acts* xiii. 25).

Shoot folly as it flies. In the opening lines of his "Epistle on Man" Pope calls on his friend St. John to accompany him "o'er all this scene of man:"

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.

Warton objects that these metaphors, drawn from the field sports of setting and shooting, seem much below the dignity of the subject and an unnatural mixture of the ludicrous and serious. A later commentator adds that they are all the more objectionable for that Pope is not content with barely touching the subject *en passant*, but pursues it with such minuteness: let us beat this ample field, try what the covert yields, eye Nature's walks, shoot folly, etc. The same metaphor, though less persistently harped upon, may be found in Dryden:

While he with watchful eye
 Observes and shoots their treasons as they fly.
Absalom and Achitophel, Part II.
 Youth should watch joys and shoot 'em as they fly.
Aurengzebe, Act iii.

As to the last line of the quotation, it is obviously taken from Milton:

And justify the ways of God to men.
Paradise Lost, Book i., l. 26.

Milton had previously said,—

Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men;
 Unless there be who think not God at all.
Samson Agonistes, l. 293.

Shopkeepers, Nation of. This contemptuous description of the English is persistently attributed to Napoleon I., but it is doubtful if he ever used it; it is quite certain he did not originate it. The phrases "a shop-keeping nation" and "a nation of shopkeepers" appear, the first in a tract by Dean Tucker, of Gloucester (1766), the second in Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," vol. ii., book iv., ch. vii. (1775), in both cases with a general application. The special application of the term to England seems to have originated with Samuel Adams, in a speech purporting to have been delivered in Philadelphia, August 1, 1776. This speech appeared as a reprint in London (1776), and was translated into German in 1778. Though copies of both the German and the English edition are still extant, no trace has been found of an original American edition. It is even doubted whether the speech was ever delivered. Barère may or may not have had Adams's phrase in mind when he said, in his speech in the Convention on June 11, 1794, defending the Committee of Safety, "Let Pitt then boast of his victory to his shop-keeping nation" (*sa nation boutiquière*). He certainly helped to make the phrase stick. It had become a commonplace when the Emperor Francis II. said to Napoleon, in 1805, "The English are a nation of merchants. To secure for themselves the commerce of the world they are willing to set the Continent in flames."

When England's mercantile interests suffer, she is more dangerous than ever. In all creation there is no being so hard-hearted as the shopkeeper whose trade is at a stand-still, whose customers are leaving him, and whose stock finds no purchasers.—HEINE.

Byron uses the phrase, but in no uncomplimentary sense:

At length they rose, like a white wall, along
 The blue sea's border, and Don Juan felt—
 What even young strangers feel a little strong
 At the first sign of Albion's chalky belt—
 A kind of pride that he should be among
 Those haughty shopkeepers, who sternly dealt
 Their goods and edicts out from pole to pole,
 And made the very billows pay them toll.
Don Juan, Canto x., Stanza 65.

Shut of,—*i.e.* rid of,—a familiar phrase in the United States. Like many other so-called Americanisms, it is a survival of a common old English form which was anciently in respectable literary use. Thus, Massinger, in "The Unnatural Combat" (1639), Act iii., Sc. 1., says,—

We are shut of him :
He will be seen no more here.

Bunyan, who was naturally fond of racy and proverbial expressions, uses it in the "Holy War." Many years earlier Thomas Nashe employs the phrase in his satirical pamphlet "Have with you to Saffron Walden," where, in the "Address to the Reader," referring to his unfortunate antagonist the pedantic Gabriel Harvey, he writes, "I have him haunt me up and downe to be my prentise to learne to endite, and doo what I can, I shall not be shut of him."

The phrase is now banished from literature, and in England lingers only as a provincialism in the northern counties and among the low order of Londoners.

Shyster, in American slang, a dishonest or unscrupulous attorney. The word is said to have originated in New York, and this story is told of it. A German attorney applied at the Tombs Court in 1840 for a warrant against a client who had called him bad names. One of these names—a not very polite one—he pronounced much as "shyster" is now spelled. It soon became current prison slang for a disreputable practitioner. George Wilkes, who then edited the *Police Gazette*, first wrote the word in its present form. Justice Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, gave it a judicial adoption into our language in an address before the Iowa bar about the time of the Beecher trial.

Si monumentum quæris, circumspice (L., "If you seek his monument, look around you"), an inscription in honor of the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral, a building which he designed and erected.

The *St. James's Gazette* recently told this story :

It were a pity that the good sayings and witticisms of Lowell should be lost. I send you one of which he was the author at a medical dinner given in London a few years ago. In his speech he alluded to a distinguished surgeon whose fame was so great that no marble monument was required to commemorate the name. The doctor's friends, said Mr. Lowell, thought it sufficient to lay him in the country church-yard with the simple and famous epitaph on his grave,—

Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.

Very good. But, unfortunately, Lowell was borrowing, either consciously or unconsciously. Horace Smith in his "Tin Trumpet" had already said,—

Sir Christopher Wren's inscription in St. Paul's Church—"Si monumentum quæris, circumspice"—would be equally applicable to a physician buried in a church-yard; both being interred in the midst of their own works.

The motto of the State of Michigan is adapted from the above : "Si quæris peninsulam amœnam, circumspice" ("If you seek a beautiful peninsula, look around you").

Sic vos non vobis (L., literally, "so you not for yourselves"), a phrase dating back to Virgil, and meaning that the speaker has written or done something the credit of which is claimed by another. The poet had written a distich in praise of Augustus, which was claimed by a versifier named Bathyllus. Virgil, indignant, wrote beneath the distich these lines :

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores ;
Sic vos non vobis—
Sic vos non vobis—
Sic vos non vobis—
Sic vos non vobis—

Augustus asked Bathyllus if he could finish the lines, but he could not. Virgil then came forward and said he could. So he finished them thus :

—fertis aratra boves ;
—mellificatis apes ;
—vellera fertis oves ;
—nidificatis aves.

The five lines might be Englished thus : “ These verses I made, another carries off the honors : so you for others, oxen, bear the yoke ; so you for others, bees, store up honey ; so you for others, sheep, bear your fleeces ; so you for others, birds, build your nests.”

Sick Man of Europe,—*i.e.*, Turkey. This phrase was made popular by the Emperor Nicholas I. of Russia. Conversing in 1853 with Sir George Hamilton Seymour, the English ambassador at St. Petersburg, he used words like the following : “ We have on our hands a sick man,—a very sick man. It will be a great misfortune if, one of these days, he should slip away from us before the necessary arrangements have been made.” (*Blue Book*, 1854.) He accordingly made proposals to both England and France for a division of the sick man's estate, but his overtures were declined, Lord John Russell suggesting that the dissolution of the sick man might be postponed another hundred years. Nicholas, however, was only repeating an old illustration. Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador from England to Constantinople in the time of James II., had written home in despatches, “ Turkey is like the body of an old man crazed with vices, which puts on the appearance of health though near its end.” Montesquieu in the “ *Lettres Persanes*,” i. 19, marvels at the weakness of the Ottoman power, “ whose sick body is not supported by a mild and regular diet, but by a powerful treatment which continually exhausts it.” And Voltaire, writing to Catherine II., says, “ Your majesty may think me an impatient sick man, and that the Turks are even sicker.”

Silence. John Morley, at the beginning of his article on Carlyle (“ *Literary Miscellanies*,” vol. ii.), which was written on the appearance of the library edition of Carlyle's works, says, very neatly and epigrammatically, “ The canon is definitely made up and the whole of the golden gospel of silence effectively compressed in thirty-five volumes.” Carlyle was, in truth, given to shouting from the house-tops his approval of the old maxim, “ Speech is silvern, Silence is golden.” He quotes it in “ *Sartor Resartus*” (Book iii., chap. iii.) as a Swiss inscription (“ *Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden*”), and adds, “ or, as I might rather express it, Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.” But in truth the proverb seems to be common to all countries, and in this form is probably of Arabian origin. In Greece Simonides said, “ I have never felt sorry for having held my tongue,” and Dionysius the Elder, “ Let thy speech be better than silence, or be silent” (*Frag.* 6), and Menander, “ Nothing is more useful than silence.” Martial in his “ *Epigrams*” (iv. 80) has “ *Res est magna tacere*” (“ The great thing is to be silent”), while Publius Syrus declares, “ *Rara est ejusdem hominis multa et opportune dicere*” (“ It is rare that the same man talks much and well”). The Talmud says, “ Much talk, much foolishness,” whence Corneille derived his line, “ *Mais qui parle beaucoup dit beaucoup de sottises*” (Sequel to *Le Menteur*, iii. 1). In modern literature George Herbert echoed Dionysius in the phrase “ Speak fitly, or be silent wisely.” Chaucer had said,—

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restraine and kepen wel thy tonge.

The Manciple's Tale, l. 17,281.

And Disraeli, the flippant, talkative, and shallow Disraeli, says, “ Silence is the mother of Truth” (*Tancred*, Book iv., ch. iv.). Carlyle, to return to our

great protagonist, was never tired of ringing the changes on the thought, "Speech is great, but Silence is greater," he urges in "Heroes and Hero-Worship: The Poet as Hero;" and in his Essay on Scott, "Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better. Silence is deep as Eternity; Speech is shallow as Time," and so on. Emerson has a fine phrase in his essay on "Friendship:" "Let us be silent, so we may hear the whisper of the gods." Hawthorne ingeniously suggests in his "American Note-Books," under date of April, 1841, "Articulate words are a harsh clamor and dissonance. When man arrives at his highest perfection he will again be dumb. For I suppose he was dumb at the creation, and must go around an entire circle in order to return to that blessed state." Nevertheless there is a *modus in rebus*. Garnett, in his "Idylls and Epigrams," thus versifies a saying of Simonides:

"I hardly ever ope my lips," one cries:
 "Simonides, what think you of my rule?"
 "If you're a fool, I think you're very wise;
 If you are wise, I think you are a fool."

Among the epigrams of Palladas may be found the original of a modern saw, the purport of which is that an ignoramus, by maintaining a prudent silence, may pass for a wise man:

Πᾶς τις ἀπαιδευτος φρονιμώτατος ἔστι σιωπῶν.

Shakespeare uses the same idea in the "Merchant of Venice:"

O my Antonio, I do know of these
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing.

Act i., Sc. 1.

Coleridge speaks of a dignified man he once saw at a dinner-table. "He listened to me," says the poet, "and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple-dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with, 'Them's the jockeys for me!' I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head." It was a popular saying about the taciturn Moltke, applied in no uncomplimentary spirit, that he could be "silent in seven languages." These words were first used by Schleiermacher with reference to the very eminent and very modest philologist Emanuel Bekker (see letter of Zelter to Goethe, March 15, 1830).

Silence that spoke. Pope has interpolated a daring and successful image into his translation of the Iliad:

In this were every art and every charm
 To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
 Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
 The kind deceit, the still reviving fire,
 Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
 Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

Book xiv., l. 247.

The original, literally translated, runs as follows:

In it were love, desire, the converse of lovers, allurements of speech, which steals away the mind even of the very prudent.

The last line of Pope's version, it will be seen, is Pope's, and Pope's alone. In Exodus x. 21 we are told of a "darkness which may be felt." A silence that spoke was a familiar figure before Pope. Thus, Milton in his "Samson Agonistes:"

The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer.

Voltaire, in his "Œdipus," written almost contemporaneously with Pope's "Iliad," makes Jocasta say,—

Tout parle contre nous, jusqu'à notre silence.

Delille, in a famous line, speaks of a silence that might be heard :

Il ne voit que la nuit, n'entend que le silence ;

—a line, however, which he borrowed from Théophile de Viau :

On n'oît que le silence, on ne voit rien que l'ombre.

Shakespeare goes still further in his effort to make Bottom ridiculous :

The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

He rather runs the joke into the ground in succeeding passages :

I see a voice ; now will I to the chink,
To spy if I can hear my Thisbe's face.

Act v., Sc. 1.

Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?—*Ibid.*

Mr. W. J. Clouston finds a parallel for this sort of fooling in an ancient Hindoo play called "The Toy-Cart," where Samst'hanaka, an ignorant and frivolous coxcomb, says, "I can hear with my nostrils the scent of her garland spreading through the darkness ; but I do not see the sound of her ornaments."

Silk-Stockings, a nickname given by the rough-and-ready class of practical politicians to the better conditioned and better dressed, or those who in any way assume to be superior to the common run. A synonymous and more modern term is "Swallow-Tails," invented by John Morrissey, a retired prize-fighter and prominent local politician of New York. In 1876 a large number of fashionable men having taken an unusual interest in politics and gained some influence in party councils, the incensed Morrissey was met one morning parading the street in full evening dress and with a French dictionary under his arm. He explained that since the eruption of the swallow-tails that sort of thing was necessary in order to retain one's influence. The opposite faction, the toughs, are called "Short-Hairs," probably in allusion to their "fighting cut."

Silver Fork School. Not a "school," but merely a collective designation for those novelists who lay especial stress on the etiquette of the drawing-room and the external graces of society. Among the more prominent usually included in this class were Theodore Hook, Lady Blessington, Mrs. Trollope, and Sir Edward Bulwer (Lord Lytton).

Similia similibus curantur (L., "Like cures like"), the motto of the homœopathic school of medicine. But it was not invented by Hahnemann. He himself refers it to Hippocrates : "By similar things disease is produced, and by similar things administered to the sick they are healed of their diseases. Thus, the same thing which will produce a strangury when it does not exist will remove it when it does." This is a sentence from *Περὶ τῶν πᾶν κατ' ἀνθρώπου*, one of the writings attributed to Hippocrates. In the preface to his "Samson Agonistes" Milton quotes from Aristotle a saying that tragedy is of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions : "Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion ; for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humors." Evidently a sort of homœopathy was practised in Milton's time. Nay, in old receipt-books do we not find it invariably advised that an inebriate should drink sparingly in the morning some of the same liquor that he had drunk to excess overnight ? And has not this advice found a well-known proverbial

form, "Take a hair of the dog that bit you"? which is found at least as far back as Heywood :

I pray thee let me and my fellow have
A haire of the dog that bit us last night.
Proverbs, Part I., ch. xi.

In a song of the date 1650 the following verse occurs :

If any so wise is, that sack he despises,
Let him drink his small beer and be sober;
And while we drink and sing, as if it were spring,
He shall droop like the trees in October.
But be sure overnight, if this dog do you bite,
You may take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of your bed, to settle your head,
Take a hair of his tail in the morning.

The same proverb may be found before Heywood's time in continental Europe. De Lincy (vol. i. p. 192) has,—

Du poil de la beste qui te mordit,
Ou de son sanc sera guéri,

which he finds in Bovillus's "Proverbs." The year of the publication of Bovillus's collection is 1531. The proverb appears to have been in common use in the sixteenth century. De Lincy has again (vol. i., pp. 171 and 167)

Poil (dit Bacchus) du mesme chien
Est au pion souverain bien.

GABRIEL MEURIER : *Trésor des Sentences*, xvi^e siècle.

Contre morsure de chien de nuit
Le mesme poil très-bien y duit.

Ibid.

In the "Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum" there is the repetition to which the proverb refers, in the lines,—

Si tibi serotina noceat potatio vini,
Hora matutina rebibas, et erit medicina.

Vv. 45, 46.

In all the above instances the phrase is used metaphorically. Yet it was also held, literally, that the hair of a dog which had bit you was a cure for the wound. So recently as 1670 a receipt-book contains the following : "Take a hair from the dog that bit you, dry it, put it into the wound, and it will heal it, be it never so sore."

Heywood also has the saying "Like will to like," which is one of an immense cycle of popular saws : "To the pure all things are pure," "Set a thief to catch a thief," "It takes a wise man to discover a wise man" (the latter quoted from Xenophanes by Diogenes Laertius), "Look for a tough wedge for a tough log," which is the 723d Maxim of Publius Syrus, and so on.

Simplex munditiis, a phrase from Horace's Odes, I., v. 5, which Conington translates, "So trim, so simple," and Francis, "Plain in thy neatness." The common English phrase "neat, not gaudy," or "elegant simplicity," sufficiently expresses the idea. The former may be found in a letter from Charles Lamb to Wordsworth, 1806. Was he misquoting Polonius,—

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy : rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
Hamlet, Act i., Sc. 3,—

or was he simply catching an echo of the street ?

Thomson says in his "Seasons,"—

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most,
Autumn, l. 204;

which is not unlike Milton :

In naked beauty more adorned,
More lovely than Pandora.
Paradise Lost, Book iv., l. 713.

Milton and Thomson alike, however, were anticipated by Cicero :

Nam ut mulieres esse dicuntur nonnullæ inornatæ, quas id ipsum diceat, sic hæc subtilis oratio etiam incompta delectat. ("For as lack of adornment is said to become some women, so this subtle oration, though without embellishment, gives delight.")—*Orator.*, xxiii. 78.

Herrick says,—

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness.
* * * * *
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat ;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility,—
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part,
Disorder in the Dress;

and Ben Jonson said before him,—

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,—
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art :
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.
Epicæne ; or, The Silent Woman, Act i., Sc. 1.

Nudity is wittily described by Rabelais, Book iv., chap. xxix., in the garments of King Shrovetide of Sneak Island, who was dressed in "gray and cold" of a comical cut, being "nothing before, nothing behind, and sleeves of the same." Parisians say of nude statues that they are "draped in cerulean blue."

Sirloin of Beef is properly surloin,—from the French *sur*, "upon" or "above," and *loin*, "loin." Dr. Johnson was the first lexicographer who spelt it with the letter *i*, being probably misled by the old story that it derived its name from being knighted by James I. But in fact the story itself only asserts that the king made a punning change from *sur* to *sir*. According to Ruby's "Traditions of Lancashire," when that monarch was entertained at Hoghton Tower, near Blackburn, "casting his eyes upon a noble sirloin at the lower end of the table, he called out, 'Bring hither that sirloin, sirrah, for 'tis worthy of a more honorable post, being, as I may say, not *surloin*, but Sir Loin, the noblest joint of all !'"

At Chingford, Essex, England, at a demi-palace called Friday House, or Friday Hill House, there is still preserved the table said to have been used by the monarch upon that historic occasion. Set deep in the centre of the table, which is of oak, there is a brass plate with this inscription : "All lovers of roast beef will like to know that on this table a loin was knighted by King James the First upon his return from hunting in Epping Forest."

The story has been told of other monarchs. In his "Church History of England," 1655, Fuller speaks of "a Sir-loyne of beef, so knighted, saith tradition, by this King Henry" (the Eighth). And the *Athenian Mercury* of March 6, 1694, has this note : "King Henry VIII., dining with the Abbot of Redding, and feeding heartily on a Loyn of Beef, as it was then called, the Abbot told the King he would give a thousand marks for such a Stomack,

which the King procured him by keeping him shut in the Tower, got his thousand marks, and knighted the Beef for its good behaviour." In "Queen Elizabeth's Progresses," under date March 31, 1573, mention is made of "a Sorloine of Byfe."

Six of one and half a dozen of the other, a familiar English proverb, identical with "much of a muchness," "not a pin to choose," or "never a barrel better herring," the latter a very common sixteenth-century saying. Thus, Burton, in his "Anatomy," "You shall find them all alike, never a barrel better herring;" and in the translation of the "Adagia" of Erasmus (1542), "Two feloes being alike flagitious, and neither barrell better herring, accused either other, the Kyng Philippus in his owne persone sitting in iudgement upon them. The cause all heard, he gaue sentence and iudgement, that the one shoulde with all spede and celeritie auoide or flee the royalmie or countree of Macedonia and the other shoulde pursue after him."

Skeleton in the closet, a proverbial expression meaning the secret care that sits in every man's home, but which he strives to hide from the world at large. It was a theme upon which Thackeray was fond of harping. The seventeenth chapter of "The Newcomes" is headed "Barnes's Skeleton Closet." It might seem that there was a reference here to the closet in which Bluebeard kept the skeletons of his wives. Unfortunately for this supposition, the original word does not seem to have been "skeleton." Thus, Miss Ferrier uses the phrase "the black man in her closet."

Slate, to make up the. In American political slang this signifies the secret understanding by which the leaders of a political party determine among themselves before the meeting of a nominating convention the names of the candidates for office which they desire and which they will endeavor by all their influence, open or covert, to have put in nomination by the convention. The defeat of the preconcerted plan by the independent action of the convention is called "smashing" or "breaking the slate." A person whose name has been thus selected for presentation to a convention for its approval and nomination by it is said to be slated. The phrase has come into common vogue, and is used wherever at a meeting a list of officers to be elected is made,—e.g., at the meeting of directors or controlling stockholders of private corporations prior to the annual meetings, etc. The origin of the phrase is unknown, but it is suggested as probable that at some early stage of the practice a slate was used as a convenient instrument upon which to make the list, from the ease with which names could be erased from it and added to it, to serve exigencies as they arose in the progress of the discussion towards an agreement.

Slaveocracy, Slave Oligarchy, Slave Power, etc. These were cant phrases invented during the Abolition agitation in the North to designate the oligarchy of slave-owners whose influence prevailed in the political councils of the Southern States before the war, and whose machinations precipitated the conflict. Notwithstanding the fact that when upon what they believed to be their rights under the Constitution the people of the Southern States were a unit in favor of secession from the Union, there was a large section of the people who saw in slavery a terrible misfortune and a threatening incubus to their material prosperity. But the magnitude of the problem of its abolition and of the question how to dispose of the negro population and replace it by other and better forms of labor seemed to them to make the solution a hopeless task. The radical sentiments of Thomas Jefferson, which frightened even the conservative John Adams, of Massachusetts, will be remembered. As late as 1832, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, of Virginia, sub-

mitted a plan of abolition to Congress. H. R. Helper's book, "The Impending Crisis of the South," formulated the sentiments of the commercial and industrial non-slaveholding classes, showing how their interests and the material prosperity of this portion of the Southern people were subverted and disregarded by the selfish policy of the slaveholding oligarchy; it called for active resistance to them on the part of those whose demands and wishes were by them set at naught. It was this smaller but extremely active and powerful oligarchy to which the terms slaveocracy, slave power, etc., were applied, and not, as is generally supposed, the whole white population of the former slave States.

Slip of the tongue, a colloquialism for an inadvertent mistake, a *mal-à-propos* remark. An anonymous bit of verse runs,—

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Of these five things beware :
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

This seems to be a jingling summary of the advice which Catwag the Wise gave to his pupil Taliesin :

Think before thou speakest :
First, what thou shalt speak ;
Secondly, why thou shouldst speak ;
Thirdly, to whom thou mayest have to speak ;
Fourthly, about whom (or what) thou art to speak ;
Fifthly, what will come from what thou mayest speak ;
Sixthly, what may be the benefit from what thou shalt speak ;
Seventhly, who may be listening to what thou shalt speak.

Smell of the lamp, To. According to Plutarch in his life of Demosthenes, Pythias once scoffingly told the orator that his arguments smelt of the lamp. Not entirely dissimilar is Byron's phrase in the last line of Canto xxxix. of "Beppo :"

'Tis true, your budding Miss is very charming,
But shy and awkward at first coming out,
So much alarmed, that she is quite alarming,
All Giggle, Blush ; half Pertness and half Pout ;
And glancing at *Mamma*, for fear there's harm in
What you, she, it, or they may be about.
The nursery still lisps out in all they utter,—
Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

A closer parallel, however, may be found in one of Middleton's plays, "Your Five Gallants." Goldstone, one of the Gallants, or sharpers, referring to Fitsgrave, their gull, speaks of him as piping hot from the University, and adds, "He smells of buttered loaves yet."

Smile, in American slang, a drink of any alcoholic liquor, because it induces mirth and laughter :

"Say, stranger ! won't you smile ?" (I had been smiling unremittingly. I could not help it.) But in America smiling, seeing a man, and liquoring up are all one.—RICHARD A. PROCTOR : *Notes on Americanisms, in Knowledge.*

A good story appeared in *Blackwood* some years ago, wherein it is related that Mrs. Christie, an American lady, had sent some fine old rye whiskey to an Englishman, who, unconscious of the pun, said to a travelling companion, an American, "This cannot be called *Lachrymæ Christi* : suppose we call it Smiles of Christ !" "Good !" said the American : "I see you are learning our language."

There is a curious Americanism, "I should smile," probably a descendant of

such phrases as "I *should* think!" the subject of the thought being so obvious as to be left to the imagination of the hearer. The American phrase expresses wonder, surprise, pleasure, or disbelief:

We asked Joe Capp the other day,
And asked it without guile,
"If asked to drink, what would you say?"
He answered, "I should smile."

Smoky City, a name given to Pittsburg, in consequence of the universal use of bituminous coal in its numerous manufactories creating a dense black smoke with which the air of the city is filled. White shirt-fronts and clean faces are impossibilities, and the buildings of the entire city have a smoky, sooty appearance.

Sneezing. In October, 1890, an American citizen, Mr. Joseph Jonassen of New York, was arrested in Berlin for wickedly, feloniously, and treasonably avowing a willingness to sneeze at the German Emperor. "I sneeze at your Emperor!" he cried out in a public restaurant to a native who did not appreciate American institutions. He did not attempt to put his hideous project into execution, so he was dismissed with a reprimand and a warning.

And yet sneezing is an operation that has been treated with the greatest respect and veneration from a remote antiquity, that has commanded the profoundest thought and the deepest research of the philosophers of old, and that to-day in many countries, as formerly in all countries, is greeted with a special salute.

Thus, the old Greeks cried, "Jove preserve thee!" and the old Romans had a variety of felicitations for the successful sneezer. "Sit faustum ac felix," he might be told, or "Sit salutiferum," or "Servet te Deus," or "Bene vertat Deus." In modern Italy he is greeted with "Felicità;" in France, with "Dieu vous bénisse," or "Bonne santé;" in Germany, with "Gesundheit;" in Ireland, in Scotland, and in Sweden, with "Bless you," or "God bless you."

A similar custom existed in Africa, among nations unknown to the Greeks and Romans. A Persian precept is thus recorded in the Zend-Avesta: "And whensoever it be that thou hearest a sneeze given by thy neighbor, thou shalt say unto him, 'Ahunovar,' and 'Ashim Vuhu,' and so shall it be well with thee." Even in the New World the practice seemed to prevail, for when, in 1542, Hernando de Soto met the cacique Guachoya, every time the latter sneezed his followers lifted their arms in the air, with cries of "May the sun guard you!"

An ancient rabbinical tradition asserts that from the time of Adam to Jacob sneezing was the sign of death. But Jacob got to pondering over the subject, and finally went in prayer to the Lord for a repeal of the law, and was so successful in his petition that the phenomenon of sneezing instantly turned a complete summersault, went from Omega heels over head to Alpha, and, ceasing to be the sign of death, became the infallible sign of life.

After Jacob's day, whenever children came into the world they announced their arrival by sneezing. Hence the salutation first began as a grateful acknowledgment.

It will be remembered that when the son of the Shunammite was recalled to life by the power of Elisha the prophet, "the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes."

Classic tradition, too, had its explanation of the custom. When Prometheus stole fire from heaven to animate his clay statue, the first sign of life which the latter betrayed was to bob his head up and down and emit a formidable sneeze, whereupon Prometheus cried out in delight, "May Jove preserve thee!"

Some Eastern nations have an entirely different version, to the effect that one of the judges in the ever-burning pit of fire has a register of men's lives. Every day he turns a page, and those whose names appear are the next to seek his domain. As the leaf is turned they all sneeze, and those hearing it invoke a blessing on their future.

Polydore Virgil finds still another origin for the custom. In the time of Gregory the Great, he says, there prevailed in Italy an epidemic which carried off its victims by sneezing; whereupon the pontiff ordered prayers to be offered up against it, accompanied by certain signs of the cross.

But, unfortunately for this theory, the salutation antedates Pope Gregory the Great.

Among the Greeks and Romans sneezing was usually looked upon as a very favorable omen.

To Penelope the sneeze of her son Telemachus promised the safe return of Ulysses. To Parthenos, who sneezed in the middle of her letter to Sarpedon, it supplied the place of an answer.

Xenophon tells of a sneeze which may be said to have decided the fate of himself, of his army, and perhaps of Athens itself. While he was exhorting his soldiers to courage and fortitude, and while their minds were still wavering between resistance and surrender to the enemy, a soldier sneezed. The whole army, instantly convinced that the gods had used their comrade's nose as a trumpet to communicate an oracle to them, were seized with a sudden inspiration, and, burning their carriages and tents, prepared to face the perils of the celebrated Retreat.

Plutarch says that Socrates owed his proverbial wisdom to nothing in the world but the sneezes by which his familiar genius sent him charitable warnings.

At Rome it was commonly believed that Cupid sneezed whenever a beautiful girl was born (he must have a perpetual cold in the head in America), and the most acceptable compliment a fast fellow of the Tiber could lisp and drawl to his lady-love was, "*Sternuit tibi Amor!*" ("Love has sneezed for you!")

Even the ferocious Tiberius lost some of his habitual ferocity when the gods favored him with a sneeze. At such times he would drive about the streets of Rome to receive the felicitations of his delighted subjects.

Nevertheless, the augury was not always a favorable one. Instances are not wanting in Greece and in Rome where a sneeze created alarm instead of rejoicing.

As Timotheus was sailing out of the Athenian port, he happened to emit a prolonged and resounding sneeze. The whole fleet heard it. The sailors rose as one man and clamored to return. Luckily, Timotheus was a man of great presence of mind.

"And do you marvel, O Athenians," he cried, "that among ten thousand there is one whose head is moist? How ye would bawl were all of us so afflicted!"

Thereupon their confidence returned, and they sailed out to victory.

The virtue of sneezing, it seems, depends much upon time and place. Sneezing from morn till noon is of good augury, says Aristotle, but from noon to night the reverse. And yet St. Augustine tells us that if on rising in the morning any of the ancients happened to sneeze while putting on their shoes, they immediately returned to bed in order that they might rise more auspiciously. So, if the Hindoo, while performing his morning ablutions in the Ganges, should sneeze before finishing his prayers, he immediately begins them over again.

There is a Scotch superstition that one sneeze is lucky and two are un-

lucky, and in England it is believed that if any one sneeze for three nights in succession, some one will die in the house. According to Lancashire folklore, you must be very careful upon what day of the week you allow yourself the luxury of sternutation :

Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger ;
 Sneeze on a Tuesday, you kiss a stranger ;
 Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter ;
 Sneeze on a Thursday for something better ;
 Sneeze on a Friday, you'll sneeze for sorrow ;
 Sneeze on a Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow ;
 Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,
 The devil will have you the rest of the week !

A most remarkable custom, if we are to credit Helvetius, was that which prevailed at the court of Monomotapa. Whenever His Most Sacred Majesty happened to sneeze, every person present was obliged to imitate the royal example.

And this before the days of nostril-titillating snuff !

Nor was this all. The servants of the royal household were obliged to take up the sneeze and pass it on to the stranger without the gates, and he to all others, until sneeze followed sneeze from the foot of the throne to the uttermost frontiers of the kingdom.

Snow King, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden (reigned 1611-1632). At Vienna he was called, in derision, "The Snow King," who was kept together by the cold, but would melt and disappear as he approached a warmer soil (CRICHTON : *Scandinavia*, vol. ii. p. 64).

Snuff, Up to, a phrase applied to a person of great acuteness and perception, probably has nothing to do with snuff in the sense of tobacco, but harks back to the German word *schnuffeln*, to "smell" (Teutonic and Dutch *snuffen*), which is the etymological root of snuff (tobacco) also. It originally indicated one quick in smelling or scenting a thing,—figuratively, quick to discern or scent out the true meaning of a speech or person. "He smells a rat," "He scents it out," "He is on the right scent," are analogous expressions. So Martial, in his epigram on Cæcilius (Book cxlii., line 18) :

Non cuicumque datum est habere nasum.

The wild asses mentioned by Jeremiah, that snuffed up the wind, are by that expression made types of alertness and quick discernment. It is worthy of note that M. Francisque Michel, in his "Études de la Philologie comparée sur l'Argot," to which is appended a vocabulary of English slang, translates "up to snuff" as "haut au tabac." He defines it aright as "éveillé, qui est au fait."

Queer start, that 'ere, but he was one too many for you, warn't he ? Up to snuff, and a pinch or two over.—DICKENS : *Pickwick Papers*.

Soap. During the Presidential campaign of 1880 the word "soap" was used by the Republican managers in their despatches as a cipher for money. It was employed in 1884 as a derisive war-cry against them by their opponents. A curious fact in this connection is mentioned by Brewer. At Queretaro and other towns near the city of Mexico there is a peculiar currency, consisting of small cakes of soap. Their value is about one cent and a half. Each cake is stamped with the name of the town where it is current, and of the person authorized to manufacture and utter it. Its currency is strictly local. Celaya soap will not pass in Queretaro, and *vice versa*. Often the cake is used for washing, but it never loses its currency value so long as the stamp is preserved. One would like to know Mr. Brewer's authority.

Soap, as slang for money, came in vogue in England some twenty years ago. "How are you off for soap?" was the question introductory to an application for a pecuniary favor.

In 1793 the insurgent washerwomen paraded about Paris, crying, "Bread and soap!" "A deputation petitioned the Convention for soap, and their plaintive cry was heard around the Salle de Manège, 'Du pain et du savon!'" (CARLYLE: *French Revolution*, Part III., Book iii., chap. i.)

Soapy Sam, a nickname applied to Bishop Samuel Wilberforce. Lord Houghton explains that the students of Cuddesdon College, wishing, on some festive occasion, to celebrate both the bishop and their principal, Alfred Pott, placed on one pillar the initials S. O. (Samuel, Oxford, the name of the bishop's see) and on another A. P.

The combination was taken up in a satiric spirit, and the bishop himself said it was owing to the unfortunate alliteration with his Christian name. It is said that a little girl once asked him in the presence of company, "Why does every one call you Soapy Sam?" to which he replied, after a glance around the room, "I will tell you, my darling. People call me 'Soapy Sam' because I'm always in hot water and always come out with my hands clean."

Recently two correspondents of *Notes and Queries* have denied Lord Houghton's explanation of the *sobriquet*. They say,—

The *sobriquet* of "Soapy Sam," given to the late Bishop Wilberforce, most certainly did not have its origin in the combination of his own initials, S. O. (Sam. Oxon.), with those of the Principal of Cuddesdon, A. P. (Alfred Pott, not Potts), but was certainly anterior to the somewhat unfortunate juxtaposition of those letters in the chapel of that college. A friend of mine was present on the occasion alluded to, and I have heard him tell how dismayed he was when, on reaching the east end of the chapel, and turning round to survey the building, he descried the unhappy letters S. O. A. P. in floral decorations above the stalls of the bishop and of the principal respectively, at the west end. "An enemy," he exclaimed, "hath done this." But it was too late then to alter it.—EDMUND VENABLES.

I have always understood that the coincidence of the combined initials S. O. and A. P. suddenly struck with consternation the spectators on the occasion of a festivity at Cuddesdon which the bishop was to attend, and when there was not time to alter the floral arrangement, as his lordship was momentarily expected. This must have been after the *sobriquet* was applied, or there would have been no such cause for disturbance.—C. H.

Solid South, a phrase which had a limited vogue before the war, in the usage of Southern orators, to designate the unity of interest and purpose of the Southern States. It obtained general currency, however, only after the period of reconstruction. On the overthrow of the carpet-bag and negro governments in those States, the white population, having gained control, found it to their interest to act in politics with the Democratic party against the Republicans, who had encouraged and sustained the carpet-bag rule. The first occurrence of the phrase in the modern sense may be traced back to *circa* 1868. It is believed to have been originally used in the lobbies at Washington, whence it soon found its way into the newspapers. The persistent solidarity of action of the Southern States with the Democratic party, and the consequent irritation and hostility of the Northern and Republican press and politicians, found expression in it as a term of reproach, and the phenomenon was cited as a proof of the continuance in that section of the old spirit of hostility to the Union which resulted in secession. Its occurrence in recent years is considerably less frequent than formerly, and the signs of disintegration of the South as a political unit, possibly in the near future, have placed its continued vituperative use among the cant phrases of "buncombe."

Solitary monk. Robert Montgomery, in his poem of "Luther," characterizes his hero as follows :

The solitary monk who shook the world
From pagan slumber, when the gospel trump
Thundered its challenge from his dauntless lips
In peals of truth.

The first line of the above, divorced from the context, has passed into a popular quotation. Montgomery is reported to have said that he was willing to rest his hopes of literary immortality upon that line alone. Yet it has been justly objected that at the only time in Luther's life when he can be said to have been solitary—at his so-called "Patmos," the Castle of Wartburg—he had ceased to be a monk. A cognate but far greater expression is Emerson's

And fired the shot heard round the world.

Sorrow's crown of sorrow. The following allusion in Tennyson's "Locksley Hall,"

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,

is, of course, to Dante's famous passage in the "*Divina Commedia*" (*Inferno*, Canto v., l. 121),—

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria,—

which Longfellow thus translates :

There is no greater sorrow
Than to be mindful of the happy time
In misery.

Chaucer also had Dante in mind when he wrote,—

For, of Fortunes sharpe adversite
The worstre kynde of infortune is this,—
A man to have ben in prosperite,
And it remembre[n], when it passed is.

Troilus and Cresside, Book iii., l. 1625.

The original of the sentiment is in Boethius "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*," Book ii. : "In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus infortunii est fuisse felicem et non esse" ("In every adversity of fortune the most unhappy kind of misfortune is to have been and not to be happy"). Boethius "*De Consolatione*" and Cicero "*De Amicitia*" were the first two books that engaged the attention of Dante, as he himself tells us in the "*Convito*." Cicero approximated very closely to the phrase when he wrote to Atticus from his exile in Thessalonica, in 58 B.C., "While all other sorrows are mellowed by age, this [exile] can only grow keener day by day, as one thinks of the present, and looks back on the days that are passed."

Robert Pollok has the converse of the proposition in his well-known line,—

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.

The Course of Time, Book i., l. 464.

A diligent correspondent of the *American Notes and Queries* furnishes the following additional examples :

Forget the dead, the past ? O yet
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it :
Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,
And with ghastly whispers tell
That joy, once lost, is pain.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY : *The Past*.

Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

GOLDSMITH : *The Deserted Village*.

O Memory, thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain !

GOLDSMITH : *Song*.

Past joys enhance the present pain,
And sad remembrance is our bane.

CERVANTES : *Don Quixote*.

But ah ! what serves to have been happy so ?
Little past pleasures double but new woe.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

Oh, I would fain forget them all ;
Remembered gude but deepens ill,
As glints of light far seen by night
Mak' the near mirk but mirker still.

THOMAS DAVIDSON : *The Auld Ash-Tree*.

But were there ever any
Withered not at past joy ?

KEATS : *Stanzas : In Drear December*.

In vain does memory renew
The hours once tinged in transport's dye :
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the past to agony.

MRS. DUGALD STEWART : *The Tear I Shed*.

Queen Margaret. Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

Queen Elizabeth. O thou, well skilled in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Queen Margaret. Compare dead happiness with living woe.

SHAKESPEARE : *Richard III.*, Act iv., Sc. 4.

There too the memory of delights,
Mingled in tears, returned again,
Sweet social days and pleasant nights,
Warm as ere yet they turned to pain,
And all their music fled, and all their love was vain.

CAMOENS : *Paraphrase of the 137th Psalm*.

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay.
She makes a scourge of past prosperity
To sting the more and double thy distress.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentments scourged,
With rage envenomed, rise against our peace.

YOUNG : *Night Thoughts*, Night I.

There is no greater misery than to remember joy when in grief.

MARINO : *Adone*, Canto xiv., Stanza 100.

To remember a lost joy makes the present state so much the worse.

FORTIGUERRA : *Ricciardetto*, Canto xi., Stanza 83.

Present sorrow brings back and increases the memory of the joy we have lost.

ST. DAMIAN : *Hymn, De Gloria Paradisi*.

Soul's dark cottage. A famous figure occurs in Waller :

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home :
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

On the Divine Poems.

This may be numerous paralleled in contemporary and succeeding writers

The incessant care and labor of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin that life looks through and will break out.

Henry IV., Part II., Act iv., Sc. 4.

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.

DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part i, l. 156.

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.—FULLER: *Life of Monica*.

He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it.—FULLER: *Life of the Duke of Alva*.

When our earthly tabernacles are disordered and desolate, shaken and out of repair, the spirit delights to dwell within them; as houses are said to be haunted when they are forsaken and gone to decay.—SWIFT.

Soup, In the, a slang phrase which first made its appearance in colloquial American-English about 1887. In meaning it is closely akin to the slang expression "to get left."

In Germany, "in die Suppe fallen" (literally, "to fall in the soup"), and "Er ist in die Suppe" ("He is in the soup"), are time-honored proverbial expressions for being in a pickle or stuck in the mud. Similar German phrases are "die Suppe ausessen müssen" ("to be obliged to eat the soup or broth one has prepared for one's self,"—i.e., "to suffer disagreeable consequences of one's unwise action") and "die Suppe versalzen" (literally, "to salt one's soup,"—i.e., "to prepare a disappointment for one"). So also "eine böse Suppe einbrocken" (*einbrocken* denotes the act of breaking bread into the soup, and the whole phrase may be translated, "to prepare a disagreeable mess") has a meaning cognate to the English proverbialism "to put a rod in pickle" for one.

It is quite possible, therefore, that the phrase is of German-American origin.

The German etymon is not incompatible with the story given in the *Evening Post*, December 8, 1888, according to which a party of toughs went down New York Harbor on a tug to welcome a notorious prize-fighter who was expected to arrive from Europe. The captain of the steamer refused to allow the undesirable boat-load to come very close to his vessel, and one enthusiast, in his vociferous efforts to get near the object of his admiration, fell over the rail of the tug into the water. It was near dark, and naturally great excitement prevailed, which being noticed from the steamer, the boat was hailed to find out what had happened. "Oh, nothing much," replied a tough (who might have been a German-American), sententiously: "somebody's in de soup." The phrase was caught up and immediately became popular.

Spade. To call a spade a spade. This phrase, meaning to indulge in plain speech, to be rudely or indelicately frank, is of very ancient date and of Grecian birth. Lucian in his dialogue "Quomodo Historia sit conscribenda" quotes from Aristophanes the saying τὰ σῦκα σῦκα, τὴν σκάφην δὲ σκάφην ὀνομάζων ("Figs they call figs, and a spade a spade"). This finds a place among the royal apothegms collected by Plutarch as having been made use of by Philip of Macedon in answer to Lasthenes, the Olynthian ambassador, who complained that the citizens, on his way to the palace, called him a traitor. "Ay," quoth the king, "these Macedonians are a blunt people, who call figs figs, and a spade a spade." Philip, of course, was merely quoting the current locution.

I drink no wine at all, which so much improves our modern wits; a loose, plain, blunt, rude writer, I call a spade a spade; I respect matter, not words.—BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Preface.

Spain, a *sobriquet* for New Jersey which originated thus. After the downfall of Napoleon, his brother Joseph, ex-king of Spain, fled to America. It took some time for him to decide where he should settle: indeed, Providence

or the American legislatures (not then so long a remove from Providence as they are to-day) so disposed it that this man's proposal was repeatedly baffled. The common-law rules against the holding of property by an alien were in force in all the new States, and, after knocking vainly at various legislative doors, Joseph was fain to turn to New Jersey, where, on January 22, 1817, a general act was passed "to authorize aliens to purchase and hold lands in this State." It is not true, as generally supposed, that this act was framed with special reference to the Bonaparte case, although it did render unnecessary the consideration of a special act proposed for the same session of the legislature by Joseph's friends, and although there is no doubt that the final vote was influenced by the knowledge that an ex-king had already concluded arrangements for the purchase of one thousand acres at Point Breeze, near Bordentown. Here a magnificent park was laid out, entertainments were provided on a lavish scale, and something of royal state was kept up, so that the envious neighbors began to find it droll to talk of New Jersey as out of the Union and a portion of Spain.

Spare the rod and spoil the child, a popular misquotation from Proverbs xiii. 24: "He that spareth his rod hateth his son." Its first appearance in this form in literature seems to be in Ralph Venning's "Mysteries and Revelations," second edition (1649, p. 5): "They spare the rod and spoil the child." But John Skelton had already said,—

There is nothyng that more dyspleaseth God
Than from their children to spare the rod.

Magnyfycence, l. 1954.

Butler has

Love is a boy by poets styled;
Then spare the rod and spoil the child.

Hudibras, Part ii., Canto i.

In his later life Louis XIV., realizing how his youth had been misspent, pertinently asked, "Was there not birch enough in the Forest of Fontainebleau?" Diogenes, according to Burton, "struck the father when the son swore." (*Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part iii., Sect. 2, Memb. 2, Subs. 4.)

Speak daggers. Hamlet's phrase *à propos* of his mother,—

I will speak daggers to her, but use none,

Act iii., Sc. 2,—

was imitated by Bismarck when he said, "Better pointed bullets than pointed speeches" ("Lieber Spitzkugeln als Spitzreden"). Bismarck made this speech in 1850, the occasion being an insurrection of the people of Hesse-Cassel.

Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts. None of Talleyrand's *mots* is more famous than this. It is true that even in its final form this was not Talleyrand's, for Harel, the famous fabricator of *mots*, has confessed that he himself put the phrase into Talleyrand's mouth in order to claim it as his own after the death of the diplomatist. Whether Talleyrand's or Harel's, it is undoubtedly clever, and has become one of the stock quotations of the world. But it is easy to trace the idea back to a remote antiquity. What may be called the primordial germ may be found in several forms in the classics. Achilles, for example, thus voices his detestation of the man whose expressed words conceal his inmost thoughts:

Who dares think one thing and another tell,
My mind detests him as the gates of hell.

Here there is no attempt at an epigram, of course, but there is a general recognition of the fact that the speech of some men does conceal their thoughts. So Plutarch said of the Sophists that in their declamations and

speeches they made use of words to veil and muffle their design. And Dionysius Cato, in his collection of moral maxims, comes a step closer to the modern saying in his sententious remark, "*Sermo hominum mores celat et indicat idem*" ("The same words conceal and declare the thoughts of men"). When we come down to modern times and reach Jeremy Taylor we find he had the sentiment clearly in view in the following sentence: "There is in mankind an universal contract implied in all their intercourses; and words being instituted to declare the mind, and for no other end, he that hears me speak hath a right in justice to be done him, that, as far as I can, what I speak be true; for else he, by words, does not know your mind, and then as good and better not speak at all." Still we have no epigram, no paradox. David Lloyd, in his "*State Worthies*," comes near to the modern phrase, but misses it through his stupidly downright honesty of statement: "Speech was made to open man to man, and not to hide him; to promote commerce, and not betray it." He comes so close that we hold our breath: just a twist of the hand, and the thing would be done. That twist is supplied by Lloyd's contemporary, the wise and witty Dr. South: "In short, this seems to be the true inward judgment of all our politick sages, that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind, but to wise men whereby to conceal it." Butler echoes South in his essay on "*The Modern Politician*." The politician, according to Butler, thinks that "he who does not make his words rather serve to conceal than discover the sense of his heart deserves to have it pulled out like a traitor's and shown publicly to the rabble." Here we have the idea, but not the meet and quotable wording. Almost simultaneously three men, two in England and one in France, rushed to the breach. Young said,—

Where Nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind,
Love of Fame, Sat. ii., l. 207;

Goldsmith, "Men who know the world hold that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them;" and Voltaire, "Men use thought as authority for their injustice, and employ speech only to conceal their thoughts." Talleyrand's saying borrows just as much from Voltaire as is necessary to give the brevity and point that are essential to a proverb, and hence obtained instant currency.

Spellbinders,—*i.e.*, speakers who hold, or think they hold, their hearers spellbound. It was applied by William C. Goodloe, a member of the Republican National Committee, to the stump-speakers employed by them, from their invariable habit of asserting in their reports that their speaking held the audiences in that very interesting condition.

Spelling, Eccentricities of. "To be a well-favored man," says Dogberry, "is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature." And what literary man was it who paraphrased Dogberry's words by saying that sense and knowledge come by experience and study, but the power to spell correctly is the direct gift of God? Many other authors have openly acknowledged their orthographical imperfections and depended upon the intelligent proof-reader to supply the missing vowels and consonants or to strike out the redundant. Goethe himself, who took all knowledge for his province, was fain to leave spelling as a *terra incognita*. Shakespeare, not to speak of what others did for him, changed his own mind some thirty times as to the letters and the sequence of the letters composing his patronymic. So, at least, Halliwell tells us; and it is quite certain that the two genuine signatures that have survived differ orthographically from each other. If literary men were so lax, what wonder that other great people have been hazy in their notions

of what posterity would expect of them when the editor of the Biographical Dictionary should be called upon to give them a place in his volume? Leicester spelled his own name in eight different ways. Mainwaring has passed through one hundred and thirty-one orthographical permutations, and is even now, if spelling have aught to do with pronunciation, spelled incorrectly at last. The Young Pretender, with no intentional irreverence, but only by dint of allowing his pen to wander at its own sweet will, wrote of his father indifferently as Gems or Jems. The Father of his Country spelled familiar words in one way, while Lady Washington spelled them in another, and neither managed to be correct. Indeed, good spelling seems formerly to have been considered a vulgarity, mere yeoman's service. Will Honeycomb, when taken to task for his orthographical laxity, declared that he never liked pedantry in spelling, but spelled like a gentleman and not like a scholar. Napoleon at St. Helena said one day to Las Cases, "You do not write orthographically, do you? At least, I suppose you do not; for a man occupied with public or other important business—a minister, for instance—cannot and need not attend to orthography. His ideas must flow faster than his hand can trace them; he has only time to place his points; he must put words in letters, and phrases in words, and let the scribes make it out afterwards."

So Hamlet says,—

I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair.

It is said that the French nobles of the *ancien régime* when chosen members of the French Academy took pains to misspell their signatures in a variety of ways, in order to show that they were not subject to the rules of petty scholarship.

The old Duchess of Gordon was a great lady, and she sometimes misspelled. Yet, unlike the French nobles, she was not proud of the fact. Indeed, she had a little subterfuge to conceal her deficiencies. "You know, my dear," she explained to one of her cronies, "when I don't know how to spell a word I always draw a line under it, and if it is spelled wrong it passes for a very good joke, and if it is spelled right it doesn't matter."

In the English-speaking races there is a ready and effective excuse for misspelling. Orthographic riddles are inherent in the nature of a language which is nothing but an irregular and fortuitous agglutination of two irregularities, the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman French. The number of different combinations of letters producing one sound is only to be compared with that of the different sounds arising from the same combination of letters. A gentleman by the name of Wise published a book in 1869 showing over four thousand different ways in which the name Shakespeare could be spelled. The indefatigable Ellis declared that there were six thousand different combinations of letters which would indicate the one word scissors.

On the other hand, the phonetic tricks played by the little syllable *ough* are the despair of every intelligent foreigner. There is the story of the Spaniard who received for his first lesson in English spelling and pronunciation the mnemonic lines,—

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
O'er life's dark lough my way I still pursue.

Feeling his native pride wounded and his natural love of congruity outraged by such an assemblage of contradictions, he quitted his master in disgust, and pursued his way no further into the penetralia of our language. Nor are we ourselves backward in acknowledging the disgrace which this verbal truant brings upon our written speech. It was Dr. Wayland, of Philadelphia, who in a fine vein of sarcasm pertinently asked, "What does this spell,—*Ghough*—

phtheightteeau ?" Well, said the doctor in answer to his own question, according to the following rule, it spells *potato*. Gh stands for p, as in the last letters of hiccough ; ough for o, as in dough ; phth for t, as in phthisis ; eigh stands for a, as in neighbor ; tte stands for t, as in gazette ; and eau stands for o, as in beau. Thus you have p-o-t-a-t-o.

Another well-deserved rebuke is contained in the following poem, which originally appeared in the columns of *Wit and Wisdom* :

As a farmer was going to plough,
He met a man driving a cough ;
They had words which led to a rough,
And the farmer was struck on his brough.

One day when the weather was rough,
An old lady went out for some snough,
Which she thoughtlessly placed in her mough,
And it got scattered all over her cough.

While a baker was kneading his dough,
A weight fell down on his tough,
When he suddenly exclaimed ough !
Because it had hurt him sough.

There was a hole in a hedge to get through,
It was made by no one knew whough ;
In getting through a boy lost his shough,
And was quite at a loss what to dough.

A poor old man had a bad cough,
To a doctor he straight went ough,
The doctor did nothing but scough,
And said it was all fancy, his cough.

Puck has the following veiled expostulation against the system which makes *Sioux* spell *sooz* :

ADIUX AMONG THE SIOUX.

Now trouble brioux among the Sioux,
Because the whites their rights abioux.
The sky is red with battle hioux ;
Big Injun, squaw, and young pappioux
Are on the war-path by the sioux ;
They're filling up with fiery bioux,
They swear their lands they will not lioux.

Other phonetic eccentricities are hit at in these verses :

An old couple living in Gloucester
Had a beautiful girl, but they loucester ;
She fell from a yacht,
And never the spacht
Could be found where the cold waves had toucester.

An old lady living in Worcester
Had a gift of a handsome young rorcester ;
But the way that it crough,
As 'twould never get through,
Was more than the lady was uorcester.

At the bar in the old inn at Leicester
Was a beautiful bar-maid named Heicester ;
She gave to each guest
Only what was the buest,
And they all, with one accord, bleicester.

In the following the rhyme is only in the spelling :

Our hired man named Job
Has got a pleasant job,
The meadow grass to mow
And stow it in the mow.

At work he takes the lead;
He does not fear cold lead,
Nor is he moved to tears
When he his clothing tears!

A book that he had read
He handed me to read;
He spends much time in reading
When at his home in Reading,

In the following exercise on *ow* the odd lines rhyme with *thou, now*, the even lines with *though, know*. (These four words show the power of silent letters, the addition thereof changing words of three sounds into words of two.)

OW.

"Now, boys," the farmer said, "there'll be a row
If you upon the river go and row
When we've so much to do. The Chester sow
Has rooted up the lawn; therein go sow
Some clover-seed; then help clear out the mow,
In which to put the hay that we shall mow
To-morrow morn; when that is done, I 'low
You may, if then the sun is not too low,
Go hunt and fish." So to our work we bow;
Which done, we're off, with arrows, rod, and bow.

The confusion of English sounds and letters was well illustrated by him who spelled *coffee* without one correct letter,—*kauphy*,—yet spelled it phonetically, and, more than that, approximated far more closely to its original form than our present corruption. In 1659 a pamphlet was issued "On the nature of the drink kauhi."

Madame de Staël once told an ill-favored gentleman that he abused the masculine privilege of ugliness. In the same way it is possible to abuse the Anglo-Saxon privilege of misspelling. General Herkimer, of Revolutionary fame, was a signal instance. There is an autograph letter of his in the library of the Oneida Historical Society, at Utica, New York. It is a unique document, and sheds so suggestive a light upon the character of the education possessed by General Herkimer, and upon the strange and mongrel Dutch-English language which was in current use in the Mohawk Valley during the Revolution, that it is worth quoting:

ser yú will order your bodellgen do mercks immedeetleh do ford eduard wid for das profies and amonieschen fied for an betell. dis jú will dú ben yúr berrell foram frind Nicolas herchkeimer to carnell pieder bellinger ad de flats october 18, 1776.

An expert translates this curious order as follows: "Sir: You will order your battalion to march immediately to Fort Edward, with four days' provisions and ammunition fit for one battle. This you will disobey [at] your peril. From [your] friend, Nicholas Herkimer To Colonel Peter Bellinger, at the flats." The order is written in a bold but blind hand, with no punctuation-marks and no capital letters except where indicated above.

The apparently studied felicity of the following seems to mark them out as fabrications:

Sur my waif is dead and wants to be berried tomorro. At Wunor klok. U nose wair to dig the Hole—bi the side of my too uther waifs—Let it be deep.

As you are a man of noledge I intend to enter my son in your skull.

Cer. Yole oblige me uf yole kum un ce me I hev a Bad Kowd am Hill in my Bow Hills an hev lost my Happy Tight.

Yet they are not a bit happier than this, which the *Medical News* gives as a genuine letter received by an urban physician from a country brother:

Dear dock I hav a pashunt whos phisicol sines shoes that the windpipe was ulcerated of,

and his lung have dropped into his stumick. He is unabel to swoller and I fear his stumick tube is gon. I hav giv hym evry thing without effectt. his father is welthy Onerable and influenshal. he is an active member of the M. E. chirsch and god nos I dont want to loose hym. what shall I due. ans. buy returne male. yours in neede.

And we do not believe that any mere unaided wit could have produced so startling a sign as this in a German lager-beer saloon :

BOSIDEVELL
NO
DROCHDT.

On the same principle, no one could shake our faith in the following bill presented by the keeper of a livery-stable :

Aosfaada	1.50
Atacinonimomagin	50
Pade Iset Jaix.	

Let us try and rearrange the above in the manner in which it was doubtless pronounced by the accomplished gentleman who wrote it :

A 'oss for a day	1.50
A takin' on 'im 'ome agin	50

That *Pade* is phonetic for *Paid*, and that *Iset Jaix* (Isaac Jakes?) is the name of this orthographical hierophant, goes without saying.

Spinster. The manual occupation of spinning, so indispensable in early times, furnished the jurisprudence of Germany and England with a term to distinguish the female line,—*fu.us* ; and a memento of its former importance still remains in the appellation of *spinster*. King Alfred speaks of his male and female descendants by the terms of the spear side and the spindle side ; and German jurisprudence still divides families into male and female by the titles of *schwertmagen*, “sword-members,” and *spillmagen* or *spindelmagen*, “spindle-members.” The term “spinster,” a single woman, in law, is now the common title by which an unmarried woman is designated. “Generosa,” says Lord Cole, “is a good addition for a gentlewoman ; and if such be termed *spinster* she may abate the writ.” This, however, is not so now, for the word *spinster* is applied in England, as well as here, to all unmarried women, of whatever rank or condition.

Spire — Heaven. Wordsworth has the following fine line in “The Excursion” (Book vi.) :

Spire whose “silent finger points to heaven.”

The quotation-marks are in acknowledgment of Coleridge’s prior claim :

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars.—COLERIDGE : *The Friend*, No 14.

Gautier has avowedly taken Wordsworth’s line and expanded it into a sonnet. The sensitive literary conscience which both Wordsworth and Gautier have shown in this connection makes us trust that Coleridge was original. Certainly the likeness between him and Pope is not sufficient for a charge of plagiarism :

Where London’s column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies.

Prior, also, has the following line :

These pointed spires that wound the ambient sky.

Milton, in his Epitaph on Shakespeare, says that that poet shall not lie
Under a star-ypointing pyramid.

Shakespeare himself says,—

Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds.
Troilus and Cressida, Act iv., Sc. 5.

And a far-off resemblance to all these passages may be discovered in the "caput inter nubila condit" in Virgil's description of Fame, in the fourth book of the "Æneid."

Splendide mendax (L., "Splendidly mendacious"). The lie that is more or less applauded is an old trick of literature. More or less direct commendations of pious frauds abound in the classics. Thus, Æschylus, "God is not averse to deceit in a holy cause" (*Frag. Incert.*, ii.); Euripides, "To commit a noble deed of treachery in a just cause" (*Helena*, 1633); Cicero, "Mentiri gloriose;" and Horace, in the still more famous phrase,—

Splendide mendax et in omne virgo
 Nobilis ævum.
Odes, III., xi., 35.

Horace's lines refer to Hypermnestra. Her father, Danaus, hearing from an oracle that he would be slain by his son-in-law, made his fifty daughters promise that they would slay their bridegrooms, the fifty sons of Ægyptus. Hypermnestra alone broke her vow: she was imprisoned, but the people declared her innocent.

Very similar are Tasso's lines in "Jerusalem Delivered" (ii. 22):

Magnanima menzogna! or quando è il vero
 Sì bello che si possa a te preporre?—

which may be Englished thus:

O noble lie! was ever truth so good?

The laudatory reference is to a lie told by Sophronia. The Saracen king, acting on a renegade Christian's advice, had transferred a statue of the Virgin Mary, which was what we should now call a mascot, from a church to the mosque. Next day the statue disappeared, and the king threatened to kill all the Christians unless the culprit were found. Thereupon Sophronia, a virgin, falsely declared that she was guilty, and gave herself up to execution.

In the Talmud is a curious story which has its variants in many legends of the mediæval saints. The Roman government had forbidden the wearing of phylacteries, on pain of death. Nevertheless, the Rabbi Elisæus continued to wear one. Hearing that a lictor had been sent to arrest him, he hastily unbound it and concealed it in his hand. "What have you in your hand?" asked the lictor. "I have the wings of a dove," answered Elisæus; and, lo! when the lictor insisted on his opening his hand, the wings of a dove were actually found therein. This, it will be seen, is substantially the same story as that of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who was charitable against her husband's wish, and who, meeting him when her apron was filled with bread for the poor, declared, on inquiry, that it contained roses. He insisted on examining it, and the loaves were miraculously changed to roses.

A very touching lie is that of Desdemona (*Othello*, Act v., Sc. 2), who, when Emilia cries,—

Oh, who hath done this deed?—

answers from her couch,—

Nobody; I myself.

Commend me to my kind lord,—

and dies.

In modern literature a famous lie is that of Sister Sulpice in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." When Jean Valjean is arrested, she saves him by the one falsehood of her life:

"No," she says, unflinchingly, "I do not recognize him;" and the author, perhaps remembering Uncle Toby and the recording angel, says, sententiously, "Holy Virgin! this will be remembered in heaven."

This episode has been followed very closely by the authors of "The Two Orphans." In the scene at the Salpêtrière, Sœur Geneviève brings down the house by a similar subterfuge which renders liberty to the innocent Henriette:

"It is my first falsehood," murmurs Sœur Geneviève.

"And it will be counted to your credit there above, as a work of charity," says Henriette, softly.

In Mrs. Gaskell's novel of "North and South," and in Miss Proctor's "Milly's Expiation," the heroines, both true and noble women, tell a lie in court to save their lovers from death. Poor Madame Delphine, in Cable's novelette, is a quadroon; consequently her daughter cannot legally marry a white man. But the old lady swears Olive is not her daughter, and dies at the confessional, acknowledging her lie, on the eve of the girl's marriage. Thackeray's Little Sister, though she knows that she was legally married to Philip's father, denies it in order that Philip may not be deprived of his inheritance.

On the other hand, Jeanie Deans, in "The Heart of Midlothian," refuses to bear false witness in her sister's favor, despite the entreaties of her family and the agony it costs her to tell the truth.

Spoke in his wheel, a phrase which seems in danger of losing its original signification, to "thwart," to "obstruct," and is now used in the sense of to "assist." When solid wheels were used, the driver was provided with a pin or spoke, which he thrust into one of the three holes made to receive it, to skid the cart when it went down-hill. Tram-wagons used in collieries and carts used by railway-navvies still have their wheels "spoked" in order to skid them. In a memorial of "God's Last Twenty-Nine Years' Wonders in England for its Preservation and Deliverance from Popery and Slavery," published in 1689, the author, speaking of the zeal exerted by the Parliament of James II. against arbitrary government, tells us that "two very good acts had lately been procured for the benefit of the subject:" one "for disbanding the army," the other "a bill of habeas corpus, whereby the government could not any longer detain men in prison at their pleasure as formerly; both which bills were such spokes in their chariot-wheels that made them drive much heavier."

Spook, an Americanism for a ghost, a spirit.

Philologically, of course, there is no difficulty about the matter. The Greek word *ψυχή* is familiar to many people who do not know Greek, and the ingenious theory has been put forward that the Germans thought well to adopt it into their language, and, having a well-grounded dislike to beginning a word with *ps*, they simply transposed the consonants. Moreover, they slightly specialized the meaning, as constantly happens when a word is borrowed by one language from another. Thus *ψυχή*, soul, or spirit, became *Spuk*, spirit, apparition, or ghost. Finally, the inhabitants of the Western States of America, in order to prove the cosmopolitan liberality which is one of their proudest boasts, learnt the word from their German fellow-citizens, and again slightly altered the spelling in order to preserve the sound; so that Spook, the daughter of *Spuk*, and grand-daughter of *ψυχή*, became and was and still is a recognized word wherever the English language is spoken, and the normal and orthodox generic word for ghosts and things ghostly throughout a great part of the American continent.—*Saturday Review*.

Spoony, a colloquialism for effeminate, silly; also by extension applied to a person in love, probably from the custom of nicknaming the lowest junior optime in the mathematical examination at Cambridge University the "spoon," and presenting him with a wooden spoon. In archery matches, in England, the one who has the lowest score is rewarded with a spoon of horn or wood.

Spread eagle, a slang term of various applications. At Cambridge University, England, it means a fowl opened down the back and grilled. Among sailors it is applied to a passenger or other land-lubber caught in the rigging and made to pay a forfeit. But the meaning that now overshadows all others makes it an adjective to denote, specifically, the brag and bluster of a certain kind of American oratory. It originated, of course, in America, and is an allusion to the eagle with outstretched wings which forms the national emblem, and which used to be celebrated with special extravagance by Fourth-of-July speakers. The noun spread-eagleism is formed from the adjective.

Squatter Sovereignty, the popular name for the principles expressed in the doctrine, first formulated by Lewis Cass in 1847, that slavery "should be kept out of the national legislature, and left to the people of the confederacy in their respective local governments." The doctrine served on the one hand as a refuge for the Northern Democrats against the demand of the Southern slaveocracy that the right of property in slaves should be maintained everywhere, even in places where slavery was tabooed and regardless of the wishes of the inhabitants of the localities where the slave-owner might choose to take it,—a demand which received the countenance of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott decision,—and on the other hand saved them from going the length of the Wilmot Proviso, moved as an amendment to the proposed treaty with Mexico, by David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, in 1846, and reintroduced in 1848, prohibiting slavery in any territory which might be acquired from Mexico. The nickname "Squatter Sovereignty" was first derisively applied to the doctrine by Calhoun.

Stage, All the world's a. One of the most familiar passages in Shakespeare is the soliloquy put into the mouth of the melancholy Jaques in "As You Like It" (Act ii., Sc. 7), which begins,—

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

This comparison of the mimic world of the stage to the greater world of life frequently recurs in Shakespeare:

Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Macbeth, Act v., Sc. 5.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,—
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Merchant of Venice, Act i., Sc. 1.

It is found also in many of Shakespeare's contemporaries and predecessors:

The world's a stage on which all parts are played.

MIDDLETON: *A Game at Chess*, Act v., Sc. 1.

The world's a theatre, the earth a stage.
Which God and Nature do with actors fill.

THOMAS HEYWOOD: *Apology for Actors*, 1612.

A noble farce, wherein kings, republics, and emperors have for so many ages played their parts, and to which the whole vast universe serves for a theatre.—MONTAIGNE: *Of the Most Excellent Men*.

I take the world to be but as a stage,
Where net-maskt men do play their personage.

DU BARTAS: *Dialogue between Heraclitus and Democritus*.

Full eleven centuries before Shakespeare, Palladas, the Greek grammarian and epigrammatist, had written,—

This life a theatre we well may call,
Where every actor must perform with art,
Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.

But the most startling use of the metaphor is made by Heine in his "Reisebilder :"

"Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, MADAME !

"But life is in reality so terribly serious that it would be insupportable were it not for these unions of the pathetic and the comic, as our poets well know. Aristophanes only exhibits the most harrowing forms of human madness in the laughing mirror of wit, Goethe only presumes to set forth the fearful pain of thought comprehending its own nothingness in the doggerel of a puppet-show, and Shakespeare puts the most agonizing lamentations on the misery of the world in the mouth of a fool, who meanwhile rattles his cap and bells in all the nervous suffering of pain.

"They have all learned from the great First Poet, who, in his World Tragedy in thousands of acts, knows how to carry *humor* to the highest point, as we see every day. After the departure of the heroes, the clowns and *graciosos* enter with their baubles and lashes ; and after the bloody scenes of the Revolution there came waddling on the stage the fat Bourbons, with their stale jokes and tender 'legitimate' *bon mots*, and the old noblesse with their starved laughter hopped merrily before them, while behind all swept the pious Capuchins with candles, cross, and banners of the Church. Yes, even in the highest pathos of the World Tragedy, bits of fun slip in. It may be that the desperate republican, who, like a Brutus, plunged a knife to his heart, first smelt it to see whether some one had not split a herring with it—and on this great stage of the world all passes exactly the same as on our beggarly boards. On it, too, there are tipsy heroes, kings who forget their parts, scenes which obstinately stay up in the air, prompters' voices sounding above everything, danseuses who create astonishing effects with their legs, and, above all, *costumes* which are and ever will be the main thing. And high in Heaven, in the first row of the boxes, sit the lovely angels, and keep their *lorgnettes* on us poor sinners commedianizing here down below, and the blessed Lord himself sits seriously in his splendid seat, and perhaps finds it dull, or calculates that this theatre cannot be kept up much longer, because this one gets too high a salary, and that one too little, and that they altogether play far too indifferently."

In "Don Quixote," also, the Rueful Knight compares all the world to a stage, whereupon Sancho Panza caps his master's comparison by saying it is also like the game of chess ; while the game lasts, each piece has its own particular office, but as soon as the game is over all the pieces are mixed up together and cast higgledy-piggledy into a bag, which is all one, says Sancho, with casting our dead bodies into the tomb. Is not this very like the complaint of Tennyson's hero in "Maud"?—

Do we move ourselves, or are we moved by an unseen hand at a game,
That pushes us off the board, and others ever succeed ?

But before Tennyson, before Cervantes, the same figure had been used by Omar Khayyam in his Rubáiyát, LXIX. :

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Checker-board of Nights and Days,
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.
(Fitzgerald's translation.)

Stain upon mud. Rivarol said of some one remarkable for the uncleanness of his person, "He would make a stain upon mud." This is obviously the original of the common American description of a negro as so black that coal would make a white mark upon him. Talleyrand describes a great metaphysician as a man who excelled in writing with black ink on a black ground.

Stalwarts, the name given to a faction of the Republican party. It arose out of the action of a portion of the delegates to the Republican National Convention in 1880, to the number of three hundred and nine, under the leadership of Roscoe Conkling of New York, holding persistently (stalwartly) to the nomination of General Grant for a third term, to the end of the balloting, when James A. Garfield was finally nominated by a coalescence of all the other factions against the Stalwarts. In order to propitiate them, Chester A. Arthur, who was affiliated with them, was selected as the party's candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Notwithstanding this fact, the contest between the factions was extremely warm during the short incumbency by Garfield of the Presidential chair, and the quarrel led finally to the resignation of the New York Senators, Conkling and Platt. The Senators were disappointed in their expected "vindication" through a re-election by the New York Legislature. The Republicans of New York who supported the administration, and Mr. Blaine, the Secretary of State, who was the head of the opposition to the resigning Senators, were, in consequence of their failure to stand by the Senators and to re-elect them, dubbed "Half-Breeds." The assassination of Garfield and the succession of Arthur, a Stalwart, combined with the latter's discreet conduct, seemed on the surface to heal the breach. Nevertheless, at the ensuing election the Republican candidate for Governor was defeated by the enormous majority of nearly two hundred thousand votes. The withdrawal of Senator Conkling from political life in 1884 aided materially in restoring union between the contestants, but the distinction of Republicans in New York into Half-Breeds and Stalwarts continued for many years, and ceased only with the ascendancy of ex-Senator Platt in the government of the party machine of the State.

Stammerer, an epithet bestowed on two kings who were afflicted with imperfect utterance,—Michael the Stammerer, on the throne of the Eastern Cæsars, and Louis the Stammerer, who was crowned Western Emperor by the Pope at Troyes.

Stepping-stones. A passage which has afforded much room for ingenious comment is the first stanza in Tennyson's "In Memoriam :—"

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

Now, in "The Ladder of St. Augustine," Longfellow has,—

St. Augustine ! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

Once the similarity between these two stanzas had been pointed out, it did not take long for conjecture to decide that Longfellow was the poet whom Tennyson was praising. But conjecture reasoned without dates. Longfellow's poem was published a short time after "In Memoriam." Was it St. Augustine, then, who sang to one clear harp in divers tones? The description certainly did not seem very appropriate. Finally the question was settled by Tennyson himself. So we are told by Rev. Alfred Gatty, author of a

commentary on "In Memoriam," who wrote as follows to *Notes and Queries*: "The poet alluded to is Goethe. I know this from Lord Tennyson himself, although he could not identify the passage; and when I submitted to him a small book of mine on his marvellous poem, he wrote, 'It is Goethe's creed,' on this very passage."

Stew in their own grease, an ancient phrase, common to the early literature of most countries, which had fallen into unregretted desuetude when it was revived in the savage *mot* attributed to Bismarck during the siege of Paris, 1870-71: "I am going to let Paris stew in her own grease." So far back as Chaucer we find,—

But certainly I made folk such chere,
That in his own grees I made him frie.
The Wife of Bath's Preamble.

Shakespeare, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Act ii., Sc. 1), speaks of "melting Falstaff in his own grease." The Duke of Alva declared that the Low Countries were fat enough to be stewed in their own liquor. And so recent a writer as G. P. R. James says in his "Forest Days," "If yonder cooks have not done their duty and got all ready, I will fry them in their own juice."

Still-hunt, a term applied in political parlance to an election conducted without any great outward show of activity, but with much quiet, not to say underhand, work. It is also applied to the proceedings of one desiring to become a candidate for an office, who, while openly pretending and even declaring that he does not seek it, is furthering his plans in secret. In its earlier meaning it was first applied to the alleged methods of Samuel J. Tilden in his Presidential candidacy in 1876.

Stilton Hero, the nickname given to Cooper Thornhill, an innkeeper at Stilton, in Huntingdonshire. A relative of his, Mrs. Paulet, was the first to make the celebrated Stilton cheese, and it was he that introduced it to the market. He was a famous rider, and it is recorded of him that three times he rode to London (seventy-one miles) in eleven hours. He also gained a good deal of local celebrity by winning the cup at Kimbolton with a mare which he had picked up accidentally on the road, and that, too, after having previously ridden her twelve miles.

Stone. Leave no stone unturned,—*i.e.*, try every expedient. The earliest recorded form of this colloquialism is probably to be sought in the reply of the Delphic oracle to the question of Polycrates, how he could find the treasure rumored to have been buried by Mardonius on the battle-field of Plataea. The answer was, "Turn every stone."

Stool of repentance, a stool which was placed in front of the pulpit in Scotland, and on which persons who had incurred censure for an ecclesiastical offence were obliged to sit during service. After the service the "penitent" was expected to stand up on the stool while the minister administered a public rebuke. This form of censure was sometimes practised even during the present century.

Stornello verses are verses in which certain words are harped upon and turned about and about. They are common among the Tuscan peasants. The word is from *tornare*, to "return:"

I'll tell him the white and the green and the red
Mean our country has flung the vile yoke from her head;
I'll tell him the green and the red and the white
Would look well by his side as a sword-knot so bright;

I'll tell him the red and the white and the green
Is the prize that we play for, a prize we will win.

Storm-and-Stress Period, the name given to a period of great intellectual convulsion in the history of German literature which developed in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. It was marked by the strenuous and successful efforts by which the participators broke the fetters of conventionalism in all spheres of intellectual activity. It received its name from Klinger's drama "Sturm und Drang" ("Storm and Stress"), and among its epoch-making works are Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen" and Schiller's "Robbers," while the former, in his "Sorrows of Werther," represents its sentimental and lachrymose features :

The wisdom and extravagance of the age united in one stream. The masterly criticism of Lessing, the enthusiasm for Shakespeare, the mania for Ossian and the Northern mythology, the revival of ballad literature and parodies of Rousseau, all worked in one rebellious current against established authority. There was one universal shout for "nature." With the young nature seemed a compound of volcanoes and moonlight. To be insurgent and sentimental, explosive and lachrymose, were the true signs of genius.—G. H. LÖWES : *Life of Goethe*.

Great, indeed, was the woe and fury of these power-men (Kraft-männer). Beauty to their mind seemed synonymous for strength. All passion poetical, so it were but fierce enough. Their head moral virtue was Pride ; their beau-ideal of manhood was some transcript of Milton's devil. Often they inverted Bolingbroke's plan, and instead of "patronizing Providence" did directly the opposite, raging with extreme animation against Fate in general because it enthralled free virtue, and with clenched hands or sounding shields hurling defiance towards the vault of heaven.—CARLYLE : *Life of Schiller*.

Stormy Petrel of Politics, a *sobriquet* of John Scott, Earl of Eldon (1751-1838), because he was in the habit of hastening up to London when any rumor of a dissolution of the Cabinet reached him. He did so at the death of Lord Liverpool, under the expectation that the king would call on him to form a ministry, but the task was assigned to Canning. When Canning died, he was in full expectation of being sent for, but the king applied to Lord Goderich. Again, when Lord Goderich resigned, Eldon felt sure of being sent for, but the king asked Wellington to form a ministry.

Straw, Men of. In earlier times the procuring of witnesses to perjure themselves by false swearing was more common than now, and men could be easily found to give any evidence upon oath that might be required of them. In England it was a common thing for these mercurial wretches to walk openly in Westminster Hall with a straw in one of their shoes to signify that they wanted employment as witnesses : hence originated the expression "He is a man of straw." These false witnesses can boast of a high antiquity. A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, describing the ancient courts in Greece, says, "We have all heard of a race of men who used in former days to ply about our own courts of law, and who, from their manner of making known their occupation, were recognized by the name of straw-shoes. An advocate or lawyer who wanted a convenient witness knew by these signs where to find one, and the colloquy between the parties was brief. 'Don't you remember?' said the advocate. The party looked at the fee and gave no sign ; but the fee increased, and the powers of memory increased with it : 'To be sure I do.' 'Then come into court and swear it.' And straw-shoes went into court and swore it. Athens abounded in straw-shoes." There are plenty of "straw-shoes" still, but they do not wear their distinguishing mark. They devote their talents now chiefly to furnishing bail without the necessary qualifications, and "straw-bail" has become a familiar term in our courts.

Stricken deer. The wild exclamation of Hamlet after the success of his stratagem in the play-scene is well known :

Why let the stricken deer go weep,
 The hart ungalled play;
 For some must watch, while some must sleep,
 So runs the world away.

Act iii., Sc. 2.

In "As You Like It" occurs another reference to a wounded deer:

A poor sequestered stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt.
 Act ii., Sc. 1.

Both these passages may have been in Cowper's mind when he described himself thus:

I was a stricken deer that left the herd
 Long since: with many an arrow deep infix'd
 My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
 To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
The Task, Book iii.

Shelley has the same figure:

A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.
Adonais, xxxiii.

A further parallelism is not devoid of interest. In "As You Like It," after the lines already quoted, the poet, speaking through the melancholy Jaques, goes on to describe the agony of the sequestered stag:

The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase.

Thomson paints a stag in the same situation:

Fainting breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart,—he stands at bay:
 The big round tears run down his dappled face;
 He groans in anguish.
Autumn, v. 451.

Dryden paints a hare caught in the toils:

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
 A course, till tired before the dog she lay;
 Who, stretched behind her, pants upon the plain,
 Past power to kill, as she to get away.
 With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey,
 His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;
 She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
 And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

Annus Mirabilis, Stanzas 131-32.

D'Israeli, who first pointed out these latter similarities, makes a criticism which few, perhaps, will agree with: "Of these three pictures the *beseeching eyes* of Dryden perhaps is more pathetic than the *big round tears*, certainly borrowed by Thomson from Shakespeare, because the former expression has more passion, and is therefore more poetical. The sixth line in Dryden is perhaps exquisite for its imitative harmony, and with peculiar felicity paints the action itself. Thomson adroitly drops the *innocent nose*, of which one word seems to have lost its original signification, and the other offends now by its familiarity. The *dappled face* is a term more picturesque, more appropriate, and more poetically expressed." (*Curiosities of Literature: Poetical Imitations*.)

Studies. Send us a bishop who has finished his studies. A chestnut which every now and then makes the round of the English and American papers sets forth that a farmer, finding his bishop always engaged in his

studies when he endeavored to see him, finally expressed an impatient wish that "the next bishop the queen did appoint would be one who had finished his studies." Now, this is only an adaptation of a famous French tale thus narrated by Sainte-Beuve in "*Causeries du Lundi*" (1851), vol. ii. p. 158, of the famous Huet, Bishop of Avranches until 1721: "He used to pass many hours in his library, and when he was sought on business the answer always was, 'Monseigneur is at his studies.' This caused the people of Avranches to say, though otherwise full of respect for him, 'We will pray the king to give us a bishop who has finished his studies.'" Hence, Sainte-Beuve continues, there sprang up a proverbial saying, generally used in the bishop's country of Lower Normandy. When a man is absent in mind, dreamy,—in short, when his wits are wool-gathering,—his neighbors rally him in these words: "Qu'est-ce que t'as donc? T'es tout évêque d'Avranches ce matin" ("What's the matter with you? You're for all the world the Bishop of Avranches this morning").

Stuffed Prophet, an epithet which the New York *Sun* sought to fasten on Grover Cleveland just prior to his nomination as a candidate for the Presidency in 1892. This phonetically recalls that other nickname, the Stuffed Captain, which in 1872, or thereabouts, became almost an issue in Prussian politics.

To the perplexity of the outsider, the papers, and especially the comic papers, suddenly burst out into allusions to the Stuffed Captain, whom the progressive press made the butt of humorous but none the less violent attacks. At last it turned out that in all Prussian budgets there figured a captain of the First Regiment of Foot-Guards, for whose pay the estimates were charged with one thousand three hundred thalers, though the officer's name was not to be found in the army list. The progressists scented in the item one of the numerous false pretences by which the government was supposed to obtain funds. Finally, the Stuffed Captain in this case proved to be no other than King William himself, by his imperial dignity captain of his own First Foot-Guards. He did not, however, pocket the money for his own use, but paid it regularly towards the support of the tallest men in that company of giants, for which, like Frederick the Great, he had a constitutional tenderness.

Stump, Going on the, a political Americanism signifying a speech-making tour to influence votes pending an election. "The stump" is the American equivalent to the English "platform." In the early history of America a political orator would address his audiences from any convenient point of vantage; in the newly-settled regions, just cleared of forest, it might frequently be a tree-stump. Hence the name "stump speech" was given to any political harangue. Other derivatives are "stump-speaker" and "stumping the State,"—the last phrase meaning to make the circuit of the State and deliver political speeches. (See SPELLBINDER.)

Style. The style is the man himself (Fr., "*Le style, c'est l'homme même*"), a phrase used by Buffon in his reception address at the French Academy, 1753: "Only well-written works will descend to posterity. Fullness of knowledge, interesting facts, even useful inventions, are no pledges of immortality, for they may be employed by more skilful hands: they are outside the man; the style is the man himself." Another version makes Buffon say, "the style is of the man" ("*le style est de l'homme*"), but there seems to be no reason to reject the more common reading. Before Buffon Fénelon had said that "a man's style is nearly as much a part of him as his physiognomy, his figure, the beating of his pulse,—in short, as any part of

his being which is least subjected to the action of the will." In his "Anatomy of Melancholy: Democritus to the Reader," Burton has, "It is most true, *stylus virum arguit*.—our style bewrays us,"—the Latin being very nearly Buffon's phrase. Goethe means the same thing when he says, "A writer's style is the counterproof of his character."

Buffon says the style is the man himself. Villemain is a living refutation of this maxim: his style is beautiful, robust, and cleanly.—HEINE: *Thoughts and Fancies*.

Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re (L., "Gentle in manner, vigorous in performance"), a maxim of uncertain authorship. In many of the writings of the mediæval churchmen there are passages which closely approximate this, none more closely than the following from a treatise "*Industriæ ad curandos animæ morbos*," published at Venice in 1606, by Aquaviva, the general of the Jesuits:

Fortes in fine assequendo, et suaves in modo assequendi simus ("Let us be vigorous in attaining our object, and mild in the means thereto").

But the source of it is the Wisdom of Solomon, ch. viii. v. 1, where it is "Sapientia attingit ergo a fine usque ad finem fortiter et disponit omnia suaviter" ("Wisdom reacheth from one end to another mightily, and sweetly doth she order all things"). There is here no distinction in the application of the precept; but St. Bernard has "Atque ita per omnia imitatur sapientiam, dum et vitis resistit fortiter et in conscientia requiescit suaviter." (*De Grat. et Lib. Ar.*) The *suaviter in modo* is recommended by many popular proverbs,—e.g.:

Parole douce, et main au bonnet,
Ne coûte rien, et bonne est.

("Gentle words, hat in hand, cost nothing, and are acceptable.")

The saying comes from Henry IV. of France, the merry Henry of Navarre. This king was a terrible libertine, and not wise as a sovereign, yet his subjects adored him. Like other libertines, he was the pink of courtesy. This fair saying of Henry of Navarre's may be matched by the Spanish proverb "*Cortesía de boca mucho vale y poco cuesta*" ("Lip-courtesy is worth much and costs little"). No one who has not been through Iberian lands and mixed with high and low in them can have an idea of the importance of this brief maxim. The Spaniards are a gracious people,—we Anglo-Saxons cannot compare with them in the matter of civility,—but their civility must be met with civility, or it quickly develops into hatred of the most bitter kind, which we all know as the outcome of a mark of contempt.

Sublime. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so said Napoleon in 1812. The phrase will live as long as he will; yet in the form which Tom Paine gave it in his "Age of Reason" (Paris, 1795) it would never have caught the popular fancy. "One step above the sublime," says Paine, "makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again." Still less likely to take the public ear was the expression used by Deslart, who died in 1757: "I distrust those sentiments that are too far removed from hand, and whose sublimity is blended with ridicule, which too are as near one another as extreme wisdom and folly." Coleridge in his "Table-Talk" speaks of a passage being "the sublime dashed to pieces by cutting too close with the fiery four-in-hand around the corner of nonsense;" and Edward Lord Oxford, according to a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, wrote in his manuscript commonplace-book, "The magnificent and the ridiculous are so near neighbors that they touch each other." All these various authors recognized the fact that there was but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, but they just failed of the happy phrase that might have given their thought immortality.

Sublime Porte, a name for Constantinople which comes to us through the French *La Porte Sublime*, "the sublime door or gate." In a fit of Oriental self-gratulation, Mohammed II. (1451-1481) styled his capital "The Lofty [or Sublime] Gate of the Royal Tent." This was translated into Italian as *La Porta Sublimina*, and the term has since been adopted by all Western nations. Gate is a metonymy for court or place of justice. In the East justice has always been administered in the gate either of the city or of the king's palace. The Trojan councils were held in the gates of Priam's palace. In Xenophon's "*Cyropædia*," ch. viii., the court of the King of Persia is designated "the Gate." The Gate and Key at the Alhambra probably meant the place where justice was unlocked. And even in London, Newgate still testifies to the connection between gates and the justice there administered, for the Old Bailey stands annexed. Many nations used to write their laws upon gates. Peter is the rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against him.

Sucker State, a *sobriquet* for Illinois. As good an explanation as any is the following. The first settlements of Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin were those in and around what is now Grant County, Wisconsin. The lead-diggings were a great attraction to the adventurous frontiersmen, as the galena found a ready market and was paid for in hard cash. With the approach of winter, many of the miners went south to their Illinois homes. They returned in spring when the streams were thawing out and the "suckers," the first fish of the season, were running plentifully. As years passed on, it became a common by-word that "the Suckers had come back," and so the name gradually fastened on all Illinois people. On the other hand, those who braved the Wisconsin winters, or had no family ties to take them away, spent their time as best they could, hunting, trapping, etc., and roughed it in primitive quarters. They found shelter in caves and dug-outs and mining-drifts till spring brought them also out of their holes. Their returning companions would jokingly say that "the Badgers had come out." So it happened that, though Illinois does not specially abound in "suckers," and "badgers" are rather scarce in Wisconsin, the two commonwealths are still respectively known as "the Sucker State" and "the Badger State."

Sun. One of the oldest and most universal metaphors in literature is thus restated by Bacon :

The sun, which passeth through pollutions and itself remains as pure as before.—*Advancement of Learning*, Book ii.

An early appearance of the figure is indicated in the following story told by Erasmus : "Diogenes being chidden for that he was a goer into places full of stynke and all vnclenelynesse, he saied, 'Why, the soone also doeth creepe vnder houses of office, and yet is not therewith defoyl'd nor embrewed, or made durtie.'" (*Apophthegms*, translation of 1542, fol. 142.) Erasmus probably borrowed the story from Diogenes Laertius, Book vi., sect. 63. But the figure is found in the folk-lore of every country in the form of a riddle (see ENIGMA, p. 294), and is constantly reappearing in literature. Here are a few random instances :

Spiritualis enim virtus sacramenti ita est ut lux : etsi per imundos transeat, non inquinatur ("The spiritual virtue of a sacrament is like light : although it passes among the impure, it is not polluted").—SAINT AUGUSTINE : *Works*, vol. iii., *In Johannis Evang.*, cap. i. tr. v. sec. 15.

The sun shineth upon the dunghill, and is not corrupted.—LVLV : *Euphues : The Anatomy of Wit* (Arber's reprint), p. 43.

The sun, reflecting upon the mud of strands and shores, is unpolluted in his beam.—TAYLOR : *Holy Living*, ch. i.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—MILTON: *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*.

Sometimes the moon is substituted for the sun. Thus, Coleridge said of Charles Lamb, "Nothing ever left a stain on that gentle creature's mind, which looked upon the degraded men and things around him like moonshine on a dunghill, which shines and takes no pollution."

Sun. Hold a candle to the sun. Young in his last Satire, addressed to Walpole, foretells that some succeeding Muse shall tell, among other matters,—

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

In the verbal sense these lines have proved prophetic, for a later Muse, in the person of Crabbe, describing the usual collection of cottage reading, mentions the newly-bound Bible, containing, unfortunately, such comments as induce the rustic to cavil and ask *why?* and *how?*

Oh, rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold the glimmering tapers to the sun.

Introduction to the Parish Register, l. 89.

But the idea of holding a taper or candle to the sun is to be found in English poetry at least as early as the time of Henry VIII. Surrey, reproving all who dare compare their loves with his Geraldine, speaks of them as "matching candles with the sun." Algernon Sidney, in his "Discourses on Government," shows by many examples that government to be the best which best provides for war; "if more examples be wanted," he says, "they may easily be supplied, but it is not necessary 'to light a candle to the sun.'"

Sun never sets in my dominions (Ger., "Die Sonne geht in meinem Staat nicht unter"), the proud boast of Philip II., in Schiller's "Don Carlos," Act i., Sc. 6. The germ of the idea doubtless is in Herodotus, Book vii., ch. viii., where Xerxes says to his staff that after making his anticipated conquests the sun will look down on no country that borders on his. But the boast was a common one with the Spaniards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and is frequently alluded to in the literature of other countries.

Altera figlia

Di quel monarca, a cui
Nè anco quando annotta, il sol tramonta.

("The proud daughter of that monarch to whom when it grows dark [elsewhere] the sun never sets").—GUARINI: *Pastor Fido* (1590). (On the marriage of the Duke of Savoy with Catherine of Austria.)

Why should the brave Spanish soldier brag the sun never sets in the Spanish dominions, but ever shineth on one part or other we have conquered for our king?—CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH: *Advertisements for the Unexperienced, etc.* (Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., third series, vol. iii. p. 49).

It may be said of them [the Hollanders] as of the Spaniards, that the sun never sets on their dominions.—GAGE: *New Survey of the West Indies: Epistle Dedicatory* (London, 1648).

The King of Spain is a great potentate: he has one foot in the East and the other in the West, and the sun never sets without shining in some of his countries.

The modern Englishman likewise boasts that the sun never sets on the British empire, to which his enemies have retorted that God is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark. This boast, by the way, has been most magnificently voiced by a Yankee, no less a man than Daniel Webster:

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they [the Colonies] raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared,—a power which has dotted over the

surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.—*Speech*, May 7, 1834, p. 110.

The martial airs of England
Encircle still the earth.

AMELIA B. RICHARDS.

It has been pointed out that the boast applies as well to the United States as to England. The sun never sets on American soil. When it is 6 P.M. at Attou Island, Alaska, it is 9.36 A.M. the next day on the eastern coast of Maine.

Sun, To worship the rising, a figure of speech meaning to pay court to the powers that are gaining the ascendancy, just as to turn your back on the setting sun means to desert a lost cause, or a benefactor who has fallen into disgrace. Both phrases were known to the Romans, and are first met with in Tacitus:

He [Tiberius] upbraided Macro, in no obscure and indirect terms, "with forsaking the setting sun and turning to the rising."—*Annals*, vi. 52 (46).

Suns, Heaven cannot support two, nor the earth two masters, the reply of Alexander the Great when Darius, before the battle of Arbela, sent to offer terms of peace and a division of his empire. (PLUTARCH: *Life*.)

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can our England brook a double reign—
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Henry IV., Part I., Act v., Sc. 4.

Supra Grammaticam (L., "Above Grammar"), a *sobriquet* of Sigismund I., Emperor of Germany. We are told by Suetonius, in his treatise on Grammar, that Marcellus the Grammarian had the temerity to rebuke even the mighty and malevolent Tiberius for a solecism in grammar, and when one Ateius Capito suggested, in a courtier-like way, that if the word were not yet good Latin it would be so in future, Marcellus gave Capito the lie, and, turning to the emperor, cried, "Tu enim, Cæsar, civitatem dare potes hominibus, verbis non potes" ("Cæsar, you can grant citizenship to men, to words you cannot"). Hence the saying, "Cæsar non super grammaticos" ("Cæsar is not above the grammarians"), which Molière refers to in the line "La grammair, qui sait régenter jusqu'aux rois" ("Grammar, which lords it even over kings") (*Femmes Savantes*, Act ii., Sc. 6). But Sigismund I. disdained any such limitations of imperial authority. At the Council of Constance (1414) he replied to a prelate who had ventured to criticise his grammar, "Ego sum Rex Romanus et supra grammaticam" ("I am King of the Romans and above grammar").

Superfine Review, a *sobriquet* applied to the *Saturday Review* by Thackeray in his "Roundabout Papers." Here is one of several instances. It occurs in his paper "De Juventute:"

He has a paper on his knees. Read the name. It is the *Superfine Review*. It inclines to think that Mr. Dickens is not a true gentleman, that Mr. Thackeray is not a true gentleman, and that when one is pert and the other arch, we, the gentlemen of the *Superfine Review*, think, and think rightly, that we have some cause to be indignant. The great cause why modern humor and modern sentimentalism repel us, is that they are unwarrantably familiar. Now, Mr. Sterne, the *Superfine Reviewer* thinks, "was a true sentimentalist, because he was *above all things* a true gentleman." The flattering inference is obvious: let us be thankful for an elegant moralist watching over us, and learn, if not too old, to imitate his high-bred politeness and catch his unobtrusive grace. If we are unwarrantably familiar, we know who is not. If we repel by pertness, we know who never does. If our language offends, we know whose is always modest.

And here is how the *Saturday Review* hit back at Mr. Thackeray:

Throughout these *Roundabout Papers* Mr. Thackeray betrays the most astonishing sensitiveness to criticism, and an almost personal feeling of dislike to all who take upon themselves to find fault with them. The *Saturday Review* is a kind of *bête noire* with him. Sometimes he speaks of us by name,—sometimes, by a pleasing stroke of satire, he calls us the “Superfine Review.” He is indignant that his name should be introduced, even indirectly, and that an American paper which took upon itself to tell stories about him should be laughed at for its folly and ignorance. He cannot stand a purely literary discussion as to the degree of reserve that ought to accompany humor. In spite of all his experience of men and writers, he seems to believe in his own case what he would know to be absurd in the case of any one else in his position, and persuades himself that his superfine critics are evil-minded envious persons who want to run down an established reputation. There is something rather unsatisfactory in a writer like Mr. Thackeray crying out because he has remarks made about him. If they are really made by mean, uneducated, snarling natures, the decorous course for a man who has won his standing is to pass such an attack by in contempt. If the criticism is only that which Mr. Thackeray would, we suppose, call “superfine,” there is no need to be sore about it even if the author thinks it mistaken, provided there is nothing in the casual remarks of the critic inconsistent with a permanent, but tacit, recognition of the author’s real literary and social standing.

Swallow. One swallow does not make a summer, a proverb of great antiquity. It may be found in Aristotle in this form: “One swallow maketh not a spring, nor a woodcock a winter.” (*Eth. Nicom.*, lib. i.) In Attica the children were given a holiday when the swallow first appeared. Horace connects the zephyrs of spring with the arrival of the swallow. In Italy and Spain the proverb still runs, “One swallow does not make a spring.” But in more northern latitudes the swallow appears later, and their proverbial literature denies that a single swallow makes a summer. In Northbrooke’s “Treatise against Dancing” (1577) the proverb reads, “One swallow proveth not that summer is near.” Shakespeare, in “Timon of Athens,” Act iii., Sc. 6, says, “The swallow follows not the summer more willing than we your lordship.”

Swan-song. There is an old superstition that the swan, which is voiceless through life, breaks out into song at the approach of death. Plato in the “Phædo” (85 B.C.) makes Socrates say, “I think men are all wrong when they say that the swans before death sing sadly bewailing their end. They sing then most and most sweetly, exulting that they are going to their God. . . They sing then not out of sorrow or distress, but because they are inspired of Apollo, and they sing as foreknowing the good things their God hath in store for them.” Cicero says of Lucius Crassus that he spoke with the divine voice of a swan about to die. The idea was doubtless derived from the Pythagorean notion that the souls of poets pass after death into the bodies of swans, retaining all their powers of harmony. Virgil was called the Swan of Mantua, and Shakespeare in modern classic times the Swan of Avon. But the burden of proof lies with those who assert that swans “expire with the notes of their dying hymn.” Scaliger ridicules the idea of the poets, and the throat and vocal organs of the swan are so constructed as to resemble the trumpet more than any other musical instrument. But the ancients were not naturalists at all in our sense of that word. The booming of the bittern was enough to satisfy Pliny that there was a god in the marshes of Southern Gaul who took the form of an ox. One ancient notion was that the music of the swan was produced by its wings and inspired by the zephyr: Sir Thomas Browne alludes to this:

Not in more swelling whiteness sails
Cayster’s swan to western gales,
When the melodious murmur sings,
‘Mid her slow-heaved voluptuous wings.

Still, there is a swan which may be said to sing, and the ancients may have heard it or heard of it. Mr. Nicol in his valuable account of Iceland thus describes the *Cygnus musicus* which frequents the rivers and lakes of Iceland: “The wild or whistling swan with pure white plumage, five feet long and eight

feet broad with extended wings. Some remain in Iceland all winter, and during the long dark nights their wild song is often heard, resembling the tones of a violin, though somewhat higher and remarkably pleasant." Henderson says of the river Nordura in Iceland, "The bleakness of the surrounding rocks was greatly enlivened by the number of swans that were swimming and singing there most melodiously." Erman in his "Travels in Siberia," translated by Cooley, says of the *Cygnus olor*, "This bird when wounded pours forth its last breath in notes most beautifully clear and loud."

'Tis strange that death should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

SHAKESPEARE: *King John*, Act v., Sc. 7.

I will play the swan,

And die in music.

Othello, Act v., Sc. 2.

There, swan-like, let me sing and die.

BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto iii., Stanza 86.

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

COLERIDGE.

Sweetness and light, a favorite phrase of Matthew Arnold's, who borrowed it with due credit from Swift, and rang the changes on it so persistently that it has come to be looked upon as the key-note of his moral and literary creed. Here is the passage in which it first occurs: "The Greek word *euphuia*, a finely-tempered nature, gives exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to conceive it; a harmonious perfection, a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites 'the two noblest of things,'—as Swift, who of one of the two, at any rate, had himself all too little, most happily calls them in his 'Battle of the Books,'—'the two noblest of things, sweetness and light.' The *euphuies*, I say, is the man who tends towards sweetness and light; the *aphues*, on the other hand, is our Philistine." (*Culture and Anarchy*.) Swift put the words into the mouth of Æsop, who, pleading the cause of ancient authors, likens them to bees, and says that "instead of dirt and poison (such as are collected by modern authors, or spiders) we have rather choose [*sic*] to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Times*:—I should like, with your permission, to point out a literary coincidence which strikes me as not a little remarkable and interesting. Among the many happy phrases which we owe to the late lamented Matthew Arnold, none is more familiar than "Sweetness and light." I have been told, indeed, that he was not the author of the phrase, and that he himself acknowledged he was indebted for it to Swift; but, at any rate, if the mint were not his, he it was that made it a part of the current coin of literature. But the remarkable thing is that the same association of ideas, though expressed by means of verbs instead of nouns, is to be found in an author from whom I suppose it is quite certain Swift could not have borrowed it. I was startled when I came upon the passage in Philo Judæus. Philo is speaking of the manna which was the food of the Israelites in the wilderness, and, as is his wont, gives it a mystical signification. It means, he says, the food of the soul; it is a Divine word, whence flow all the nurture and discipline of the soul, all its wisdom and virtue in perennial stream. And then he asks, "What is the bread?" (which Moses gave the children of Israel to eat), and the answer is, "It is the word which the Lord ordained, and this Divine ordinance imparts both light and sweetness to the soul which has eyes to see." Philo's order is more logical, for the "light" must precede the "sweetness." Probably in English the rhythmical balance of the words decided the order "sweetness and light," not "light and sweetness." On the other hand, it may be said that the natural order is in the Greek also the rhythmical. This is an instance in which even a trick of the memory is out of the question. Swift, I take it, never read a line of Philo. I only regret that, though I lighted upon the discovery before Matthew Arnold's death, I omitted to tell him of it. No one would have been more interested than he in such a literary coincidence.—*London Times*, 1887.

Swim, In the, a slang term, equivalent to the French "dans le mouvement," "dans le train," meaning in the current movement, whether in politics, literature, or society, abreast of the times, in the inner circle, etc. The figure is undoubtedly derived from a "swim" or school of fish.

Swinging round the circle, a phrase by which President Andrew Johnson described his Western trip in 1866 during his quarrel with Congress. The ostensible objective point was Chicago, whither he had been invited to attend the laying of the corner-stone of the monument to Stephen A. Douglas. He was attended by a large party, and made stops at all the larger cities, delivering political speeches, not always in good taste or sufficiently good temper, according to his adversaries. The phrase was turned against him by his opponents, who used his own words in a condemnatory way of describing his tour.

Swinish multitude. In his "Reflections on the Revolution in France," vol. iii. p. 335, Burke pictures a period when "learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude." His enemies caught up the phrase as meaning that Burke actually looked upon the people at large as no better than swine, and the catch-words "the swinish multitude" were echoed from one end of the country to the other to excite popular indignation. But, indeed, even if he had meant to bring this sweeping charge, he would not have been more haughtily undemocratic than many other intellectual princes. The "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo" ("I hate the profane and vulgar herd and keep away from it") of Horace (*Odes*, III., i. 1) has been echoed and re-echoed. The "many-headed multitude" of Shakespeare and Sir Philip Sidney, in itself a hardly complimentary phrase, becomes intensified into the "many-headed monster" of Massinger and Pope:

There still remains to mortify a wit
The many-headed monster of the pit.

Satires, Ep. i., Book ii., l. 304.

A far more unpleasant phrase, "the unwashed," or "the great unwashed," is sometimes attributed to Burke, probably through a confusion with "the swinish multitude." In fact, it seems to have been a gradual evolution from the Shakespearian line uttered by Hubert de Burgh,—

Another lean unwashed artificer.

King John, Act iv., Sc. 2.

This line, humorously applied to special members of the artisan class, led to the designation of the entire class as unwashed, and so, by a natural extension, the phrase drew in all the masses.

T.

T, the twentieth letter, and the sixteenth consonant, of the English alphabet. In the Phœnician alphabet it was the twenty-second and last letter. The succeeding letters in our alphabet, as in the Latin and the Greek, were gradual accretions.

T. It suits to a T. The T, T-square or T-rule, is an instrument (so called from its resemblance to a capital T) used by mechanics and draughtsmen where great exactness and nicety are required, especially in making angles true and obtaining perpendiculars on paper or wood. Hence the expression "It suits to a T" means that a certain thing is exactly right in every way, as a piece of workmanship would be when measured by the T-square.

Another explanation of the phrase is that, as *t* is the final letter of the word suit, "suits to a *t*" means suits completely and absolutely.

T. D. Pipe, a cheap clay pipe, said to take its name from Timothy Dexter, an eccentric capitalist, who in his will left a large sum of money to be expended in the erection of a factory where such pipes were to be manufactured. He was born at Malden, Massachusetts, in 1793, and at an early age apprenticed to a tanner. On attaining the age of twenty-one he went into business for himself, and amassed a fortune. He then moved to Newburyport and styled himself Lord 'Timothy Dexter. He adorned his grounds with wooden statues costing fifteen thousand dollars, dressed in a half-military, half-classic style, and rode in a coach that imitated the cars of the heathen deities. He wrote a book, "Pickle for the Knowing Ones; or, Plain Truth in a Home-spun Dress." It was entirely without punctuation in the first edition. On the last page of the second edition he inserted this note:

Fourder mister printer the Nowing ones complane of my book the fust edition had no stops I put in A nuf here and they may pepper and salt it as they plese.

Here follows a quantity of all sorts of punctuation-marks. His life has been written by Samuel L. Knapp.

Take a back seat, To, in American slang, to retire into obscurity, to withdraw from public notice as a confession of failure. Though the phrase was current before Andrew Johnson's Presidency, it was he who gave it a "send-off" in his famous saying that in the work of reconstruction traitors should take back seats.

Who will say that the Britishers are not a forbearing and forgiving race, and the inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon don't by any means take a back seat in that line? Ignatius Donnelly actually visited the birthplace of Shakespeare and wasn't lynched! Far from it: he was hospitably received and entertained.—*Texas Siftings*, 1888.

Taking a sight, the common name for a gesture which is thus described by Rabelais, Book ii., chap. xix.: "Panurge suddenly lifted up in the air his right hand, and put the thumb thereof into the nostril of the same side, holding his four fingers straight out." The gesture is a very old one. Captain Marryat, in his "Jutland," gives it a quasi-divine origin: "Some of the old coins found in Denmark represent the god Thor,—and what do you imagine he is doing? Why, applying his thumb to the end of his nose, with his four fingers extended in the air." If so, there can surely be nothing profane in the story of the English bishop who remonstrated with a clergyman for driving tandem. The latter admitted the offence, but refused to see any harm in it. "I drive two horses," he said, "so does your lordship, only yours are abreast, while one of mine goes ahead of the other. The difference is a mere form."

"True," replied the bishop, "it is a matter of form, but then form is so much, after all. For instance, in pronouncing the benediction, if you spread the hands so" (making the usual gesture as he spoke), "you are perfectly right; but if you were to spread them *so*" (making another gesture with thumb to nose and hands tandem-fashion), "it would hardly be the same thing."

The gesture was at one time known as "Queen Anne's Fan." The above term is more recent: for a suggested origin see WALKER. It is a matter of dispute whether in Shakespeare's time the act was known as biting one's thumb. If so, the following passage acquires a new meaning:

Abraham. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abraham. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

Romeo and Juliet, Act I., Sc. 1.

Tall men and short. James I., King of England, asking the Lord-Keeper Bacon what he thought of the French ambassador, he answered that he was a tall and proper man. "Ay," replied the king, "but what think you of his head-piece? Is he a proper man for an ambassador?" "Sir," said Bacon, "tall men are like high houses, wherein commonly the uppermost rooms are worst furnished."

Fuller probably remembered this when he wrote,—

Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature hath built many stories high.—*Andronicus*, Sec. vi., par. 18, 1.

And so did Butler in the following :

Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.

Hudibras, Part i., Canto i., l. 161.

Watts, who was himself a small man, thus consoles himself for the defect :

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul :
The mind's the standard of the man.

WATTS : *Horæ Lyricæ* : *False Greatness*.

He may have had in mind these passages in the classics :

I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man.—*SENeca* : *On a Happy Life*, ch. i.

It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigor is in our immortal soul.—*OVID* : *Metamorphoses*, xiii.

These lines of Jonson hardly refer to physical stature, yet they may be quoted in this connection :

In small proportion we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

JONSON : *To the Immortal Memory of Sir Lucius Cary and Sir Henry Morison*.

Tally man, Tally woman, indicating a man and woman living together without marriage, are terms used in English mining-districts. Coal-miners use tallies in their occupation, and at many pits it is customary to send the tubs of coal to bank with tin tallies attached, each tally bearing the number of the bank, or benk, where the coal has been got in the mine. In this way the coal is credited to the proper miner. So, figuratively, a man and a woman living together without marriage bear each other's tally as a sign of temporary ownership.

Tantamount. In dictionaries, this word, meaning "equivalent in value or signification," is designated as of French origin. Locke seems to use it in that sense : "If one-third of our coin were gone, and men had equally one-third less money than they have, it must be tantamount, what I scape of one-third less another must make up." There are other uses of the word, by which its original meaning is deduced.

The Rev. Edward Clarke, in his letters concerning the Spanish nation, 1760-1761, 4to, p. 199, while describing the churches in Segovia, notices that of St. Dominic, a noble gothic structure, built about 1406, having cut on the stone beneath the cornice continued under the roof outside a representation of the words "Tanto Monta" in old characters, the meaning of which is, that when, by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1474, the kingdoms of Spain and Castile were united, they made this Spanish proverb, "Tanto monta, monta tanto Isabella como Fernando,"—that is to say, Isabel is as good as Ferdinand, and Ferdinand as Isabel. Hence comes our English word tantamount.

Another similar account occurs in Udal ap Rhys's "Account of Spain,"

1749, 8vo, p. 14, when, speaking of the privileges formerly pertaining to the Aragonese, he notices one that related to the terms and conditions upon which they chose their kings. The form was as follows: "Nos, que valemós tanto como vos, os hazemos nuestro Rey y Señor, con tal que guardeis nuestro Fueros y Libertades. Si no, no." ("We, who are as good as you, make you our Lord and King, provided you maintain our Rights and Liberties. If not, no.") This privilege the people of Aragon retained till about the end of the eleventh century, when it was abrogated by King Pedro the First.

Tarring and Feathering. This uncomfortable mode of punishment dates back to mediæval Europe. An ancient *fabliau* tells how a certain matron, to rid herself of the dishonorable importunities of a curé, a provost, and a forester, made appointments with all three, and then contrived that they should be stripped and thrown into a cask of feathers, whence they were hunted by her husband, with the dogs and the villagers at their heels. In England the penalty was legally introduced in 1189, when Richard I., before setting out on the third Crusade, ordained, with a view to preserving the discipline of his fleet, that

A robber who shall be convicted of theft shall have his head cropped after the fashion of a champion, and *boiling pitch shall be poured thereon, and the feathers of a cushion shall be shaken out on him*, so that he may be known, and at the first land at which the ship shall touch he shall be set on shore.—ROGER DE HOVEDEN: *Annales Rerum Anglicarum*.

In modern times, and especially in some of the Western States of America, the practice has found favor with the populace as a means of executing summary justice on an offender whom the law, perhaps, shows no anxiety to reach. Sydney Smith once said to Samuel Rogers, "My dear Rogers, if we were both in America we should be tarred and feathered; and, lovely as we are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu."

Tartar, To catch a, a proverbialism which has many parallels, as the Roman proverb "to hold a wolf by the ears," and the modern slang phrase "to bite off more than one can chew," or the common saying "to rouse a hornets' nest," all implying the getting more than one bargained for. Grose tells the tale of an Irish soldier in the Imperial service who shouted in battle to his comrade that he had caught a Tartar. "Bring him along, then," said his mate. "But he won't come," cried Paddy. "Then come yourself," said his comrade. "Arrah!" cried Paddy, "I wish I could, but he won't let me." A variant, in which the tables are turned, is that of the gentleman who one day was surprised in his palace by the apparition of a ferocious-looking bit of humanity, unmistakably a Tartar. Sitting paralyzed with fear while the barbarian began gathering such costly objects lying about as pleased his fancy, the door opened, and a beautiful woman walked in. At sight of her the robber dropped everything, and, picking her up, carried her off. "Alas," cried the poor gentleman, as they disappeared in the distance, "I have lost my wife. But God help the Tartar."

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (sixth series, viii. 226) mentions an analogous Lincolnshire saying, "I've got her yet, like Billy Joy's cow," of which the following explanation had been given to him. "A certain small yeoman, Billy Joy by name, once upon a time went to Caistor Fair to buy a cow. On returning with his purchase he led her by a rope round the horns, the other end of which he kept in his hand, but, being naturally a lazy fellow, at last tied it round his waist. The day was hot, and the 'bees was fell,' and so it came that on passing Caborne horse-dike the cow took to the water, dragging her master with her, to the great amusement of the on-lookers, to the other side. All this time Billy, wishing to make the best of his enforced position, kept tugging at the rope, and calling out, 'I've got her yet! I've got her yet!'"

Tawdry. Saint Etheldreda, or Saint Audry, was the daughter of a king of East Anglia, who died abbess of the convent of Ely, which she founded on the spot where the cathedral stands. At the fair of Saint Audry at Ely in former times toys of all sorts were sold, also a description of cheap laces, which, under the name of "tawdry laces," long enjoyed a celebrity. Various allusions to tawdry laces occur in Shakespeare, Spenser, and other writers of their age.

One time I gave thee a paper of pins,
Another time a tawdry lace;
And if thou wilt not grant me love,
In truth I'll die before thy face.

Old Ballad.

It was a happy age when a man might have wooed his wench with a pair of kid leather gloves, a silver thimble, or with a tawdry lace; but now a velvet gown, a chain of pearl, or a coach with four horses will scarcely serve the turn.—RICH: *My Lady's Looking-Glass*, 1616.

In time the epithet tawdry came to be applied to any cheaply pretentious finery.

Taxation without representation is tyranny, a phrase which formulated the grievances of the American Colonies immediately before the Revolution. When and by whom it was coined is not known, nor whether it preceded or was a reply to the celebrated pamphlet which appeared in England about the same time, entitled "Taxation no Tyranny."

Lord Castlereagh inveighed against "the ignorant impatience of taxation" when his proposed income-tax was rejected by Parliament in 1816. "Nothing is certain but death and taxes," said Franklin in 1789, in a letter to M. Leroy, of the French Academy of Sciences. "Our constitution is in actual operation, and everything appears to promise that it will last, *mais dans ce monde il n'y a rien d'assuré que la mort et les impôts.*"

No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labors and excise our brains.

CHURCHILL: *Night*, l. 271.

Taylor. General Taylor never surrenders, a famous phrase attributed to General Zachary Taylor. The story runs that just before the battle of Buena Vista, on the 22d of February, 1847, General Santa Anna sent Taylor a summons to surrender, stating that he did so from feelings of benevolence, in order to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, for his force of twenty thousand men was certain to crush the six thousand under Taylor. So far the facts are historical. But the story goes on to say that "Old Rough and Ready" sent back the laconic message at the head of this article. The phrase entered largely into the campaign of 1848, when Taylor ran for the Presidency, and it was so effective as a rallying-cry that he did not care to dispute its authenticity. But his real answer to Santa Anna as officially stated (p. 170, "Taylor and his Generals," Butler & Co., Philadelphia, 1847) ran as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
NEAR BUENA VISTA, February 22, 1847.

SIR,—In reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request.

With high respect, I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

Major-General U. S. Army Commanding.

SEÑOR GEN. D. ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA,
Commander-in-Chief, La Encantada.

Tears of the sky, an obvious figure for dew or rain. Lord Chesterfield says,—

The dews of the evening most carefully shun,—
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
Advice to a Lady in Autumn.

Wordsworth, in contrasting Imagination and Fancy, opposes to these lines, which he slightly misquotes, the beautiful thought in the ninth book of "Paradise Lost :"

Sky loured, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original.

"The associating link," he says, "is the same in each instance. Dew and rain, not distinguishable from the liquid substance of tears, are employed as indications of sorrow. A flash of surprise is the effect in the former case ; a flash of surprise, and nothing more ; for the nature of things does not sustain the combination. In the latter, the effects from the act, of which there is this immediate consequence and visible sign, are so momentous that the mind acknowledges the justice and reasonableness of the sympathy in nature so manifested, and the sky weeps drops of water as if with human eyes, as 'Earth had before trembled from her entrails, and Nature given a second groan.'"

Chesterfield's conceit has been frequently used, both before and after his time :

And soon for Day the skies shall weep,
Passed gently to the realms of sleep.

MRS. EDWARD LIDDELL : *Songs in Minor Keys* (1881).

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

GEORGE HERBERT : *Virtue*.

Teeth, To pull one's, a proverbial expression meaning to render harmless, to disarm by some cunning or subterfuge, the reference being to Æsop's fable of the lion in love with a maiden. She directed him to pull his teeth and trim his claws, and when he had done this he was easily overpowered.

Soon after the celebrated coalition between Fox and Lord North, the former was boasting at Brooks's club-house of the advantageous peace he had ratified with France, adding that he had at length prevailed on the court of Versailles to relinquish all pretensions to the gum-trade in favor of Great Britain. Selwyn, who was present, and to all appearance asleep in his chair, immediately exclaimed, "That, Charles, I am not at all surprised at ; for, having permitted the French to draw your teeth, they would indeed be fools to quarrel with you about your gums."

Teetotaler, a total abstainer, teetotal being an emphatic reduplication of total. It is said that Richard Turner, an English temperance orator who had an impediment in his speech, would invariably speak of t-t-total abstinence. In derision his supporters were nicknamed teetotalers. This was *circa* 1830-35. On the other hand, Turner himself asserted that he invented the word and did not stumble into it. This is the epitaph which may be read on his tombstone at Preston, near Manchester : "Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of Richard Turner, author of the word Teetotal as applied to abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, who departed this life on the 27th day of October, 1846, aged 56 years."

Another origin of the word is confirmed by the Rev. Joel Jewell in a letter to the editors of the Century Dictionary. In 1818 a temperance society was formed at Hector, New York, of which Mr. Jewell became secretary. At first they pledged themselves to abstain from distilled spirits only, but in

January, 1827, another pledge was introduced, binding all signers to total abstinence. The two classes were distinguished by the initials O. P. (Old Pledge) and T. (Total); and the frequent explanations necessitated by these symbols made "T—total" a familiar allocution. It is quite possible that both derivations are correct, and that the word originated independently in the two countries.

Tempest in a teapot. This phrase is one of the modifications of an old proverb which can be traced as far back as the time of Cicero, who quotes it as a common saying,—*e.g.*, "Gratidius excitabit fluctus in simpulo, ut dicitur" ("Gratidius raised a tempest in a ladle, as the saying is"). (*De Legibus*, iii. 16.) Athenæus, who wrote in the third century, makes the flute-player Dorian ridicule Timotheus, who undertook to imitate a storm at sea on the zither, by saying, "I have heard a greater storm in a boiling pot." The French form, "une tempête dans une verre d'eau" ("a tempest in a glass of water"), was first applied to the disturbances in the republic of Geneva near the end of the seventeenth century, and is variously attributed to the Austrian Duke Leopold, to Paul, Grand Duke of Russia, and to the French author and jurist Linguet. Balzac, in his "Curé de Tours," assigns the authorship, without any apparent evidence, to Montesquieu. The English phrase is an evident reminiscence of the French, "teapot" being substituted for the sake of alliteration, but it is doubtful who first gave it currency. Lord North is said to have applied the phrase to the outbreak of the American colonists against the tax on tea; but Lord Chatham is also said to have characterized a London riot in the same terms.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis (L., "Times change and we change with them"), a Latin expression of mediæval origin. It seems to be a misquotation of a line by Matthias Borbonius:

Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

Delicia Poetarum Germanorum, vol. i. p. 685.

Borbonius calls this a saying of Lotharius I. (*circa* 830). The nearest approach in any classic author is in Ovid:

Omnia mutantur: nihil interit.

Metamorphoses, xiv. fab. iii.

Pope amplifies the sentiment in "Moral Essays," Epistle i., l. 172,—

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Teneis with books, and principles with times;

and Shakespeare,—

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges,
Twelfth Night, Act v., Sc. 1;

and Herrick,—

Thus times do shift,—each thing his turn does hold;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.
Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve.

But the great evil in such cases is this,—that we cannot see the extent of the changes wrought or being wrought, from having ourselves partaken in them. *Tempora mutantur*, and naturally if we could review them with the neutral eye of a stranger it would be impossible for us not to see the extent of those changes. But our eye is not neutral; we also have partaken of the changes; *et nos mutamur in illis*. And this fact disturbs the power of appreciating those changes.—DR. QUINCEY.

Think what a woman should be—she was that, a familiar epitaphic line, used with many variations on English and American monuments. Thus, in Torrington Church-yard, Devon:

She was—but words are wanting to say what.
Think what a woman should be—she was that.

This is said to have provoked the following reply :

A woman should be both a wife and mother,
But Jenny Jones was neither one nor t'other.

The following epitaph on Rev. Joseph Green, who died in 1770, is in Barnstable, Massachusetts :

Think what the Christian minister should be,
You've then his character, for such was he.

There is a remarkable coincidence in the Shakespearian phrase,—

Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Venus and Adonis.

Thirteen, an unlucky number, especially in the case of thirteen at table, when one of the diners will surely die within the year. The superstition is an ancient one and widely prevalent. There are streets in Paris and other French cities where houses are numbered 12 *bis*, 112 *bis*, etc., in lieu of 13 or 113. Even in America many hotels have no room 13. The Turks have almost expunged the number 13 from their vocabulary. The Italians never use it in making up the numbers for their lotteries, and in one of their games the thirteenth card bears the figure of death. In almost all civilized countries may be found educated men and women who would rather die than sit down thirteen at table. The Parisian *pique-assiette*, who lives by dining in other people's houses, is often known as the *quatorzième*, it being the chief part of his business to make the fourteenth to the chance unlucky number. In New York a club called the Thirteen Club was started in 1884 for the express purpose of downing this superstition. The number of members always consists of some multiple of thirteen, they dine together on the thirteenth of every month, thirteen at a table, their dues are thirteen cents a month, and everything connected with the club is arranged as far as possible by thirteens. From year to year they publish reports to show that individually and collectively they are as healthy, prosperous, and long-lived as the members of any other club.

The superstition probably grew out of the fact that Christ and his apostles made a total of thirteen at the Last Supper, and gained additional strength and currency through the Norse story of Loki's banquet with the gods in Valhalla. Baldur was the thirteenth at the table, and had to die.

Thirteen is a number peculiarly belonging to the rebels. A party of naval prisoners lately returned from Jersey say that the rations among the rebels are thirteen dried clams per day :

"that Mr. Washington has thirteen toes on his feet (the extra ones having grown since the Declaration of Independence), and the same number of teeth in each jaw; that the Sachem Schuyler has a topknot of thirteen stiff hairs, which erect themselves on the crown of his head when he grows mad; that it takes thirteen Congress paper dollars to equal one penny sterling; that Polly Wayne was just thirteen hours in subduing Stony Point, and as many seconds in leaving it; that a well-organized rebel household has thirteen children, all of whom expect to be generals and members of the High and Mighty Congress of the thirteen United States when they attain thirteen years; that Mrs. Washington has a mottled tom-cat (which she calls, in a complimentary way, 'Hamilton') with thirteen yellow rings around his tail, and that his flaunting it suggested to the Congress the adoption of the same number of stripes for the rebel flag."—*London Newspaper*, 1776, quoted in *Lippincott's Magazine*, July, 1876.

This is an ox. There is a popular tradition that some painter, uncertain of his own handiwork or of the acumen of his critics, wrote under an animal which he had painted, "This is an ox," and so avoided all danger of misapprehension. The story is told in various ways, authorities differing widely not only as to the nationality of the painter, but also as to the period at which he flourished and the nature of the animal he portrayed. Kingsley, in "Two Years Ago," chap. vii., writes, "Portrait-painters now depend for their effects on the mere accidents of entourage; on dress, on landscape, even on

broad hints of a man's occupation, putting a plan on the engineer's table, and a roll in the statesman's hands, like the old Greek who wrote 'This is an ox' under his picture." But Defoe, in speaking of the effect his famous pamphlet "A Short Way with the Dissenters" had on the Dissenters themselves, and their failure to comprehend its ironical drift, says, "All the fault I can find in myself as to these people is that when I had drawn the picture I did not, like the Dutchman with his man and his bear, write under them, 'This is the man, and this is the bear,' lest the people should mistake me."

Thistle. As to the adoption of the thistle as an emblem of Scotland history is silent, but tradition is as noisy as ever. The favorite legend tells how the Danes were creeping silently one night towards the Scotch camp,—in spite of their rule, which looked upon a midnight attack upon an enemy as unwarrantable,—when suddenly one of the soldiers set his bare foot upon a thistle. The sharp points entered his unprotected flesh and drew from him a cry of pain. The Scotch were aroused, and, falling upon the attacking Danes, defeated them with terrible slaughter. Ever since that time the Scotch have taken the thistle as their emblem.

Another legend tells how the eponymic Queen Scotia, after a hard-won victory over some nameless enemy, threw herself on the grass to rest, on the very spot where a thistle had elected to grow. It is not mentioned whether she fought in the national costume. But at all events the prickly spines of the offending thistle found a lodgement in her fair flesh. "He that sitteth on a nettle," says the proverb, "riseth up quickly." The same holds good of the thistle. Scotia jumped up in an ecstasy of wrath and woe and plucked the plant up by the roots. But just as she was about to cast it from her with a trooper-like expression, it struck her that henceforth the plant should evermore be associated in her mind with the glorious victory. She placed it in her casque, and from that time the thistle became the national emblem.

Sir Henry Nicholas traces the badge to James III., for in an inventory of his jewels thistles are mentioned as among the ornaments; but this is hardly sufficient proof that the thistle had then been adopted as the national emblem. The first authentic mention of the thistle as the national flower is in Dunbar's poem of "The Thistle and the Rose,"—in which, by the way, he gives the rose the highest honor,—which was written in 1503 on the occasion of the marriage of James IV to Margaret Tudor of England.

What is the true Scotch thistle even the Scotch antiquaries cannot decide, and in this uncertainty it is safest to say that no thistle in particular can claim the sole honor, but that it extends to every member of the family found in Scotland. The heraldic emblem most closely resembles the musk-thistle (*Carduus nutans*).

Thunder, Steal my. John Dennis, critic and dramatist (1657-1734), was the inventor of a new species of stage thunder which was used for the first time in a play of his own, "Appius and Virginia." Even with this assistance the play was coldly received and speedily withdrawn. Shortly afterwards, being in the pit at the representation of "Macbeth" (so Spence tells us), he heard his own thunder made use of. "Damn them!" he cried, rising in a violent passion, "they will not let my play run, but they steal my thunder!" The phrase has passed into a proverb. Pope, in the "Dunciad," has this ugly hit at Dennis:

To move, to raise, to ravish every heart
With Shakespeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.

Book ii., l. 223.

Pope's note to the above is as follows: "The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement I know not; but it is certain that, being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, 'Sdeath! that is *my* thunder!'"

Tick, a slang word for credit, corrupted from ticket, the seventeenth-century term for a tradesman's bill. As early as 1609, Dekker, in "The Gull's Horn-Book," says, "No matter upon landing whether you have money or no,—you may swim in twentie of their boats over the river upon ticket." Sedley, in "The Mulberry Garden" (1668), uses the modern corruption: "I confess my tick is not good." The French slang equivalent is "*avoir à l'ardoise*," alluding, like our expression "put it on the slate," or "slate it," to the slate on which accounts are recorded at wine-shops.

Fox, whose pecuniary embarrassments were universally recognized, being attacked by a severe indisposition, which confined him to his apartment, Dudley frequently visited him. In the course of conversation, Fox, alluding to his complaints, remarked that he was compelled to observe much regularity in his diet and hours, adding, "I live by rule, like clock-work." "Yes," replied Dudley; "I suppose you mean you go by *tick, tick, tick*."—SIR NATHANIEL WRAXALL: *Memoirs*.

Tidal Wave, an American political figure of speech, applied to an election in which the winning party is returned with an overwhelming and unprecedented majority. The simile is obvious.

Tiger. As to the origin of this word in the phrase "Three cheers and a tiger," the following explanation has been given. In 1822 the Boston Light Infantry, under Captain Mackintosh and Lieutenant Robert C. Winthrop, visited Salem, Massachusetts, and encamped in Washington Square. They loved rough-and-tumble sports, and one day a visitor exclaimed to one, who was more obstreperous than usual, "Oh, you tiger!" The phrase became a catch-word, a term of playful reproach. On the route to Boston some musical genius sang an impromptu line, "Oh, you tigers, don't you know," to the air of "Rob Roy McGregor, O!" The Tigers by name soon began to imitate the growl of their protonymic. At the end of three cheers a "tiger" was always called for. In 1826 the same organization visited New York, being the first volunteer corps from Boston to visit another State. At a public festival the Tigers astonished the Gothamites by giving the genuine growl. It pleased the fancy of the hosts, and gradually became adopted on all festive and joyous occasions.

Tiger, To buck the, in American slang, to gamble, and especially in a gambling-hell. *Appletons' Journal* traced this use of the word tiger to a Chinese divinity. A favorite figure of one of the Chinese gods of gambling is a tiger standing on his hind feet and grasping a large cash in his mouth or his paws. Sometimes the image is made of wood or clay, or drawn on a piece of paper or board. The title of the beast, His Excellency the Grasping Cash Tiger, is frequently written on a piece of paper and placed in the gambling-room between two bunches of mock-money suspended under the table or on the wall behind it. This figure is the sign for a gambling-house: "The Fighting Tiger."

Time. Seize Time by the forelock. Saturn, or Time, is usually depicted as an old man, bald but for a single lock in front. Hence the proverb, which is attributed to Pittacus, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece. He is also credited with its equivalent, "to know the fitting moment." Robert Southwell says,—

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays;

and Spenser,—

Tell her the joyous Time will not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take.
Amoretti, lxx.

An analogous expression, "Strike when the iron is hot," is found everywhere in proverbial literature, and harks back to Publius Syrus (*Maxim* 262): "You should hammer your iron when it is glowing hot."

The familiar English proverb

He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay,

finds a Latin original—"Qui non vult cum potest, non utique poterit cum volet"—in the "*Policraticus*," Book viii., ch. xvii., of Joannes Sarisburiensis (John of Salisbury, A.D. 1110-1180), who traces the proverb back to St. Basil. A certain poor woman asked the saint to plead her cause with the governor of a city. The latter replied that he would have helped her, but could not because she was in debt to the treasury. Whereupon Basil replied, "If you really would and cannot, let us say no more about it; but if you can and will not, you will soon be reduced to such a state that you will wish and not be able." In due time the governor fell into disgrace with the Emperor, was imprisoned, and was released only through St. Basil's intervention, after which he paid the woman twice as much as she originally wanted.

Time and tide wait for no man, one of a cycle of sayings, such as "Delays are dangerous," "Seize Time by the forelock," "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," etc., which are common to the proverbial literature of all countries. In multitudinous forms it reappears also in literature. Shakespeare has given the most splendid literary expression to the idea:

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Julius Cæsar, Act iv., Sc. 3.

The Baconians in the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy attach much importance to the number of parallelisms in the writings of the dramatist and the philosopher. None of their citations is more striking than the following put in apposition with the above: "I set down the character and reputation, the rather because they have certain tides and seasons, which if they be not taken in due time are difficult to recover, it being hard to restore the falling reputation." (*Advancement of Learning*.)

The word *tide* in the proverb is now popularly taken as being used in the sense in which Shakespeare uses it in the quotation. This is not, however, the original meaning of the word in the saw. *Tid*, in Anglo-Saxon and Old English, as well as in nearly all Teutonic tongues, means specific time as opposed to time in the abstract, hence season, opportunity. We have thus, still, *Whitsuntide*, *Lammas-tide*, etc. Spenser, in his "*Faërie Queene*," speaks of his characters resting "their limbs for a *tide*." Blind Harry, in his "*Wallace*" (written about 1461), says, "Quhat suld I speik at this *tid*?" ("What should I say at this time or on this occasion?") In Scotland it is still common to speak of a good *tid* for planting or securing the crop, of the

ground being in fine *tide* (condition) for sowing, and of a man being in the *tide* (humor) for doing such and such a piece of work. The saw, then, meant originally, "Time and season or opportunity wait for no man." To *tide over* a misfortune or an evil day is to get over it for the time.

Richard Grant White suggests that in the Shakespearian line

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day

the words "time and the hour" are equivalent to "time and tide,"—the time and tide that wait for no man. "That is, time and opportunity, time and tide, run through the roughest day; the day most thickly bested with trouble is long enough, and has occasions enough for the service and the safety of a ready, quick-witted man. But for the rhythm, Shakespeare would probably have written 'Time and tide run through the roughest day;' but, as the adage in that form was not well suited to his verse, he used the equivalent phrase, time and the hour (not time and *an* hour, or time and the *hours*), and the appearance of the singular verb in this line I am inclined to regard as due to the poet's own pen, not as accidental."

One thing, however, is very evident, that at a comparatively early period the original meaning of tide was entirely lost sight of:

Hoist up saile while gale doth last :

Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure.

R. SOUTHWELL: *St. Peter's Complaint* (1595).

Nae man can tether time or tide.

BURNS: *Tam o' Shanter*.

Tinker's damn, Not worth a. A tinker's dam is a wall of dough or of soft clay raised around a spot which a plumber, in repairing, desires to flood with solder. The material of this dam can be used only once, and is thrown away after this very temporary period of usefulness. Hence the proverb "not worth a tinker's dam," which either through a perverse humor or through misunderstanding has been converted into profanity by the addition of a final *n*. (See, also, **TWOPENNY DAMN**.)

Tip, colloquial English for a gratuity, a small present of money. In America the term is usually confined to the coin given a waiter or other servant. In England it is applied also, and most frequently, to the money which a parent, guardian, or relation adroitly slips into a school-boy's hand.

What money is better bestowed than that of a school-boy's tip? How the kindness is recalled by the recipient in after-days! It blesses him that gives and him that takes. Remember how happy such benefactions made you in your own early time, and go off on the very first fine day and tip your nephew at school!—THACKERAY: *The Newcomes*.

Tip. To give the straight tip, a slang phrase of English origin, and probably primarily a turf phrase, *tip* being equivalent to *point*. To "give a straight tip" usually means to give an honest piece of advice, or a reliable bit of private information. It sometimes means to speak plainly and decisively, or directly to the point, to deliver an *ultimatum*.

Tippecanoe, a political nickname of William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States. It was given him in allusion to the victory won by the American troops whom he commanded in a battle against the Shawnee and other Indians in 1811 on the banks of the Tippecanoe River, a little stream in Northwestern Indiana. "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" was the refrain of a popular campaign song during the "Log Cabin and Hard Cider Campaign" (q. v.). At the same election "Tom" Corwin was the Whig candidate for the office of governor of Ohio, and the alliterative slogan "Tom, Tip, and Ty" was a popular party-cry during that campaign, including as it did the abbreviated names of the three principal candidates, "Tom" Corwin for the gov-

ernorship, and Tippecanoe Harrison and John Tyler for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency respectively.

Tissue ballots, ballots printed on very thin paper, enabling a voter readily and without detection to deposit more than one when voting. The device is said to have been first employed in South Carolina, and its use is charged against the whites in the Southern States, where there is a large negro population, as a means to secure to themselves a preponderance in the governments of the States.

Toad-eater. This word has been a fruitful subject of conjecture among etymologists. Bishop Copleston suggests a derivation from the Spanish *todito*, which he says means a factotum, a derivation endorsed by Lord Lyttleton and Cobham Brewer. But factotum is a totally different thing from toad-eater, and there is no such word as *todito* in Spanish. Nor is it likely that the term has been corrupted from any foreign language, as its use is too recent to allow of its having undergone any serious modification from its original form. In Miss Fielding's "David Simple" (1744) the word is used by one of the characters, and was then so uncommon that its meaning is asked by another. "It is a metaphor," says the original speaker, "taken from a mountebank's boy eating toads in order to show his master's skill in expelling poison. It is built on a supposition that people who are so unhappy as to be in a state of dependence are forced to do the most nauseous things that can be thought of to please and humor their patrons." This explanation is probably correct. In the works of Thomas Brown, of facetious memory, among some letters supposed to be written from the dead to the living is one from Joseph Haines, a celebrated mountebank performer in Smithfield (died 1701), in the course of which he talks of having "an understrapper to draw teeth for him and be his toad-eater on the stage." There is a similar French phrase, "*avalier les crapauds*," or, more frequently, "*les coulevres*" ("to swallow adders"), which no doubt has a similar history.

It may be mentioned as a singular coincidence that the Latin for "toad" is *bufo*, or, in mid-Latin and modern Italian, *buffo*, which is the same as buffoon.

Too thin, now classed as an Americanism, in the sense of inadequate, transparent, insufficient, easily seen through, is even in this sense good old English supported by excellent authority. *Thin* as a metaphor seems to involve the idea of a veil (such as the ancients called *ventus textilis*, or "woven wind") which would serve to display as much as to conceal the person. Thus, Shakespeare in "King Henry VIII," Act v., Sc. 3, makes the king say,—

You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence :
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.

Precisely the modern sense: "Your commendations are too thin—i.e., too transparent—to hide your offences." In Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle" (1751) the hero informs Emilia that he is going abroad. Tears gush to her eyes. She explains that the hot tea makes her eyes water. "This pretext," says Smollett, "was too thin to impose on her lover." The modern sense again. Alexander H. Stephens is said to have revived the phrase and flung it into the currency of vernacular speech. This was in 1870. In answer to a Republican speech, he cried, in that shrill piping voice which always commanded silence, "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman's arguments are gratuitous assertions made up of whole cloth,—and cloth, sir, so gauzy and thin that it will not hold water. It is entirely too thin, sir."

Toujours perdrix! (Fr., "Always partridges!") a phrase expressing dis-

satisfaction at some wearisome repetition. It has some analogy with the English phrase "too much of a good thing." The traditional story runs that Henry IV., being reproved by his confessor for certain conjugal infidelities, turned round upon him with the question, "Father, what dish do you like best of all?" "Partridges, sire," was the response. Shortly afterwards the holy man was put under arrest. Day after day came partridges, and nothing but partridges, for his meals. At last the poor ecclesiastic turned with loathing from his favorite dish. Then the king visited him and asked solicitously how he fared. The confessor complained of the incessant diet of partridges. "But," said the king, "you like partridges better than anything else." "Mais toujours perdrix!" expostulated the man of God. Whereupon Henry explained that he for his part was devoted to his queen: "mais toujours perdrix!"

But in truth the story dates long before the time of Henry IV. It may be found in the "Cent Nouvelles nouvelles," compiled between 1456 and 1461 for the amusement of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., by the noblemen and gentlemen of his court. It is the tenth of the series. The principal personage is "un grand seigneur du royaume d'Angleterre," the dish "pastés d'anguilles," and the person thus practically admonished to mind his own business the noble lord's favorite page.

Juvenal has a phrase of similar import. Speaking of the wear and tear of school-masters' lives, bound to listen to the same stale theme in the same sing-song manner, he declares, "It is the reproduction of the cabbage that kills the poor wretches" ("Occidit miseros crambe repetita," *Satires*, vii. 154). Gifford's translation runs,—

Till, like hashed cabbage served for each repast,
The repetition kills the wretch at last.

There is a reminiscence here of the old Greek proverb *δὲς κράμβη θάνατος*, which survives in England in the proverbial phrase "colewort twice sodden" = "stale news," in Scotland in the similar "cauld kale het again," and both in England and in America in the better known "I don't boil my cabbage twice," which is the rural way of saying that "Shakespeare doesn't repeat."

Trading. In American vernacular, trading means simply exchanging one thing for another: thus, two Yankee boys would not uncommonly "trade jack-knives." In political parlance it is the name of a peculiarly insidious form of political treachery: *e.g.*, a governor is to be elected in a State, and at the same election, say, Presidential electors; the followers of the gubernatorial candidate of one party agree with their political enemies that, in return for the latter voting and procuring votes for their candidate for governor, they will themselves vote and procure votes for the others' candidate for President. The practice, when a number of officers are voted for, is susceptible of numerous combinations, and many devices are resorted to to secure the end in view. A favorite method is the printing and distribution of mixed tickets, with the names of the candidates of various parties conspiring to "trade." Careless and illiterate voters thus frequently unwittingly help the "traders."

Translation, Curiosities of. The "traitor translator" has been a fruitful source of wrath on the part of the betrayed author and of amusement on the part of the general public. Some of his blunders are really bewildering. One can understand how Cibber's comedy of "Love's Last Shift" lent itself to travesty as "*La dernière Chemise de l'Amour*," how Congreve's tragedy of "The Mourning Bride" might become "*L'Épouse de Matin*," or how "The Bride of Lammermoor" might be turned into "*La Bride* ['the bridle'] *de Lammermoor*." One can even understand how the the English student could have rendered the Greek *embromtelos* (a thunderstruck, or idiotic,

person) by "a thundering fool." But Miss Cooper, the daughter of the novelist, tells a story which is well-nigh incredible. When in Paris, she saw a French translation of "The Spy," in which a man is represented as tying his horse to a locust. Not understanding that the locust-tree was meant, the intelligent Frenchman translated the word as "sauterelle," and, feeling that some explanation was due, he gravely explained in a note that grasshoppers grew to an enormous size in America, and that one of them, dead and stuffed, was placed at the door of the mansion for the convenience of visitors on horse-back. Another case where the translator, vaguely conscious that his version lacks intelligibility, increases the fun by volunteering explanations, is that of the Frenchman who rendered a "Welsh rabbit" (in one of Scott's novels) "a rabbit of Wales," and then inserted a foot-note explaining that the superior flavor of the rabbits of Wales led to a great demand for them in Scotland, where consequently they were forwarded in considerable numbers. Far more candid was the editor of an Italian paper, *Il Giornale delle due Sicilie*, who, translating from an English newspaper an account of a husband killing his wife with a poker, cautiously rendered the latter word as *pokero*, naïvely admitting, "we do not know with certainty whether this thing 'pokero' be a domestic or a surgical instrument."

As a rule, the public have to bear this sort of thing as well as they can and try to lighten the burden by grinning. But in Paris, when *L'Opinion Nationale* undertook to publish a translation of "Our Mutual Friend" under the title of "L'Ami Commun," the readers arose *en masse* after the first seven chapters had been issued, and protested against the continuance of a tale which abounded in such monstrous absurdities. And the public were right, though they probably held the author rather than the translator responsible. A literary gentleman who translates "a pea overcoat" as "un paletot du couleur de purée de pois" ("a coat of the color of pea-soup") is capable of almost any enormity. And in fact he was guilty of the following. In introducing Twemlow to the reader, Dickens employs this language: "There was an innocent piece of dinner-furniture that went on easy casters, and was kept over a livery-stable yard in Duke Street, St. James's, when not in use, to whom the Veneerings were a source of blind confusion. The name of this article was Twemlow." The rendering of this sentence was as follows: "Il y a dans le quartier de St. James, où quand il ne sort pas il est remise au-dessus d'une écurie de Duke Street, un meuble de salle-à-manger, meuble innocent, chaussé de larges souliers de castor, pour qui les Veneerings sont un sujet d'inquiétude perpétuelle. Ce meuble inoffensif s'appelle Twemlow."

But what can be expected of a nation where so great a man as Alexandre Dumas undertook to introduce a translation of Goethe's "Faust" in Paris, though he confessed that he only knew enough of the German language to ask his way, to purchase his ticket on a railway, and to order his meals, when in Germany?

German, indeed, has proved as great a stumbling-block to our Gallic neighbors as English. A certain Bouchette, the biographer of Jacob Boehm, gave, in an appendix, a list of his works. One of these was Boehm's "Reflections on Isaiah Stiefel." Now, Stiefel was a contemporary theological writer; but the word *stiefel* also means a "boot," and poor M. Bouchette, knowing that the subject of the treatise was scriptural, fell into the delicious error of translating the title as "Réflexions sur les Bottes d'Isaïe."

It is well known that Voltaire, in his version of Shakespeare, perpetrated several egregious blunders; but even in our own time some of his countrymen have scarcely been more happy in their attempts to translate our great dramatist's works. Jules Janin, the eminent critic, rendered Macbeth's words "Out, out, brief candle!" as "Sortez, courte chandelle!" Another French

writer has committed an equally strange mistake. Northumberland, in the "Second Part of King Henry IV.," says,—

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone.

The translator's version of the words italicized is, "Ainsi, douleur, va-t'-en !" ("Thus, grief, go away with you !")

In a recent illustrated catalogue of the Paris Salon, which gives rough sketches of the pictures, with their titles in English and in French, there is one sketch representing a number of nude ladies disporting themselves in the clouds, to which the English inscription is "Milk Street." Your astonishment is changed to delight when you find that this is a translation of "La Voie lactée."

An English temperance orator in Paris preached a sermon in French to a large audience, and at the close of his animadversions recommended his astonished hearers to eschew everything but *l'eau de vie*, which means "brandy," but by which he intended "the water of life."

The translation by a miss in her teens of "never mind" into "jamais esprit" is matched by a version, which once amused the undergraduates of a Philadelphia university, of the title of a popular song. The Latin translation is as follows: "Qui crudus enim lectus, albus et spiravit." Our classical readers might puzzle over the above for a long time without discovering that it means "Hurrah for the red, white, and blue!" But even this was eclipsed by the Englishman who, coming to a foreign teacher to be "finished" in German, was asked to write a sentence in colloquial English and then to translate it. He wrote, "He has bolted and has not settled his bill," translating it by "Er hat verriegelt und hat nicht ansiedelt seinen Schnabel." *Verriegeln* meaning "to bolt a door," *ansiedeln* "to settle as a colonist," and *Schnabel* "the bill of a bird," this extraordinary sentence really signified, "He has driven in a bolt and has not colonized his beak."

But the height of pretentious absurdity was reached in a volume of translations of Spanish poems published in London several years ago, which contained such gems as the following:

I stand by smiling Bacchus,
In joy us wont to wrap he;
The wise Dorilla lack us
The knowledge to be happy.

What matters it if even
In fair as diamond splendor
The sun is fixed in heaven?
Me light he's born to render.

The moon is, so me tell they,
With living beings swarmy;
"There may be thousands,"—well, they
Can never come to harm me.

Transpire. This word (from the Latin *trans*, "across" or "through," and *spirare*, to "breathe") originally meant to emit insensible vapor through the pores of the skin. By a logical and admissible extension of meaning, it came to be used metaphorically in the sense of to become known, to emerge from secrecy into comparative or positive publicity. But a man who talks, as so many of our newspaper men insist on talking, of events that have recently transpired, commits a brutal outrage on the language which he should cherish as his birthright.

Treacle Town, a *sobriquet* for Macclesfield, England. This curious name is said to have arisen from the accidental overthrow of a cask of treacle which was left outside a grocer's shop. The mishap occurred one morning just as

the work-people were on their way to the mills, and the treacle flowing down the street was too much for them. They flocked to the spot to dip their breakfast bread in the sticky stream, until at last it seemed that the whole town was walking about eating bread and treacle. Bristol has also been given the same name, which in this case arises from the large quantity of treacle supplied by the numerous sugar refiners in and about the town.

Troy Weight. The smallest measure of weight in use, the grain, has its name from being originally the weight of a grain of wheat. A statute passed in England in 1266 ordained that thirty-two grains of wheat, taken from the middle of the ear or head and well dried, should make a pennyweight, twenty of which should make an ounce, while twelve ounces were to make a pound. The pound, therefore, consisted then of seven thousand six hundred and eighty grains. Some centuries later the pennyweight was divided into twenty-four grains, which make the troy pound, as now used, five thousand seven hundred and sixty grains. The pennyweight was the exact weight of the old silver penny.

Trumpet, Trumpeter. The familiar phrases "blowing your own trumpet," and "your trumpeter is dead," implying, in an easy, jocular way, that you have to sing your own praises because nobody else will do so for you, are, not impossibly, derived from a curious practice until recently surviving in Venice. When a student had won any academic honors his proud parents employed a couple of men to go through the city proclaiming the fact. An eye-witness, writing to the *London Standard* in September, 1866, thus describes the method: "A quiet, respectable-looking man was blowing loudly upon a horn, while another, having the appearance of a gondolier out of employ, stood by him. When the first man had done blowing his trumpet, he began to read, in a very loud, sing-song tone, like that of an English bell-man, from a printed sheet which he held in his hand. I could not catch all that he said, but the purport was that Enrico, the excellent son of his excellent parents, Giovanni and Gigia Pacotti, had gained a prize at school, and therefore *Evviva Enrico*, *Evviva Giovanni* and *Gigia*, and *Evviva* the rest of their egregious family. He then blew a loud blast upon his horn, and the gondolier, who had been standing by perfectly impassive, and taking quantities of snuff, probably to give him an appearance of unconcern, immediately began to halloo in a loud but monotonous voice, and without the smallest enthusiasm, excitement, or even interest, *Viva, viva, viva!* about fifty times, the man with the horn coming in with a blast of that instrument as a finale." It has also been suggested that the phrases have reference to Matthew vi. 2: "Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men." It appears from Harmer's "Observations," vol. i. p. 474, that Eastern customs tally with this. He says, "The dervishes carry *horns* with them, which they frequently blow, when anything is given to them, in honor of the donor. It is not impossible that some of the poor Jews who begged alms might be furnished like the Persian dervishes (who are a sort of religious beggars), and that these hypocrites might be disposed to confine their almsgiving to those that they knew would pay them this honor."

Trust is dead. The familiar sign, "Old Trust is dead. Bad pay killed him," is a relic of antiquity. In Coryat's "Crudities hastily gobbled up in five moneths traueells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grisons country, Helvetia alias Switzerland, some parts of High Germany and the Netherlands," a quarto printed at London in 1611, is the following passage: "At the south side of the higher court of mine inne, which is hard by the hall

(for there are two or three courts in that inne), there is written this pretty French poesie : 'On ne loge céans à crédit : *car le crédit est mort, les mauvais payeurs l'ont tué.*' The English is this : 'Here is no lodging upon credits ; for credit is dead, ill payers have killed him.'" A common inscription in front of Neapolitan wine- and macaroni-houses is, "Domani si fa credenza, ma oggi no" ("To-morrow we give credit, but not to-day").

Truth. What is truth ? In the New Testament this question asked by Pontius Pilate of Jesus Christ remained unanswered, for Pilate immediately left the room. But in the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, chapter iii., verses 10-14, the conversation between Pilate and Christ is thus given :

Pilate said, Art thou a King, then ? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a King ; to this end I was born, and for this end came I into the world : and for this purpose I came, that I should bear witness to the truth ; and every one who is of the truth heareth my voice. Pilate saith to him, What is truth ? Jesus said, Truth is from heaven. Pilate said, Therefore truth is not on earth. Jesus saith to Pilate, Believe that truth is on earth among those who, when they have the power of judgment, are governed by truth and form right judgment.

One of the most ingenious anagrams ever made is the following transposition of Pilate's question into its answer : "Quid est veritas ?" "Est vir qui adest."

Truth and Error. No stanza in all Bryant's poems is better known than this in "The Battle-Field :"

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Charles Mackay has a faint reflex of the thought :

But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run ;
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

Eternal Justice.

A closer parallel is in Milton's "Areopagitica :"

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do ingloriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple : who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter ?

Elsewhere in the same tract Milton says, "Who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty ?"

Chaucer has,—

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.
The Frankeleines Tale, l. 11,789.

Among the classic authors Seneca said, "Veritas nunquam perit" ("Truth never perishes"), which Sophocles supplements with the corollary, "A lie never lives to be old" (*Acrisius*, Frag. 59). The same Greek author says,—

The truth is always the strongest argument.
Phædra, Frag. 737.

Truth is stranger than fiction, a common English proverb, possibly a reminiscence of :

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.—*Twelfth Night*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Daniel Webster, also, has said,—

There is nothing so powerful as truth,—and often nothing so strange.—*Argument on the Murder of Captain White.*

Tumblers. The glasses now known by this name differ widely from the drinking-vessels to which the name was first applied. These appear to have

been of metal or wood, and from their peculiar shape served as perpetual reminders to "pass the bottle." One authority says they were called "tumblers" because "they could not be set down, except on the side, when empty," and another derives their name from "their original shape, rounded at the bottom, so that they tumbled over unless they were carefully set down." Professor Max Müller possesses a set of silver tumblers which when emptied and placed on the table mouth downward immediately revert to their original position, as if asking to be refilled. They must be constructed upon the same principle as the toy known as the tombola, or Chinese mandarin, which, having the centre of gravity in the base, will always try to regain its original position, however much the equilibrium is disturbed. Tumblers were probably introduced into England from Germany, for goblets of wood, rounded at the base, so that they readily tumble over, are still made in that country, and often bear an inscription which may be translated

Lay me down when empty,
I'll stand again when full.

Tune the old cow died of. In America this phrase is used merely to characterize a grotesque or unpleasant song or tune. Among the peasantry of Scotland and the north of Ireland it usually retains its original meaning of a homily in lieu of alms, and is a reference to the old ballad of the cowherd who, having no fodder for his cow, sought to assuage her hunger by a comfortable and suggestive tune. This is how the ballad begins :

Jack Whaley had a cow,
And he had naught to feed her ;
He took his pipe and played a tune,
And bid the cow consider.

Or, as another version runs,—

There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
And he had nothing to give her ;
So he took up his fiddle and played her a tune,
Consider, good cow, consider,
This is no time of year for the grass to grow,
Consider, good cow, consider.

On her part, to do her justice,

The cow considered very well,
And gave the piper a penny
To play the same tune over again,
And " corn riggs are bonny."

Nathless, despite the cow's resignation, the experiment of the tuneful philosopher shared the fate of that of the economist who tried to make his horse happy with shavings by putting green spectacles on the beast. The old cow died of hunger. At a sale of the library of the Rev. Thomas Alexander in 1874 there was sold a poem in the handwriting of Thomas Carlyle which sounds like a playful parody of the above, embodying as it does a favorite moral of the sage's :

There was a piper had a cow,
And he had nocht to give her ;
He took his pipe and played a spring,
And bade the cow consider.

The cow considered wi' hersel'
That mirth wad never fill her :
" Give me a pickle ait strae,
And sell your wind for siller."

Turncoat, an apostate, a renegade. The term is said to have been first applied to Emmanuel, one of the earliest dukes of Savoy. His territories lay inconveniently open to attack from both France and Spain, and it was

necessary for him to curry favor with whichever happened to be the dominant power. But the balance shifted so frequently that the duke, in humorous desperation, had a coat made, blue on one side and white on the other, which might be worn indifferently either side out. Blue was the Spanish color, white the French : hence by simply turning his coat he could at a moment's notice signify his adhesion to either country. This explanation is not accepted by serious etymologists, although they do see in the word a general metaphorical allusion to clothes as representing principles.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee, a colloquial phrase applied to a distinction without a difference, which took its rise in the following epigram written at a time when Handel and Bononcini were rivals for popular favor in London :

Some say, compared to Bononcini,
That Myⁿheer Handel's but a ninny ;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

The last two lines have frequently been attributed to Swift, and also to Pope (they are included in Scott's edition of the former and in Dyce's edition of the latter), but there seems no reason to doubt the claim put forward by their contemporary Dr. John Byrom : "Nourse asked me if I had seen the verses upon Handel and Bononcini, not knowing that they were mine." (*Byrom's Remains* (Chetham Soc.), vol. i. p. 173.)

Half a century later the famous quarrel between the Gluckists and Piccinists in Paris provoked the following cognate epigram from the Chevalier de Ruthières :

Est-ce Gluck, est-ce Piccini,
Que doit couronner Polymnie ?
Donc, entre Gluck et Piccini
Tout le Parnasse est désuni ;
L'un soutient ce que l'autre nie,
Et Clio veut battre Uranie.
Pour moi, qui crains toute manie,
Plus irrésolu que Babouc,
N'épousant Piccini ni Gluck,
Je n'y connais rien ; ergo, Gluck.

Twin relics of barbarism,—*i.e.*, slavery and polygamy, so called by Charles Sumner in a famous oration in the United States Senate.

Twisting the British lion's tail, a proceeding often resorted to by certain members of Congress to curry favor with and attract to themselves or their party the votes of American citizens of Irish birth. It consists in seizing every opportunity to launch abuse and vituperation against the British government and the English, under the impression that everything that seems like a hostile demonstration against either will please their Irish-born constituents. The practice was rife during the heated Home Rule agitation for Ireland after the fall of the Gladstone government,—a time when the sympathies of the Irish in America were keenly aroused and their thoughts anxiously turned to their old home. It was at this time that the above ludicrous phrase was invented.

Two sides to every question. When those redoubtable disputants, Tom Touchy and Will Wimble, appealed to Sir Roger de Coverley to settle a controversy between them, the good knight listened with patience, "and, having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides." (ADDISON :

Spectator, No. 122.) Probably Sir Roger did not know that he was echoing Protagoras, who, according to Diogenes Laertius, asserted that "there were two sides to every question, exactly opposite to each other." (*Protagoras*, iii.) But in spirit, at least, he had followed the advice of the old Latin saw, "*Audi alteram partem*" ("Listen to the other side"). Sydney Smith was equally careful. He was a guest one evening in a house where Blomfield, Bishop of London, was expected. Before dinner a note arrived, saying that the bishop was unable to keep his appointment, a dog having rushed out of the crowd and bitten him in the leg. When the note was read aloud, Smith observed, "I should like to hear the dog's account of the story."

The famous apologue of the two shields is directly in point. It runs, in substance, as follows. In the days of knight-errantry and paganism a British prince set up a statue to the goddess of Victory at a point where four roads met. The outside of her shield was of gold, the inside of silver. One day two knights arrived here simultaneously from opposite parts of the country. They greeted each other in a friendly manner, till one spoke about the gold shield of the statue. "'Tis silver!" said the other. "Gold!" And so from words they came to blows. Both fell to the ground at the first shock, and lay in a trance by the roadside. A countryman passing that way brought them to, explained the matter to them, and entreated them "never to enter into any dispute, for the future, till they had fairly considered both sides of the question." This story was first published in "*Beaumont's Moralities*" (1753), Sir Harry Beaumont being the assumed name of the Rev. Joseph Spence, of anecdote fame. It has been translated into several languages, and is often looked upon as a genuine bit of folk-lore.

An artful juryman, addressing the clerk of the court while the latter was administering the oath, said, "Speak up: I cannot hear what you say." "Stop," said Baron Alderson from the bench; "are you deaf?" "Yes, my lord, of one ear." "Then you may leave the box, for it is necessary that jurymen should hear both sides."

Two strings to his bow, a popular proverb, which may be found in Hooker's "*Polity*," Book v., ch. lxxx., in Chapman's "*Bussy D'Ambois*," Act ii., Sc. 3, and in many other places. It applauds the thoughtfulness which provides a reserve fund of any sort on which to draw in an emergency.

The same idea is put into another form by Plautus:

Consider the little mouse, how sagacious an animal it is which never intrusts his life to one hole only,—*Truculentus*, Act iv., Sc. 4;

—a phrase which Chaucer has imitated:

I hold a mouses wit not worth a leke,
That hath but on hole for to sterten to.

Canterbury Tales: The Wif of Bathes Prologue, l. 6154.

Pope re-words Chaucer as follows:

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

Paraphrase of the Prologue, l. 298.

That "two heads are better than one" is a saw which may be found in Heywood's "*Proverbs*," but the same authority does not hold that there is always safety in duality,—e.g., in the following line:

While betweene two stooles my taile goes to the ground,
Proverbs, Part I., ch. iii.;

—a proverb that appears in substantially the same form in Rabelais, Book i., ch. ii., and in "*Les Proverbes de Vilain*," a manuscript in the Bodleian, circa 1303.

Twopenny Damn, a favorite oath with the Duke of Wellington, who was accustomed to convey in this form of speech his estimate of the persons and things he held in contempt. When asked by the government of the day what he thought of the proposal on the part of the French government to be allowed to remove Napoleon's bones from St. Helena, he replied, "Well, I don't see why they should not have his bones if they want them. Why should we object? They'll say we're afraid. But I don't care what they say. Who cares what they say? I don't care a twopenny damn what they say." An effort has been made to emasculate this famous phrase by explaining that damn in this connection is simply a corruption of the name of a very harmless Indian coin, a *dám*, which bore different values at various dates and in differing localities, but which was originally a sixteenth part of a gold mohur. But, as the duke was no scholar, he was probably not aware of this fantastic origin; and even if he had been, and were anxious to avoid the imputation of swearing, he would surely have taken the precaution of writing the word *dám*. And he certainly would not have written "twopenny *dám*," for, whatever the original value of the *dám*, it had so far back as the time of Akbar (1542-1605) ceased to be worth more than the fortieth part of a rupee, and consequently in the duke's time was of far less value than twopence: so that "twopenny damn" would have conveyed precisely the opposite meaning to that which he intended to convey. The *St. James Gazette* was in recent times dubbed "the Twopenny Damn" on account of the intensity of its language and sentiments, especially where Mr. Gladstone and what it called "the latter-day Radicals" were concerned.

Typographical Errors. Nothing can be so disheartening to a writer as to find his pet phrases turned into nonsense by the intelligent compositor. "The printer of Longfellow's Dante," says Colonel T. W. Higginson, "told me that the poet had looked forward with eager anticipation to its appearance, and when the first volume of the sumptuous book was laid upon the breakfast-table he opened at once upon—a misprint. It was many weeks, my informant said, before the poet could revert with any satisfaction to what he then regarded as his greatest work." Baron Grimm, in his memoirs, relates the not improbable story of a French writer who died in a fit of anger when he found that his favorite work, revised by himself with great care, had been printed with more than three hundred errors, half of them made by the corrector of the press. But it is a little more difficult to swallow the unauthenticated anecdote of the Italian poet who, when on his way to present a copy of verses to the Pope, found a mistake of a single letter, which broke his heart of chagrin, so that he died the day after.

We can sympathize with the author of a religious work mentioned by D'Israeli, which consisted of only one hundred and seventy-two pages, of which fifteen were devoted to errata. We can even pardon the vanity which led him to imagine that Satan, fearful of the influence which the book might wield, had tampered with the types, and that the very printers had worked under the same malign influence.

Nevertheless, it is easy to find a less startling explanation for the ordinary typographical errors. Blunders of this sort may be roughly grouped under three heads: errors of the ear, errors of the eye, and errors arising from what printers call "a foul case."

A compositor while at work reads over a few words of the copy and retains them in his memory until his fingers have picked up the necessary types. While the memory is thus repeating a phrase, it is only natural for certain words to be supplanted by others similar in sound: thus, "mistake" might in type be turned into "must take," as, in fact, it was in the first folio of "Hamlet," Act iii., Sc. 1, "idle votarist" (*Timon*, Act iv., Sc. 3) into "idol

votarist," and "long delays, Titus," into "long days." The eye often deceives the compositor, especially when the copy is more or less illegible. Take away a dot, and "this time goes manly" (*Macbeth*, Act iv., Sc. 3) becomes "this tune goes manly." The third class of errors need more explanation. A compositor works at what is called "a case," a wooden drawer divided into numerous receptacles, each containing one letter only, say all *a*'s or all *b*'s. When from a shake or other accident the letters become misplaced, the result is technically known as a "foul case." The compositor's fingers may, under these circumstances, readily pick out the wrong letter from the right box without his being conscious of the fact.

These are mistakes to which even the intelligent compositor is liable; but it is hardly necessary to say that all compositors are not intelligent. The machine printer, or "blacksmith," as he is technically called, is a familiar figure in every printing-office. It is he who makes a hurried guess at the copy before him, without caring whether it makes sense or not; who substitutes "comic" for "cosmic," "human" for "known," "plant" for "planet," "I am better" for "Gambetta," "no cows, no cream" for "no cross, no crown," and "shaving the queen" for "shoving the queer." This is the sort of printer who made a distinguished traveller die "in the richness of sin" instead of "the interior of Asia," and who described a Chicago exquisite as one "whose manners would alarm a drowning man," when what the writer really said was that they "would adorn a drawing-room."

Richard A. Proctor records the most remarkable change the printers ever arranged for him as having occurred in the proof of a little book on "Spectroscopic Analysis," which he wrote for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The words which in the work itself now appear, as they were certainly written, "Lines, Bands, and Striæ in the violet part of spectra," were printed in the proof "Links, Bonds, and Stripes for the violent kind of spectres."

The prohibitionist who wished to say that "drunkenness is folly" must have been seriously disconcerted when the printer made him announce that "drunkenness is jolly;" and we know that an editor who wished to compliment a soldier as "a battle-scarred veteran" was so deeply grieved when he found the types had made him speak of "a battle-scarred veteran" that the next day he inserted an apology, and an erratum which read, "the bottle-scarred veteran."

"I remember," says a writer in *American Notes and Queries*, "to have written something about a concert at which was sung Millard's 'Ave Maria,' and it actually appeared that Miss So-and-so had sung with much feeling Mulligan's 'Avenue Maria.' At a musicale in the same neighborhood a young lady played upon the piano a ballad in A flat major. The local paper had it that she had sung a ballad called 'A fat major.'"

Two very old stories are worth repeating for their peculiar excellence. A Scotch newspaper, reporting the danger that an express-train had run in consequence of a cow going upon the line, said, "As the safest way, the engineer put on full steam, dashed up against the cow, and literally cut her into calves." In the earlier half of this century a London paper announced that Sir Robert Peel and a party of fiends were shooting peasants in Ireland.

Worth quoting also are the familiar lines in Moore's "The Fudges in England:—"

But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,
Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talked of the "dew-drops from freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "from freshly-blown noses!"
And once when, to please my cross aunt, I had tried
To commemorate some saint of her clique, who'd just died,

Having said he "had tak'n up in heaven his position,"
They made it he'd "tak'n up to heaven his physician!"

Genuine typographical errors are amusing enough, without the invention of "fake" ones, but Mr. Pycroft, in his "Ways and Means of Men of Letters," seems to have been responsible, directly or indirectly, for such a fake. He represents himself as having held a conversation with a printer, who said, "We utterly ruined one poet through a ridiculous misprint. The poet intended to say, 'See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire,' instead of which the line appeared as 'See the pale martyr in his shirt of fire.' The reviewers, of course, made the most of so entertaining a blunder, and the poor poet was never heard of more in the field of literature." The line alluded to probably occurs in Alexander Smith's poem of "A Life Drama," as follows:

Of one whose naked soul stood clad in love,
Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire,
I sing.

The simile is a very fine one, and probably was never misprinted nor adversely criticised. At all events, it is quite certain that the poor poet was not banished by the mishap from the field of literature.

Sometimes the omission or the transposition of a punctuation-mark has made exquisite nonsense of a sentence. Thus, in the printing-office of a religious journal, a compositor took it upon himself to print the familiar passage of Scripture thus: "The wicked flee, when no man pursueth but the righteous, is as bold as a lion." In a report of a Delmonico dinner this toast was said to have been given: "Woman—without her man, is a brute." A New York editor thus introduced some verses: "The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend who has lain in his grave for many years for his own amusement;" but here the error is partly chargeable upon the awkward construction of the sentence. Not so in the following instance from a modern sensational novel: "He enters on his head, his helmet on his feet, sandals on his brow, there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare he sat down." A ludicrous mistake of a somewhat similar order was once made by a clergyman of a parish, to whom the wife of one about to sail on a distant voyage sent a note intended to express the following: "A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation;" but the good matron was not skilled in spelling or punctuation, and the minister was short-sighted, so he read, "A husband going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

Considering the misapprehension which may arise from false punctuation, it is not astonishing that when Timothy Dexter (see T. D. PIPES) wrote his famous book, "Pickle for the Knowing Ones," he left out all marks of punctuation from the body of his work, and at the end filled five pages with commas, semicolons, periods, dashes, etc., with which he advised the reader to pepper and salt his literary dish as he chose.

As examples of errors clearly due to bad writing, it may be mentioned how Horace Greeley, writing something about suburban journalism advancing, found it transposed by the type-setter into "Superb Jerusalem Artichokes." In the London *Times* a Westminster speech was made to close with this impressive peroration: "We have broken our breeches, we have burned our boots; honor, no less than other considerations, forbids us to retreat." When Mr. Gladstone was represented as being described by one of his admirers as the spout of the Liberal party, we should understand "spirit" to be intended. A common error resulting from bad penmanship is the substitution of letters for figures, or the reverse: thus, in the report of a coal-market, where the writer intended to say that there was an over-supply of egg size, the types said that there was an over-supply of 299; similarly, where a writer described

a house with zigzag staircases, he was made to give it the extraordinary number of 219,209 staircases.

In an obituary notice of Sidney Godolphin Osborne, the *London Times* described him as the author of the celebrated tract "No Go," when what the writer meant was the tract No. 90. But no similar excuse can be urged for the printer who made Tennyson's famous lines read,—

Into the valley of death
Rode the 600.

The following errors may spring from the same source. A quack doctor advertises an "infernal remedy;" a grocer gives notice of the arrival of an invoice of "boxes of pigs" from Smyrna; a New York landlord announces a "louse to let with immediate possession;" and in the report of an inquest held on the body of a glutton, the verdict, "suffocation," was printed, with more truth than was intended, "stuffocation." In making up newspapers—that is, in piecing together paragraphs into columns—two separate items may sometimes be jumbled together with amazing results. Thus, the *New Haven Journal* announced in one paragraph that "The large cast-iron wheel, revolving nine hundred times a minute, exploded in that city yesterday after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent thirty-second degree Mason," and in another that "John Fadden, a well-known florist and real-estate broker of Newport, Rhode Island, died in Wardner Russell's sugar-mill at Crystal Lake, Illinois, on Saturday, doing \$3000 damages to the building and injuring several workmen severely."

An English paper, however, produced a far more ludicrous conglomeration. Dr. Mudge had been presented with a gold-headed cane, and the same week a patent pig-killing and sausage-making machine had been exhibited in the village of which he was pastor. The gentleman who made up the forms got the two locals entangled in the following appalling manner: "Several of the Rev. Dr. Mudge's friends called upon him yesterday, and after a conversation the unsuspecting pig was seized by the hind leg, and slid along a beam until he reached the hot-water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit, and presented him with a very handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, swung him round, cut his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward, and said that there were times when the feelings overpowered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him for the manner in which such a huge animal was cut into fragments was simply astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks, when the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write it the pig was cut into fragments and worked up into delicious sausage. The occasion will be long remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be procured for tenpence a pound, and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been treated so handsomely."

The mere running together of two sentences into one paragraph may also be productive of unintentional amusement. A French newspaper had a good specimen of this kind of mixture: "Dr. X. has been appointed head physician to the Hôpital de la Charité: orders have been issued by the authorities for the immediate extension of the Cimetière de Parnasse."

A female compatriot of the irrepressible George Francis Train addressed this remonstrance to a Buffalo paper: "By some fantastic trick of your typesetter my speech in St. James's Hall on Saturday evening is suddenly terminated, and so linked to that of Mr. Train that I am made to run off into an entirely new vein of eloquence. Among many other exploits, I am made to

boast that I neither smoke, nor chew, nor drink, nor lie, nor steal, nor swear, as if such accomplishments were usual among American women ; and wherever I refer to my honored countrymen as 'white males,' I am reported as having addressed them as 'white mules.' All these are very good jokes, if credited to the printer's devil, but not to those who represent an unpopular idea and carefully weigh their words."

Sometimes mistakes have been made by the officiousness of the printer or proof-reader in endeavoring to correct what seemed to him mistakes in the copy. In a quotation of Gay's well-known allusion to Martha and Teresa Blount as "the fair-haired Martha and Teresa brown," the printer thought proper to supply brown with a capital B. Again, in Pope's note on "Measure for Measure," which states that the story was taken from "Cinthio," Dec. 8, Nov. 5 (eighth decade and fifth novel), the wise typo filled out these abbreviations so that they read December 8, November 5.

A momentous typographical error, if we are to take the word of the historian Kinglake, was that which gave to Napoleon III. his title. Kinglake says that just before the *coup d'état*, a minister of the Home Office, in announcing to the public, wrote, "Que le mot d'ordre soit Vive Napoléon!!!" The printer took the exclamations for "III," and so the proclamation went out, was copied by the press, and became incorporated in public speech. It was no time for explanations, and it was in this way that the nephew of his uncle adopted the title.

Recently the readers of the New York *Herald* were startled to learn from a cable despatch that Cardinal Newman always regretted that he had attacked "Charles King's legs" with so much acerbity. And, not content with this, the same paper went on to speak of "woman's influence" in lieu of "Newman's influence."

But no more horrible specimen of this sort of blunder was ever committed than one which is credited to a Massachusetts paper. At the close of an extended and highly eulogistic obituary notice of a deceased lawyer, the reporter desired to say that "the body was taken to Hull for interment, where repose the remains of other members of the family." By mistake the letter *e* was substituted for the *u* in Hull, changing the sense of the sentence to such a degree that no extra copies of that issue of the paper were ordered by the family of the dead lawyer.

It is believed that the only books which are typographically perfect are an Oxford edition of the Bible, a London and Leipsic Horace, and an American edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy." The University of Oxford had a standing offer of a guinea for each error that might be found in the first of these books. Many years elapsed and no one claimed the reward. But recently an error was discovered by a lynx-eyed reader, the reward was paid and the error corrected, and the book is now believed to be typographically without spot or blemish.

Ben Jonson was once requested to revise some proofs full of typographical and other errors, but he declined, and recommended that they should be sent to the House of Correction. No doubt many weary authors would like to see proofs, printers, and proof-readers all condemned to the same place.

U.

U, the twenty-first letter and fifth vowel in the English alphabet, originally invented by the Greeks as a supplement to the alphabet they had derived from the Phœnicians. At first they wrote it indifferently V or Y, but finally

settled on the latter form, while the derived Italian alphabet held to the V. Eventually Y, with an altered phonetic value, was adopted into the Latin alphabet as a distinct character. V was often written with its angle rounded, U, and until after the invention of printing, even in England, U and V were interchangeable letters. A fourth sign, W, which is in form a double V, and in orthoëpy as in name a double U, was still another outgrowth from the single letter added by the Greeks to the tail of the Phœnician alphabet.

Ulster, a species of heavy overcoat, so named after the province of Ulster, in Ireland, where it originated. Ulsters were worn in Belfast as early as 1860. But they did not come into general use until 1868, when the Prince of Wales set the fashion by wearing in St. James Street a coat belonging to one of his friends, which had been made upon the pattern of one ordered by George Francis Train in Dublin.

Ulster, Red Hand of. An open red hand figures in the arms of the province of Ulster, also in the arms of the family of the O'Neills, and of a number of less ancient Irish families. Tradition says that the O'Neill, a daring adventurer, having vowed to be first to touch the shores of Ireland, but finding that his boat was falling behind the others, cut off his hand and flung it on the shore to fulfil his vow. The O'Neills form one of the five ancient royal families of Ireland. In 1611, Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, nicknamed "Red Hugh" and "The Red Hand of Ulster," was charged with conspiracy and attainted of treason. His possessions, five hundred thousand acres in Ulster, escheated to the English crown, and on these lands was formed the so-called "plantation" of James I., who created two hundred baronets, on payment of one thousand pounds each, "for the amelioration of Ulster." These new baronets were allowed to place on their coat-armor the red hand of Ulster.

Uncle, a slang term for a pawnbroker. A well-meant attempt has been made to derive the word from the Latin *uncus*, "a hook," and an engaging explanation has been offered that pawnbrokers, before spouts were adopted, employed a hook to lift articles pawned. "Gone to the uncus," therefore, was identical with the modern phrase "Up the spout." In truth, there is no need of any far-fetched etymology. A rich uncle, in novels, and sometimes in real life, has so often been the *deus ex machina* to relieve distress and poverty among his poor relations, and especially his spendthrift nephews, that the use of the term as a bit of sarcastic humor is sufficiently obvious. The French say of a thing that is pawned, "C'est chez ma tante" ("It is at my aunt's"), with an analogous meaning.

Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan, alternative *sobriquets*, or, more accurately, humorous personifications, of the United States. Brother Jonathan is the older term, and dates from the Revolutionary War. When General Washington, the newly-appointed commander of the army, went to Massachusetts to organize it, he found a great want of ammunition and other means of defence. The situation was critical. Jonathan Trumbull the elder was then governor of the State of Connecticut; and the general, placing the greatest reliance on his excellency's judgment, remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." He did so, and the governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. Thenceforward, when difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a byphrase, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." The name has now become a designation for the whole country, as John Bull has for England.

The cognate term "Uncle Sam" was an outgrowth of the war of 1812. Elbert Anderson, a New York contractor, immediately after the breaking out

of hostilities, visited Troy on the Hudson, where he purchased a quantity of provisions. The inspectors of these articles at that place were Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (invariably known as Uncle Sam) generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who on this occasion were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor for the army. The casks were marked "E. A.—U. S." The work of marking fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Wilsons, who, on being asked the meaning of the mark, said he did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson and "Uncle Sam," alluding to Uncle Sam Wilson. "The joke took among the workmen and passed currently; and Uncle Sam himself was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions. . . Many of these workmen, being of a character denominated 'food for powder,' were found shortly after following the recruiting drum and pushing towards the frontier lines for the double purpose of meeting the enemy and eating the provisions they had lately labored to put in good order. Their old jokes accompanied them, and before the first campaign ended this identical one appeared in print." It gained favor rapidly till it penetrated into every part of the country. Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms" adds to the above, "Mr. Wilson died in Troy, New York, in August, 1854, at the age of eighty-four, and the Albany *Argus*, in noticing his death, referred to the circumstance above stated as the origin of the above *sobriquet* of 'Uncle Sam.'"

For I have loved my country since
My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
And Uncle Sam I reverence,
Particularly his pockets.

LOWELL: *Biglow Papers*.

Underground Railroad, sometimes humorously abbreviated U. G. R. R., was a term collectively given to the numerous devices and expedients by which, during the agitation for the abolition of slavery in the United States, fugitive negro slaves were assisted across the border and expedited to a safe place of refuge in the Northern States or across the frontier into Canada.

United we stand, divided we fall, the motto of the State of Kentucky. Mark Twain proudly refers to this fact:

The armorial crest of my own State consisted of two dissolute bears holding up the head of a dead-and-gone cask between them and making the pertinent remark, "UNITED WE STAND—hic!—DIVIDED WE FALL." It was always too figurative for the author of this book. —*Roughing It*, p. 110.

Probably the indirect originator of the motto was John Dickinson (1732-1808), in his "Liberty Song" (1768):

Then join in hand, brave Americans all!
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.

The phrase was freely quoted during the Revolution. Hence the allusion in George P. Morris's "The Flag of our Union":

A song for our banner! The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
"United we stand, divided we fall!"
It made and preserved us a nation!
The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever,
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever!

Unlucky days. Every portion of the world has its special unlucky day. In Christian countries Friday of every week is the pre-eminently unlucky

day, probably from the fact that the crucifixion is understood to have taken place on a Friday, and the consequent fasts which in Roman Catholic times and countries made or make it a marked day in the calendar. To start any undertaking or to commence a journey on Friday is to court failure and disaster. The superstition is specially prevalent among sailors. There is a wide-spread though not very well authenticated story that a person anxious to destroy this superstition had a ship's keel laid on a Friday, the ship launched on Friday, her masts taken in from the shear-hulk on a Friday, the cargo shipped on a Friday; he found (heaven knows how, but so the story runs) a Captain Friday to command her; and, lastly, she sailed on a Friday. But the superstition was not destroyed, for the ship never returned to port, nor was the manner of her destruction ever known. Other instances of the kind might be cited. Thus a feeling is entertained by many persons not otherwise superstitious that bad luck will follow any wilful attempt to run counter to a superstition.

In reasoning on this subject, R. A. Proctor says, "It is a manifest absurdity to suppose that the sailing of a ship on a Friday is unfortunate; and it would be a piece of egregious folly to consider such a superstition when one has occasion to take a journey. But the case is different when any one undertakes to *prove* that the superstition is an absurdity, simply because he must assume, in the first instance, that he will succeed,—a result which cannot be certain, and such confidence, apart from all question of superstition, is a mistake. In fact, a person so acting errs in the very same way as those whom he wishes to correct; *they* refrain from a certain act because of a blind fear of bad luck, and *he* proceeds to act with an equally blind belief in good luck."

In further illustration he cites an instance of an old woman who came to Flamsteed, the first astronomer royal, to ask him the whereabouts of a certain bundle of linen which she had lost. Flamsteed determined to show the folly of that belief in astrology which had led her to Greenwich Observatory (under some misapprehension as to the duties of an astronomer royal). He drew a circle, put a square into it, and gravely pointed out a ditch, near the cottage, in which he said it would be found. He then waited until she should come back disappointed and in a fit frame of mind to receive the rebuke he intended for her; but she came back in great delight, with the bundle in her hand, found in the very place.

Besides the prominence which Friday has attained, every day of the week has its superstitions attached and is of good or evil omen:

Sunday's child ne'er lacks in place;
 Monday's child is fair in the face;
 Tuesday's child is full of grace;
 Wednesday's child is sour and sad;
 Thursday's child is loving and glad;
 Friday's child is loving and giving;
 And Saturday's child shall work for its living.

Cut your nails Monday, you cut them for news;
 Cut them on Tuesday, a pair of new shoes;
 Cut them on Wednesday, you cut them for health;
 Cut them on Thursday, 'twill add to your wealth;
 Cut them on Friday, you cut them for woe;
 Cut them on Saturday, a journey you'll go;
 Cut them on Sunday, you cut them for evil,
 For all the week long you'll be ruled by the devil.

The latter omen regarding Sunday must have originated in the days when it was a penal offence for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, and when Melchisedec Jones was put in the stocks for calling on his sweetheart one Sabbath evening.

Folk-poetry of this kind also points out Wednesday as the best day for a wedding; and, though this fact is insisted on in the following bit of Scotch doggerel, it will be noticed that each day has its own peculiar trait, the first three days of the week being of good, the last three of bad, omen :

Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all.
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no day at all.

Finally, here is a list of "the evil days in each month," translated from the original Latin verses in the old Sarum Missal :

January. Of this first month, the opening day
And seventh like a sword will slay.
February. The fourth day bringeth down to death;
The third will stop a strong man's breath.
March. The first the greedy glutton slays;
The fourth cuts short the drunkard's days.
April. The tenth and the eleventh too
Are ready death's fell work to do.
May. The third to slay poor man hath power;
The seventh destroyeth in an hour.
June. The tenth a pallid visage shows;
No faith nor truth the fifteenth knows.
July. The thirteenth is a fatal day;
The tenth alike will mortals slay.
August. The first kills strong ones at a blow;
The second lays a cohort low.
September. The third day of the month September,
And tenth, bring evil to each member.
October. The third and tenth, with poisoned breath,
To man are foes as foul as death.
November. The fifth bears scorpion-sting of deadly pain;
The third is tintured with destruction's train.
December. The seventh's a fatal day to human life;
The tenth is with a serpent's venom rife.

Unrecognized incapacity, A great. This was the judgment which Bismarck passed upon the Emperor Napoleon in the early days of his Imperial career, when his sphinx-like silence had imposed upon the French as diplomatic astuteness. Even better was the *mot* of the English ambassador, Lord Cowley, apropos of the same monarch: "He never speaks, and he always lies" ("Il ne parle jamais et il ment toujours"). If Bismarck could see through the shallow gravity of Napoleon, the latter had not wit enough to penetrate the light veil of raillery which the Prussian chose to assume. "He is not a serious man," was Napoleon's verdict,—“of which,” said Bismarck, later, "I naturally did not remind him at the weaver's at Donchery,"—*i.e.*, the house in which, after the battle of Sedan, the emperor discussed with Bismarck the terms of capitulation.

Unser Fritz, a popular appellation current in Germany, more particularly from the time of the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866 and the Franco-German War, by which the late Emperor Frederick, then Crown Prince of Prussia, was known.

Unspeakable Turk. This expression came into general use during the Bulgarian agitation of 1876 on its appearance in a published letter of Carlyle's to George Howard, M.P., dated November 24: "The unspeakable Turk should be immediately struck out of the question, and the country left to honest European guidance." It was not the first time, however, that Carlyle had made use of it. In 1831, nearly fifty years before, in the *Westminster*

Review, No. 29, in an article on the Nibelungen Lied, since reprinted in his "Miscellanies," he makes mention of "that unspeakable Turk, King Machabol."

Untoward event. The battle of Navarino, fought on October 20, 1827, resulted in a crushing defeat of the Turkish fleet by the combined armaments of England, France, and Russia. In the speech of George IV in opening Parliament in 1828 the following phrase occurred: "His Majesty deeply regrets that this conflict should have occurred with the naval force of an ancient ally; but he still entertains a confident hope that this *untoward event* will not be followed by further hostilities." The phrase was received with a burst of indignation throughout the country, and Wellington, as prime minister, and consequently head of the Cabinet to which the authorship of the speech was referred, came in for a large share of the attendant odium.

When the Duke of Wellington spoke of the battle of Navarino simply as "an untoward event," it meant that he was able entirely to ignore its drift as a battle, and to concentrate his attention and the attention of the world solely on its tendency to unsettle "the balance of power." The perfect silence in which he passed over the commonplace view of Navarino, and insisted on looking at it solely in the attitude of a diplomatist, indicated in the most graphic manner how completely indifferent he felt to the class of consequences which would first strike the popular mind. His serene indifference to the Turkish disaster as a disaster was quite Olympian.—*Spectator*.

V.

V, the twenty-second letter of the English alphabet, being the original form of the letter U (*q. v.*), and having until quite recently the same phonetic value as that letter.

Vacant mind. In "King Henry V.," Act iv., Sc. 1, Shakespeare has the lines,—

Who, with a body filled and vacant mind,
Get him to rest, crammed with distressful bread.

Here the meaning of vacant—*i. e.*, empty, devoid of ideas—is sufficiently emphasized by its antithesis with filled. An appeal is made to our contempt rather than our pity. In Cowper's lines, however, we are called upon to commiserate the condition of mental vacuity:

Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

There is a sort of bull here, unless, following Dr. Butler's definition of a vacuum as a place full of emptiness, you allow that a vacant mind may be full of uneasiness. Yet the meaning is plain: a mind without aim or purpose preys upon itself. Pascal has the same thought in his "*Pensées*," Art. xxx.: "Nothing is so insupportable for man as utter rest, without passion, without business, without diversion, without application."

Goldsmith, however, calls upon us neither for pity nor for blame in his still more famous line,—

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
The Deserted Village, l. 121.

Here he means a mind at ease and free from care, which finds its natural expression in hearty laughter.

The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed.
BYRON: *The Giaour*, l. 957.

Væ victis! (L., "Woe to the vanquished!") When the Gauls under Brennus invaded Italy and reduced the Roman citizens, who had fled to the Capitol, to the direst extremities, the Senate agreed to buy them off with one thousand pounds' weight of gold. Brennus produced false weights. The tribune objected. But Brennus threw his sword into the scale, exclaiming, in "a voice unbearable to Romans" (*intoleranda Romanis vox*), "Væ victis!" (LIVY, v. 48.)

Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas, the Vulgate rendering of the words in Ecclesiastes i. 2: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Farther down in the same chapter are the verses,—

I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven; this sore travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith. I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit" (13, 14).

A very good paraphrase was independently hit upon by two great minds. "I was in the habit of saying to my friends," writes Leibnitz to Nicaise, September 29, 1693, "*Sanitas sanitatum, et omnia sanitas*, without knowing that M. Ménage also used the phrase, as I learn from his '*Ménagiana*.'" The "*Ménagiana*," it may be added, a collection of Ménage's table-talk, was published posthumously in 1692.

Was it Leibnitz or Ménage of whom Disraeli was thinking when, in a speech at the meeting of an agricultural society at Aylesbury in 1864, he quoted as the opinion of "a very great scholar" that the text "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," was a mistake of the copyist, who wrote "*Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*," when he should have written "*Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas*"? This caused a Liberal to characterize the views of the opposition as "a policy of sewage."

Vice. A famous couplet in Pope's "Essay on Man," Epistle ii., l. 227, runs as follows:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

Pope borrowed the structure of these lines from Dryden:

For truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

The Hind and the Panther, Part I., l. 3.

For the idea he seems to have gone to Archbishop Leighton: "Were the true visage of sin seen at full light, undressed and unpainted, it were impossible while it so appeared that any one soul could be in love with it, but would rather flee from it as hideous and abominable."

Victory—Defeat. "I remember," says Emerson, in his essay "Quotation and Originality," "to have heard Mr. Samuel Rogers in London relate, among other anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington, that a lady having expressed in his presence a passionate wish to witness a great victory, he replied, 'Madam, there is nothing so dreadful as a great victory—except a great defeat.'" It is possible that Wellington used the phrase more than once; or was Rogers misquoting and miscrediting the famous words in the despatch which the duke sent in 1815,—"Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won"? Emerson goes on to say that "this speech is D'Argenson's, and is reported by Grimm. Napoleon also said, 'The sight of a battle-field, after the fight, is enough to inspire princes with a love of peace and a horror of war.'"

Violet. According to the scientists, who are a dull sort of folk, however, and who love to hide their ignorance behind long names of learned sound, the violet is a genus of exogenous herbs of the order *Violaceæ*, and is a native

of the north temperate zone. But the poets know a great deal more than the scientists, for they were born before them, and will survive them, and the poets tell us all about the creation of this fragrant flower. When Jupiter was in love with Io and changed her into a heifer, deeming that common grass and flowers were no fit diet for a sweetheart of the king of gods, he created the violet that she might feed upon its dainty petals. And, it is added, when Io died violets sprang from her body. (See next entry.)

The Greek name for violet was *ion*, and, possibly because that suggested Ionia, whence the Athenians were fabled to have sprung, the flower was a great favorite with the Athenians, who adopted it as their badge and loved to weave it into the chaplets which they wore at banquets, thinking, indeed, that it was a safeguard against drunkenness.

Alcibiades went to Agathos crowned with ivy and violets. The only lines that have survived from Alcæus's ode to Sappho begin by addressing her as "Violet-crowned, pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho." The Athenian orators, when striving to win the favor and attention of the people, were wont to address them as "Athenians, crowned with violets!"

Among the Romans also the violet was highly esteemed. Ovid, in speaking of the ancient sacrifices, and contrasting their noble simplicity with the garish display of more degenerate times, says that "if there was any one who could add violets to the chaplets wrought from the flowers of the meadow he was a rich man." And Virgil, to emphasize the desolation of Nature mourning the death of Daphnis, speaks of the violet as replaced by the thistle.

In the East the violet had a great reputation among those races whose religions were rather emotional than mystical. The Arabian poets, like their brother bards of other climes, bade the wealthy and haughty learn humility from this lowly wayside preacher. It was a favorite flower with Mohammed, and hence has acquired a peculiar sanctity in Moslem countries. "As my religion is above others," quoth the Prophet, "so is the excellence of the odor of violets above other odors. It is as warmth in winter and coolness in midsummer."

It is likely that it was from some long foreground of popular homage that the violet became the badge of the mediæval minstrels, as in the poetical contests of Toulouse, where the prize was a golden violet. Clémence Isaure places the violet among the flowers with which victors in the *gai science* were crowned.

The superstition still survives in widely-scattered countries that to dream of the violet is good luck. In Brandenburg and Silesia it is held a specific against the ague. In Thuringia it is a charm against the black art. In many parts of rural Germany the custom is still observed of decking the bridal bed and the cradles of young girls with this flower, a custom known to have been in use among the Kelts as well as among the Greeks.

No one, indeed, names the flower but to praise it; no one uses it but for some pretty, useful, or poetical purpose. Its popularity is highly creditable to human nature. Except that in some regions of the East it has been used to flavor sherbets, and that in Scotland it has been mistakenly used as a cosmetic, it has been universally cherished only for its modesty, its beauty, and its delicate fragrance.

In modern France the flower has been adopted as the emblem of the Bonaparte family. "Caporal la Violette" or "Papa la Violette" was the title bestowed by his partisans upon the first Napoleon after his banishment to Elba,—significant of their confidence that he would return again in the spring.

Early in January, 1815, a number of colored engravings made their appearance in Paris, representing a violet in full bloom, with the leaves so ar-

ranged as to form the profile of Napoleon. Underneath was this significant motto: "*Il reviendra avec le printemps.*" The phrase became an Imperial toast, and the flower and color were worn as a party distinction. And, in fact, the sentiment was realized. When March 20, 1815, saw Napoleon re-enter the Tuileries after his escape from Elba, he found the grand staircase filled with ladies, who nearly smothered him with violets.

On the death of the King of Rome very pretty devices in violets were made, showing on the edge of the petals profiles of the members of the Bonaparte family, each profile forming the outer edge of the petal looking at the flower and leaving the face white.

On the death of Napoleon III., also, the visitors to Chiselhurst wore or carried thither bunches of violets.

A pretty story, but apocryphal, is told as to the adoption of the flower by the Imperialist party. Three days before his departure for Elba, Napoleon, it is said, was walking in the gardens of Fontainebleau with the Duc de Bassano and General Bertrand. He was contemplating retirement into exile, his courtiers were counselling resistance. They had almost won the day, when the Emperor saw beside him the three-year-old son of his gardener plucking a bunch of violets.

"My dear," he said, "will you give me your nosegay?"

The little one handed him the flowers.

"Gentlemen," said Napoleon, after a few minutes of silent thought, "I shall take this as an omen. Henceforth the violet shall be the emblem of my desires." And, without heeding his courtiers' remonstrances, he withdrew to his rooms.

Next day he was seen in his garden picking the stray violets, which were then very scarce. A grenadier on sentry duty approached, and said,—

"Next year, Sire, you will have less difficulty, for the violets will then be thicker."

Napoleon looked up in astonishment.

"What!" said he, "do you suppose I shall be here again in a year's time?"

"Perhaps sooner," was the reply.

"But do you know that the day after to-morrow I leave for the island of Elba?"

"Your majesty will suffer the storm to pass."

"Are your comrades of the same opinion?"

"Almost all."

"Let them think so, then, but not say so. When your sentry duty is over, go and find Bertrand. He will give you twenty napoleons; but keep the secret."

When the grenadier returned to the guard-room he remarked to his comrades how for the last two or three days the Emperor had been walking about with a bunch of violets.

"For the future," he added, "when we are talking between ourselves, let us call him Papa la Violette."

And, in fact, from that day the troops in the barrack and at their mess always spoke of Napoleon as Papa la Violette. The secret gradually reached the public, and the violet became recognized as the badge of the Imperialists.

Violet of his native land. Tennyson, in "In Memoriam," xviii., has the following stanza:

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

Is there a reminiscence here of Shakespeare's lines?

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!

Hamlet, Act v., Sc. 1.

In Greek mythology there is a legend that when Io died violets sprang from her body. But it does not follow that Shakespeare intends any allusion to this legend. The fact that flowers spring from soil fertilized by the bodies of the dead is one of current observation. Five centuries before Shakespeare, Omar Khayyám had said,—

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

Rubáiyát, Stanza 19.

Again, at Cagliari, in Sardinia, there is a sepulchre in honor of a wife's devotion which was erected in pagan times. The inscriptions on the side are in Latin and in Greek. In one of these the husband begs that her bones may turn to flowers, and mentions quite a nosegay that he would like to see.

Virtue of necessity, To make a, an ancient proverbial expression, meaning to take credit upon one's self for that which is really forced upon one by circumstances, to assume commendation for doing under duress that which would be commendable only as the outcome of free will. The nicer aptness of the phrase is blurred at present through its constant use in the affiliated, but none the less corrupted, sense of to make the best of things, to put a good face on the matter. Quintilian, in his "Institutes," I., viii., 14, says, "Laudem virtutis necessitati damus" ("We give to necessity the praise of virtue"). Chaucer twice uses the words, "To maken vertu of necessitee,"—viz., "Knights Tale," l. 3044, and "Troilus and Creseide," l. 1587. Shakespeare, in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act iv., Sc. 2, uses the exact modern locution; and that the saying was also current in continental Europe in mediæval times is evidenced by the fact that Hadrianus Julius, in his additions to the "Adagia" of Erasmus, quotes it as "a very familiar proverb" among his countrymen. His Latinized form runs as follows: "Necessitatem in virtutem commutare."

Vox populi, vox Dei (L., "The voice of the people is the voice of God"), a proverb of uncertain origin. It was used by Walter Reynolds as the text of the sermon at the coronation of Edward III., and is spoken of as a proverb by William of Malmesbury, "Recognitans illud proverbium: Vox populi vox Dei" (*De Gestis Pontificum*, fol. 114, ed. Savili). Still farther back, Alcuin, in the eighth century, protested against it: "We should not listen to those who are wont to say *Vox populi, vox Dei*, for the noise of the mob is very near to madness" (*Capitulare Admonitionis ad Carolum*). Sir William Hamilton in his edition of Reid traces it dubiously to the "Works and Days" of Hesiod: "In man speaks God."

The people's voice is odd,
It is and it is not the voice of God.

POPE: *Imitation of Horace.*

W.

W, the twenty-third letter of the English alphabet, used both as consonant and as vowel. It was made some time in the eleventh century, by simply doubling the U or V sign. (See U.)

Wake, in its original sense, the popular English equivalent for the ecclesiastical term "vigil." In mediæval England the dedication wake or "revel" of a country parish celebrated the anniversary of the church's dedication. The population gave themselves up to wholesale revelry, attracting a legion of hawkers and merchants, until the wakes degenerated into common fairs, without any religious elements. To remedy some of the more glaring evils, Edward I. passed a statute forbidding them to be held in church-yards. Further attempts to regulate them were made by Henry VI. in 1448 and by Henry VIII. in 1536. Since the Restoration the custom has gradually declined, though it still holds good in some rural parishes.

But the term is now chiefly confined to the Irish *caöinan*, the wake or vigil (more literally, the "wailing") held over a dead body by the friends of the deceased. Miss Edgeworth epigrammatically styles it "a midnight meeting, held professedly for the indulgence of holy sorrow, but usually converted into orgies of unholy joy." The custom was known throughout Great Britain as well as in the north of Europe. In Anglo-Saxon it was called a *lyke-wake*, *liche-wake*, or *lake-wake* (from *lic*, a "corpse," and *waecce*, or *waccian*, to "keep watch or vigil"), and the word is used in this sense by early English writers. Thus, Chaucer, in his "Knights Tale :"

Shall not be told by me
Ne how Arcite is brent to asshen cold,
Ne how that there the liche-wake was yhold
All thilke nyght.

The custom itself may be traced back to a remote antiquity. Allusions to similar funeral feasts may be found in many ancient writings, and even in the Bible. In the Book of Tobit is the passage, "Pour out thy bread on the burial of the just;" in Ecclesiasticus, "Delicates poured upon a mouth shut up are as messes of meat set upon a grave;" and a prophecy of Jeremiah, foretelling the calamities that shall befall the Jews, announces that "They shall not be buried, neither shall men give them the cup of consolation to drink for their father or for their mother."

The Albanians, the Arabs, and the Egyptians all practised similar funeral ceremonies, degenerating into similar orgies, and traces of the same custom may still be found among the Abyssinians, the Welsh, and the Swedes.

They had a weird sort of a dance at Sierra City on Washington's birthday, says a California exchange. Previous to that holiday the following printed notices, bordered in black, were posted all around town: "Funeral Notice.—Died, at Sierra City, California, February 22, 1888, Small-Pox. As the deceased has no friends in town, his enemies are invited to assemble at Spencer & Moore's Hall, at 8 o'clock, to dance on his coffin. The funeral exercises will be under the auspices of the Butte's Band, which will pipe its level best for the occasion. Tickets, 50c. P.S.—The wake will continue *ad libitum* at the close of the dance." That evening the people turned out *en masse*, and had a rip-roaring break-down in celebration of their at last being out of quarantine. The dances indulged in during the evening were the small-pox polka, the virus jig, vaccination reel, and quarantine quadrille. Thirty-five recently-recovered small-pox patients participated in the festivities.—*Philadelphia Ledger*, 1888.

Walker, or Hookey Walker! (the latter being the earlier expression), in English—and especially London—slang, an ironical ejaculation of surprise, used when a person is telling an improbable story. Its American equivalent is "Rats!" The origin is uncertain. One story asserts that John Walker, familiarly known as "Hookey Walker" from the size and shape of his nose, was in 1830, or thereabouts, employed by the firm of Longman, Clementi & Co., Cheapside, London, as a spy on his fellow-clerks, that his more or less exaggerated reports, met by well-feigned surprise and denial, led to his final dismissal in disgrace, and that the phrase "That's Hookey Walker!" became proverbial in the city for any dubious statement. Another story, fathered by the *Saturday Review* and implying a less esoteric circle of originators, makes

Walker an aquiline-nosed Jew who in the first quarter of the century exhibited an orrery in London, called by the erudite name of Eidouranon. He was also a popular lecturer on astronomy, and often invited his pupils, telescope in hand, to "take a sight" at the moon and stars. The lecturer's phrase struck his school-boy audience, who frequently "took a sight" with that gesture of outstretched arms and adjustment to nose and eye which was the first garnish of the popular saying. The next step was to assume phrase and gesture as the outward and visible signs of knowingness in general. And then when Walker had become the humorous personification of knowingness, the final evolution of the epithet "Walker!" or "Hookey Walker!" as a sign of incredulity resulted as a matter of course. Here is a good etymon of the phrase "to take a sight" as applied to a gesture of unknown antiquity.

Walking Stewart. This extraordinary person had been an employee of the East India Company; but, feeling a mission above the "making out of invoices for a company of grocers," he threw up his employment, and commenced a journey on foot from Calcutta through Central Asia and Syria till he reached Marseilles. He next traversed Spain, Germany, and the United States of America. It does not appear that Stewart had any special purpose in these incessant peregrinations, further than to gratify the love of seeing in all parts of the habitable globe. He made no notes of his tours, left no reflections; the only conclusion of a general import which he seems to have arrived at was that the time would come when *ladies* would cease to bear children, leaving travail entirely to poor people. There was, subsequently to Stewart, a Captain Cochrane, not less eminent in pedestrian feats,—never tired, never hungry, and impregnable to all skyey influences. The captain expired in harness, in an effort to traverse Siberia and reach Kamschatka on foot across the Uralian mountains.

Walls have ears, the modern form of the proverb which is found in this shape in Heywood:

Fieldes have eies and woodes have eares.

Proverbs, Part II., ch. v.

War. To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving the peace, a phrase which occurs in the address delivered in person by Washington before Congress at the opening of its second session, January 8, 1790.

War a failure, The, a condensation of the resolution adopted at the Democratic National Convention, August 29, 1864, towards the close of the civil war, at a time when the rebellion seemed outwardly stronger than ever and to have almost succeeded. General McClellan was nominated for the Presidency at this Convention. The phrase was turned as a stigma upon the Northern Democrats by the Republicans, and for a long time was associated with the popular estimate of McClellan. The text of the resolution is in substance that it is "the sense of the American people that, after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, . . . immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of the States, to the end that . . . peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal union of the States."

War, Before the, a phrase often used in a humorous way to imply that an event which is brought up as a topic of conversation is a "chestnut" or extremely "ancient history." As the civil war in America marks two distinct epochs in the history of the country, reference to it is frequently made by writers or speakers, in the phrases "before the war" and "after the war,"

to designate the period at which some event happened or during which some special state of things existed.

Wards of the nation. In conversation with E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, President Lincoln used the phrase, "The freedmen are the wards of the nation." "Yes," answered Stanton, "wards in chancery."

War-horse, An old, a political Americanism applied as a nickname to any energetic political worker of long standing in a party. It may be used either in a commendatory way by his political friends or derisively by his opponents.

Watches — Judgment. Pope's famous lines,

'Tis with our judgments as our watches,—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own,

Essay on Criticism, Part I., l. 9,

are doubtless a reminiscence of Suckling :

But as when an authentic watch is shown,
Each man winds up and rectifies his own,
So in our very judgments.

Aglaure : Epilogue.

Yet, in spite of the verbal agreement, the sense is diametrically opposite, as will be apparent at a glance.

Water. Here lies one whose name was writ in water. This is the epitaph which the poet Keats, according to Lord Houghton (*Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats*, vol. ii. p. 91), insisted should be placed upon his tomb. He doubtless had in mind the various passages in ancient and modern literature which declare that the best a man does is written in water, while the worst survives in marble. (See under EVIL THAT MEN DO.)

Water-mark. The first water-mark on record was the coat of arms of a town. The early paper-makers were not slow to adopt this idea in impressing upon their sheets the device of the place where their mill was situated. For instance, the coat of arms of the village of Rives, a dolphin, is a common mark on old papers. This mark is still in use to-day. The first use of the water-mark, then, was as a signature or emblem to point out the place of manufacture, and to recommend the material. For all that, certain of these emblems were used by different makers, and even in different countries, with slight variations,—*brisures*, as they are called in heraldry,—which were evidently not accidental, but intentional. The letter P, used by numberless makers, is a good water-mark to take as an example, since we find that not only is there an endless variety of forms of the letter in the product of different mills, but that the same maker modified the *brisures* of the letter on different qualities of his paper. Another use of the water-mark is more evident still. The names of the principal sizes of *papier vergé* have been handed down to us, and the whole of these have suggested water-marks. Rising from the smallest sheet to the largest, they are as follows : bell, pot, écu (a three-franc piece), crown, shell, grape, large grape, jésus, great eagle, and great world. The size "jésus" was indicated by the letter "j," the rest by their emblems. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the members of each trade guild were compelled to mark their merchandise with the seal of their guild. If they did not do so they were fined.

"**Watts! Boys, give 'em,**" an exclamation attributed to the minister of the church in Ewing Township, near Trenton, New Jersey, in the Revolutionary War, when he distributed the hymn-books to be used for gun-wads.

Wear out or rust out. Horne, in his sermon "On the Duty of Contending for the Truth," tells us that when a friend told Bishop Cumberland (1632-1718) that he would wear himself out by his incessant application, "It is better," replied the bishop, "to wear out than to rust out," which is the exact opposite of the Shakespearian phrase :

I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.—*Henry IV., Part II., Act i., Sc. 2.*

Byron offers still another form :

Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.

The Giaour.

Wedding Anniversaries. In many parts of the civilized world it is customary to give the name of some metal or fabric to certain wedding anniversaries. The custom seems to have begun originally with the quarter-century celebrations, which were styled, in their respective order, the silver, golden, and diamond weddings. These are most in vogue at present. But in many localities, especially in England and in this country, others have been added, until in its most enlarged form the list is as follows :

First anniversary, iron ; fifth, wooden ; tenth, tin ; fifteenth, crystal ; twentieth, china ; twenty-fifth, silver ; thirtieth, cotton ; thirty-fifth, linen ; fortieth, woollen ; forty-fifth, silk ; fiftieth, golden ; sixtieth, seventieth, and seventy-fifth, diamond.

The presents given on these occasions are respectively iron, wooden, tin, etc. As to the diamond wedding, its celebration on the sixtieth anniversary is a comparatively recent innovation. But there is a dispute among antiquaries as to whether the seventieth or the seventy-fifth was the original date. Edwin De Lisle, a member of the House of Commons, supplied the following interesting memorandum to *Notes and Queries* of May 7, 1887 :

About two years ago an aged couple of the name of Wortley, in the village of Sheepshed, in the Mid-Loughborough division of Leicestershire, which I now represent, celebrated their seventieth wedding-day. A Roman newspaper fell into my hands commenting upon this most unusual occurrence, and I ventured to send it to Sir Henry Ponsonby, asking him to lay it before Her Majesty, and praying the Queen to send the humble couple, who were very poor, some slight token of Her Majesty's regard and interest in so unusual an anniversary as a diamond wedding-day. The Roman newspaper avowed that seventy years constituted a diamond wedding, and that in Italy the sovereign was wont to testify his interest in the happiness of any couple who had dwelt together for seventy years in holy wedlock by some token of royal favor. I was informed that the Queen would not comply with my wish, since Her Majesty considered seventy-five years the diamond period. I did not contest the point, being too loyal to challenge the royal word, but I have since consulted various authorities, and I have learned that a quarter of a century and half a century, two profane periods, are generally held to constitute the silver and golden wedlock, but that a sacred period, the threescore years and ten allotted by the Psalmist as the age of man upon earth, is held to be the period of a true diamond wedlock.

Week, Day of the. The following formula shows how to find the day of the week of any date. Take the last two figures of the year, add a quarter of this, disregarding the fraction ; add the date of the month, and to this add the figure of the following list, one figure standing for each month : 3-6-6-2-4-0-2-5-1-3-6-1. Divide the sum by seven, and the remainder will give the number of the day in the week, and when there is no remainder the day will be Saturday.

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest. Here is Pope's translation of a famous passage in Homer's "Odyssey," Book xv. :

Alike he thwarts the hospitable end
Who drives the free or stays the hasty friend ;
True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

The last line is one of the stock quotations of English literature. Its trim neatness and epigrammatic point are Pope's, of course, and not Homer's. This is how Bryant more literally translates the same lines :

It is alike a wrong
To thrust the unwilling stranger out of door,
And to detain him when he longs to go.
While he is with us, we should cherish him,
And when he wishes, help him to depart.

Elsewhere Pope says,—

For I who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.
Satire II., l. 159.

Surely nobody more delicately than the French dramatist Labiche carried out the spirit of the line. When he gave a party he welcomed each guest on arrival with a hearty "Enfin !" ("At last !") and dismissed him on departure with the regretful "Déjà !" ("Already !") There is humor in Shakespeare's

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomed when they are gone.
Henry VI., Part I., Act ii., Sc. 2.

Welsh Rabbit. One of the most curious and curiously successful feats of the amateur etymologist is that which has changed Welsh rabbit, which is right, into Welsh rarebit, which is wrong, and has forced the wrongful change upon the English-speaking world. It has ever been a common habit with the A. E., when the meaning of a word does not seem obvious to him, to remedy the difficulty by a slight change that makes it apparently reasonable. Coming across the word Welsh rabbit, he gazed through solemn spectacles at this mare's nest, and decided that a bit of toasted cheese could not by any stretch of the imagination be considered a game animal, but it might well be a rare bit. So he jumped at the conclusion that time, and the corruptions which time effects, must have done their work on this word, and decided to restore its original beauty and significance. Hence we have Welsh rarebits on all our *menus*. Even Webster and Worcester once accepted this unscholarly and erroneous emendation. Now, this is all wrong. Welsh rabbit is a genuine slang term, belonging to a large class of similar terms describing in a humorous manner the special dish, product, or peculiarity of a particular district. Thus, in England, a "German duck" or a "Field-Lane duck" is ordinary eating-house mock heroic for a sheep's head stewed with onions, a "Leicestershire plover" is a bag-pudding, and "Gourock hams," "Dunbar wethers," "Digby chicken," and "Norfolk capons" are so many names for our herring. Potatoes are euphemistically called "Irish apricots" and "Munster plums," and shrimps are "Gravesend sweetmeats." In New England codfish are frequently known as "Cape Cod turkeys." In French slang a herring appears as "poulet de carême," and a crust of bread rubbed with garlic is called a capon. In Italy, so Fuller informs us, "the friars (when disposed to eat meat on Fridays) call a capon a 'piscis ê corte,'—a fish out of the coop." Similar examples abound in every country. Yet, in the face of all these analogies, the amateur etymologist refuses to accept the common-sense explanation that the name Welsh rabbit is simply a humorous recognition of Taffy's fondness for toasted cheese.

West. Go West, young man! This phrase, popularly attributed to Horace Greeley, really belongs to John L. B. Soulé, editor of the *Terre Haute Express*. In 1851 he and Richard Thompson, afterwards Secretary of the Navy, were conversing in Soulé's sanctum. Thompson had just finished advising Soulé to go West and grow up with the country, and was praising his talents as a writer.

"Why, John," he said, "you could write an article that would be attributed to Horace Greeley if you tried."

"No, I couldn't," responded Mr. Soulé, modestly. "I'll bet I couldn't."

"I'll bet a barrel of flour you can, if you'll promise to try your best, the flour to go to some deserving poor person."

"All right: I'll try," responded Soulé.

He did try, writing a column editorial on the subject under discussion,—the opportunities offered to young men by the West. He started in by saying that Horace Greeley could never have given a young man better advice than that contained in the words "Go West, young man."

The advice was not quoted from Greeley: it was merely compared to what he might have said. But in a few weeks the exchanges began coming into the *Express* office with the epigram accredited to Greeley. So wide a circulation did it obtain that at last the New York *Tribune* came out with an editorial reprint of the *Express* article, and the following foot-note:

"The expression of this sentiment has been attributed to the editor of the *Tribune* erroneously. But so fully does he concur in the advice it gives that he endorses most heartily the epigrammatic advice of the *Terre Haute Express*, and joins in saying, 'Go West, young man, go West.'"

Western Reserve. In the negotiations resulting in the cession of their jurisdiction over the Northwest Territory to the Federal government by Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, the State of Connecticut reserved a tract of nearly four million acres on Lake Erie. This tract the State finally disposed of in small lots, thus creating for herself a magnificent school-fund. The tract became known as the "Western Reserve," and was largely settled by New-Englanders.

Westward the course of empire takes its way, a famous line in an ode written by Bishop George Berkeley at the time when he was enthusiastically contemplating the building of a university in the American colonies of England:

Westward the course of empire takes its way;

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day:

Time's noblest offspring is the last.

*On the Prospect of Planting Arts and
Learning in America.*

Before Berkeley, Herbert had said,—

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,

Ready to pass to the American strand.

The Church Militant.

Still earlier, in 1598, Samuel Daniel had written,—

And who (in time) knows whither we may vent

The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores

This gain of our best glory shall be sent

T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?

What worlds in the yet unform'd Occident

May come refined with th' accents that are ours?

Musophilus, Stanza 163.

The above stanza is the more remarkable in that it was penned when not a single Englishman was settled in America, when no successful effort to establish an English colony had been made, and indeed after Sir Walter Raleigh had fitted out no fewer than seven expeditions, at a cost of some forty thousand pounds,—an enormous sum in those days,—to meet only with disastrous failure. England, with a sigh, had relinquished all hope of colonizing America. The poet only did not despair. Eight years later, on December 19, 1606, he stood on the quay at Blackwall to bid God-speed to a fleet of

three small vessels, the largest less than a hundred tons in burden, which sailed out to America. Captain John Smith commanded one of these vessels, and the colony which he founded in Virginia gave England her first firm foothold in the New World.

Jekyll once observed that the farther he went West the more convinced he felt that the wise men did not come from the East.

Whigs — Tories, the names (originally nicknames) by which the two great political parties of Great Britain were known for nearly two hundred years. Since 1828, and particularly during the second half of the present century, the designation has been generally changed to Liberals and Conservatives, although the latter are still often designated Tories. The Conservatives include the bulk of the members of the House of Lords, the High-Churchmen, the squirearchy, the yeomanry, and all of that element which delights to be included under the general designation of "society." The Liberals are recruited most largely from the Nonconformists, and out of the great manufacturing districts and the Welsh and Scotch constituencies.

There is not much difference between "Whig" and "Tory" as regards their derivation: the former is contracted from a corruption of Celtic words meaning pack-saddle thieves, while the latter comes from an Irish word meaning a band of robbers. The name Whig was first given to the followers of the Marquis of Argyll in Scotland who were in opposition to the government in the reign of James I. "From Scotland," says Bishop Burnet, "the word was brought into England, where it is now one of our unhappy terms of disunion." The name of Tory was first given, according to Lord Macaulay, to those who refused to concur in excluding James II. from the throne.

An etymon which deserves a high place among the humors of philology runs as follows. During the seventeenth century, when the Scotch were contending for liberty against the oppression of the crown, one of the popular clubs of the day inscribed upon its banners this appropriate and Christian motto: "We Hope In God." Sometimes only the initial letter of each word, W. H. I. G., was used. "In this way the word Whig was formed, which is thus seen to be an abbreviation of this declaration of trust and hope."

Whiskey Insurrection, a rebellion which broke out in Western Pennsylvania in 1794 and extended into the border counties of Virginia, in consequence of the attempts made to enforce the provisions of the law taxing whiskey and regulating the excise passed by Congress in 1791. Two proclamations of President Washington having produced no effect, General Henry Lee, governor of Virginia, was finally sent with an armed force and suppressed it.

Whist. The meaning of the word whist as applied to the game of cards is by no means as obvious as it might appear to be at first sight, and authorities are divided as to whether it means silence or whether the notion is that in the game trumps *sweep* the board. Those who argue for the former derivation quote the Latin *st!* the German *st!* or *hist!* and the Scotch *whisht!* but, unfortunately for this theory, the game at first was called whisk, and later was associated with the word swabber (to sweep with a mop). In support of this idea we have the German *wisch*, "a mop," Swedish *wiska*, to "wipe," Danish *viske*. If therefore the name of the game was intended to convey the notion of silence, it will be necessary to show that whisk may be used to convey this idea, and there are no instances in which the word is used with that meaning.

Whistle. The saying "to wet your whistle" is of Norman pedigree, and at least as old as the thirteenth century. Henri d'Andeli thus commences his poem on "The Battle of the Wines:"

Volez oïr une grant fable,
 Qu'il avint l'anther sus la table
 Au bon Roi qui ot nom Philippe,
 Qui volontiers moilloit sa pipe
 Du bon vin qui estoit du blanc ;

which might be turned into modern English as follows :

Listen now to a great fable
 That happened the other day at table
 To good King Philip, who did incline
 To wet his whistle with good white wine.

Chaucer has the line

So was hire joly whistle wel ywette.
The Reeves Tale, l. 4153.

Whistle, Don't give too much for the, a favorite expression of Benjamin Franklin, the origin of which he thus explains in a letter to Madame Brillion (1779): "When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth, put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure. This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind: so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, 'Don't give too much for the whistle,' and I saved my money. As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle."

Whistling woman (A) and a crowing hen will always come to a bad end, a mediæval proverb whose reason is as halt as its rhyme and its rhythm. Bacon, in his "Promus," quotes a French variant:

Soleil qui luit au matin,
 Femme qui parle latin,
 Enfant nourri de vin,
 Ne vient point à bonne fin.

Who breaks, pays. This expression is found among the popular phrases of most European countries. The French "Qui casse les verres les paie" suggests that the probable origin of the expression was in taverns. An ancient custom which still lingers in some parts decreed that after the drinking of certain toasts the glasses should be broken, to prevent their ever being used again. Those who broke their glasses were expected to settle for them. In Italy, "Chi rompe, paga" is frequently quoted to servants (indeed, is sometimes printed and framed in their quarters) as a warning that any carelessness with brittle objects will result in a deduction from their wages. John Selden in his "Table-Talk" says, speaking of a wife, "He that will keep a monkey, 'tis fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks."

In English, "to crush a bottle" has been corrupted into "to crack" or "to break a bottle," although crush originated from the Italian *scrosciare*, meaning merely to decant. "Who breaks, pays" may therefore mean, Who treats, must pay.

Two stories have been told as to the origin of the phrase. Both may be true. Neither, however, is likely to have given birth to the proverb, which is

one of those obvious sayings that spring up spontaneously and independently in widely-scattered places.

In Fleet Street, not far from Temple Bar, and close to a famous resort called "The Devil," was a small drinking-place kept by one Levi Fleischmann, and frequented by a more boisterous crowd than the lawyers and literary men who went to "The Devil" for refreshment. No sign adorned the front door until one morning the landlord, after a melancholy survey of his broken glasses and dismembered furniture, nailed up a device roughly imitated from his neighbor's,—St. Dunstan seizing the devil by the nose,—only the saint's tongue was elongated till it nearly resembled a spade, and on it was written, "Who breaks, pays." This sign attracted the attention of all Fleet Street, and the legend became a by-word among the wits and lawyers of the day.

The other story refers to an historical incident:

In 1476, Alfonso V., King of Portugal, visited Paris to seek the aid of Louis XI. in recovering Castile, wrested from him by Prince Ferdinand of Aragon. At that time Laurent Herbelot, a wealthy grocer, had one of the most princely mansions in Paris, and King Louis directed that here his royal visitor should be lodged. A few repairs were needed, and a glazier while putting in a few panes of glass in the ground-floor had his basket knocked over by a passer-by, who straightway took to flight. But the glazier caught up with him. "Stop, my beauty," he cried: "settle your bill with me: who breaks, pays." "How much?" "Fifteen centimes a pane: you broke four." The breaker paid sixty centimes and went on his way. The saying became popular, and was adopted by landlords as a warning to their customers.

Wicked Partner, The, is a refuge provided for the "truly good" man. Whenever an unhandsome action is traced to his door, it is not he who is responsible, but his "wicked partner." The usage first obtained currency through the *New York Sun*, about 1872, in a controversy with the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*: all the misdeeds charged against the latter sheet were inscribed, ironically, not against "Deacon" Richard Smith, the eminently respectable figure-head of that newspaper, but against his wicked partner, Murat Halstead. The phrase has taken rank among Americanisms, especially with reference to political relations.

Wife at forty. "My notion of a wife at forty," said Jerrold, "is that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties."

This jest was anticipated by Byron:

Wedded she was some years, and to a man
Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty;
And yet, I think, instead of such a *one*
"Twere better to have *two* of five-and-twenty,
Don Juan, lxii.;

and still earlier by Gay, in "Equivocation." In the colloquy between a bishop and an abbot, the bishop advises,—

These indiscretions lend a handle
To lewd lay tongues to give us scandal;
For your vow's sake, this rule I give t'ye,
Let all your maids be *turned of fifty*.

The priest replied, I have not swerved,
But your chaste precept well observed;
That lass full *twenty-five* has told;
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one sum their ages cast,
So *both* my maids have *fifty* past.

John Dryden said something not *entirely* different in answer to his wife's

complaint that he spent so much time in his library she would fain be a book herself :

I wish you were an almanac, my dear,
That I could change you every once a year.

Wilderness. A well-known passage in Cowper voices a sentiment which overcomes us all at times when we are momentarily sick of the sham and conventionality of civilization :

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more !

The Task, Book ii. : *The Timepiece*, l. 1.

Jeremiah (ix. 2) had experienced this feeling :

Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men ; that I might leave my people, and go from them ! for they be all adulterers, an assembly of treacherous men ;

and so, of course, had Byron :

Oh that the desert were my dwelling place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her !

Childe Harold, Canto iv., Stanza 177.

Tennyson's version of the same idea occurs in "*Locksley Hall* :

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat,
* * * * *

Or to burst all links of habit,—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.
* * * * *

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.
There the passions cramped no longer shall have scope and breathing space ;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild-goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun ;
Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books.

This frantic burst of cynicism finds a curious parallel in Beaumont's "*Phylaster*," Act iv., Sc. 2 :

Oh that I had been nourished in the woods,
and not known

The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains
Of woman's looks.

And then had taken in some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, that might have strewed my bed
With leaves and reeds, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue. This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Wild-geese chase, a colloquialism for any hazardous, ridiculous, or impossible enterprise. The name was originally given to a sort of racing, resembling the flying of wild geese, in which after one horse had got the lead the other was obliged to follow after. As the second horse generally exhausted himself in vain efforts to overtake the first, this mode of racing was finally discontinued.

Wind. It's an ill wind that blows no one any good, a familiar English proverb, meaning that what hurts one man benefits another, which makes its first literary appearance in Heywood :

An ill winde that bloweth no man to good.

Proverbs, Part I., ch. ix.

Tusser amplifies it :

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

A Description of the Properties of Wind.

And Shakespeare plays with the idea as follows :

Falstaff. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pistol. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.

Henry IV., Part II., Act v., Sc. 1.

Wind. The door was open, and the wind blew it in, an American piece of colloquial jocularity, meaning that the person at whom the jest is aimed is so "light" that he is at the mercy of a gust of wind. An equivalent stroke of humor asserts of the particular butt that he is so light that if he were to cut his boot-straps he would sail up into the air. Similar jests have even in classic times been levelled at the physical rather than the mental deficiencies of particular persons. Thus, it was said of Philetas, the poet of Cos, that he had to wear lead in his shoes to keep him from being blown away. Again, at a party, a fellow-guest of Douglas Jerrold was remarkable for his thinness. Somebody having left the door open and occasioned a strong air, Jerrold exclaimed, "Shut the door quickly, or the draught will blow — up the chimney."

Wind arose and rushed upon the South. There is a curious similarity between the following passages, the first by Tennyson, the second by Shelley :

A wind arose and rushed upon the South,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks
Of the wild woods together; and a Voice
Went with it, Follow, follow, thou shalt win.

The Princess, i. 96.

A wind arose among the pines; it shook
The clinging music from their boughs, and then
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts,
Were heard: O, follow, follow, follow me.

Prometheus, II., i., 156.

Wind, The big, a name given in Ireland to a terrible wind-storm that began on the night of January 6, 1839. In Limerick, Galway, and Athlone hundreds of houses were blown down, and hundreds more were burned by the wind spreading the fires of those blown down. Dublin suffered terribly. No Irishman knows this storm by any other name than "the big wind." "The night of the big wind" forms an era; things date from it: such and such a thing happened "before the big wind, when I was a boy;" or it happened "a twelvemonth after the big wind, when your uncle Dennis was but a lad." The use of the name seems a sort of survival of oral tradition as opposed to written history.

Wine. Good wine needs no bush. From ancient Roman to comparatively recent times a "bush" or branch (usually of ivy, because that plant was dedicated to Bacchus) used to be hung as a sign before a wine-shop or tavern. The custom even survives locally in rural England. Hence it is usually held that the phrase means, Good wine needs no adventitious aid of advertising, or, in other words, it sells itself. This interpretation is borne out by the ancient Latin proverb of which ours is a descendant, "Vino vendibili suspensa hederæ non opus est" ("Vendible wine needs no hanging bush"), and also by similar proverbs in other languages.

The French say, "Au vin qui se vend bien il ne faut point de lierre." The Spanish have it, "El vino bueno no ha menester pregonero" ("Good wine

needs no crier"). A Scotch saying is, "Gude ale needs no wisp," for sometimes the "bush" was merely a wisp of hay or straw, or a bundle of twigs.

Similar testimony is borne by numerous references in seventeenth-century literature. Thus, Lyly, in his "Euphues" (A, 3), has, "Things of greatest profit are set forth with least price. Where the wine is neat there needeth no ivie-bush;" and Allot, in a "Sonnet to the Reader," prefixed to his "England's Parnassus," says,—

I hang no ivie out to sell my wine;
The nectar of good wits will sell itselfe.

Nevertheless, another interpretation recently suggested in the London *Athenæum* is both plausible and ingenious. This would make the proverb mean that good wine needs no ivy,—ivy having been anciently considered a corrective for the evil effects of wine. Thus, the old herbalist Culpepper tells us, "Pliny saith the yellow berries (of ivy) are good against the jaundice; and taken before one be set to drink hard, preserveth from drunkenness." And again, "Cato saith that wine put into the (ivy) cup will soak through it, by reason of the antipathy there is between them. There seems to be a very great antipathy between wine and ivy; for if one has got a surfeit by drinking wine, his speediest cure is to drink a draught of the same wine wherein a handful of leaves, being first bruised, have been boiled." William Coles, who does not often agree with Culpepper, does so here, and speaks explicitly of the ivy-bush. He says ("Adam in Eden"), "Box and ivy last long green, and therefore vintners made their garlands thereof; though perhaps ivy is the rather used because of the antipathy between it and wine." Gerarde recommends ivy for sore and inflamed eyes, which often result from hard drinking; and De Gubernatis (quoted by Folkard) says that ivy over the doors of Italian wine-shops has the same signification as the oak bough,—that is, that it makes the wine innocuous. Folkard also quotes from an "old writer" (unnamed) a receipt against drunkenness similar to the one given from Culpepper, except that it recommends the simple *steeping* of ivy leaves in the wine. It may fairly be argued, therefore, that the ivy-bush not only signified that wine was to be had within, but was meant also as a hint that "good wine hurts nobody," and that the proverb embodied this hint.

The truth appears to be that it was read in different ways by different people, but was usually interpreted according to the sense of the ancient Roman formula in which it was first embodied.

Wine, Serving. The pouring of a little wine first into the host's glass is continued to-day merely as a precaution against possible dust or shreds of cork being offered to a guest. In Italy a more obvious reason exists. Sweet oil is there poured, before corking, into the neck of a wine-flask, where it floats above the wine and excludes the air. The first mouthful of wine, after the oil is removed, may therefore still have some lingering oleaginous flavor, and consequently is taken, as a matter of courtesy, by the host. Yet there may also be some reminiscence here of the custom among the Greeks and Romans for the host at entertainments to pour a small quantity of wine upon the floor as a sort of propitiation to the gods,—a practice somewhat equivalent to our grace before meat.

Wine, Woman, and Song. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" (Part I., Sec. ii., Mem. 3, Subs. 13), speaks thus of the first two members of our triad,—

I may not here omit those two main plagues and common dotages of humankind, wine and women, which have infatuated and besotted myriads of people: they go commonly together,—

and cites the following from Persius :

Qui vino indulget, quemque alea decoquit, ille
In venerem putret.

Satires, v.

("He who is given to drink, and whom the dice are despoiling, is the one who rots away in venery.")

Nevertheless, the Germans have a famous distich celebrating wine and women, and adding music as the third of a mystic triad necessary in every right scheme of manly education :

Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebelang.

("Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.")

This has often been attributed to Martin Luther, but without any authority. In substance it is credited to Soloris by Chevreau : "Soloris's philosophy did not seem to be of a very austere cast, when he said that wine, women, and the Muses constituted the pleasures of human life."

Wink. To tip the, a familiar colloquialism, meaning to give an order on the sly or in a mute fashion when a concerned third party is present. It occurs frequently in Swift : thus, in a paper contributed by him to the *Tatler* (No. 20) : "As often as I called for small beer the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October." Johnson's Dictionary quotes the following stanza from Swift :

The stock-jobber thus from Change Alley goes down
And tips you the freeman a wink :
Let me have your vote to serve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Wisdom. See with how little wisdom the world is governed. These words are attributed to Axel, Count Oxenstiern, Chancellor of Sweden (1583-1654). At the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War, in 1648, Oxenstiern's son was appointed to represent Sweden at the Peace Congress of Westphalia. The young man hesitated, pleading his ignorance and inexperience. But the Chancellor induced him to accept, saying, "An nescis, mi fili, quantilla prudentia mundus regitur?" ("Dost thou not know, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed?") The hard-headed old mother of the clever and restless Dutch politician Van Binningsen gave him the same assurance when he shrank from public office, fearing it would be too much for him. Lord Byron, referring to the Chancellor's words, weakens them by changing the mood. John Selden talks of "a wise Pope that, when one that used to be merry with him before he was advanced to the popedom refrained afterwards to come at him (presuming he was busy in governing the Christian world), sent for him, bade him come again, and (says he) we will be merry as we were before, for thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the whole world." Lord Chatham, too, wrote to Lord Shelburne, "It calls to my mind what some Pope, Alexander VI. or Leo, said to a son of his afraid to undertake governing,—i.e., confounding—the Christian world : 'Nescis, mi fili, quam parva sapientia hic noster mundus regitur.'" The Pope referred to by both Selden and Lord Chatham was probably Julius III. (1550-55), who, when a Portuguese monk pitied him for that he had the weight of the world upon his shoulders, replied, "You would be surprised if you knew with how little expense of understanding the world is ruled." It was a maxim of Turgot, "Do not govern the world too much."

Wisdom of our ancestors. Lord Brougham says it was Bacon who first used this well-known phrase. But he gives no reference to chapter and verse. In the absence of completer evidence, the phrase must be fathered

upon Burke, who in a speech on Conciliation with America, March 22, 1775, declared that he set out "with a perfect distrust of my own abilities, a total renunciation of every speculation of my own, and with a profound reverence for the wisdom of our ancestors." The idea is, of course, a commonplace. That the elder days were wiser than our own—that, in the misused Biblical phrase, "there were giants in the earth in those days" (Genesis vi. 4), as compared with the pygmies of the present—has ever been one of the illusions of the conservative intelligence, and has stood in the way of every reform that threatened the extinction of a hoary abuse or a time-honored folly. Sydney Smith, in "Plymley's Letters," v., has admirably ridiculed the excesses of this popular superstition: "All this cant about our ancestors is merely an abuse of words, by transferring phrases true of contemporary men to succeeding ages. Whereas of living men the oldest has, *ceteris paribus*, the most experience, of generations the oldest has, *ceteris paribus*, the least experience. Our ancestors up to the Conquest were children in arms; chubby boys in the time of Edward I.; striplings under Elizabeth; men in the reign of Queen Anne; and we are the only white-bearded, silver-headed ancients, who have treasured up, and are prepared to profit by, all the experience human life can supply. And yet whenever the Chancellor comes forward to protect some abuse, or to oppose some plan which has the increase of human happiness for its object, his first appeal is always to the wisdom of our ancestors; and he himself and many noble lords who vote with him are, to this hour, persuaded that all alterations and amendments on their devices are an unblushing controversy between youthful temerity and mature experience; and so in truth they are,—only that much-loved magistrate mistakes the young for the old, and the old for the young, and is guilty of that very sin against experience which he attributes to the lovers of innovations." (See *ANTIQUITAS SÆCULI JUVENTUS MUNDI*.)

Wise after the event. Chief-Justice Jervis, in an opinion quoted by Baron Bramwell (5 Jur., N. S., 658), said, "Nothing is so easy as to be wise after the event,"—which is a fairly literal rendering of the French proverb "*Tout le monde est sage après coup*." "Their hindsight is better than their foresight," is our American equivalent. In the same vein is Disraeli's "Many a great wit has thought the wit it was too late to speak," which is Disraeli's only in its verbal garb, the idea being a commonplace with jesters. Rivarol, summing up the matter, says, "One could make a great book of what has not been said." Concerning M. de Tréville, who was more fluent of speech than himself, Rivarol remarked, "He vanquishes me in the drawing-room, but surrenders to me at discretion on the stairs" ("*Il me bat dans la chambre, mais il n'est pas plus tôt au bas de l'escalier que je l'ai confondu*"). Goldsmith's epigram, "I always get the better when I argue alone," is an analogous expression.

Wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind. So Pope characterizes Francis Bacon:

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

A less striking antithesis of the same kind may be found in Oldham's Satire on Poets:

On Butler who can think without just rage?
The glory and the scandal of the age;

which Pope, again, has very closely imitated:

At length Erasmus, that great injured name,
The glory of the priesthood, and the shame.

Young remembered the antithesis when he said,—

Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of the age.

Voltaire, an admirer of Pope, seems to have borrowed a part of the expression :

Scandale de l'église, et des rois le modèle.

Wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits, A, a famous line in Pope's "Dunciad," Book iv., l. 90, embodying an antithesis which is of constant recurrence in literature. Thus, since Pope's time Johnson has said of Lord Chesterfield, "This man I thought had been a lord among wits, but I find he is only a wit among lords" (BOSWELL : *Life*, vol. ii. ch. i.) ; Scott has said of Napoleon, "Though too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim with a better right to be a sovereign among soldiers" (*Life of Napoleon*) ; while Cowper alludes sarcastically to

The solemn fop, significant and budge,
A fool with judges, among fools a judge.

Conversation.

But long before Pope's time the sentiment may be found,—even in mediæval and ancient writers. Here are a few random instances :

Who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows.—SHAKESPEARE : *King Henry V.*, Act v., Sc. 2.

Fuseli gave another turn to the phrase when Northcote asked him what he thought of his picture "Balaam and the Ass :—" "My friend, you are an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel."

This sort of mixed character, and indeed generally the antitheses in which Johnson delighted, were cleverly burlesqued by Andrew Erskine in one of his letters to Boswell, in which he tells him, "Since I saw you I received a letter from Mr. D—— ; it is filled with encomiums upon you ; he says there is a great deal of humility in your vanity, a great deal of tallness in your shortness, and a great deal of whiteness in your black complexion. He says there's a great deal of poetry in your prose, and a great deal of prose in your poetry. He says that as to your late publication, there is a great deal of Ode in your Dedication, and a great deal of Dedication in your Ode. He says there is a great deal of coat in your waistcoat, and a great deal of waistcoat in your coat, that there is a great deal of liveliness in your stupidity, and a great deal of stupidity in your liveliness. But to write you all he says would require rather more fire in my grate than there is at present, and my fingers would undoubtedly be numbed, for there is a great deal of snow in this frost, and a great deal of frost in this snow."

X.

X, the twenty-fourth letter and nineteenth consonant in the English alphabet, used with its modern value in the Latin alphabet, where it was for a long time the last letter, coming after U or V, which were identical. In form the character was borrowed by the Latins from the Greek **Χ**, an addition to the Phœnician alphabet. This had originally a double value, that of **κκ** and that of **ξ**. The former alone survived among the Greeks ; the latter was carried over to the Roman alphabet when the sign was adopted. Our letter follows the Roman usage in pronunciation, save for some slight exceptions when it is an initial : it then comes very close in sound to the Greek **ξ**. In all respects the letter is, and always has been, a superfluous one.

X, XX, and XXX are signs used by brewers. The single **X** originally represented the ten shillings excise which beer of a certain quality had to pay, and so became a sign for that quality. Hence the other signs grew up as representing double or triple the strength of **X** ale.

Among policemen the "**X**" is a method of arrest used with desperadoes, which consists in getting a firm grasp on the collar, drawing the captive's hand over the holding arm, and pressing the fingers down in a peculiar way, so that the arm can be more easily broken than liberated.

Xmas, an abbreviation for "Christmas." **X** is the initial letter of the Greek name for Christ, *Χριστός*, and the coincidence of its cruciform shape led early to its adoption as a figure and symbol of Christ. In the Catacombs **X** is frequently found to stand for Christ. The earliest Christian artists, when making a representation of the Trinity, would place either a cross or an **X** beside the Father and the Holy Ghost. But the extension of the symbol to compound or derivative words like **Xmas** and **Xtianity** is an affectation which, though sanctioned by long usage, cannot be commended.

Y.

Y, the twenty-fifth letter in the English alphabet, with both a vowel and a consonant value. (See **U**.) As a vowel it is useless, representing nothing that could not be denoted by *i*. As a consonant it is a totally different letter of Saxon origin which has merged into the Latin sign. And in the archaic forms *ye*, *yat*, etc., it represents a Saxon and Middle English sign for *th*, and should be pronounced like *th* in *the*.

Yankee, a term of dubious etymology and varied uses. The derivation accepted as most plausible by leading authorities makes it a slight corruption of the word "Yengeese," applied to the English by the Northern Indian tribes to whom they first became known,—a meritorious aboriginal attempt to pronounce "English." In Europe the word **Yankee** means an American from any portion of the United States; in the South it means an inhabitant of the Northern States; and in the North it retains its original specific application to the inhabitants of the New England States.

Z.

Z, the twenty-sixth character in the English alphabet, and the last there, as in the later Roman alphabet. It was the seventh sign in the Phœnician and the sixth in the Grecian system. In America it is usually called "zee," in England "zed." An older name, "izzard," still survives locally.

It has often been noticed that the stage names of female acrobats and circus-riders strangely affect the initial **Z**. C. G. Leland explains that names like *Zazel*, *Zaniel*, *Zoe*, are all derived from Hebrew or Yiddish words meaning "devil" or "goblin."

Zero, the figure 0, which stands for naught in the Arabic notation. From its double capacity of representing nothing as an individual and a decimal multiple when put in the right sort of company, it has afforded lots of fun to the humorist. The sort of fun may be gathered from the French epigram made when *La Bruyère* was rejected by the Academy :

Quand La Bruyère se présente,
Pourquoi faut-il crier haro ?
Pour faire le nombre de quarante
Ne fallait-il pas un zéro ?

("When La Bruyère presented himself, why object? To make up the number forty was not a zero necessary.")

A more elaborate form of the same kind of drollery is presented in the following story. There was at Amadan a celebrated Academy whose first rule was framed in these words: "The members of this Academy shall think much, write little, and be as silent as they can."

A candidate offered himself. He was too late: the vacancy had been filled. His merit was recognized, and all lamented their own disappointment in lamenting his. The president asked that the candidate should be introduced.

His simple and modest air was in his favor. The president rose and presented him with a cup of pure water, so full that a single drop more would have made it overflow. Not a word did he add to this emblematical hint, but his countenance betrayed his emotion.

The candidate understood that he could not be received because the number was complete. But, casting about him for a method of reply, he observed at his feet a rose. Picking it up, he detached a single petal, which he laid so gently on the surface of the water that not a drop escaped. The applause was universal. Every one recognized that he meant to imply that a supernumerary member would displace nothing, and would make no essential difference in the rule they had prescribed. He was at once presented with the register whereon successful candidates wrote their names. He wrote his name; then, as a delicate way of presenting thanks, he wrote on the slate the figures 100, representing the number of his new associates; then, putting a cipher before the 1, he wrote, "Their value will be the same,—0100." The courteous and ingenious president was not to be baffled. He took the slate in his turn, substituted the figure 1 for the added zero, and wrote, "They will have eleven times the value they had,—1100."

Zouaves, a famous French military corps. The word is corrupted from Zouaoua, a terrible welter of vowels, proudly borne as the name of a warlike Kabyle tribe in Africa. These had always maintained a practical independence. They made excellent mercenaries, selling valor and fidelity to their buyers at reasonable market rates. The first levy of Zouaouas was raised in 1830, by General Clausel. It consisted of two battalions, and was originally composed of native African soldiers, with French officers and soldiers. Gradually roving adventurers from Paris and other large cities crowded out the native soldiers. Finally all the European members of the corps other than French were removed from the Zouaves and were formed into the Foreign Legion. Later still, at the summons of Abd-el-Kader, large numbers of the native Zouaves deserted from the colors and joined the ranks of their compatriots; in consequence of which the proportion of Frenchmen in the corps was greatly increased. In 1841 a third battalion was raised, the corps was entirely remodelled, and it was decreed that thereafter there should be only one company of African natives in each battalion. From that time even that reduced proportion of natives steadily decreased, until in the end the Zouaves consisted of Frenchmen only.

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• THE END.

Lion's share,—i.e., all or nearly all; derived from Æsop's fable of the lion, who, when the spoil of a joint hunt of a number of beasts was being divided, claimed one quarter in right of his prerogative, one for his superior courage, one for his dam and cubs, "and as for the fourth, let who will dare dispute it with me."

Lipograms (Gr. *λείπω*, "I leave"), a form of literary trifling in which the author carefully excluded from his composition some letter or letters of the alphabet. A good story is told of Jami, the Persian critic, which seems applicable to all these useless *tours de force*. A certain poet had read him a copy of verses, but Jami seemed unmoved. "You will at least allow it to be curious," said the author, slightly nettled, "for you will observe that the letter A does not occur in it from beginning to end." To which Jami replied, "It would have been a great improvement had you left out also all the other letters."

The most gigantic lipograms on record are two Greek poems produced by a certain Tryphiodorus in those early centuries of our era during which the world, or the greater part of it, seems to have been in a state of blue mould for want of work,—the one a kind of Iliad in twenty-four books, each excluding absolutely the letter of the alphabet marking its own number; the other an Odyssey composed on the same principles.

"It must have been very pleasant," says Addison, in his "Spectator," No. 59, "to have seen this poet avoiding the reprobate letter as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it, through the different Greek dialects, when he was presented with it in any particular syllable; for the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with the wrong letter."

Nevertheless, Tryphiodorus might have claimed that he was kept in countenance by no meaner precedent than that of Pindar, who, according to Athenæus, wrote an ode from which the letter Sigma was carefully excluded. And in the Middle Ages he found numerous imitators. There was Gordianus Fulgentius, who congratulated himself on the fact that he had produced a wonderful work,—"*De Ætate Mundi et Hominis*,"—and so it was, for in the chapter on Adam he excluded the letter A; from that on Abel, the letter B; from that on Cain, the letter C, and so on through twenty-three chapters. There was Gregorio Leti, who presented to the Academy of Humorists at Rome a discourse entitled "*The Exiled R*," because the letter R was omitted throughout. There was Lope de Vega, among whose voluminous works are five novels each of which avoids some particular vowel. And to come down to more recent times, there is the famous "*Pièce sans A*," written in 1816 by one Ronden, which was acted at the Théâtre des Variétés, Paris. The public thronged to see this *tour de force*. The curtain rose. Duval entered from one wing, Mengozzi from the opposite side of the stage. The first words the latter uttered were,—

Ah, monsieur! vous voilà.

The whole audience roared with laughter at this curious beginning of a piece without A. The laugh gave the prompter time to set the actor right. He corrected himself with,—

Eh, monsieur! vous voici.

So goes the story. To which there is only one objection,—namely, that nothing like the sentence quoted is to be found in the published piece. To be sure, it contains others very like it. The author may have made an alteration in proof. He confesses, by the way, in his preface, that the performance was not suffered to proceed to the end.

From all and various these portentous literary trifles we only pray to be